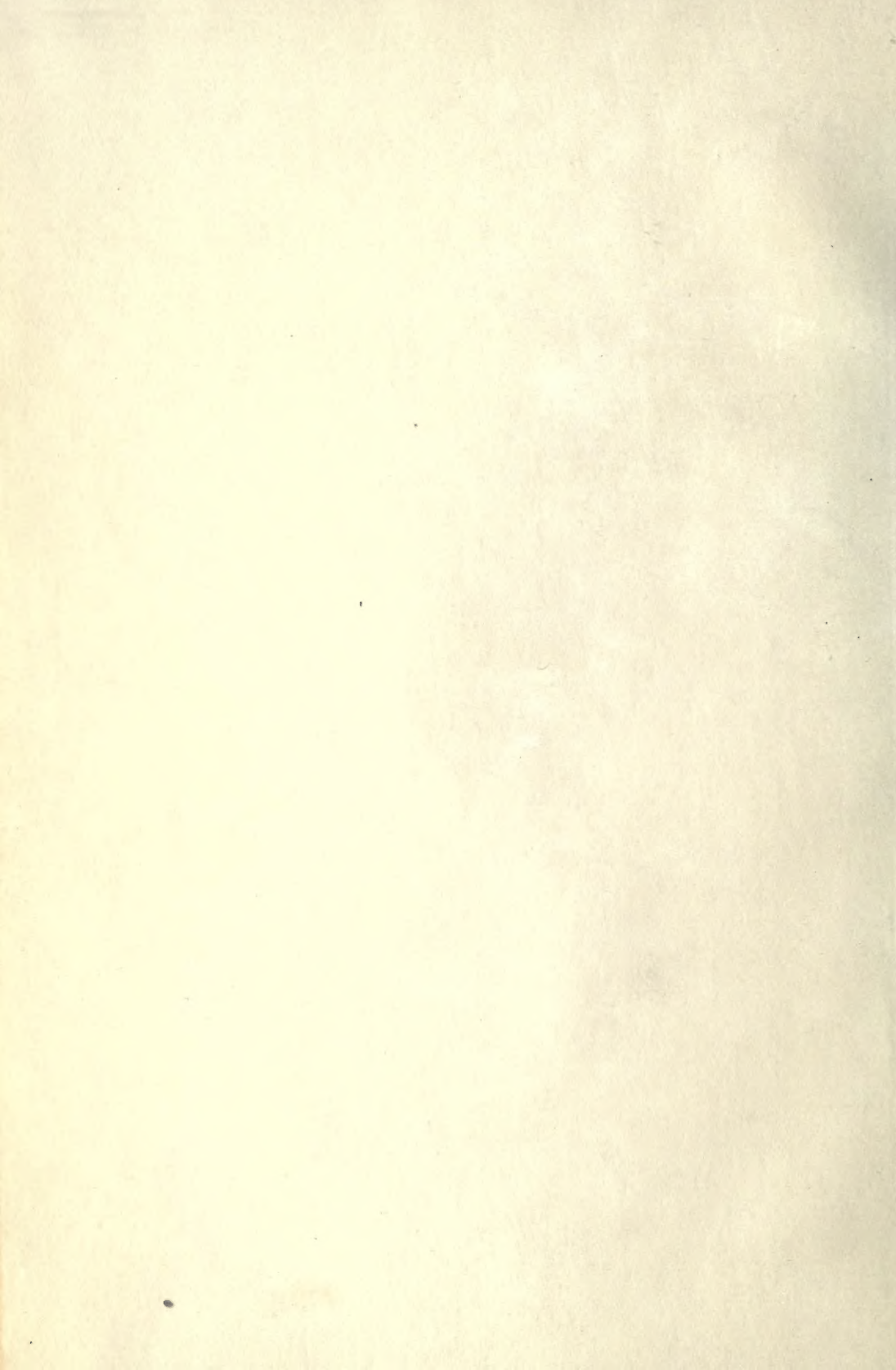




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AN
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FOR THE PEOPLE.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1874.

No 1.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.



"THEY LAUGH AND THEY LEAP TO THE GROUND,
IN WOOLEN, ALL MITTENNED AND GOWNED."

SCHOOL "CALLED."

DON'T you hear the children coming,
Coming into school?
DON'T you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule?
Master drumming, children coming
Into school?

Tip-toed figures reach the catch,
Tiny fingers click the latch;
Curly-headed girls throng in
Lily-free from toil and sin.
Breezy boys bolt in together,
Bringing breaths of winter weather,
Bringing baskets Indian-checked,
Dinners in them sadly wrecked.
Ruddy-handed, mittens off,
Soldiers rush from the Malakoff—

Built of snow and marble white,
Bastions shining in the light,
Marked with many a dint and dot
Of the ice-cold cannon shot!
Hear the last assaulting shout!
See the gunners rally out—
Charge upon the battered door—
School is called, and battle o'er!

SCHOOL TIME.

DON'T you hear the scholars thrumming?
Bumble-bees in June!
All the leaves together thumping,
Singers hunting for a tune?
Master mending pens, and humming
Bonny Doon?

As he thinks, a perished maiden
Fords the brook of song,

Comes to him so heavy laden,
Stepping on the notes along,
Stands beside him, blessed maiden !
He has waited long !

Cherry-ripe is the glowing stove,
Grammar class is inflecting "love,"
" I love—you love, and love we all."

Bounding states are the Humboldts small,
Chanting slow in common time
Broken China's rugged rhyme :
" Yang-tse-kiang—Ho-ang-ho—"
Heavenly rivers ! How they flow !

Writing class with heads one way—
And tongues all out for a holiday !
Hark to the goose-quill's spattering grate,
Rasping like an awkward skate,
Swinging round in mighty B's,
Lazy Z's and crazy Z's !

First meridian of the school—
Which all the scholars toe by rule.
Ranged along in rigid row,
Inky, golden, brown and tow,
Are heads of spellers high and low,
Like notes in music sweet as June,
Dotting off a dancing tune.

Boy of Bashan takes the lead,—
Roughly thatched his bullet head ;—
At the foot an eight-year-old,
Stands with head of trembling gold ;
Watch her when the word is missed !
Her eyes are like an amethyst,
Her fingers dove-tailed, lips apart ;
She knows that very word by heart !
And swings like any pendulum,
Trembling lest it fail to come,
Runs the word along the line,
Like the running of a vine,
Blossoms out from lip to lip—



" TIP-TOED FIGURES REACH THE CATCH,
TINY FINGERS CLICK THE LATCH."

Here a scholar, looking solemn,
Blunders up a crooked column,—
Pisa's own *Italic* tower,
Done in slate in half an hour,
Figures piled in a mighty sum ;
He wets a finger, and down they come !

Aproned urchin, aged five,
Youngest in the humming hive,
Standing by the Master's knee,
Calls the roll of A, B, C.
Frightened hair all blown about,
Buttered lips in half a pout,
Knuckle boring out an eye,
Saying " P " and thinking " pie,"
Feeling for a speckled bean,
'Twixt each breath a dumb ravine,
Like clock unwound, but going yet,
He slowly ticks the alphabet :
" A-ah—B-ah—C-ah—D,"
Finds the bean and calls for " G."

See that crevice in the floor—
Slender line from desk to door,

Till the girl in azure slip,
Catches breath and spells the word,
Flits up the class like any bird,
Cheeks in bloom with honest blood,
And proudly stands where Bashan stood !

Evening reddens on the wall—
" Attention ! " Now—" Obeisance all ! "
The girls' short dresses touch the floor,
They drop their courtesies at the door ;
The boys jerk bows with jack-knife springs.
And out of doors they all take wings !

Vanished all—all change is death ;
Life is not the counted breath.
The slanting sun low in the West,
Brings to the Master blessed rest.
See where it bridges afternoon,
And slopes the golden day-time down,
As if to him at last was given,
An easy grade to restful Heaven !
His hair is silver—not with light,
His heart is heavy—not with night.



"HER EYES ARE LIKE AN AMETHYST,
HER FINGERS DOVE-TAILED, LIPS APART."

Dying day the world has kissed,
Good-night sweethearts! The school's dismissed!

GOING TO SPELLING SCHOOL.

THE broad of a silvery noon!
And the world lies under the moon,
Under the moon and the snow;
The moon comes out from under a cloud
And shines on the world below.
The snow, cold, white as a linen shroud,
Put on but an hour ago,
Is a pearly web with a silver thread,—
Robe for a bridal and not for the dead.

The river is silent as light,
The road is a ribbon of white,
Ribbon of silk from Japan—
Its borders rich with satin and shine,
Betray where the sleigh-shoes ran,
That iron the snow to a fabric fine,
Edged like a lady's fan.
Ah, the night is fair as a marble girl,
Dusty with stars and the mother of pearl.

The school-house is red and aloof,

And rolls from its mossy old roof
Columns of glorified gloom,
As if there grew from the chimney rude
A smoke-tree clad in its bloom,—
A phoenix fair of the burning wood,
Just sprung from the summer room,
With that only trace of an earthly taint,
Picture as white as the soul of a saint!

A twanging and trilling of wires!
Are angels attuning their lyres,
Tuning with negligent hand?
Hark! chimes of bells from over the hills
Dance merrily through the land—
The tinkling troll of a hundred rills,
Cymbals of brass from a band!
'Tis the ringing strings of the bells in bronze
Sprinkling the night with their showery tones.

A spell is abroad and a song.
The spellers and singers along,—
Wizards and witches by pairs.
In cutters snug are the Adams and Eves,
Eden's own children and heirs!
Bells in the woods, in lieu of the leaves
And bells that the echo wears—

It is *ring, ring, ring*, to the swinging gait,
Then the teams break trot, for the hour is late,
At a ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, galloping rate !

Now over the ridges they ride,
And down through the valley they glide,
And bring up at the school-house door,
With bundled girls in the quilted hood,
And its edging of down, as of yore.
Their hearts are as sweet as the cedar wood,
Their gowns without gusset or gore,
And Vandykes with a peak before,
And their hair is glossed down like a blackbird's
wings,
And their shoes are laced up, and with leather strings !

They laugh and they leap to the ground,
In woolen, all mittened and gowned,
Lit up with a ribbon blue,
With a breath of cloves or of sassafras,
Faces like Ruth's and as true
As ever smiled in a looking-glass,
And cheeks with the roses through !
All look like flowers that are newly blown,
In the zoneless grace of their "London brown,"
Not a charm in bonds, nor a beauty laced,
'Cestus of Venus would girdle the waist.

A chorusing crew comes last
In the Family Ark of the past,
Packing it full, and in pairs—
The rude old sleigh, so roomy and red,
All strewn with straw, like Poverty's bed,
Millennial lambs in their lairs !
Like an emigrant ship is the lumbering craft,
Crowded and laden both forward and aft,
With a wooden heart surmounting the stern,
Where the teamsters of old gave the reins a turn.

Ah, the hearts that throbbed with their youth
blood
Were as free from care as the sculptured wood !

Oh, Covenant Ark of the snow,
Freighted for church at the door !
Two, side by side, on the sheep-skin seat,
Are bound for Canaan's shore ;
The square foot-stove is under their feet,
A buffalo robe before.
In the two flag chairs that are side by side,
Are the the gray old man and his silver bride.
Still she carries one for the added ten,
May follow the rule and carry again !
Then the boys and girls in their Sunday clothes,
And the rank slopes down as it farther goes,
To three in a row, for the last are least,
Like the sparks of stars in the early East !
Ah, the old red sleigh, be it ever blest !
It has borne the dead to their silent rest,—
The bearers, by twos, as they rode abreast,—
Has carried the brides, their bedding and "thing"
When the girls were queens and the bridegroom
kings,
To the splay-foot jog of the olden time,
And the clang, clang, clang, of the sleigh-bell
chime.

Ah, necklace of melody old,
With apples and walnuts of gold
That danced to the horses' feet !
The mother bell in the middle hung,
As big as a "Golden Sweet,"
Then small each way till the string was strung,
And two filbert bells did meet,
And two rhyming hearts did beat.
Ah, the string is dumb, and as green with rust,
As the dimpled graves of the maidens' dust !



SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN RAMBLES :
IN TENNESSEE, GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.



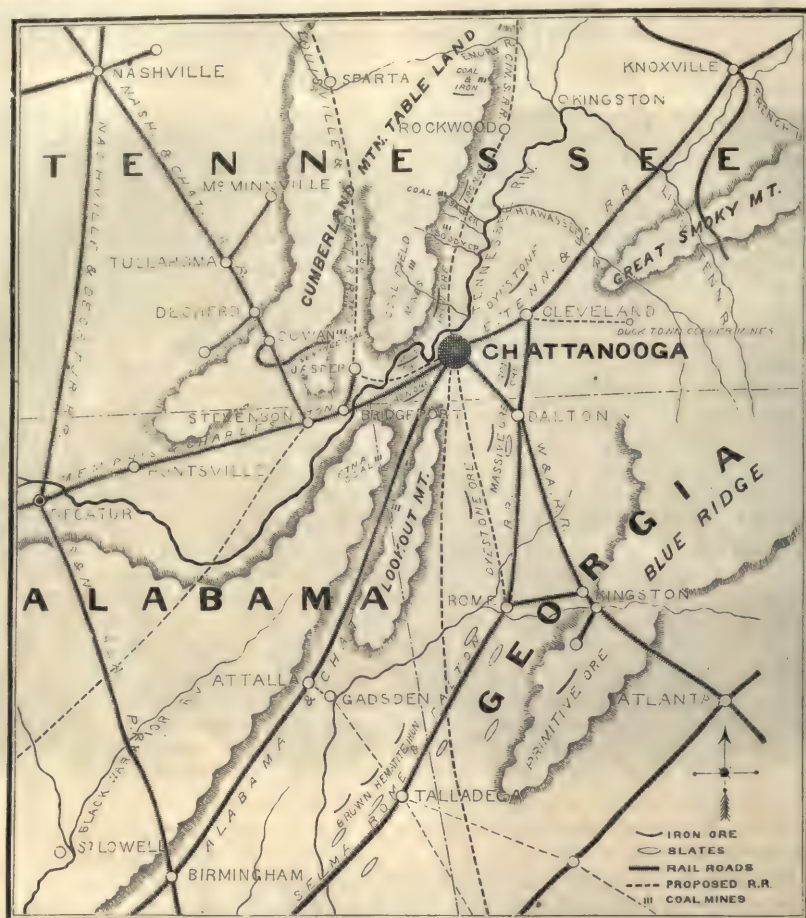
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

AT a little distance from the locality known as Bird's Mill, in Northern Georgia, and not far from the Tennessee line, there stands, among tangled underbrush, a massive yet simple monument. Around it the envious brier has crept, and the humbler headstones which here and there dot the thicket are also hedged about with weeds and creepers. Neglect and oblivion seem, to the hasty observer, to have so effectually covered the spot with their wings, that even the dwellers in the neighborhood hardly know whom or what the marble and the stone represent.

Yet these obscure memorials call to mind some of the most touching and remarkable episodes in our history as a nation. They point backward, through the miraculous years of the last half century, to the time when the Cherokee held all the country about them; to the time of the mission-schools, and the heroic efforts of the "American Board" to establish them. A weather-beaten inscription on the marble monument discloses the fact that beneath it is the resting place of the good Dr. Worcester, first secretary

of the Board, and a most enthusiastic laborer among the Cherokees. A hundred rods away stands one of the old mission-houses, now a decaying ruin, inhabited by a horde of negroes. Cherokee and missionary have gone their ways together; there is not one to be encountered in any nook of the forest; the current of Fate has swept the Indian to the West, and the priests who labored for him into almost forgotten graves.

At the beginning of the present century the Indian still held the territory of Northwestern Georgia secure against the intrusion of the white man's laws, and also roamed over extensive tracts in Alabama, Tennessee and North Carolina. In the deep coves between the parallel ranges of the Cumberland, along the vast palisades by the winding Tennessee, and through the furrowed and ridgy lands extending towards Virginia and Kentucky, he wandered unrestrained. But the pale-face was on his track, anxious first to gain his good-will, and then to reason him into a cession of his beautiful lands. It was with the bitterness of despair in his heart



MAP OF PORTIONS OF TENNESSEE, GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

that one of the chieftains said he had "learned to fear the white man's friendship more than his anger."

But the Cherokees did not seem to dread or detest the missionaries of the American Board. They knew them for men without guile or desire for personal gain, and they learned to love them. When good Cyrus Kingsbury founded the mission of Brainard, in 1817, on the banks of that Chickamauga, whose waters, a few years since, ran red with the blood of civil war, it was with the cordial consent of all the principal chiefs. Schools and churches were founded; log mission-houses erected; even the President of the United States allowed the use of the public funds for the building of a school-house for girls. Kingsbury, Cornelius, Evarts and Worcester, became eloquent champions of the Indians when their rights were assailed, and each missionary

successively risked his liberty and life for the much wronged aborigines. At last a crisis arrived. The state of Georgia began to extend her criminal jurisdiction over the lands claimed by the Cherokee and with scorn disregarded all efforts of the Indians to protect themselves by an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Angered because the missionaries sided with the Cherokees in the exciting question, the officers of the Georgia government imprisoned the noble Worcester and one of his fellow-laborers in the penitentiary, for "illegal residence among the Indians," and "because they gave advice on political matters." This last charge the missionaries solemnly denied, but refused of their own will to quit their post, and the pardon which had been offered them was withdrawn. While they spent weary months in prison, the Cherokee

were occupied with internal dissension, and with ineffectual resistance to the encroaching Georgians. At last the treaties which virtually banished the Indians from their homes were signed, and in 1838 the troops gathered up into one long and sorrowful procession thousands of men, women and children, and hurried them from the State. Depleted and worn down by every imaginable privation, more than four thousand of the unfortunates died on their long march of six hundred miles to their new homes west of the Mississippi,—forming a ghastly sacrifice to commemorate the white man's greed.

Leaving the brier-invaded grave-yard and the tumbling mission-houses, and climbing to the summit of Mission Ridge, a vision of perfect beauty is before one. To the east is Chickamauga Valley, following the course of the historic creek, and dotted with pleasant farms and noble groves: westward one looks down upon a rich and broad interval, bounded by high bluffs with rocky faces, along whose bases the noble stream of the Tennessee flows with many an eccentric turn, until, as if amazed and startled at the grandeur of Lookout Mountain, which rises just within the vale to twenty-four hundred feet above the sea-level, it turns inland once more in a western course, becoming rapid and turbulent as it descends through gorges and forests, to northern Alabama. "Lookout" is an outlier of the Cumberland table-land, and extends across the Tennessee line into

Georgia. One may travel for more than forty miles along its breezy height without finding anywhere a 'really advantageous point at which to descend. Between Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain lies Chattanooga Valley, the "Crow's Nest," as the Indians called it, and as its name signifies. It is, indeed, not unlike a nest or cup securely set down among huge mountain barriers, through which one can discern no pass, and which only the birds can afford to despise. Everywhere ridges, sharply-projecting spurs from the Cumberland, caves, forests, rocks, bluffs! How can traffic find its way through such a country?

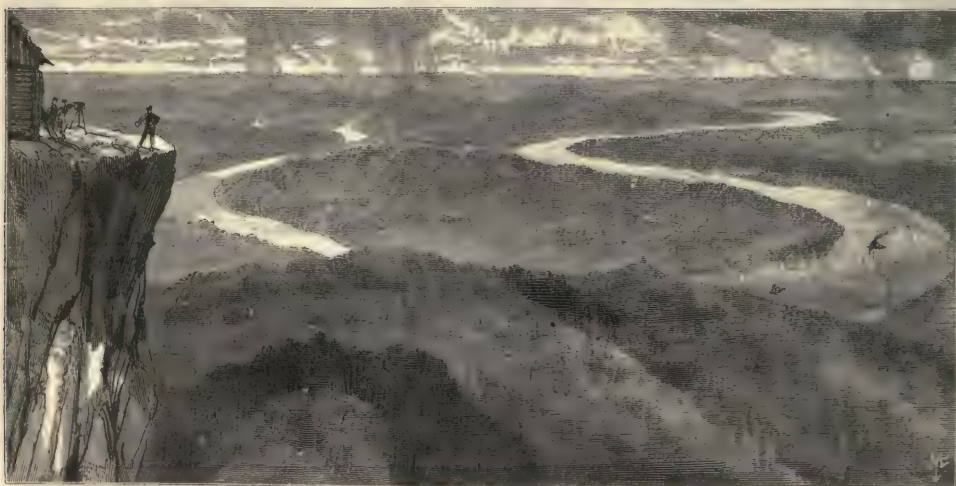
Far below, as you stand on Mission Ridge, with "Lookout's" shadow thrown across the brilliant sunlight, falling on the slopes up which Grant sent his men on that day of blood in 1863, you may see the city of Chattanooga, "the gate-way of the South." On the present site of the town, the south bank of the Tennessee river, there stood, in 1835, a Cherokee trading post. In 1837, a good many white families from Virginia and the Carolinas had moved there, and a post-office called Ross's Landing was established. The original lots into which the town was partitioned were disposed of by lottery, after the expulsion of the Indians, and the vast commerce that to-day uses the Tennessee's current as the chief transporting medium, soon created quite a trading post. From upper Eastern Tennessee came iron and iron-



MISSION RIDGE.

ware, corn, wheat and whiskey, and Virginia sent down great quantities of salt. In 1838 a new town was started and christened Chattanooga.* Ten years later, railroad communication *via* Atlanta, with Charleston and Savannah, gave the little town forty thousand bales of cotton as its annual shipment; and when Robert Cravens began to manufacture charcoal iron there, at a cost of \$10 to \$14 per ton, shipping it to New Orleans, St. Louis and Cincinnati, for from \$30 to \$40 per ton, the settlers multiplied very rapidly. The cotton trade was lost to Chattanooga by the building of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, which did away with the painful navigation of the Tennessee up from Alabama, and the portage around "Muscle Shoals;" but the

derful advantages as a railway center in one of the richest mineral regions in the world, and, when they were mustered out, settled there. The march of progress began. It was a revelation to the people of the surrounding country—that steady and rapid improvement at Chattanooga. They had always known that there were coal, iron and oil in the vicinity in such quantities that, in the words of a public speaker who once upbraided them for their lack of enterprise, "within sight of the city might be found Pittsburg plows that had been worn out upon the iron ore lying loosely on the hillsides;" yet they had not dreamed that with cheap iron and cheap coal at their doors they had the elements of empire in their hands. To-day Chattanooga



VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

grain and stock trade steadily increased, and in 1861 the town boasted thirty-five hundred population. Then the war came to it.

Planted at the very mouth of the narrow passes, through which trade and travel pick their difficult way, Chattanooga has sprung, since the war's close, from a village into a prosperous city of 12,000 inhabitants. Its aspect to-day is that of a North-western settlement, Northern and Western men having flocked to it in large numbers. The men who campaigned among the mountains around it, and who fought so desperately to get to it, year after year, noted its won-

is connected with the outer world by five trunk-lines of rail, and the surveys for the sixth, and in some respects the most remarkable, have been completed. The Western and Atlantic connects the city with Atlanta and the South; the Nashville and Chattanooga line pierces the Cumberland, and gives a route to Louisville and the Ohio; the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia road reaches to Bristol, giving direct connection with Lynchburg, Washington and New York; the Alabama and Chattanooga runs through marvelous coal and iron fields to Meridian, in Mississippi, whence there is a direct line to the "Father of Waters," and the Memphis and Charleston opens up a vast fertile section in Northern Alabama and a corner of Mississippi, a section unhappily strewn at pres-

* This was done at the suggestion of Mr. John P. Long, one of the prominent citizens of Chattanooga, who is very familiar with the Indian language and legends.

ent with wrecks of once prosperous plantations. The track of the war is visible through all the beautiful Tennessee Valley, and for miles one sees nothing but ruins and neglected lands. The "Cincinnati Southern" railroad is intended to run from the Ohio metropolis to Chattanooga, and will operate as an outlet from the Ohio Valley to the south-eastern seaboard, while it will also furnish a desirable connection with the Gulf system of roads. It will penetrate some of the richest regions of Kentucky, will cross the Cumberland River at Point Burnside, and run through the Sequatchie Valley, along an almost unbroken coal-field. With so many important and really finely-built lines of land travel stretching from it in all directions, one would naturally suspect Chattanooga of an inclination to disregard her river traffic; yet she is by no means unmindful of it. Operating as the distributing point for the whole river-valley, and, indeed, for the far South, the city crowds her storehouses yearly with corn, wheat and bacon, brought hundreds of miles in flat-boats and small steamers along the winding river from Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina. At high water season the stream is crowded with rustic crafts of all kinds; and the jolly raftsmen who have been for months in the forests, and have drifted down stream on broad platforms of pine logs, make merry in highways and by-ways. Transportation of coal and iron by river would not cost more than one-fourth the sum demanded by the railways.

The surroundings of Chattanooga are of the wildest and most romantic beauty, and in gazing down from "Lookout," or from the humbler Mission Ridge, upon the lovely valley, with its majestic river and lordly ledges, one cannot repress a fear that, some day, all these natural beauties will be hidden by the smoke from the five hundred chimneys which will be erected in honor of the god Iron. For it is to be a town of rolling mills and furnaces, giant in its traffic, like Pittsburg and St. Louis, and inhabited by thousands of hard-handed, brawny-armed artisans. There is hardly a county in Eastern Tennessee where the resurces destined to make



UMBRELLA ROCK.

Chattanooga one of the commercial centers of the county do not abound. Along the Great Unaka chain, in those counties bordering upon the Smoky, over which we passed on our way to the North Carolina mountains, lie some of the richest sections of the "eastern iron belt"—which extends northward into Virginia, and southward into Georgia. In the "Valley," that rich and populous quarter of Tennessee, on whose ridges and in whose nooks are raised the noblest physical specimens of



LOOKING OUT FROM LOOKOUT CAVE.

the American man, the mineral development seems incredible. In what is known as the "Dyestone Belt" the immense layers of red hematite run without a break for one hundred and fifty miles, swelling, sometimes, to eight or ten feet in thickness, but never sinking below five. One hundred pounds of this stratified red-iron rock, soft and easily crushed, will yield seventy pounds of pure iron. It is the same ore which, out-cropping in Virginia, has for years supplied the splendid furnaces of Eastern Pennsylvania, and, extending through North-eastern Georgia into Alabama, is known as the "Red Mountain ore" of the latter State. And this grand belt lies at the very base of the coal measures! The East Tennessee Valley extends north-east and south-west about two hundred and eighty miles from Chattanooga to the Virginia line. North-west of it is the Cumberland table-land, which Andrew Jackson was wont to declare would one day be the garden of the United States; and one of the outlines of this plateau, extending from the vicinity of Chattanooga to Cumberland Gap, is known as "Walden's Ridge." This is the south-eastern limit of the great Appalachian coal-field, which covers *six thousand square miles*—considerably more than the entire coal area of Great Britain. All the ridges in the "Valley" contain minerals; they are ribbed with iron ore of every variety. In some cases the veins of red fossiliferous ore extend under the coal-fields. The numerous rivers heading in the North Carolina and Western Virginia mountains drain north-west towards the Tennessee, and form natural highways upon which to bear the ore to the beds of coal. The stores of red and brown hematites in the Alleghany chain and the Cumberland range are absolutely inexhaustible. This grand mineral field is blessed with a delicious climate, which the high mountain walls render temperate in winter and cool and entirely free from malaria in summer.

Before 1860, numbers of furnaces were worked in the "Dyestone Belt," and excellent ore was produced; but an especial impetus has been given to the production of that section since the war. Gen. John T. Wilder, of Ohio, while campaigning under Rosecrans, against Chattanooga, in 1863, at the head of a brigade of mounted infantry, became interested in the hills, from which might be blasted thousands of tons of ore in a day, in the great veins of

hematites, sometimes covering hundred of acres, and in that mighty stretch of two hundred miles along the now famous ridge, where coal and iron lie only half mile apart, with massive limestone crags between them. When he laid by his sword, he continued the study of these mineral deposits, and after purchasing the site on which the village and furnaces of Rockwood now stand, associated with himself a company of capitalists, and in 1867 organized the Roane Iron Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000. This company purchased the rail mill at Chattanooga, which had been built by the Federal Government; tunneled the Cumberland Mountain for coal; and in 1868 began to manufacture pig-iron cheaper than it has been made elsewhere in the country, and to supply it to the rolling mills, sending it down the Tennessee river in steamers and barges.* Rockwood is now a brisk village of two thousand inhabitants, of whom about one half are workmen in the furnaces and the mines. It is situated seventy miles north-east of Chattanooga, in the heart of the rugged mountain region.† The energetic Western men who have it in charge are confident that in a few years their city will rival Pittsburg in growth, for they claim that they can manufacture iron at least \$10 or \$12 per ton cheaper than it can be made anywhere else in the United States. It would certainly be remarkable if a mineral region so vast and well stocked as that of Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama and Eastern Tennessee,—in the midst of which Chattanooga stands,—should not produce at least one city of hundred thousand inhabitants within a few

* According to the census of 1870, there were then in Tennessee fourteen establishments manufacturing pig-iron, with twenty-three blast furnaces and \$1,103,750 capital, producing 28,688 tons, worth \$1,147,707. There were eighteen rolling mills, with a capital of \$253,750, producing rolled iron worth \$369,222, and thirty-three manufactories of cast iron, with capital of \$331,392, the products of which annually amounted to about half a million dollars. The number of establishments has much increased since that time.

† Twenty-five thousand tons of ore are mined at Rockwood yearly, and about 12,000 tons of pig-iron are sent thence to Chattanooga, Atlanta, St. Louis and Louisville. The rolling-mill at Chattanooga produces about 15,000 tons of rails annually. The impetus given to the growth of Chattanooga by the establishment of this mill and the Vulcan Iron Works has been tremendous. The price paid the Government for the rolling-mill and 145 acres of land at Chattanooga, by the Roane Iron Company, was \$225,000. The patent puddling apparatus of an Englishman named Danks, an apparatus which is expected to revolutionize iron manufacture, by an immense saving in cost,—has been introduced into the works. The cost of ore at the Rockwood furnaces is about \$2 per ton; that of coal, \$1.40 per ton; limestone, eighty cents. It is not astonishing, in view of these prices, that the Company hope eventually to manufacture rails and deliver them in Pittsburg cheaper than they can be made there.



IRON FURNACES, ROCKWOOD, TENNESSEE.

years. The new aspirant for the honors of rapid growth has made sterling progress. Cotton mills and car works are springing up beside the rolling mills and foundries; many fine mansions already grace the principal residence streets; and hundreds of mechanics are building neat cottages along the slopes on both sides of the Tennessee. Swiss capital is engaged in the manufacture of cotton, and English investors are carefully studying the iron and coal fields with a view to finally erecting large rolling mills in the city; banks, good hotels, well-planned streets, and excellent schools and churches, have arisen like magic within seven years; and the constant stream of produce transferred from the river to the railroads gives an activity and feverishness to the aspect of the streets, at certain seasons, which is quite inspiring. Even within the "Crow's Nest" there is iron ore, in the north-west slopes of "Cameron Hill," a high bluff from which one can overlook the Tennessee and the busy town stretched along its banks, even to the base of "Lookout." In the Eastern, Dyestone, and Western iron belts of Tennessee there were more small furnaces before the war than at present; but it is doubtful if so much iron was manufactured then as now.

Capital is fast finding out the best locations for furnaces and rolling mills in each of the three States, whose commercial center Chattanooga properly is, and hundreds of thousands of acres have recently been purchased by companies, who will, probably, develop them within the next five years.

Most persons in this country or in Europe who have heard of Lookout Mountain since "the war" have also been told of the "battle above the clouds." It was my fortune to scale the remarkable palisade at a time when the broad plateau which runs along its summit was literally enshrouded in formidable mists. The rain was falling in torrents as, with two companions, I galloped through the little town at the foot of the mountain; but, ere we had scaled the winding road, the shower was over, and a brisk wind began to stir the mists. We could see little but the ledges along whose sides the route ran, but as we arrived nearly at the summit, the mist curtain was lifted for an instant, and revealed to us a delicious expanse of valley, with sunlight smiles here and there chasing away the rain's tears. Then we were shrouded in again, and our horses, apparently inspired by the gloomy grandeur of the occasion, rattled furiously along the

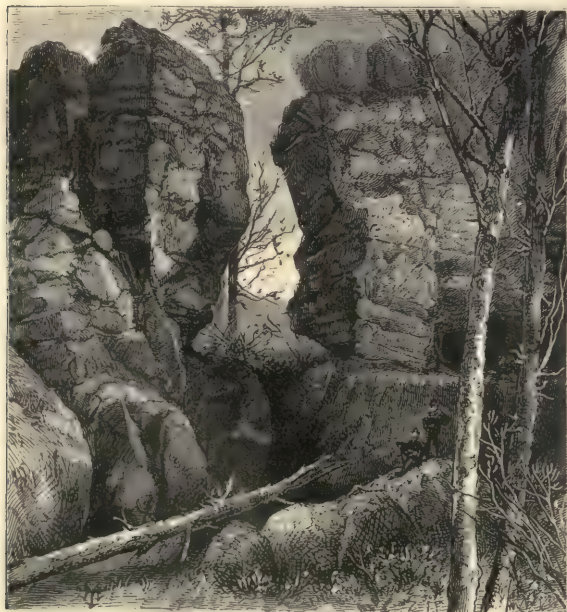
hard roads, over which the boughs hung uncomfortably near our heads. The red sandy clay nourishes enormous pines, whose roots have here and there been disturbed by the sandstone boulders, and stretched out their fibers in a desperate grasp; along the pathways great blocks of stone, carved by the storms and polished by the winds, are scattered. We galloped nearly to the massive perpendicular wall which arises directly out of the valley, and disdainfully frowns down upon the Tennessee, spurned from its base fourteen hundred feet below; and tethering our horses, approached to the very edge. There we seemed shut off from all the world. Now and then a hum from the valley—the faint growl of a locomotive or the rolling of wheels—came faintly up; we heard the cow-bells and the bleating of the sheep on the hillsides behind us; and just as we were trying to imagine how “the battle” must have been, the wind came sweeping away the mist curtain, and—we beheld the whole!

From “Umbrella Rock” we saw “the Moccasin,” that curious point of land made by the Tennessee’s powerful turn; the streets and houses of Chattanooga seemed like toys, or little blocks of wood. Mission Ridge was an insignificant blue line. The Tennessee seems to turn in de-

ference to Chattanooga, for it might readily inundate it, and has once compelled the citizens to navigate their streets in boats. Beyond it, northward and westward, the eye encounters forests and ridges where the mountains seem to have been split asunder by some convulsion of nature—until at last, on the east, the Cumberland range springs up, and forbids you to choose any other horizon. Southward, beyond broad and quiet vales, richly cultured, are the mountains of Georgia, and westward the tree-crested ridges in Alabama.

We clambered down a flight of wooden steps to a secure point of the crags, and looked over the valley out of which Hooker hurried his troops on to the summit, when he broke the left of Bragg’s formidable army. It was a wild struggle, a running and leaping fight among rocks and behind trees, when men carried their lives in their hands, and their swords in their teeth, as they wormed their way through the fastnesses, and then made their charge upon the foe so strongly intrenched above the very clouds, upon “Point Lookout.” The old government hospital still stands on its picturesque bluff, deserted now save by curious visitors; here and there along the broad plateau are scattered comfortable houses, and log cabins; good roads lead into the northern counties of Georgia; near

“Rock City,”—a gigantic series of galleries in disrupted stone pinnacles which rise amid the ragged brush and saplings,—is another enormous uplift of limestone, from which one may see the whole of Chattanooga Valley, the Racoon, and Lookout ranges, and the battle-field of Chickamauga. Descending, five or six miles from the point where the turnpike from the city reaches the summit, into the valley of Walker County, in Northern Georgia, one comes to a region of precipices and waterfalls, of tarns and caves, of landslides and bluffs. Near “Lake Seclusion,” an apparently bottomless well, sunk a hundred feet below the surrounding rocks, the scenery is exquisite. In autumn the foliage on the cliffs bordering the stream which flows through this lake, and plunges farther on down a ravine in a blinding spray cloud, which the Indians named “Lulah Falls,” is so rich in color



VIEW IN ROCK CITY.



WOOD'S REDOUBT—CHATTANOOGA.

that the whole country seems aflame. From one or two of the highest points the ragged ends of the Lookout plateau, and the pleasant expanse of valley beyond, may be seen.

Riding day by day along the broad tables of the Cumberland, in the nooks on the banks of the Tennessee, and up and over the ridges near the scene of Chickamauga, it was pleasant to hear anew the story of the great fight around Chattanooga from the lips of those who had been participants. But it was all unreal, dream-like. When we stood with our feet in half-filled rifle pits, or among the shattered and cannon-scotched tree trunks on the field of combat, it was still remote, indefinite. I fancy even the natives of the country round about only remember the whole struggle vaguely now and then; although a Chattanooga man once said to a new comer from the West that when he wanted some paper which the invading army had burned up for him, or remembered the losses of property he had suffered, he "hated the whole Yankee nation for a minute or two;" but, he added, "it's only for a minute or two, and those minutes don't come as often as they did."

Chattanooga's possession by the Union army cost many thousands of lives; but it opened the way to Atlanta and the sea. The line which stretched from Lookout's northern crag to Mission Ridge, on the night of November 24th, 1863, might have been quadrupled in strength if the dead warriors from Murfreesboro' and Chickamauga could have been marshalled into it. There was an especial bitterness in the contention of this rocky gate-way. After the staggering blows which both armies had received in that terrible fight by Stone River, Bragg and Rosecrans were both

willing enough to rest for a little; but when Bragg had withdrawn, and it was evident that his formidable campaign, which had carried terror even to the gates of Louisville and Cincinnati, was at an end, then the Union standards led the way to Chattanooga. There, strongly intrenched, Bragg defied his

old antagonist. On the morning of August 21st, 1863, General Wilder, commanding the advance of Rosecrans's army, began shelling the city which he now makes his home, from the hills at the north side of the river. Meantime day by day the Federal forces were investing Chattanooga, having crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport, at Battle Creek, and at Shell Mound. On the 4th of September Burnside occupied Knoxville. Bragg moved the Confederate forces away toward Dalton, and Rosecrans entered the town, and followed the enemy, who turned fiercely, and stood at bay on Chickamauga. Longstreet's Virginians and Bragg's hardy army fought with the energy of desperation, and if on that memorable 19th of September, when the combatants waded in blood, Longstreet had had another than Thomas to encounter, he might have carried the Federal left which he so furiously attacked. Thomas drove Longstreet back a mile or two, but, as the center failed to keep pace with his advance, he was compelled to halt. Then Bragg fell upon the forces under command of McCook and Crittenden, and the waves of battles flowed to and fro until night, when the Federal army still held its own ground. Early in the morning Thomas had the enemy once more hurled at him, but repulsed him as before. The Union right and center were driven back: McCook was confused and demoralized: Thomas alone stood like a rock, and kept the enemy at arm's length until night, when he fell back to Rossville, to be attacked again, and to once more repulse his foes the next day. Fifteen thousand men had been lost to the Union army, in killed, wounded and missing, in these two days; and the Confederates had lost eighteen thousand. The field of Chickamauga was



ON THE TENNESSEE—NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

piled with the dead, and the rivulets literally ran blood.

The flushed and defiant enemy now stood ready to again fall upon Chattanooga. They had struck some terrible blows. Rosecrans, McCook, and Crittenden, were removed from command. The Confederate forces occupied Lookout Mountain and controlled the valley, cutting off rail and river communication. Provisions were hauled over the rough hill-roads and through the narrow passes on the north side of the river, for seventy miles, by animals worn to skeletons, and by men who were half starved; and so, on mountain and in forest, along the valleys and the rivers, the vigilant combatants stood, patiently awaiting the next move, when there came upon the scene a man named Grant.

As soon as General Grant had taken command of the military division of the Mississippi, communication, both by river and rail, was gradually re-established, and Chattanooga was unlocked. Sherman reinforced the army there in mid-November. Grant's next move was to allow Longstreet to do what he had several times unsuccessfully tried, pass the Federal army to the east of Chattanooga and march against Burn-

side and the army of the Ohio. Longstreet had twenty thousand splendid soldiers, and Burnside far less; it might fare hardly with him, but it was one of the moves on Grant's chessboard, and there was nothing to be said. It resulted in checkmating Bragg at Mission Ridge.

Twenty thousand men having been taken from the line which the Confederates had stretched along the Lookout plateau,—eastwardly across Chattanooga Valley to Mission Ridge, at or near Rossville Gap, and thence northwardly on the Ridge towards Chickamauga Creek,—by the departure of Longstreet that line was attacked. The plan was to assault the wings, to cause Bragg to throw large forces to their protection, and then to break the center.

Hooker and Sherman began working in earnest. The twenty-fourth of November saw the left of the enemy driven from Lookout, and the right forced out of its position. Next day the wave of war swept up Mission Ridge, up over the charming slopes where now the great National cemetery is situated, up to the summit, and at sunset Gen. Grant moved his headquarters from Wood's Redoubt to the Ridge, which in the morning had been

guarded by sentinels in gray. The enemy was next day driven from his base of supplies.

The siege was over. The pathway to the sea lay before Sherman.

Wood's Redoubt is still one of the most striking objects in the valley of Chattanooga. Standing on the grass-grown ramparts one has an exquisite view of Lookout, the Tennessee's abrupt recoil at its base, and the sharp peak of Eagle Point, and can note the two turns of the river, with the Moccasin Point between, around whose southern bend, on the midnight of November 23-4, Sherman moved his three thousand men in pontoons. Northward, and opposite the redoubts, over-hanging the Tennessee, is Cameron Hill, from whose wind-swept height one can look down upon Chattanooga's busy streets as from a balloon. On the slopes adjacent to Cameron's Hill there are many handsome residences, and Wood's Redoubt, itself, will in a few years be lost sight of under the foundations of some charming villa. On many of the hills a faint outline of the old fortifications may be traced; but they will soon have vanished forever.

It would be difficult to imagine more romantic approaches than those through which the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad finds its way to the latter city. For seventy-five or eighty miles it runs through a bold, mountainous country; out about twenty-five miles before reaching Chattanooga it bends downward into the mighty passes among the Cumberlands in Northern Alabama, and, crawling under rocks and on the brinks of chasms, now running on the edges of valleys clothed in perfect forests, and now shooting into long tunnels, works its way out to the valley. As one approaches Lookout by this route, the effect is extremely imposing; a new and striking view is presented at each instant; the cliffs seem to present no outlet; the train is apparently about to be cast down some yawning ravine, when one sees the continuation of the route.

Sixty-two miles from Chattanooga, on a spur of the Cumberland, at Sewanee, in Tennessee, is situated the "University of the South." This remarkable institution owes its origin to the late Bishop Leonidas Polk of Louisiana. He desired to concentrate the interests of the several southern dioceses of the Episcopal church upon one school where religious education might be given in a thorough manner; and in

1836 he issued an address to the bishops of the various other states of the South, proposing to establish a Christian University. The result was a large assembly of bishops and lay delegates at a meeting on Lookout Mountain's summit, in 1837, at which the general principles of union were discussed; and the city of Sewanee was chosen some time thereafter. The Tennessee Legislature granted a liberal charter, and a domain of ten thousand acres of land had been secured, five hundred thousand dollars obtained toward an endowment, and the corner stone of the central building laid, when the war began. In 1866, very little remained save the domain; but in 1868, after some aid from England, the University was definitely established, and the more important of the schools are now well organized, with able professors at their head. It is under the perpetual control of a board of trustees composed of the bishops of the various Southern States, the senior bishop being *ex-officio* Chancellor of the University.

The location is charming. The University was started in the midst of an almost unbroken forest, but has now grouped around it a pleasant and refined community. It is about nine miles from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and the great tunnel on that road passes under its lands. From Cowan, on the line to Sewanee, the local coal mining company has built a good railroad. The Sewanee plateau is two thousand feet above the sea level, in a richly varied country, abounding in cascades, ravines, groves, and uplands. There is an abundance of building material in the quarries of gray, blue, dove-colored and brown limestone, which lie beside the Sewanee Company's railroad, and as soon as the present insufficient endowment is enlarged, the erection of permanent buildings will be begun. There are chalybeate springs in the vicinity, and the slopes of the Cumberland here are admirably adapted for grape culture. Nearly three hundred students are gathered into the various schools. Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, has done the University great service in collecting money in England for its establishment, and he and others are now anxiously trying to secure five hundred thousand dollars as an enlargement fund.

Riding through the wooded country on the Tennessee's banks, not far from Chattanooga, one autumn day, we dismounted, a large and hungry party, before the door

of a log-cabin, built on a hillside, and hailed the inmates. A fat negro woman appeared at the corner of the rude veranda, and four plump negro babies regarded us through the crevices between the logs with round-eyed fear. "Reckoned she couldn't give us no dinner—no way;" finally was very positive, and said "she had nothing in the house." But persistence was rewarded by permission to return in an hour, and she would see what could be improvised. At the hour's end we found in the cabin a rough table spread with bacon, and corn bread just baked in the ashes; a few sweet potatoes were presently proffered, and some tea was made. By the fireside, rocking a black cherub, was another woman, younger and more comely than our host. These two cultivated a little field; their "husbands," or the men of the house,—for marriage is not always considered necessary among the negroes,—were away at work in another county, and the children rolled in the dirt, and had no thoughts of school. It was the very rudest and most incult life, imaginable; the cabin was cleanly, but primitive in all its furnishings; the round of these people's lives seemed to be sleeping and waking, with a struggle be-

tween morning and evening to get enough to put into their mouths; they had no thought of thrift or progress. Now and then they went to a religious gathering, and perhaps, had "experiences," and were converted; then they gradually relapsed back into their dull condition.

The mountain roads in all the sections bordering on the Tennessee are beautiful. There are many bold bluffs, one or two hundred feet high, which overlook the stream; and one comes upon stretches of fertile fields. The inhabitants, white or black, are invariably civil and courteous. The farmers, clad in homespun, mounted on raw-boned horses, are willing and eager to compare notes with strangers. They have caught a touch of the inspiration Chattanooga diffuses around itself, and carefully explore their lands in the hope of finding minerals.

The Tennessee is receiving some improvement here and there. At the point called the "Suck," where the waters rush through a gorge in the mountains, over a rocky bed and in a shallow channel, we saw dredge-boats at work. The river has ordinarily more water than the Ohio, and a permanent bed, with little or no sand or



NEGRO HOUSE IN TENNESSEE.

gravel, so that there is no danger of the formation of those bars which obstruct the navigation of so many western rivers. If it could be thoroughly opened from its mouth at Paducah to Knoxville, for the largest river steamers, the results in increase in commerce between the South-eastern States and the immense region watered by the tributaries of the Mississippi would be of vast importance to the country's development.

The attention of the government has been directed towards the needed improvements ever since 1828, and the ruins of the Muscle Shoals Canal, which originally cost \$700,000, testify to the thoroughness of the plans then made. If that canal were put in condition again, and the obstructions between Muscle Shoals and Knoxville were removed, America would be the richer by one grand water highway.

Knoxville, once the capital of Tennessee, and one of the most illustrious and venerable of its communities, is situated on the Holston river (which the present legislature saw fit to re-christen as the Tennessee), about one hundred miles above Chattanooga. It is to-day as actively engaged in developing the mighty resources of Eastern Tennessee as is its sister of the valley, and a generous rivalry exists between the two towns, represented in the newspapers by good-humored raillery, in which the editors of both cities seem admirable proficient. Five miles east of Knoxville the lovely French Broad river empties its dancing and frothing current, released from the passes of the North Carolina mountains, into the Tennessee.

VOL. VIII.—2



PEEPING THROUGH.

Knoxville was named for that worthy Knox who was Secretary of War under the presidency of Washington. The town dates from 1794, when Col. White, proprietor of the lands, laid it out into lots. Three years before, on the 5th of December, 1791, in the midst of Indian massacres and battles, the first Tennessee newspaper was issued by George Roulstone. Although it was printed at Rogersville, it was called *The Knoxville Gazette*, and was identified with the interests of the then territorial seat of government.

The section of which Knoxville thus became the chief town has a most romantic history. In 1760, there was not a single civilized inhabitant in Tennessee. A few daring woodsmen pushed into the wilderness a few years later, and founded settlements on the Watauga and the Holston, to which flocked settlers from North Carolina and Virginia. North Carolina, in those days a province, was disquieted by taxation which she considered illegal; and thousands who had been compelled to fly from their homes, because they had actively resisted the oppression of Gov. Tryon, took refuge with the adventurers at Watauga. In a few years the surround-



AT ETNA COAL MINES.

ing country re-echoed to the blows of the woodmen's axes, and the Indians began to regard their encroachments with alarm and resentment. But shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution, and the downfall of royal government in North Carolina, the members of the Watauga Association had a peaceable meeting with the Cherokees and their chiefs, and purchased from them, for two thousand pounds, all the lands on which they had settled. The Elizabethton of to-day, a little mountain hamlet, occupies the site of the old Watauga. Shortly after the purchase, the Cherokees began open hostilities, and the Tennessean had then, as for many a long year thereafter, to risk his life daily. Battles ensued; the Indians organized expeditions to cut off and annihilate the infant colonies; war raged through all the North Carolina mountains and along the Unaka range. The result was an invasion of the Cherokee towns by the militia of North Carolina and the settlements. Eighteen hundred men, armed with rifles, tomahawks and butcher knives,—thus saith the ancient chronicle,—marched across the Holston and the French Broad, and drove the Indians everywhere before them. A pious chaplain accompanied this little army of invasion, and was the first Christian minister that ever preached in Tennessee. Immigration flowed after the army, and the Indians were dismayed. The Watauga settlement, triumphant, petitioned for annexation to North Carolina, and its prayer was granted. The legislature of that State

in 1777 founded Washington county, which occupied the whole district now included within the present boundaries of Tennessee. Two years later explorers had planted a field with corn on the spot where the present city of Nashville stands.

The recital of the border wars, and of dashing expeditions down the Tennessee river, would require volumes. Men sprang up, rude, hardy, brave—the out-growth of their times—their brains were filled with vision of empire; they fought by day and planned by night. After the independence of the United States had been acknowledged by Great Britain, each State endeavored to relieve the indebtedness of the country, by cessions to Congress of their unappropriated lands; and, accordingly North Carolina ceded her new acquisition, now known as Tennessee. This made

political orphans of our brave Watauga settlers and their followers, so they forthwith created an independent State called Franklin, which was ruled over by an energetic and daring man named Sevier, and maintained a stormy existence from 1784 to 1788, during much of which time it was considered by the government of North Carolina as practically in revolt. Sevier was engaged in many a daring battle and mountain skirmish; was once carried off by his friends at the moment a court in North Carolina was trying him for his offences, and was, after Franklin became United States territory, sent to Congress. His associates in the government of Franklin,—Cocke, White, the founder of Knoxville, Ramsey, Doak, Center, Reese, Houston, Newell, Weir and Conway,—were, subsequently, leading spirits in the affairs of Tennessee. Greenville, the present home of ex-President Andrew Johnson, and pretty village set down graciously among exquisite mountains, was founded in the days of Franklin, and was the original seat of government. In 1785, the third Franklin convention was held there, in a court-house built of unhewn logs, and there the State constitution was finally adopted.

White's Fort, the location of Knoxville was, at the time of the fall of Franklin, a stockaded settlement, to which settlers were rapidly flocking. On the high plateau which, extending southward, terminated in a bold bluff on the Holston

river, they saw excellent chances for defence; and thus the site of the city was determined. In 1794, Governor Blount, controlling the territory for the United States, had his cabin at Knoxville, and was kept busy day and night devising measures for the defence of the young settlement against the thoroughly maddened Cherokees. At one time, when the fighting force of Knoxville was forty men, more than fifteen hundred Indians marched against the town, but were turned aside by some trivial circumstance, and the colony was saved.

As Knoxville had been the seat of the territorial government, so in 1796 it became the State capital, and there the convention met, and the first constitution was adopted. There, too, the "Washington College, in honor of the illustrious president of the United States," was incorporated; and there General Jackson in the convention, suggested that the new State adopt the beautiful Indian name of Tennessee. Knoxville shared the honors of the government seat with Kingston, Murfreesboro and Nashville alternately, but in 1817 it became the capital for the last time. The center of population moved beyond the Cumberland Mountains, and the state officials went with it. To Knoxville were left the souvenirs of the bloody times in which it sprang into being, of councils with Cherokee chieftains, and struggles against their warriors, before the current of immigration came.

Knoxville is to-day a flourishing town with nearly fifteen thousand population. It has more capital than Chattanooga, but not the same wonderful transportation facilities. More actual business is, however, probably done there; the town has a large wholesale trade, and is a kind of supply depot for the mountains. On the

line of the road from New York to New Orleans, it has hopes of other communications' shortly. The subject of narrow-gauge railroads has very much interested the people of Eastern Tennessee, and they will, in a few years, traverse the valleys in all directions. A direct line from Knoxville to Macon in Georgia has been projected; and the completion of the Knoxville and Kentucky roads would be of great importance to the town. The general government is erecting a fine custom house and post-office in the city. Thirty miles to the northward are large coal fields, close to veins of iron; in Carter and Greene county there are iron mines, which supply the rolling mills and car-wheel establishments at Knoxville. There is an extensive manufacture of glass in that section; the lumber interests are large, and considerable shipments are made to New England. Five miles east of Knoxville is a fine marble quarry, operated by capitalists from St. Louis. At Coal Creek and Caryville, some thirty-five miles north of the town, there are extensive coal mining interests. The whole of Eastern Tennessee offers the best of inducements for the practical farmer, the wool grower, and the investor in mines and minerals.

The social condition of the people varies with the location. In a previous paper I have described the dwellers in the mountains bordering on North Carolina; those living in other remote counties are much similar in habit and intelligence. The political sentiment is yet, as it was during the war difficult to classify. There were then hosts of uncompromising Union men in Eastern Tennessee; so there were, also, many committed to the interests of the Confederacy, and both classes were much broken in fortune, and possibly discouraged by the marching and counter-



"THE SUCK," TENNESSEE RIVER.

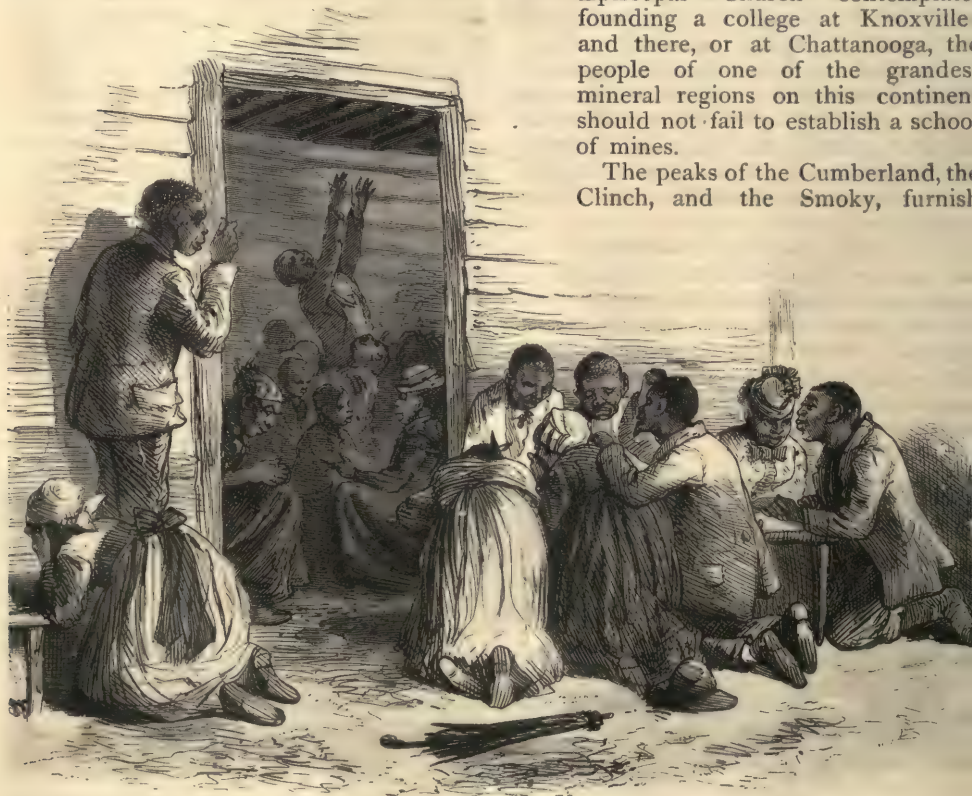
marching of the two armies. Their farms were plundered by both factions; and they often came near starvation themselves. In Knoxville the majorities are usually Republican, although the struggle is sometimes very close. In Chattanooga Republican municipal rule is also purchased at the expense of a careful fight. In the mountain counties people are not very much engrossed with general politics; their local affairs alone occupy their attention. At the period of my visit the school-law allowed each county to decide for itself as to taxation for the support of free schools, and thus far no very marked progress has been made in the State. Tennessee admits the disagreeable fact that she ranks third in illiteracy in the Union, but her population does not seem as yet to feel the situation very keenly. Knoxville has good schools, with about fourteen hundred scholars as an average attendance; it also supports four colored schools. Chattanooga's regular attendance is about one thousand, and it also has two large colored schools. On the whole, Eastern Tennessee

seems to make as much progress in education as other sections of the State, in proportion to its population. Some of its counties have totally refused to have any public schools; while others have levied small taxes for supporting winter sessions. The Peabody fund has been very active in East Tennessee, and it is largely due to its influential distribution that a feeling in favor of schools is gradually taking root among the masses. The founding of two or three Normal schools in the State is a prime necessity. In a commonwealth which has thus far succeeded in getting only one-fifth of its four hundred thousand pupil children into schools, the education of capable teachers is certainly of first importance.

Knoxville is the seat of the East Tennessee University, and the State Asylum for deaf and dumb persons. The University has latterly received a large share of the \$200,000 appropriated as the "Agricultural Fund" of the State, and will serve as the Agricultural College. It now has some three hundred students. The Methodist

Episcopal Church contemplate founding a college at Knoxville, and there, or at Chattanooga, the people of one of the grandest mineral regions on this continent should not fail to establish a school of mines.

The peaks of the Cumberland, the Clinch, and the Smoky, furnish



NEGRO PRAYER MEETING.



JOHN ROSS HOUSE.

Knoxville with many beautiful mountain views; and the eye dwells with delight on the route from Chattanooga even to Greenville, upon the fields so beautifully cultivated, on the noble orchards, and the forests of mammoth corn-stalks. The soil in this elevated valley is generally rich, second only to that of the western prairies; the summers are long, but never excessively hot; there is only a light snow-fall in winter; in the valleys the water is limestone; on the hills freestone and chalybeate. On the table lands grow rye, oats, and all vegetables; in the valleys wheat and corn attain extraordinary size. Apples, peas, peaches and wild grapes are cultivated in profusion, and the grazing lands are no whit poorer than those of the North Carolina mountain region, which are so perfect and inexpensive. Land ranges in value from \$5 to \$35 per acre.

Through this fruitful country, and almost on the line of the railroad of to-day, ran the "great Indian war-path" eighty years ago. When one reflects upon the vast territory cleared, settled and dominated within three generations, by the Tennessean, he cannot refrain from admiration, nor will he refuse to believe in the greatest possibilities in the future.

The Ducktown copper region, in Eastern Tennessee, near the North Carolina line, is worthy a visit from all interested in the State's development. It is the

only locality in the commonwealth yielding copper ore in any considerable quantity. Although traces of the metal are to be met with in the Unaka Mountains, they do not indicate veins of any importance. Ducktown is a mountain basin that belongs physically to Georgia and North Carolina. In the vicinity of the mines,—two thousand feet above sea level,—deep ravines alternate with sharp ridges, at whose base the Ocoee river worms its way towards the main Unaka range—when it becomes a torrent, roaring over huge rocks in its passage through the narrows. As early as 1836, the attention of geologists was drawn to the mineral deposits near the junction of the Ocoee and the Hiwassee rivers, and indications of copper were finally discovered by men who were searching for gold.

One of these men, while washing in the Hiwassee for gold, found great numbers of crystals of red copper ore. Soon after, the black oxide, which has, thus far, been the most important ore of the mines, was found; but it was not until 1850 that mining was begun in earnest. The gentlemen who opened the mines found themselves surrounded by a rough population, who took no interest whatever in any improvements; and on one occasion, when they had called a meeting of the township, and explained to the assembled citizens that civilization and wealth would follow upon



KNOXVILLE—TENN.

the opening of the mines, one of the assembly arose and said that most of those present had come to the mountains to get away from civilization, and if it followed them too closely, they would migrate again!

This was discouraging; but the owners of the mines opened day and Sabbath schools, and built roads over the hitherto almost impassable mountains; meantime sinking shafts and employing the few whom they could prevail upon to undertake regular labor. Between 1851 and the close of 1855, a number of mines were opened and worked successfully in this region, and during that time eight of them produced and shipped 14,291 tons, worth more than a million of dollars. A few years later a consolidated company, called "The Union," was formed from a number of the most prosperous organizations, and its works now extend over twenty-five hundred acres. Refineries were constructed, and although the company was prevented from working much of the time during the war, it has been very prosperous. The refining works have yielded nearly a million and a half pounds of refined copper since the war. In most of the Ducktown mines

the operations have been confined to the zones of black and red copper ore, below which lie zones of iron and copper pyrites. The smelting works of the Union Consolidated Company are very extensive.

Lead and zinc are pretty liberally scattered through Eastern Tennessee, and in Bradley and Monroe counties lead mines have been opened. At Mossy Creek, in Jefferson County, and in the mountain beyond, there are numerous irregular veins of zinc ore. The gold found in the eastern portion of the State has been insignificant in quantity, although, in 1831, there was a genuine gold fever concerning the discoveries along the Hiwassee.

The most important coal mining establishments in the State are the *Ætna* mines in Marion County, and the *Sewanee* Company's mines, which extend several miles underground, not far from the location of the "University of the South." Some of the veins at these latter mines are several feet thick.

The coal in these mountains can be mined for three cents per bushel, and the freights for coal on all the roads south of Nashville are low. All the Tennessee coals are bituminous; but as such they present numerous varieties.

One of the sources of future wealth for

Eastern Tennessee consists in its immense stores of variegated marble, the veins of which run through ten or twelve counties in that section. Besides the finer marbles there are, in the extreme eastern counties, black or dark-blue limestones, which, when polished, would make elegant marble slabs. There is marble enough in this section to build all the public buildings of the United States for the next five centuries.

The siege of Knoxville; in 1863, is called to memory, but faintly, by the earthworks scattered about the town, and now nearly obliterated; but it was one of the most desperate struggles of the whole war. Longstreet and his men, fresh from their triumphs at Chickamauga, fell upon Burnside's little force in the mountain city with savage eagerness, but were hurled back into the jaws of death. They charged towards the ditches only to be pitched headlong over the wires strung to trip them, and to be massacred. But the living charged over the dead who filled the ditches, and twice had planted their flag or leaped upon the fortifications before they were finally swept away. Pools of blood six inches deep were found in the bottom of the trenches when the assault was made on the morning after the repulse of November 29th, and hundreds of corpses were hastily buried in heaps. On the 5th of December following, the little army of the Ohio, which was literally at the point of starvation, was at liberty once more. The siege was raised.

The magnitude of the mineral resources in this section perhaps affords the strongest argument in favor of the immediate removal of the obstructions in the Tennessee River; but the arguments are really legion. This noble stream, sixth in magnitude in the United States, intersecting ten rich commonwealths—in connection with the Ohio, draining the gigantic coal areas of Tennessee and Alabama—never bearing upon its current, from its sources to its mouth, winter or summer, a particle of ice, and having half a dozen tributaries which could be rendered navigable by slack water improvement, should be made one of the main commercial arteries of the South. With the necessary improvements, navigation could be rendered practicable for thirteen hundred miles above Muscle Shoals in Alabama. Only steamers of the lightest draught now succeed in running to Knoxville and beyond during six or nine months of each year.

The soil of the great Tennessee plateau, the Cumberland table-land, is no less remarkable than the climate of that favored region. For the production of fruit, and for the raising of sheep and cattle, the immigrant will find it most admirably suited. Extending across the State from north to south, the plateau is, at least, forty miles wide from east to west, and can furnish homes for thousands of farmers, who need but little capital.

We made an extensive journey into Northern Georgia, one of the richest mineral and agricultural sections of the state, and abounding with grand and delightful mountain scenery. Scattered at rare intervals through the enormous counties of the north and north-east, is a population of half a million inhabitants, about one-fourth of whom are negroes. Agriculture is of course as yet the main dependence of the people; manufactures would be established at various points were there capital with which to establish them; and the few mining operations might be conducted on a much grander scale were it not for the universal dearth of money. The fertile uplands, too, which have been in hundreds of cases deserted by their old owners, because they refused to adapt themselves to the new order of things, and cultivate small farms thoroughly with rotation of crops, are now in some cases under thorough culture; deep ploughing and the much needed rotation has, in some cases, produced the most astonishing results upon lands which had been deserted so long that they were considered waste. The emigration from this section has been very numerous, and one finds the negroes scattered about over vast areas of country, occupying little tracts of from one to twenty acres in size, on which they have erected small and extremely primitive cabins. In the more mountainous and border counties of North Georgia the visitor is constantly astonished at the apparent absence of human life along the vast stretches of good land. He may ride twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty miles without seeing a habitation or encountering a human being, and then may suddenly come upon a log meeting-house or a little village, in which five hundred negroes will be assembled for a "meeting" or festival. These people live in the nooks among the mountains, and along the edges of the streams, off the line of the main roads, and it is only on Sundays or on some especial occasion that one sees

them flocking together along the roads and through the forests which cover so many thousands of acres. Now and then one encounters a party of white men, hunting, fishing, or "riding to court;" but the loneliness and silence in many of the counties is almost oppressive, despite the beauty of the scenery.

But all the country needs is an industrious and energetic population to develop it. The forty counties of the northern, and the fifteen of the north-eastern section, are rich in minerals and in agricultural possibilities. They are, also, handy to markets, by comparison with many of the remote districts of the West. The Western and Atlantic, or "State," road gives an outlet at Chattanooga or Atlanta, for the north-western counties, and connects at

Atlanta with the routes branching out south, east and west in the State. The "Atlanta and Richmond Air Line" railroad also opens up a large portion of north-eastern Georgia; forms the connecting link in an unbroken air line between New York and New Orleans; traverses a rich mineral region for six hundred miles, and terminates in Charlotte, in North Carolina. There is no reason why all this part of the State should not be opened up to immigration in a few years, as the conformation of the country makes the building of the routes extremely easy, and the average cost of railroad construction, per mile, is not more than \$20,000.

The new link in the New York and New Orleans Air-Line, connecting Atlanta and Charlotte, had been finished but a few days



GREENVILLE RACES.

when we passed over it. On either side, in the northern Georgian counties towns, built of rough planks, had sprung up in the forest clearings. The railway station and a long platform, a store, a few plain houses, with fat hogs rooting among the stumps in their immediate neighborhood, a carpenter's shop, and possibly some small and primitive manufacturing made up each of these "towns." The hotels were two-story wooden buildings, through

whose thin walls came the keen autumn winds, and whose slender partitions allowed one to hear every movement and tone of voice of all his adjacent fellow-sleepers. The fifteen counties of North-eastern Georgia cover a territory of seven thousand square miles, traversed here and there by the Appalachian chain, which, leaving North Carolina on its western boundary, pushes into hundreds of spurs and outliers which shape the romantic scenery of Rabun, Habersham, Towne, Union, White, Fannin, Gilmer and Lumpkin counties. There, in valleys elevated nearly two thousand feet above the sea-level, are rivers and rivulets upon whose courses some of the most majestic cascades upon the continent are found. Attracted by the fame of those noble waterfalls, Toceoa and Tallulah, we left the line of rail, and wandered in and out among the peaks and ravines for several days.

Rabun Gap is the passage from Western North Carolina, through the Blue Ridge, into the Georgia gold and iron field. Rabun county itself is one succession of dark blue giant ridges, until, descending gradually, one reaches the little town of Clayton. The populations in the mountains along the border devote some attention to illicit distilling, and are, consequently, a little suspicious of strangers who penetrate to their fastnesses. A worthy clergyman from the lower counties was journeying peacefully on a religious errand, to the neighboring State, through the passes of Rabun, shortly before our visit, when he suddenly, one day, saw thirteen guns pointed at him by as many men, and had to dismount and prove, at the rifles' muzzles, that he was not a revenue officer.

From "Whiteside," in North Carolina, to Rabun Gap, it is only forty-five or fifty miles on an air-line, but the detours through the ravines make it much more to the traveler. When one arrives at Clayton, he feels very much as if he had left the world behind him. The quaint hamlet lies in a valley encircled with mountains. As you enter, you have that feeling of being imprisoned and of desire to escape—so common to the wanderer among the Alleghanies and the



GRAND CHASM—TUGALOO RIVER.

Blue Ridge. There seems no possible outlet; the town appears to have been conveyed there by enchantment; yet a little careful observation will show you the roads piercing the passes in the valleys. Not far from Clayton are the falls of the Eastatoia, or, as the mountaineers call them, "Rabun Falls," where a succession of brilliant cascades plunge down the

chasm in a mountain side. Clambering to the top of this natural stairway in the rocks, one may obtain an outlook over the Valley of the Tennessee, miles beyond Clayton, and may note the mountain billows rolling away, apparently innumerable, until the eye tires of the immensity!

I have had occasion to describe the mountain "hack" to you—a red wagon, mounted on super-fragile springs, and graced with seats, which, at every start made by the horses, bid fair to leave the vehicle. In such a conveyance, behind two splendid horses, did we depart from one of the forests towns on the Air-Line Railway one morning in mid October, and climb the red hills which are so abundant in Northern Georgia. Mile after mile we journeyed through lands which might be made very valuable by a year or two of careful culture, by plantations or farms whose owners had deserted them, or tracts which the old settlers, having adopted the new labor system, were putting into most wonderful order; now dashing over the firm roads, through stretches of dreary forest, where battalions of black jacks guarded the solemn way; and now along mountain sides, where paths were narrow and ravines were on either hand.

A few miles from the little hill-town of Clarksville, whither we were journeying, we came upon a large assembly of negroes, in a high open field, backed by a noble uplift of mountains in the distance. It was Sunday afternoon, and the dusky citizens were returning to their devotions, the scene of which was a log-cabin, inhabited by a negro, whom we judged to be the neighborhood blacksmith, as a shop near by was encumbered with wheels and old iron. As we approached the "bars" leading into the meadow, the mass of the negroes had gathered inside and outside the cabin, and were singing a wild hymn, marked with that peculiar monotonous refrain which distinguishes all their music. Nothing could have been more picturesque than this grouping of swart and gaily costumed peasantry, disposed around the dowdy cabin, with the afternoon sun glinting on their upturned faces; the noble peaks in the far background, mysterious in their garments of subtle blue, and inspiring in their majesty, added deliciously to the effect of the whole. As the singers became excited, their bodies moved rhythmically, and clinging to each other's hands, they seemed about breaking into the passion-

ate warmth of some barbaric ceremony. But our momentary fears of barbarism were checked when we heard the cracked voice of the venerable pastor, and saw the assembly kneel, and bow their heads at the words—

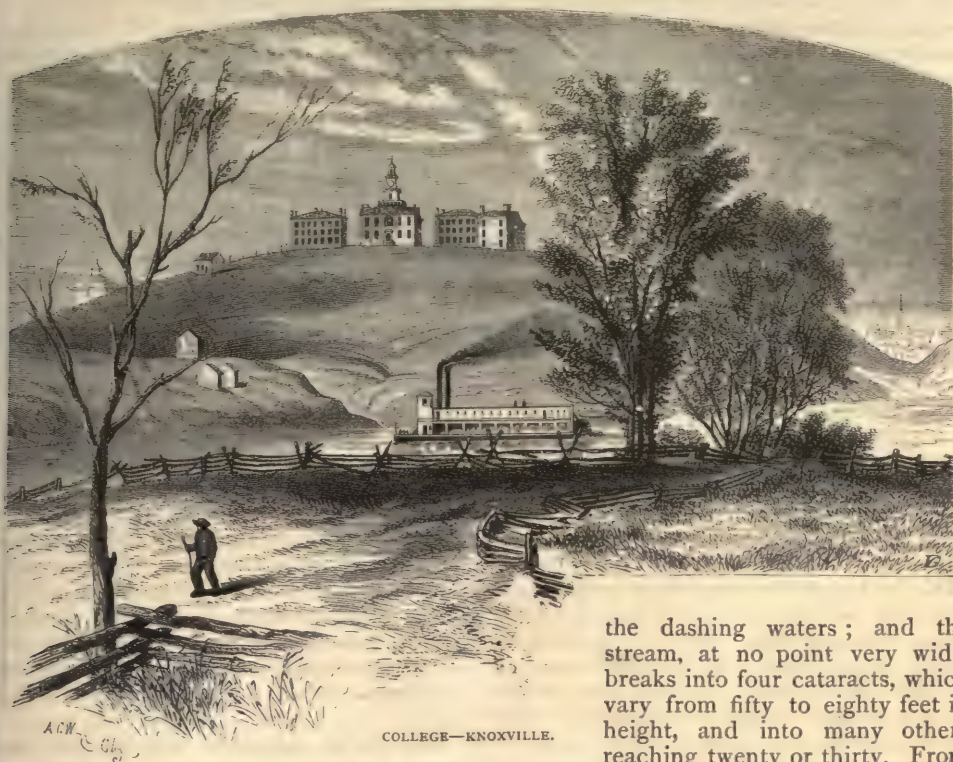
"Let us address de Almighty wid pra'r."

While the minister was praying, the young negroes who, during the singing, had been disporting beside a neighboring brook, left off their pranks, and hastened to join the kneeling throng about the cabin. As we drove away, we could hear the solemn pleading of the ebony Jacob as he wrestled with the angel of prayer, and the nervous responses of the brethren and sisters, when their souls took fire from the inspiration of the moment.

From Clarksville, pleasant summer resort of the citizens of Savannah and other low-country towns, we caught a new glimpse of Mount Yonah, that lonely monarch of the Northern counties. The village is small and quiet; there are few farm-houses in the immediate vicinity; there is no bustle of trade, no railroad, and no prospect of one. Seven miles away the new Air-Line gives communication with the outer world. Habersham county, of which Clarksville is the county seat, was laid out by the famous "lottery act" of 1818, and has in it many valuable lands, adapted to the raising of wheat and corn.

A ride from Clarksville to the valley of Nacoochee, which comprises within its limits a series of the most exquisite landscapes in the world, is one of the charming specimens of this mountain journey. There a gentleman, who has forsaken the low-lands, has built a grand mansion, with conservatories, lawns and parterres; there he and his visitors strike terror into the hearts of the mountain trout, and wander over the peaks and down the valleys at their will. Mount Yonah's summit affords beautiful glimpses of a wide expanse, covered with rich farms—for the Nacoochee valley is fertile, and its vicinity is thickly settled.

The visitors at Clarksville considered us aristocrats because we maintained the dignity of a red wagon on our journey to Tallulah Falls. They had usually accomplished the route in the somewhat fatiguing but cautious ox-cart. The famous Falls, unquestionably among the grandest objects of natural scenery in America, are thirteen miles from Clarksville, and a portion of the journey lies over a new road



COLLEGE—KNOXVILLE.

through the forest, which I can commend as execrable.

On the border of a vast rent in the hills stands a little hotel built of pine boards. From its verandas you look up at ravine sides of solid brown stone, down into leaping and foaming rapids, which seem singing war songs; over the tops of swaying pines, which, in the rich moonlight of a delicious autumn evening, stand out, black and frightful, like specters; and along paths cut in the steep descents, leading to rocky projections and treacherous knolls.

These falls were named by the Cherokees, who called them Tarrurah or Tal-lulah—"the terrible." The stream in which they are formed is the western branch of the Tugaloo River, and the rapids are, perhaps, ten miles from its junction with the Chatooga. For more than a mile the impetuous stream passes through a ridge of mountains, with awful parapets of stone piled upon either side, and finally rattles away through the "Grand Chasm." The rocky banks are in some places five hundred, in others not more than two hundred feet high; their bases are worn into fantastic and grotesque forms by the action of

the dashing waters; and the stream, at no point very wide, breaks into four cataracts, which vary from fifty to eighty feet in height, and into many others reaching twenty or thirty. From

the highest points on the cliffs to the bottom of river bed, at one or two localities, the depth is nearly one thousand feet; and the spectator, dizzy and awe-struck, can but do as we did, look once, and turn his frightened and bewildered eyes away!

The "Lodore," the "Tempestia," the "Oceana," and the "Serpentine," are the names given to the four principal falls. The third fall, sometimes called the "Hurricane," is the most remarkable and interesting. Climbing to a rock directly overhanging it, and beneath which the waters are breaking across irregular shelving masses of stone, and foaming and dancing in passion in a whirlpool eighty feet below, one may gaze down stream to the sortie from the cañon. There the whole valley seems to pitch violently forward, as if it were the gate to Avernus; its rocky sides are mottled with lichens, and the beautiful colt's foot; and on the crests of the cliffs flourish pines, hemlocks, chestnuts, masses of ferns, and a profusion of greys and browns which no painter's brush can reproduce. Many trees lean as if looking shudderingly, and drawn involuntarily, towards the abyss. Beyond is a sheer precipice draped in hemlocks only, and

still beyond a projection ablaze with the strong autumn colors of the leaves, red, and scarlet, and yellow, above which runs up a hundred and fifty feet of naked, glittering rock, towering tremendously above the tallest trees, and standing in giant relief against the sky. Coming back to the banks near the "Hurricane" fall, we noticed that the ledges bent downward in three or four immense layers of dark flint, and that grasses grew over them, like strange beards upon monsters' faces. Here and there an old white tree trunk hung tottering on the ravine's edges. The descent to this fall is down a gully almost perpendicular in steepness; one is also compelled to pass through the "Needle's Eye," a low passage beneath rocks, and the "Post-office," where it was once the custom for the hundreds of visitors to write their names upon the smooth walls of a cave.

The cascades themselves are not so remarkable as the scenery around them. The rocks and the precipices are so gigantic that the stream seems but a silvery thread among them. Seen from the dizzy height known as "The Devil's Pulpit," or "The Lover's Leap," the cascades are like tiny lace veils, spread in the valley, or like frostbeds, such as one sees on meadows in the morning. The effect of a sojourn among the rocks at Lover's Leap at night, when the moonlight is brilliant, is magical. Far

below you the valley seems sheathed in molten silver; the song of the cascades is borne, now fiercely, now gently, to your ear by the varying breezes, while you grove among the slippery pine and hemlock spray and twigs, clinging to a rock, which is your only protection against a fall of a thousand feet down to the jagged peaks below.

At the "Grand Chasm," which is properly the end of the ravine, where the stream is free from its barriers, becomes tranquil,—after it has fought its way around the base of a mountain of dark granite,—the formation of rock changes. There are no more of the slanting shelves, of the Avernus gates, but instead, there are rounded battlements which, sloping and yielding, end in a ragged hill-side, strewn with bowlders with blackened hemlocks, and with tree trunks prone, as if waiting for some land slide to hurl them into the stream. On the right looms up another cliff, with a slope like that of the walls rising from a castle moat; this is thatched with foliage; hemlocks straggle along its summit; and in the recesses of the thickets which stretch in all directions from it, the holly spreads its thorny leaves, and the laurel its pendulous branches.

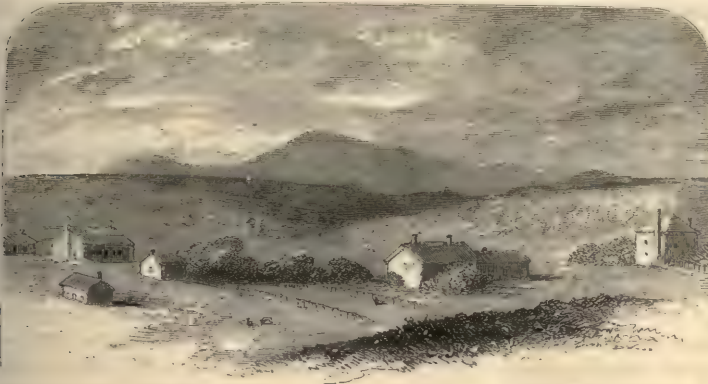
Finally the stream is lost to view and flows under rocks, through a symmetrical gap half a mile away,—beyond which one can see a succession of peaks, whose heads are wrapped in cloud.

After "Tallulah," the falls of Toccoa, a single spray jet, falling one hundred and eighty-five feet, over a shelving rock, is a relief. Seated in a quiet and forest-en-shrouded valley, through which Toccoa Creek runs, one can look up to the pouring waters with a sense of admiration, but without the awe inspired by the chasm and cascades of "the Terrible." Toccoa is situated near Toccoa City, an ambitious fledgling town on the Air-Line railroad, and thousands of visitors yearly watch its tremendous leap from the crag around which a steep road winds along the ascents that conduct to "Tallulah."

The Ducktown copper region of Eastern Tennessee is no more remarkable than its continuation in Northern Georgia, where a vein seventeen feet thick has been found. In Fannin County there are large bodies of marble, and also an iron field on the southern slopes of the Iron Mountain range. A great deal has been said about the gold mines in the northern counties, and there are, no doubt, extensive deposits there.



TABLE MOUNTAIN.



MOUNT YONAH—FROM CLARKSVILLE.

The mines in the Nacoochee Valley, when first worked, on a very small scale, and with rude machinery, yielded from \$2,000 to \$3,000 to each workman yearly; and several millions of dollars have been obtained from the deposits since 1828. The Loud, Sprague, and Lewis mines, in the vicinity of Nacoochee, are believed to be exceptionally rich. In Rabun, Habersham, Carroll, and White counties there are known to be extensive deposits. In the Nacoochee Valley immense works for carrying out the California hydraulic process were erected before the war; but have since that time been only feebly carried on. In the section between the Tray and Yonah mountains some few diamonds have from time to time been found. Not far from this point are the head-waters of the Tennessee, which, passing through Rabun Gap, plunge headlong through the Appalachian, the Smoky, the Chilhowee, and Cumberland ranges, until merged in a broad and noble stream, they enter the fertile fields of Tennessee and Alabama. There, too, the Savannah rises; there the waters of the rain-storm divide, and flow in separate directions in the channels of the two mighty rivers. It is said that several good gold mines in Hall County have been opened, and worked as low as the water-level, and that they pay a small but steady profit. In Hall County is also situated the "Harris Lode," a notable silver mine; and in the neighboring divisions of Lumpkin, Forsyth and Clarke, topaz, amethysts, beryl, gold, plumbago, iron, granite, and gneiss have been found.* In Clarke County, where the

Georgia University is located, there is remarkable water-power, and some cotton and woolen factories have been erected.

This mountain region, so rich in resource, has been as yet but little developed. With the completion of the railroad system, which is very comprehensive, and puts almost every county within easy

reach of markets, the more enterprising of the present residents think that new population and new methods of agriculture will come in. The valley lands now readily yield twenty to thirty bushels of corn and fifteen of wheat to the acre, without manures, and with no culture of consequence; deep plowing and rotation of crops would treble these amounts. The local farmers need the example of northern agriculture before their eyes. With lands which will produce infinitely finer and larger crops of clover, timothy, and red-lap, than those of Massachusetts, they still send to the Bay State for their hay. But living is cheaper than in the Western States, game is plentiful, and good land, "improved" in the Georgia sense, is to be had at reasonable prices.

The mineral developments of Northwestern Georgia are attracting much notice, because of their proximity to Chattanooga, and their intrinsic importance. The coal seams of the Lookout and Cumberland range which lie near Dade, Walker and Chatooga counties, vary from five to twenty feet in thickness. Along the borders of Tennessee, within the Georgia line, there are various profitable mines. The amount of iron deposits is remarkable; they lie in immediate contact with the coal, and extend forty or fifty miles into the State. At Little River, and in the vicinity, and on the Chatooga River, cotton factories are in successful operation, and pay large dividends. In Barton County there are extensive iron works, built by a man named Cooper. They were successfully worked by the Confederate government during the war. These works used charcoal until, on account of the enormous number of coal mines opened in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, they found that

* At Dahlonega, in Lumpkin County, a pretty town commanding fine mountain views, the United States has a branch mint, and gold mines are quite extensively worked in the vicinity.

coal could be brought to their furnaces cheaper than charcoal. The coal field of Northern Georgia covers more than one hundred and fifty thousand acres, and lands can be purchased upon it for from \$2 to \$3 per acre. They are said to be no whit inferior to those lands in Pennsylvania which now command two thousand dollars per acre. For very many years both blooms from the forges and pig-iron from the furnaces have been shipped to Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York, from the furnace on the Cumberland River in Tennessee, and from those of North-western Georgia, at from \$5 to \$7 per ton profit over the northern iron. The northern portion of Georgia certainly offers splendid inducements to manufacturers. There are also scattered throughout the mountains many mineral springs, some of which are already visited by large numbers of health and pleasure-seekers annually.

The iron region of Northern Alabama, perhaps the most remarkable of all in the vicinity of Chattanooga, will contribute directly to the growth of that city. The Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad runs parallel with the "Great Warrior coal-field," which extends over an immense tract in Northern Alabama; and the North and South road runs through both the Cahaba and Warrior fields, giving outlets for the products of those sections at Montgomery and at Decatur. The Blue Ridge sinks down into wavy and low knolls, and finally, in this section of the State, into rolling ground. The mineral lands extend about one hundred and sixty miles in a south-western direction, with an average width of eighty miles. The coal fields cover four thousand square miles, and all about them are extensive beds of limestone, sandstone and iron ore. Interspersed lie fertile valleys, where wheat, corn and cotton can be grown.

It is said that in laying down the rails, brought all the way from England or from Pennsylvania to Alabama, the railroad workmen dug up and removed ore which actually contained twenty per cent. more iron than did that from which the English rail was made. The Alabamians claim that they can produce iron at sixteen dollars per ton, while in Ohio and in Pittsburg it costs nearly thirty. The growth of Birmingham, Ala., and the development of the mineral region in its vicinity, are almost phenomenal. We will consider them in a future paper in their relations to the

State to which they belong.* The Alabama ores are said to compare favorably with the finest from Cumberland or the north of Spain.

The mountain region of South Carolina contains some of the most exquisite scenery in the South. The new Air-Line railway route, leaving the forests of Northern Georgia, and crossing the Tugaloo river, traverses a lovely, although as yet untamed country, and touches at Greenville and Spartanburg, two well-built and prosperous towns. As in most of the Southern States where there are widely separate sections possessed of different climates, the character of the inhabitant of the upland is quite dissimilar to that of the lowlander. There was more activity and less embarrassment, on account of the political situation throughout the mountain counties, than was found anywhere south of Columbia, the State capital. The negroes were far less ignorant than their fellows of the coast and the central counties, and were disposed to be more reasonable in their political views. It is true, that, after the war the Ku-Klux organization committed abominable outrages throughout York, Union, Spartanburg, Laurens and Chester counties. It was shown, at the time of the exposure consequent on the military arrests, that two thousand male citizens of a single county belonged to the Ku-Klux, and actively participated in the coercive measures which it had foolishly adopted. But the mountaineers have learned the folly of such attempts, and there are no longer any reports of whippings and midnight massacres. The railroad and the advent of Northern men here and there, as well as the impetus which the universal use of the new fertilizers has given to the production of cotton upon lands where, before the war, it would not have been deemed wise to plant it—all have aided in building up new feeling, and in banishing most of the old bitterness. Had it not been for the supreme rascality of the hybrid State government the citizens of this upland region might have possessed even more railroad facilities than they at present enjoy. The "Blue Ridge route" was intended as a railroad into Kentucky and Tennessee, running across the southern end of the Blue Ridge in South Carolina, which latter State and the city of Charleston owned nearly all the

* In the paper on Alabama a full description of the superb mineral resources of the State will be given.

stock in the road, up to 1871. After about three millions of dollars had been expended in the construction of a portion of the road, and the State had guaranteed \$4,000,000 of bonds, in support of further construction, upon certain conditions intended to protect its own interests, a gigantic fraud was consummated. The "sinking fund commission," composed of the State officers, self-appointed, passed the railroad into the hands of a corporation, robbing the State of its interest in the work, and then secured a legislative enactment annulling the conditions on which depended the issue of the four millions in bonds. In addition to this, the Legislature authorized a further issue of "Blue Ridge scrip" to the amount of \$1,800,000, and made it available by declaring it receivable for taxes. This afforded "operators" all the chance they desired for plundering the State treasury; and meantime the Blue Ridge Railroad remains unfinished.

It was late in autumn when we reached Greenville, but the weather was warm and delightful. The small planters from all the country round, were crowding the roads with their mule carts, laden with one, two, or three bales of cotton. The agents for the sale of fertilizers were busy in the town, looking after their interests, for many a planter had given them a lien upon his crop, and they wished to claim their money when the crop was brought to market. There was a variety of testimony as to the profit made by the cotton raisers who only planted two or three acres each;

some insisted that they made handsome profits, others, that after they had paid for their fertilizers, and their own support during the year, they usually had nothing left. The "lien" which the seller of phosphates takes, when he delivers a ton of the coveted stimulating substance to the farmer, is a formidable document. It engages not only the growing crop, but in many cases the household goods, if the crop fails, and sometimes the unlucky wight who has a poor crop on his few acres, finds himself in danger of a practical eviction. But a good crop puts money and prosperity into the section where the people are altogether better off than in the low-lands. They have every facility for enriching themselves, as soon as they can and will diversify the culture of their farms; and I notice with pleasure the introduction of the "Agricultural Fair" as a means of creating ambition in the direction of thorough farm culture. Greenville held its first fair of the kind during our stay there. All along the highways leading into Greenville cotton whitened the fields; although it was late in November, there were immense fields yet to pick; and I was told that the whole crop is not often all picked before the advent of the spring months. The bare-headed negroes were lazily pulling at the white fleeces, wherever we passed, but seemed animated by no desire for results; it was easy to see why the crop was not all gathered before spring. Emigrants from other states would find every chance for enriching themselves in these charming uplands, where the climate is so delicious; where the streams and the hills are so beautiful, and where the soil is so fertile.

Greenville lies at the base of the Saluda, near the Paris mountain, and is delightfully situated on a range of breezy hills. Summer visitors from the lowlands crowd its hotels and private mansions; it has, like its neighbor, Spartanburg, a number of excellent schools and colleges, and a university. It is near the source of the Reedy River, and the approaches to it from Columbia are along the banks of that lovely stream, the Saluda. To the eastward, daintily enshrined in a nook in the Blue Ridge, near the North Carolina frontier, lies Walhalla, a German settlement,



"DOWN IN A COAL MINE."



TUCCOA FALLS.

where the vine is cultivated with rare success; the county of Pickens is rich in mountain outlooks, and noble waterfalls; and not more than twenty miles from Greenville, that superb monarch of the glens, Table Mountain, with its attendant ledges, each a thousand feet high, rises in rocky grandeur to the height of 4,300 feet above sea-level. North-westward the Air-

Line railroad conducts on through wild and, as yet, uncultivated lands, to Spartanburg, and, passing near "King's Mountain," to Charlotte, in North Carolina.

From the Greenville post-office the stage-coach will speedily convey one into the heart of the Swannanoa and French Broad valleys. The road to Asheville, the chief town of the western North Carolina mountain region, leads through Saluda Gap, and past the beautiful summer resort, once the refuge of so many wealthy lowlanders, "Flat Rock." This was a species of Saratoga for the South Carolinians, and in the sweet valley surrounded by noble mountains, there are still some noble mansions, like those of the Draytons and Memmingers, surrounded by gardens filled with the rarest and costliest of shrubbery and flowers. Another route from Greenville leads to "Cæsar's Head," a lofty mountain like the "Whiteside," and a trysting place for hundreds of merry pilgrims during summer months.

Along the road between Greenville and Asheville, and the rugged yet delightful routes which lead from Asheville to Charlotte, lies one of the great pleasure regions of the future. The falls of Slicking, at the base of the Table Mountain, the banks of that prince among

mountain streams, the wonderful Keowee in the sweet vale of Jocassee, and the adjacent Whitewater cataracts, vie with Mount Yonah, Tallulah, Toccoa, and Nacoochee, their Georgian neighbors, in variety and surprising beauty.

From Charlotte to Centreville the scenery is sublimely beautiful. By this route one passes through the Hickory Nut Gap, a

grand gorge in the Blue Ridge, through which a creek flows until its waters are merged in those of the rocky Broad River. Where the latter stream forces its passage through a spur of the Blue Ridge, its bed is encumbered with myriads of rocks, rooted deeply in the almost unyielding soil; mountain bluffs hem it in; and the scene is one of fearful solitude and grandeur. The Gap is hardly anywhere more than half a mile wide, and, seen from a little distance, it seems but a narrow path cut between gigantic buttresses of stone, which rise twenty-five hundred feet. Midway up the front of the highest bluff, on the south side of the Gap, stands an isolated rock resembling some antique and weather-beaten castle turret. The rains of thousands of years have washed the granite cliffs smooth, and one may fancy them the walls of some huge fortification. Shooting out over the cliff, and falling into some, as yet, undiscovered pool, a spray-stream comes pouring; and near the base of the awful precipice are three violent and capricious cascades, which, by centuries of persistence, have worn wells from forty to fifty feet deep in the hard stone beneath them. When one approaches the Gap, he sees be-

fore him nothing but the limitless ocean of peaks, pointed sharply, like the apexes of waves, against the crystal vault of the sky. Everywhere Nature seems to have thrown out barriers, and to have determined to prevent one from entering her favorite retreat.

Then suddenly you come upon the narrow defile of the "Hickory Nut Gap."

Beyond it, penetrating to Rutherfordton, one sees the sublime sentinels of the Blue Ridge range jealously guarding the approaches, and at last reaches a point whence the panorama of the Pinnacle, and Sugar Loaf, and Chimney Rock, and Tryon Mountains all burst at once upon the vision. The road thither winds along a ravine side; steep rocks overhang it, and beneath a rushing torrent screams its warning; by and bye an opening in the forest shows anew the vast expanse of peaks, and in their midst the Monarch, the Cloud-piercer, the somber controller of the whole magic realm, Mitchell's High Peak! Miles away, to the westward, one can dimly discern a silver line on a faintly-defined mountain: a torrent leaping down the almost perpendicular sides of its parent height.

Now let us seek the lowlands.

ADINA.

* IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

WE had been talking of Sam Scrope round the fire—mindful, such of us, of the rule *de mortuis*. Our host, however, had said nothing; rather to my surprise, as I knew he had been particularly intimate with our friend. But when our group had dispersed, and I remained alone with him, he brightened the fire, offered me another cigar, puffed his own awhile with a retrospective air, and told me the following tale:

Eighteen years ago Scrope and I were together in Rome. It was the beginning of my acquaintance with him, and I had grown fond of him, as a mild, meditative youth often does of an active, irreverent, caustic one. He had in those days the germs of the eccentricities,—not to call them by a hard name,—which made him afterwards the most intolerable of the friends we did not absolutely break with;

he was already, as they say, a crooked stick. He was cynical, perverse, conceited, obstinate, brilliantly clever. But he was young, and youth, happily, makes many of our vices innocent. Scrope had his merits, or our friendship would not have ripened. He was not an amiable man, but he was an honest one—in spite of the odd caprice I have to relate; and half my kindness for him was based in a feeling that at bottom, in spite of his vanity, he enjoyed his own irritability as little as other people. It was his fancy to pretend that he enjoyed nothing, and that what sentimental travelers call picturesqueness was a weariness to his spirit; but the world was new to him and the charm of fine things often took him by surprise and stole a march on his premature cynicism. He was an observer in spite of himself, and in his happy moods, thanks to his capital memory and ample

information, an excellent critic and most profitable companion. He was a punctilious classical scholar. My boyish journal, kept in those days, is stuffed with learned allusions; they are all Scrope's. I brought to the service of my Roman experience much more loose sentiment than rigid science. It was indeed a jocular bargain between us that in our wanderings, picturesque and archæological, I should undertake the sentimental business—the raptures, the reflections, the sketching, the quoting from Byron. He considered me absurdly Byronic, and when, in the manner of tourists at that period, I breathed poetic sighs over the subjection of Italy to the foreign foe, he used to swear that Italy had got no more than she deserved, that she was a land of vagabonds and declaimers, and that he had yet to see an Italian whom he would call a man. I quoted to him from Alfieri that the “human plant” grew stronger in Italy than anywhere else, and he retorted, that nothing grew strong there but lying and cheating, laziness, beggary and vermin. Of course we each said more than we believed. If we met a shepherd on the Campagna, leaning on his crook and gazing at us darkly from under the shadow of his matted locks, I would proclaim that he was the handsomest fellow in the world, and demand of Scrope to stop and let me sketch him. Scrope would confound him for a filthy scare-crow and me for a drivelling album-poet. When I stopped in the street to stare up at some mouldering *palazzo* with a patched petticoat hanging to dry from the drawing-room window, and assured him that its haunted disrepair was dearer to my soul than the neat barred front of my Aunt Esther's model mansion in Mount Vernon street, he would seize me by the arm and march me off, pinching me till I shook myself free, and whelming me, my soul and my *palazzo* in a ludicrous torrent of abuse. The truth was that the picturesque of Italy, both in man and in nature, fretted him, depressed him, strangely. He was consciously a harsh note in the midst of so many mellow harmonies; every thing seemed to say to him—“Don't you wish you were as easy, as loveable, as carelessly beautiful as we?” In the bottom of his heart he did wish it. To appreciate the bitterness of this dumb disrelish of the Italian atmosphere, you must remember how very ugly the poor fellow was. He was uglier at twenty than at forty, for

as he grew older it became the fashion to say that his crooked features were “distinguished.” But twenty years ago, in the infancy of modern æsthetics, he could not have passed for even a bizarre form of ornament. In a single word, poor Scrope looked *common*: that was where the sharp pinched. Now you know that, in Italy almost everything, has, to the outer sense, what artists call style.

In spite of our clashing theories, our friendship *did* ripen, and we spent together many hours, deeply seasoned with the sense of youth and freedom. The best of these, perhaps, were those we passed on horseback, on the Campagna; you remember such hours; you remember those days of early winter, when the sun is as strong as that of a New England June, and the bare, purple-drawn slopes and hollows lie bathed in the yellow light of Italy. On such a day, Scrope and I mounted our horses in the grassy terrace before St. John Lateran, and rode away across the broad meadows over which the Claudian Aqueduct drags its slow length—stumbling and lapsing here and there, as it goes, beneath the burden of the centuries. We rode a long distance—well towards Albano, and at last stopped near a low fragment of ruin, which seemed to be all that was left of an ancient tower. Was it indeed ancient, or was it a relic of one of the numerous mediæval fortresses, with which the grassy desert of the Campagna is studded? This was one of the questions which Scrope, as a competent classicist, liked to ponder; though when I called his attention to the picturesque effect of the fringe of wild plants which crowned the ruin, and detached their clear filaments in the deep blue air, he shrugged his shoulders and said they only helped the brick-work to crumble. We tethered our horses to a wild fig tree hard by, and strolled around the tower. Suddenly, on the sunny side of it, we came upon a figure asleep on the grass. A young man lay there, all unconscious with his head upon a pile of weed-smothered stones. A rusty gun was on the ground beside him, and an empty game bag, lying near it, told of his being an unlucky sportsman. His heavy sleep seemed to point to a long morning's fruitless tramping. And yet he must have been either very unskilled, or very little in earnest, for the Campagna is alive with small game every morning in the year—or was, at least, twenty years ago. It was no more than I owed to my rep-

tation for Byronism, to discover a careless, youthful grace in the young fellow's attitude. One of his legs was flung over the other; one of his arms was thrust back under his head, and the other resting loosely on the grass; his head drooped backward, and exposed a strong, young throat; his hat was pulled over his eyes, so that we could see nothing but his mouth and chin. "An American rustic asleep is an ugly fellow," said I; "but this young Roman clodhopper, as he lies snoring there, is really statuesque;" "clodhopper," was for argument, for our rustic Endymion, judging by his garments, was something better than a mere peasant. He turned uneasily, as we stood above him, and muttered something. "It's not fair to wake him," I said, and passed my arm into Scrope's, to lead him away; but he resisted, and I saw that something had struck him.

In his change of position, our picturesque friend had opened the hand which was resting on the grass. The palm, turned upward, contained a dull-colored oval object, of the size of a small snuff-box. "What has he got there?" I said to Scrope; but Scrope only answered by bending over and looking at it. "Really, we are taking great liberties with the poor fellow," I said. "Let him finish his nap in peace." And I was on the point of walking away. But my voice had aroused him; he lifted his hand, and, with the movement, the object I have compared to a snuff-box caught the light, and emitted a dull flash.

"It's a gem," said Scrope, "recently disinterred and encrusted with dirt."

The young man awoke in earnest, pushed back his hat, stared at us, and slowly sat up. He rubbed his eyes, to see if he were not still dreaming, then glanced at the gem, if gem it was, thrust his hand mechanically into his pocket, and gave us a broad smile. "Gentle, serene Italian nature!" I exclaimed. "A young New England farmer, whom we should have disturbed in this fashion, would wake up with an oath and a kick."

"I mean to test his gentleness," said Scrope. "I'm determined to see what he has got there." Scrope was very fond of small *bric-a-brac*, and had ransacked every curiosity shop in Rome. It was an oddity among his many oddities, but it agreed well enough with the rest of them. What he looked for and relished in old prints and old china was not, generally, beauty of form nor romantic association; it was

elaborate and patient workmanship, fine engraving, skillful method.

"Good day," I said to our young man; "we didn't mean to interrupt you."

He shook himself, got up, and stood before us, looking out from under his thick curls, and still frankly smiling. There was something very simple,—a trifle silly,—in his smile, and I wondered whether he was not under-witted. He was young, but he was not a mere lad. His eyes were dark and heavy, but they gleamed with a friendly light, and his parted lips showed the glitter of his strong, white teeth. His complexion was of a fine, deep brown, just removed from coarseness by that vague suffused pallor common among Italians. He had the frame of a young Hercules; he was altogether as handsome a vagabond as you could wish for the foreground of a pastoral landscape.

"You've not earned your rest," said Scrope, pointing to his empty game-bag; "you've got no birds."

He looked at the bag and at Scrope, and then scratched his head and laughed. "I don't want to kill them," he said. "I bring out my gun because it's stupid to walk about pulling a straw! And then my uncle is always grumbling at me for not doing something. When he sees me leave the house with my gun, he thinks I may, at least, get my dinner. He didn't know the lock's broke; even if I had powder and shot, the old blunderbuss wouldn't go off. When I'm hungry I go to sleep." And he glanced, with his handsome grin, at his recent couch. "The birds might come and perch on my nose, and not wake me up. My uncle never thinks of asking me what I have brought home for supper. He is a holy man, and lives on black bread and beans."

"Who is your uncle?" I inquired.

"The Padre Girolamo at Lariceia."

He looked at our hats and whips, asked us a dozen questions about our ride, our horses, and what we paid for them, our nationality, and our way of life in Rome, and at last walked away to caress our browsing animals and scratch their noses. "He has got something precious there," Scrope said, as we strolled after him. "He has evidently found it in the ground. The Campagna is full of treasures yet." As we overtook our new acquaintance he thrust his indistinguishable prize behind him, and gave a foolish laugh, which tried my companion's patience. "The fellow's an idiot!"

he cried. "Does he think I want to snatch the thing?"

"What is it you've got there?" I asked kindly.

"Which hand will you have?" he said, still laughing.

"The right."

"The left," said Scrope, as he hesitated.

He fumbled behind him a moment more, and then produced his treasure with a flourish. Scrope took it, wiped it off carefully with his handkerchief, and bent his near-sighted eyes over it. I left him to examine it. I was more interested in watching the Padre Girolamo's nephew. The latter stood looking at my friend gravely, while Scrope rubbed and scratched the little black stone, breathed upon it and held it up to the light. He frowned and scratched his head; he was evidently trying to concentrate his wits on the fine account he expected Scrope to give of it. When I glanced towards Scrope, I found he had flushed excitedly, and I immediately bent my nose over it too. It was of about the size of a small hen's-egg, of a dull brown color, stained and encrusted by long burial, and deeply corrugated on one surface. Scrope paid no heed to my questions, but continued to scrape and polish. At last—"How did you come by this thing?" he asked dryly.

"I found it in the earth, a couple of miles from here, this morning." And the young fellow put out his hand nervously, to take it back. Scrope resisted a moment, but thought better, and surrendered it. As an old mouser, he began instinctively to play at indifference. Our companion looked hard at the little stone, turned it over and over, then thrust it behind him again, with his simple-souled laugh.

"Here's a precious chance," murmured Scrope.

"But in Heaven's name, what is it," I demanded, impatiently.

"Don't ask me. I don't care to phrase the conjecture audibly—it's immense—if it's what I think it is; and here stands this giggling lout with a prior claim to it. What shall I do with him? I should like to knock him in the head with the butt end of his blunderbuss."

"I suppose he'll sell you the thing, if you offer him enough."

"Enough? What does he know about enough? He don't know a topaz from a turnip."

"Is it a topaz, then?"

"Hold your tongue, and don't mention names. He must sell it as a turnip. Make him tell you just where he found it."

He told us very frankly, still smiling from ear to ear. He had observed in a solitary ilex-tree, of great age, the traces of a recent lightning-stroke. (A week of unseasonably sultry weather had, in fact some days before, culminated in a terrific thunder-storm.) The tree had been shivered and killed, and the earth turned up at its foot. The bolt, burying itself, had dug a deep, straight hole, in which one might have planted a stake. "I don't know why," said our friend, "but as I stood looking at it, I thrust the muzzle of my old gun into the aperture. It descended for some distance and stopped with a strange noise, as if it were striking a metallic surface. I rammed it up and down, and heard the same noise. Then I said to myself—'Something is hidden there—*quattrini*, perhaps; let us see.' I made a spade of one of the shivered ilex-boughs, dug, and scraped and scratched; and, in twenty minutes, fished up a little, rotten, iron box. It was so rotten that the lid and sides were as thin as letter-paper. When I gave them a knock, they crumbled. It was filled with other bits of iron of the same sort; which seemed to have formed the compartments of a case; and with the damp earth, which had oozed in through the holes and crevices. In the middle lay this stone, embedded in earth and mold. There was nothing else. I broke the box to pieces and kept the stone. *Ecco!*"

Scrope, with a shrug, repossessed himself of the moldy treasure, and our friend, as he gave it up, declared it was a thousand years old. Julius Cæsar had worn it in his crown!

"Julius Cæsar wore no crown, my dear friend," said Scrope urbanely. "It may be a thousand years old, and it may be ten. It may be an—agate, and it may be a flint! I don't know. But if you will sell it on the chance?—" And he tossed it three times high into the air, and caught it, as it fell.

"I have my idea it's precious," said the young man. "Precious things are found here every day—why shouldn't I stumble on something as well as another? Why should the lightning strike just that spot, and no other? It was sent there by my patron, the blessed Saint Angelo!"

He was not such a simpleton, after all; or rather he was a puzzling mixture of sim-

plicity and sense. "If you really want the thing," I said to Scrope, "make him an offer, and have done with it."

"Have done with it," is easily said. How little do you suppose he will take?"

"I haven't the smallest idea of its value."

"Its value has nothing to do with the matter. Estimate it at its value and we may as well put it back into its hole—of its probable value, he knows nothing; he need never know," and Scrope, musing an instant, counted, and flung them down on the grass, ten silver *scudi*—the same number of dollars. Angelo,—he virtually told us his name,—watched them fall, one by one, but made no movement to pick them up. But his eyes brightened; his simplicity and his shrewdness were debating the question. The little heap of silver was most agreeable; to make a poor bargain, on the other hand, was not. He looked at Scrope with a dumb appeal to his fairness which quite touched me. It touched Scrope, too, a trifle; for, after a moment's hesitation, he flung down another *scudi*. Angelo gave a puzzled sigh, and Scrope turned short about and began to mount. In another moment we were both in the saddle. Angelo stood looking at his money. "Are you satisfied?" said my companion, curtly.

The young fellow gave a strange smile. "Have you a good conscience?" he demanded.

"Hang your impudence!" cried Scrope, very red. "What's my conscience to you?" And he thrust in his spurs and galloped away. I waved my hand to our friend and followed more slowly. Before long I turned in the saddle and looked back. Angelo was standing as we had left him, staring after us, with his money evidently yet untouched. But, of course, he would pick it up!

I rode along with my friend in silence; I was wondering over his off-hand justice. I was youthful enough to shrink from being thought a Puritan or a casuist, but it seemed to me that I scented sophistry in Scrope's double valuation of Angelo's treasure. If it was a prize for him, it was a prize for Angelo, and ten *scudi*,—and one over,—was meager payment for a prize. It cost me some discomfort to find rigid Sam Scrope, of all men, capable of a piece of bargaining which needed to be ingeniously explained. Such as it was, he offered his explanation at last—half angrily, as if he knew his logic was rather grotesque. "Say it out; say it, for Heaven's sake!" he cried.

"I know what you're thinking—I've played that pretty-faced simpleton a trick, eh?—and I'm no better than a swindler, evidently! Let me tell you, once for all, that I'm not ashamed of having got my prize cheap. It was ten *scudi* or nothing! If I had offered a farthing more I should have opened those sleepy eyes of his. It was a case to pocket one's scruples and *act*. That silly boy was not to be trusted with the keeping of such a prize for another half hour; the deuce knows what might have become of it. I rescued it in the interest of art, of science, of taste. The proper price of the thing I couldn't have dreamed of offering; where was I to raise ten thousand dollars to buy a bauble? Say I had offered a hundred—forthwith our picturesque friend, thick-witted though he is, would have pricked up his ears and held fast! He would have asked time to reflect and take advice, and he would have hurried back to his village and to his uncle, the shrewd old priest, Padre Girolamo. The wise-heads of the place would have held a conclave, and decided—I don't know what; that they must go up to Rome and see Signor Castillani, or the director of the Papal excavations. Some knowing person would have got wind of the affair, and whispered to the Padre Girolamo that his handsome nephew had been guided by a miracle to a fortune, and might marry a *contessina*. And when all was done, where should I be for my pains? As it is, I discriminate; I look at the matter all round, and I decide. I get my prize; the ingenious Angelo gets a month's carouse,—he'll enjoy it,—and goes to sleep again. Pleasant dreams to him! What does he want of money? Money would have corrupted him! I've saved the *contessina*, too; I'm sure he would have beaten her. So, if we're all satisfied, is it for you to look black? My mind's at ease; I'm neither richer nor poorer. I'm not poorer, because against my eleven *scudi* may stand the sense of having given a harmless treat to an innocent lad; I'm not richer, because,—I hope you understand,—I mean never to turn my stone into money. There it is that delicacy comes in. It's a stone and nothing more; and all the income I shall derive from it will be enjoying the way people open their eyes and hold their breath when I make it sparkle under the lamp, and tell them just what stone it is."

"What stone is it, then, in the name of all that's demoralizing?" I asked, with ardor.

Scrope broke into a gleeful chuckle, and patted me on the arm. "*Pazrinza!* Wait till we get under the lamp, some evening, and then I'll make it sparkle and tell you. I must be sure first," he added, with sudden gravity.

But it was the feverish elation of his tone, and not its gravity, that struck me. I began to hate the stone; it seemed to have corrupted him. His ingenious account of his motives left something vaguely unexplained—almost inexplicable. There are dusky corners in the simplest natures; strange, moral involutions in the healthiest. Scrope was not simple, and, in virtue of his defiant self-consciousness, he might have been called morbid; so that I came to consider his injustice in this particular case as the fruit of a vicious seed which I find it hard to name. Everything in Italy seemed mutely to reproach him with his meager faculty of pleasing; the indefinable gracefulness of nature and man murmured forever in his ears that he was an angular cynic. This was the real motive of his intolerance of my sympathetic rhapsodies, and it prompted him now to regale himself, once for all, with the sense of an advantage wrested, if not by fair means, then by foul, from some sentient form of irritating Italian felicity. This is a rather metaphysical account of the matter; at the time I guessed the secret, without phrasing it.

Scrope carried his stone to no appraiser, and asked no archæological advice about it. He quietly informed himself, as if from general curiosity, as to the best methods of cleansing, polishing, and restoring antique gems, laid in a provision of delicate tools and acids, turned the key in his door, and took the measure of his prize. I asked him no questions, but I saw that he was intensely preoccupied, and was becoming daily better convinced that it was a rare one. He went about whistling and humming odd scraps of song, like a lover freshly accepted. Whenever I heard him I had a sudden vision of our friend Angelo staring blankly after us, as we rode away like a pair of ravishers in a German ballad. Scrope and I lodged in the same house, and one evening, at the end of a week, after I had gone to bed, he made his way into my room, and shook me out of my slumbers as if the house were on fire. I guessed his errand before he had told it, shuffled on my dressing-gown, and hurried to his own apartment. "I couldn't wait

till morning," he said, "I've just given it the last touch; there it lies in its imperial beauty!"

There it lay, indeed, under the lamp flashing back the light from its glowing heart—a splendid golden topaz on a cushion of white velvet. He thrust a magnifying glass into my hand, and pushed me into a chair by the table. I saw the surface of the stone was worked in elaborate intaglio, but I was not prepared for the portentous character of image and legend. In the center was a full-length naked figure, which I supposed at first to be a pagan deity. Then I saw the orb of sovereignty in one outstretched hand, the chiselled imperial scepter in the other, and the laurel-crown on the low-browed head. All round the face of the stone, near the edges, ran a chain of carven figures—warriors, and horses, and chariots, and young men and women interlaced in elaborate confusion. Over the head of the image, within this concave frieze, stood the inscription:

DIVUS TIBERIUS CÆSAR TOTIUS ORBIS IMPERATOR

The workmanship was extraordinarily delicate; beneath the powerful glass I held in my hand, the figures revealed the perfection and finish of the most renowned of antique marbles. The color of the stone was superb, and, now that its purity had been restored, its size seemed prodigious. It was in every way a gem among gems, a priceless treasure.

"Don't you think it was worth while getting up to shake hands with the Emperor Tiberius?" cried Scrope, after observing my surprise. "Shabby Nineteenth Century Yankees, as we are, we are having our audience. Down on your knees, barbarian, we're in a tremendous presence! Haven't I worked all these days and nights, with my little rags and files, to some purpose? I've annulled the centuries—I've resuscitated a *totius orbis imperator*. Do you conceive, do you apprehend, does your heart thump against your ribs? Not as it should, evidently. This is where Cæsar wore it, dull modern—here, on his breast, near the shoulder, framed in chiselled gold, circled about with pearls as big as plums, clasping together the two sides of his gold-stiffened mantle. It was the agraffe of the imperial purple. Tremble, sir!" and he took up the splendid jewel, and held it against my breast. "No doubts—no objections—no reflections—or we're mortal enemies. How do I know it—where's my

warrant? It simply must be! 'It's too precious to have been anything else. It's the finest intaglio in the world. It has told me its secret; it has lain whispering classic Latin to me by the hour all this week past."

"And has it told you how it came to be buried in its iron box?"

"It has told me everything—more than I can tell you now. Content yourself for the present with admiring it."

Admire it I did for a long time. Certainly, if Scrope's hypothesis was not sound, it ought to have been, and if the Emperor Tiberius had never worn the topaz in his mantle, he was by so much the less imperial. But the design, the legend, the shape of the stone, were all very cogent evidence that the gem had played a great part. "Yes, surely," I said, "it's the finest of known intaglios."

Scrope was silent a while. "Say of unknown," he answered at last. "No one shall ever know it. You I hereby hold pledged to secrecy. I shall show it to no one else—except to my mistress, if I ever have one. I paid for the chance of its turning out something great. I couldn't pay for the renown of possessing it. That only a princely fortune could have purchased. To be known as the owner of the finest intaglio in the world would make a great man of me, and that would hardly be fair to our friend Angelo. I shall sink the glory, and cherish my treasure for its simple artistic worth."

"And how would you express that simple artistic worth in Roman *scudi*?"

"It's impossible. Fix upon any sum you please."

I looked again at the golden topaz, gleaming in its velvet nest; and I felt that there could be no successful effort to conceal such a magnificent negation of obscurity. "I recommend you," I said at last, "to think twice before showing it to your mistress."

I had no idea, when I spoke, that my words were timely; for I had vaguely taken for granted that my friend was foredoomed to dispense with this graceful appendage, very much as Peter Schlemihl, in the tale, was condemned to have no shadow. Nevertheless, before a month had passed, he was in a fair way to become engaged to a charming girl. "Juxtaposition is much," says Clough; especially juxtaposition, he implies, in foreign countries; and in Scrope's case it had been particu-

larly close. His cousin, Mrs. Waddington, arrived in Rome, and with her a young girl who, though really no relative, offered him all the opportunities of cousinship, added to the remoter charm of a young lady to whom he had to be introduced. Adina Waddington was her companion's stepdaughter, the elder lady having, some eight years before, married a widower with a little girl. Mr. Waddington had recently died, and the two ladies were just emerging from their deep mourning. These dusky emblems of a common grief helped them to seem united, as indeed they really were, although Mrs. Waddington was but ten years older than her stepdaughter. She was an excellent woman, without a fault that I know of, but that of thinking all the world as good as herself and keeping dinner waiting sometimes while she sketched the sunset. She was stout and fresh-colored, she laughed and talked rather loud, and generally, in galleries and temples, caused a good many stiff British necks to turn round.

She had a mania for excursions, and at Frascati and Tivoli she inflicted her good-humored ponderosity on diminutive donkeys with a relish which seemed to prove that a passion for scenery, like all our passions, is capable of making the best of us pitiless. I had often heard Scrope say that he detested boisterous women, but he forgave his cousin her fine spirits, and stepped into his place as her natural escort and adviser. In the vulgar sense he was not selfish; he had a very definite theory as to the sacrifices a gentleman should make to formal courtesy; but I was nevertheless surprised at the easy terms on which the two ladies secured his services. The key to the mystery was the one which fits so many locks; he was in love with Miss Waddington. There was a sweet stillness about her which balanced the widow's exuberance. Her pretty name of Adina seemed to me to have somehow a mystic fitness to her personality. She was short and slight and blonde, and her black dress gave a sort of infantine bloom to her fairness. She wore her auburn hair twisted into a thousand fantastic braids, like a coiffure in a Renaissance drawing, and she looked out at you from grave blue eyes, in which, behind a cold shyness, there seemed to lurk a tremulous promise to be franker when she knew you better. She never consented to know me well enough to be very frank; she talked very little, and we

hardly exchanged a dozen words a day; but I confess that I found a perturbing charm in those eyes. As it was all in silence, though, there was no harm.

Scrope, however, ventured to tell his love—or, at least, to hint at it eloquently enough. I was not so deeply smitten as to be jealous, and I drew a breath of relief when I guessed his secret. It made me think better of him again. The stand he had taken about poor Angelo's gem, in spite of my efforts to account for it philosophically, had given an uncomfortable twist to our friendship. I asked myself if he really had no heart; I even wondered whether there was not a screw loose in his intellect. But here was a hearty, healthy, natural passion, such as only an honest man could feel—such as no man could feel without being the better for it. I began to hope that the sunshine of his fine sentiment would melt away his aversion to giving Angelo his dues. He was charmed, soul and sense, and for a couple of months he really forgot himself, and ceased to send forth his unsweetened wit to do battle for his ugly face. His happiness rarely made him "gush," as they say; but I could see that he was vastly contented with his prospects. More than once, when we were together, he broke into a kind of nervous, fantastic laugh, over his own thoughts; and on his refusal to part with them for the penny which one offers under those circumstances, I said to myself that this was humorous surprise at his good luck. How had *he* come to please that exquisite creature? Of course, I learned even less from the young girl about her own view of the case; but Mrs. Waddington and I, not being in love with each other, had nothing to do but to gossip about our companions whenever (which was very often) they assigned us to a *tête-à-tête*.

"She tells me nothing," the good-humored widow said; "and if I'm to know the answer to a riddle, I must have it in black and white. My cousin is not what is called 'attractive,' but I think Adina, nevertheless, is interested in him. How do you and I know how passion may transfigure and exalt him? And who shall say beforehand what a fanciful young girl shall do with that terrible little piece of machinery she calls her heart? Adina is a strange child; she is fanciful without being capricious. For all I know, she may admire my cousin for his very ugliness and queerness. She has decided, very likely, that she wants an 'in-

tellectual' husband, and if Mr. Scrope not handsome, nor frivolous, nor overpolite, there's a greater chance of his being wise." Why Adina should have listened to my friend, however, was her own business. Listen to him she did, and with sweet attentiveness which may well have flattered and charmed him.

We rarely spoke of the imperial topography; it seemed not a subject for light allusion. It might properly make a man feel solemn to possess it; the mere memory of its luster lay like a weight on my own conscience. I had felt, as we lost sight of our friend Angelo that, in one way or another we should hear of him again; but the week passed by without his re-appearing, and my conjectures as to the sequel, on his side of his remarkable bargain remained quite unanswered. Christmas arrived, and with the usual ceremonies. Scrope and I took the requisite vigorous measures,—it was a matter, you know, of fists and elbows and knees,—and obtained places for the two ladies at the Midnight Mass at the Sisters' Chapel. Mrs. Waddington was my especial charge, and on coming out we found we had lost sight of our companions in the crowd. We waited awhile in the Colonnade, but they were not among the passers, and we supposed that they had gone home independently, and expected us to do likewise. But on reaching Mrs. Waddington's lodging we found they had not come in. As their prolonged absence demanded an explanation, it occurred to me that they had wandered into Saint Peter's, with many others of the attendants at the Mass, and were watching the tapers twinkle in its dusky immensity. It was not perfectly regular that a young lady should be wandering about at three o'clock in the morning with a very "unattractive" young man; but "after all," said Mrs. Waddington, "she's almost his cousin." By the time they returned she was much more. I went home, went to bed, and slept as late as the Christmas bells would allow me. On rising, I knocked at Scrope's door to wish him the compliments of the season, but on his coming to open it for me, perceiving that such common-place greetings were quite below the mark. He was but half undressed, and had flung himself, on his return, on the outside of his bed. He had gone with Adina, as I supposed, into Saint Peter's, and they had found the twinkling tapers as picturesque as need be. He walked about the room for some time res-

lessly, and I saw that he had something to say. At last he brought it out. "I say, I'm accepted. I'm engaged. I'm what's called a happy man."

Of course I wished him joy on the news; and could assure him, with ardent conviction, that he had chosen well. Miss Waddington was the loveliest, the purest, the most interesting of young girls. I could see that he was grateful for my sympathy, but he disliked "expansion," and he contented himself, as he shook hands with me, with simply saying—"Oh yes; she's the right thing." He took two or three more turns about the room, and then suddenly stopped before his toilet-table, and pulled out a tray in his dressing-case. There lay the great intaglio; larger even than I should have dared to boast. "That would be a pretty thing to offer one's *fiancée*," he said, after gazing at it for some time. "How could she wear it—how could one have it set?"

"There could be but one way," I said; "as a massive medallion, depending from a necklace. It certainly would light up the world more, on the bosom of a beautiful woman, than thrust away here, among your brushes and razors. But, to my sense, only a beauty of a certain type could properly wear it—a splendid, dusky beauty, with the brow of a Roman Empress, and the shoulders of an antique statue. A fair, slender girl, with blue eyes, and sweet smile, would seem, somehow, to be overweighted by it, and if I were to see it hung, for instance, round Miss Waddington's white neck, I should feel as if it were pulling her down to the ground, and giving her a mysterious pain."

He was a trifle annoyed, I think, by this rather fine-spun objection; but he smiled as he closed the tray. "Adina may not have the shoulders of the Venus of Milo," he said, "but I hope it will take more than a bauble like this to make her stoop."

I don't always go to church on Christmas Day; but I have a life-long habit of taking a solitary walk, in all weathers, and harboring Christian thoughts if they come. This was a Southern Christmas, without snow on the ground, or sleigh-bells in the air, or the smoke of crowded firesides rising into a cold, blue sky. The day was mild, and almost warm, the sky gray and sunless. If I was disposed toward Christmas thoughts, I confess, I sought them among Pagan memories. I strolled about

the forums, and then walked along to the Coliseum. It was empty, save for a single figure, sitting on the steps at the foot of the cross in the center—a young man, apparently, leaning forward, motionless, with his elbows on his knees, and his head buried in his hands. As he neither stirred nor observed me when I passed near him, I said to myself that, brooding there so intensely in the shadow of the sign of redemption, he might pass for an image of youthful remorse. Then, as he never moved, I wondered whether it was not a deeper passion even than repentance. Suddenly he looked up, and I recognized our friend Angelo—not immediately, but in response to a gradual movement of recognition in his own face. But seven weeks had passed since our meeting, and yet he looked three years older. It seemed to me that he had lost flesh, and gained expression. His simple-souled smile was gone; there was no trace of it in the shy mistrust of his greeting. He looked graver, manlier, and very much less rustic. He was equipped in new garments of a pretentious pattern, though they were carelessly worn, and bespattered with mud. I remember he had a flaming orange necktie, which harmonized admirably with his picturesque coloring. Evidently he was greatly altered; as much altered as if he had made a voyage round the world. I offered him my hand, and asked if he remembered me.

"*Per Dio!*" he cried. "With good reason." Even his voice seemed changed; it was fuller and harsher. He bore us a grudge. I wondered how his eyes had been opened. He fixed them on me with a dumb reproachfulness, which was half appealing and half ominous. He had been brooding and brooding on his meager bargain till the sense of wrong had become a kind of smothered fear. I observed all this with poignant compassion, for it seemed to me that he had parted with something more precious even than his imperial intaglio. He had lost his boyish ignorance—that pastoral piece of mind which had suffered him to doze there so gracefully with his head among the flowers. But even in his resentment he was simple still. "Where is the other one—your friend?" he asked.

"He's at home—he's still in Rome."

"And the stone—what has he done with it?"

"Nothing. He has it still."

He shook his head dolefully. "Will he give it back to me for twenty-five *scudi*?"

"I'm afraid not. He values it."

"I believe so. Will he let me see it?"

"That you must ask him. He shows it to no one."

"He's afraid of being robbed, eh? That proves its value! He hasn't shown it to a jeweler—to a, what do they call them?—a lapidary?"

"To no one. You must believe me."

"But he has cleaned it, and polished it, and discovered what it is?"

"It's very old. It's hard to say."

"Very old! Of course it's old. There are more years in it than it brought me *scudi*. What does it look like? Is it red, blue, green, yellow?"

"Well, my friend," I said, after a moment's hesitation, "it's yellow."

He gave me a searching stare; then quickly—"It's what's called a topaz," he cried.

"Yes, it's what's called a topaz."

"And it's sculptured—that I could see! It's an intaglio. Oh, I know the names, and I've paid enough for my learning. What's the figure? A king's head—or a Pope's, perhaps, eh? Or the portrait of some beautiful woman that you read about?"

"It is the figure of an Emperor."

"What is his name?"

"Tiberius."

"*Corps di Cristo!*" his face flushed, and his eyes filled with angry tears.

"Come," I said, "I see you're sorry to have parted with the stone. Some one has been talking to you, and making you discontented."

"Every one, *per Dio!* Like the finished fool I was, I couldn't keep my folly to myself. I went home with my eleven *scudi*, thinking I should never see the end of them. The first thing I did was to buy a gilt hair-pin from a peddler, and give it to the Ninetta—a young girl of my village, with whom I had a friendship. She stuck it into her braids, and looked at herself in the glass, and then asked how I had suddenly got so rich! 'Oh, I'm richer than you suppose,' said I, and showed her my money, and told her the story of the stone. She is a very clever girl, and it would take a knowing fellow to have the last word with her. She laughed in my face, and told me I was an idiot, that the stone was surely worth five hundred *scudi*; that my *forestiere* was a pitiless rascal; that I ought

to have brought it away, and shown it to my elders and betters; in fine, that I might take her word for it, I had held a fortune in my hand, and thrown it to the dogs. And, to wind up this sweet speech, she took out her hairpin, and tossed it into my face. She never wished to see me again; she had as lief marry a blind beggar at a cross-road. What was I to say? She had a sister who was waiting-maid to a fine lady in Rome,—a *marchesa*,—who had a priceless necklace made of fine old stones picked up on the Campagna. I went away hanging my head, and cursing my folly: I flung my money down in the dirt, and spat upon it! At last, to ease my spirit, I went to drink a *foglietta* at the wine-shop. There I found three or four young fellows I knew; I treated them all round; I hated my money, and wanted to get rid of it. Of course they too wanted to know how I came by my full pockets. I told them the truth. I hoped they would give me a better account of things than that vixen of a Ninetta. But they knocked their glasses on the table, and jeered at me in chorus. Any donkey, out a-grazing, if he had turned up such a treasure with his nose, would have taken it in his teeth and brought it home to his master. This was cold comfort; I drowned my rage in wine. I emptied one flask after another; for the first time in my life I got drunk. But I can't speak of that night! The next day I took what was left of my money to my uncle, and told him to give it to the poor, to buy new candlesticks for his church, or to say masses for the redemption of my blaspheming soul. He looked at it very hard, and hoped I had come by it honestly. I was in for it; I told *him* too! He listened to me in silence, looking at me over his spectacles. When I had done, he turned over the money in his hands, and then sat for three minutes with his eyes closed. Suddenly he thrust it back into my own hands. 'Keep it—keep it, my son,' he said, 'your wits will never help you to a supper, make the most of what you've got.' Since then, do you see, I've been in a fever. I can think of nothing else but the fortune I've lost."

"Oh, a fortune!" I said, deprecatingly. "You exaggerate."

"It would have been a fortune to me. A voice keeps ringing in my ear night and day, and telling me I could have got a thousand *scudi* for it."

I'm afraid I blushed; I turned away a

moment; when I looked at the young man again, his face had kindled. "Tiberius, eh? A Roman emperor sculptured on a big topaz—that's fortune enough for me! Your friend's a rascal—do you know that? I don't say it for you; I like your face, and I believe that, if you can, you'll help me. But your friend is an ugly little monster. I don't know why the devil I trusted him; I saw he wished me no good. Yet, if ever there was a harmless fellow, I was. *Ecco!* it's my fate. That's very well to say; I say it and say it, but it helps me no more than an empty glass helps your thirst. I'm not harmless now. If I meet your friend, and he refuses me justice, I won't answer for these two hands. You see—they're strong; I could easily strangle him! Oh, at first, I shall speak him fair, but if he turns me off, and answers me with English oaths, I shall think only of my *revenge!*" And with a passionate gesture he pulled off his hat, and flung it

on the ground, and stood wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

I answered him briefly but kindly enough. I told him to leave his case in my hands, go back to Lariceia and try and find some occupation which would divert him from his grievance. I confess that even as I gave this respectable advice, I but half believed in it. It was none of poor Angelo's mission to arrive at virtue through tribulation. His indolent nature, active only in immediate feeling, would have found my prescription of wholesome labor more intolerable even than his wrong. He stared gloomily and made no answer, but he saw that I had his interests at heart, and he promised me, at least, to leave Rome, and believe that I would fairly plead his cause. If I had good news for him I was to address him at Lariceia. It was thus I learned his full name,—a name, certainly, that ought to have been to its wearer a sort of talisman against trouble,—Angelo Beati.

END OF PART I.

THE SILVER DESERT.

THE desert of Atacama, South America, slopes down with an undulating surface, from the high Cordillera, to the coast of the Pacific; and a more dreary, lonely and inhospitable region could scarcely be found on earth.

The bleak whirlwinds howl through its desolate valleys, and lift the dust,—wherever the configuration of the ground allows its formation,—into high moving pillars, uniting at the top, and forming a gigantic framework, which in some instances resembles the specter of an immense gothic dome, supported by many pillars, through the interstices of which, the towering masses of the "Cordillera de los Andes," loom in their snowy grandeur and magnificence.

The glaring sun, seldom hidden by clouds, darts his fiery rays upon its wide expanse, producing a suffocating heat, and surprising the traveler, almost daily, with the fantastical delusions of the mirage.

Usually towards evening comes suddenly a period of absolute stillness. It seems, as if nature were exhausted, and

were stretching its immense limbs to repose, after the turbulent games of its boisterous play-fellow—the wind.

The sun sinks gradually behind the coast-range, displaying in rapid succession all his glorious tints on the mountains; and after fading away, the colors fly hesitatingly up to the western sky, where their brilliancy lingers for a time.

After this display of natural fireworks, the pyramid of the Zodiacal light shoots up in the west, and reaches almost the zenith, with a brightness which I have seen nowhere else. The heavens are covered with myriads of stars, sparkling in unpassed glory; and if it should happen so, the full moon, rising above the distant mountains, sheds, not as in other latitudes, a dreamy, but a strong and powerful light upon the quiet solitude, which shows clearly the bold and rugged outlines of the high Cordillera, and the undulating forms of the nearer hills, rising one above the other, like so many petrified waves.

For untold ages the above described phenomena followed each other in regular

succession, unobserved by the eye of the traveler; but the most powerful motive which prompts the human race to brave all dangers, and to suffer all kinds of privation,—the *auri sacra fames* of the poet,—opened also a road into the heart of this wilderness. The enterprising merchant followed up the track, and smoothed the way for scientific exploration.

The desert of Atacama rose gradually from the depth of the sea, to its present height, and the powers which formed it are probably still in activity.

Though the West Coast of South America is an almost uninterrupted desert, from Coquimbo to Payta, the desert of Atacama proper, is that portion of it, which in a length of about two degrees of latitude, and with a breadth of from fifty to two hundred English miles, follows the outline of the Pacific, and is divided into two unequal parts, by the tropic of Capricorn.

Some years ago great deposits of salt-peter were discovered, about ten miles from the coast, and the returning party of explorers painted a colossal anchor, with white paint, on the rocky side of the coast-range, as a landmark, being afraid otherwise not to be able to find the exact spot again.

An English company took the working of these rich strata of niter into their hands, and formed an admirably arranged establishment, the profits of which have been very considerable, and are still so. In consequence of this settlement, some fishermen built their huts near the coast, with the view of supplying the company's functionaries, amounting to several hundred persons, with the product of their labor. This cluster of huts was called La Chimba, by the Bolivian authorities, a name still used in their official documents, though everybody else calls the town, which has sprung up since then, Autopagasta.

The west-coast of South America has always been famed for its mineral wealth. In earlier times the mountains of Peru and Bolivia yielded enormous quantities of precious metals, and they are to this day productive. At a more recent period followed the silver-mines of Chañarcillo, near Copiapó, the richest in South America. The produce of these latter is the source, of the wealth of the richest families in Chili.

There had long been a rumor of still

richer silver mines hidden somewhere in the desert of Atacama, but many expeditions in search of them returned without success, in some cases scarcely saving the lives of their members, after great sufferings, and almost superhuman exertions.

The solving of the mystery was reserved for Don Diaz Gana, a gentleman who had spent unsuccessfully many years in mine hunting.

I shall freely translate the discovery of the great mining district of Caracoles, from a newspaper—*The Caracolino*—which published in Autopagasta.

Don Diaz Gana succeeded in interesting the Baron de la Rivière in an exploring expedition into the desert of Atacama. The former engaged the "Cateadores" mine-hunters; the latter advanced the necessary means.

According to a contract between Don Diaz Gana and the Baron on the one side, and the exploring party on the other, the latter were to receive fifty per cent. of the result of the discoveries, and the two former twenty-five per cent. each.

The company, knowing that water existed about fifty leagues from the coast, near a mountain called "Limon Verde,"—green lemon,—agreed to take this direction.

After arriving near the said mountain, one of the party, Senor Mendez, described a chain of undulating mountains in the distance, and his practical knowledge* of mining matters led him to believe that he beheld the place where the fortune was hidden for which they were searching. The caravan moved consequently in that direction.

From the middle of a plain rises a chain of rounded mountains, striking from north to south. It is cut in the middle by a deep ravine, which gives it the appearance of two islands, each a league long.

After preparing their provisional camp at the foot of these mountains, the party agreed to the direction which each of them should follow. Keyes, another of the explorers, impatient to begin work, had absented himself in the meantime, and, while leisurely walking about, found some lump of a blackish stone on a wonderfully broad vein of the same composition.

He mistook it for coal, and even attempted breaking the crust, blackened by the action

* Rich deposits of metals are recognized by the formation of the ground, and silver is indicated by peculiar pale colors, technically called "panigo."

of the sun, he was still unaware that it was silver, and that his feet were treading upon treasures worth many millions. However, he piled up a heap of these "stones," to enable him to find the place again, in case it should be desirable.

Porras, another member of the party, discovered the great vein of the mine, "San Jose;" and Savedra found the "Descubridora," "Niza" and "Esperanza."

After the discoverers met again at the camp, exchanging the specimens each had collected, Keyes was half ashamed to produce his piece of coal; but Cagalla, the fifth of the party, who had considerable more intelligence and practical knowledge in mining matters than the others, recognized at once the richness of these stones, and all went directly to the place at which these specimens had been found.

After a short investigation, during which Cagalla discovered the mines "Flor del Desierto" and "Merceditas," which belong to the same group, he was convinced of the importance of the discovery, and declared he wanted to keep these veins for himself; but his companions resisted his exclusive pretensions, and forced him, by their number, to yield.

The almost absolute possession of these riches, which had no other claimants but his few companions, tempted him, after his monopolizing schemes had failed, to try to persuade his companions to divide the treasures among themselves, without delivering to Gana and the Baron their respective shares. He succeeded in persuading one of them, with whom he went to Calama, the nearest town, to denounce* the mines for themselves. The others decided to follow the more honorable path of communicating the great discovery to Gana.

The two former arrived in Calama, and offered the "barra,"—one twenty-fourth part,—of each of these mines for two hundred dollars, without finding purchasers.

The news of the fabulous riches spread quickly, and brought people from all parts of the west-coast to the place of discovery. But though many exploring associations were formed, no transaction was legally made, on account of the wavering dispositions of the capitalists, who did not believe in the importance of the business, partly be-

cause only in exceptional cases silver is found in abundance on the surface, and was thought consequently to be exhausted in a short time, and partly on account of the distance (150 miles) of the mineral district from the coast, and the hardships to be undergone by the rudeness and rigor of the climate, and the difficulties and expenses of transporting, either provision up, or the produce of the mines down to the coast. This state of things however lasted only a short time. The quick succession of new and startling discoveries, induced a gentleman by the name of Don Nicolas Naranjo, to buy from Cagalla seven "barras" for \$15,000, which he sold again for \$60,000.

The journey from Autofagasta to Caracoles is made either on horseback, or in a coach; and is at present comparatively easy, provided one does not leave the common track. Formerly it was otherwise; not alone on account of the difficulty of carrying along water and food, for man and beast, but also on account of the high prices paid for the necessary outfit, purchased in Autofagasta.

When I undertook my first journey to Caracoles, everything was already more moderate. For instance, I paid for a couple of boiled eggs only \$1.80, in one of the station houses on the road, and for a boiled hen,— "cazuela," — \$30. Even these moderate prices, I found, six months later, considerably lowered, and a traveler may reach Caracoles at present, for from \$60 to \$80, according to the wants of his stomach. The quenching of thirst, particularly, has different prices in the desert, according to the difference of the liquids employed. After the opening of the first and second railroad the prices will be still more lowered.

Another difficulty to overcome, consists in the great changes of temperature, which during the short space of twenty-four hours, may vary from 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The changes, combined with bad food and worse water, produce malignant dysenteries and inflammations, especially of the lungs, which prove often fatal in a few days. The effect of these changes is, in summer and winter, the same, viz.: suffocating heat in the daytime and shivering cold at night, though the absolute degree of temperature may be more extreme one side in summer, and on the other in winter.

The road to Caracoles lies in an old

* The technical expression for the first step of taking possession of a mine, by announcing its existence and position to the competent authority.

river bed, ascending from the coast, with an average grade of from two and a half to three per cent. By ocular evidence one is often unable to distinguish whether the road ascends or lies on a level plain. It is only by reading the barometer that one is aware of it.

This river bed is perfectly dry. Though no record of running water exists, nevertheless the action of it seems so recent, that, even the small ripple in the, at present hard alluvial sand, is perfectly visible, and one is induced to think that water must have been running only a few weeks ago.

When the stream was in its glorious state of power, it was, on an average, from two to three hundred feet wide, its boisterous waves breaking through all obstacles, even through rocks, and forming at the convex sides of its bends, perpendicular banks—in one place, near Mantos Blancos, more than a hundred feet high.

The place where it broke through the coast range must have been a grand sight. There the waters rolled from a height of about two thousand feet, through a chasm, with a grade of from six to seven per cent., filling the narrow sea beach with the debris of their devastations.

The banks of this gorge are from two hundred to five hundred feet high, and overhanging rocks, many hundred tons in weight, undermined by the restless, pre-historic waters, threaten the traveler with instantaneous destruction, and have hung thus, who knows, for how many thousand years.

The profile of the country between Autogasta and Caracoles shows us that there must have existed two large lakes. The first filled the trough-like plain around the above-mentioned saltpeter establishment, named the "Salar;" the second extended from Salinas to Montenegro. The greater part of their waters broke through the coast range, and through the gorge near Salinas. The rest disappeared by evaporation and filtration, depositing the saltpeter, held until then in a lixivial state.

At Salinas is a small pool of water, surrounded by some dozens of houses and several distilling machines. This water, impregnated with different mineral substances, in it probably a solution of copper, is so poisonous, that mules drinking it die in a short time, and as, on account of the mummifying qualities of the air and the ground, nothing rots, but dries

up, one can easily recognize the vicinity of the place by the number of dead mules lying scattered about.

The prevalence of light over shade is a striking peculiarity of the desert. A strong eye is required to look freely around when traveling on a mule's back. Everything glitters and sparkles in the sunshine from the heavens to the grounds,—even every stone, which throws a small, but almost black shadow. I have traveled miles over chalcodanities; and in some places amethysts are found, and beautiful small detached rock crystals.

Near the above-mentioned water-pool to be found the only representative of the vegetable kingdom of which the desert can boast. It is a coarse specimen of the class *Graminea*, but so unlike a living plant that only close investigation enabled us to recognize it as such. It grows in bunches, which, thickly covered with dust, are easily mistaken for lumps of dry mud, and even after verifying the fact that we have to deal with a living plant, it looks to us like a clumsy imitation of such, rather, like a mud-covered vegetable perfection.

The limited space of this paper forbids me to abandon the idea of explaining the gradual disappearance of the once powerful waters, by which these regions were doomed to desolation and barrenness. We must, therefore, postpone these explanations, based upon personal investigation and analogies, for another opportunity.

The formation of Caracoles is jurassic. The silver veins, of which over eight thousand sand have been found in less than thirty years, cover an area of four hundred and fifty square miles, and were, probably formed when porphyry broke through. Silver is found in combination with chlorine, sulphur, bromine and iodine. Native silver appears, up to this date,* in small needles but not solid, as in Chañarcillo, on account of the lesser depth of the Caracoles mines. The ore is in both places very similar. It is, therefore, not improbable that in the two mineral districts will be found to be only one, of dimensions without parallel in history.

The mineral district, called First, Second, Third and Fourth Caracoles, begins some minutes north from the tropic of Capricorn and goes towards the south for about for

* All numerical statements refer to the beginning of the year 1873.

five miles, with an average breadth of ten miles. This vast area is furrowed by a perfect network of silver veins, which frequently intersect each other, though the general direction coincides, more or less, with the magnetic meridian. These veins are from one foot to fifteen meters broad, and when they intersect each other, rich deposits are formed, which amount, in most cases, to a fortune.

The First Caracoles and the so-called "Isla" are, up to the present day, the most important portions of the mineral district. The mines in the former are the deepest, and produce the greatest quantity of silver, but in the latter the quality of the silver is superior. It is a generally accepted opinion among competent miners that not a single mine of the Isla will be found to be worthless after having been properly worked.

The most important groups of mines in the First Caracoles are those of the "Deseada," surrounded by the "Flor del Desierto," "Estrella," "Cautiva," "Merceditas," and many others; and the extensive and broad veins of the mines "San José," "Niza," and those in the "Quebrada Honda,"—deep ravine—&c.

The average amount of silver, technically called "ley comun," is the amount of marks on the "cajou"—one mark being equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of silver and the cajou being equal to three tons of ore. For instance, in saying "A mine has a hundred marks on the cajou" means that three tons of its ore contain fifty pounds of silver.

It would lead too far to give detailed descriptions of all the mines; I shall therefore confine myself to some statements only. The "Deseada," "Niza," "Esperanza," "Flor del Desierto," had in December, 1872, from 160 to 200 marks "ley," but the abundance of ore compensated for the lesser richness. The "Deseada," alone, exported in the above-mentioned month, 21,000 pounds of silver. The "San Juan," in the Second Caracoles sold in the same month ore to the amount of \$60,000. The "San Jose," had 150 pounds, the "San Juan," 250 pounds, and the "Monitora," 682 pounds of silver, in three tons of ore. These statements refer all to the same month.

By way of comparison I may add, that silver ores of three pounds in three tons, in Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, are worked with profit; whereas, only those of 35 pounds of silver, in the same amount of

ore, can be worked in Caracoles. The opening of the first railway will bring this amount so far down that a "ley" of 15 pounds will be profitable; and many thousand tons of ore of that description lie as refuse, in large piles around the entrance to the mines, and represent the sum of many millions of dollars.

Since the time I left Caracoles many new and rich discoveries have been made, but I prefer to state only what I know by reliable information, corroborated by ocular inspection. I shall add only that the registered products of the mines which are regularly worked, amounted to 1,500,000 marks, equal to 750,000 pounds of silver during the year 1873.

Considering this year has been unfavorable for all mining transactions, on account of the great stringency of the money-market, it is evident that the produce would have been considerably higher under favorable circumstances. My private opinion is, that for many years to come, the supply of silver from the desert of Atacama, will be proved to be immense; and that enormous fortunes will be made by rich speculators. I say rich speculators, because every man knowing the business of mining, must know, that only in exceptional cases, transactions of this kind will be profitable to small capitalists, as they are unable to push the work for want of means; but, nevertheless, many of these exceptions have occurred in Caracoles.

Though more than twenty millions of dollars are invested already in these mines, Caracoles wants, first of all, more capital; and secondly,—and this is a still more important point than the first,—it wants the industry and energy of foreigners, to become the great mining center of the whole world.

Since the first transaction was concluded, innumerable others have been made. Two towns have sprung into existence, viz.: Autofagasta with 12,000, and Caracoles with 8,000 inhabitants—besides some smaller places, but no chart in existence shows their position. Two railways from the coast to the mineral district are in construction, of which, the one beginning at Autofagasta must be finished soon. A large establishment for amalgamation has been built; but the ore is so abundant that another establishment will be built near the river Loa, only 16 miles distant from the mines; and nevertheless, 40,000 cwt. of rich ore, are shipped monthly to England,

in the steamers which pass the Straits of Magellan.

Considering that all this has been done in the short space of not quite three years, the question arises, "What Caracoles will be in three years hence?"

As the circles of disturbed water widen gradually, so the news of the treasures of the silver desert must spread far and wide, and must bring new means, and

fresh energy, for the development of its mineral wealth.

I have made these statements carefully, and always according to the actual state of affairs. All exceptionally rich discoveries have been omitted, and only those numerical statements have been noted down which give an exact idea of the average state of Caracoles at the end of the year 1872.

A SONG OF MAY.

I.

MAY is like my bonny love;
 Heaven's own blue is in her skies—
 So 'tis in my dearie's eyes.
 May, I love; my love, I love;
 May is fair,
 May is rare,
 Who with May can e'er compare?

II.

May hath balmy breath of flowers;
 May hath roses fresh and sweet;
 Blithely on her dancing feet,
 Come and go the sunny hours.
 May so fleet—
 May so sweet—
 Who with May can e'er compete?

III.

O, my love hath roses too,—
 And her breath is balmy sweet,—
 And her lissome, dancing feet
 Scarce disturb the flow'rets' dew.
 My love is rare,
 My love is fair,
 My love with May can aye compare.

IV.

O, my love hath brow of snow;
 Golden sunshine, bright and fair,
 Nestles in her coiling hair,
 And her voice is soft and low.
 Come, May, and greet
 My love so sweet—
 My love with May can aye compete.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.



A FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST the reporter told the sailor to wait for him in the same place, where he would rejoin him; and, without losing a moment, he followed the coast in the same direction which the negro, Neb, had taken some hours before. Then he quickly disappeared behind an angle of the shore, so impatient was he for tidings of the engineer.

Harbert had desired to accompany him.

"Stay here, my boy," the sailor had replied. "We must prepare an encampment,

and see if we can get hold of something more substantial than shell-fish. Our friends will need refreshment on their return; so every man to his own task."

"I am ready," answered Harbert.

"All right!" rejoined the sailor. "We'll make it work. Let us be methodical. We are tired, cold and hungry. The first thing is to find shelter, fire and food. The forest furnishes wood; the nests give us eggs; and now what we want is a house."

"Very well," answered Harbert; "I will look for a grotto in these rocks, and I can't

help finding some hole into which we can stow ourselves."

"That's it!" cried Pencroff. "Let us be off."

So away they went along the foot of the gigantic wall, and over the beach, which the falling waters had widely uncovered. But instead of going north, they took a southerly course. Some hundred feet below the place where they had landed Pencroff had observed a fissure in the coast line. According to his reckoning, this ought to be the outlet of some stream or river. Now, it was most important that they should establish themselves near a stream of drinkable water; and also it was possible that the current had driven Cyrus Smith in that direction. As before mentioned, the lofty wall was three hundred feet in height, but it was in a solid block, and even at its base, scarcely wave-washed; as it was, there was not the slightest fissure which might serve as a temporary abode. It was a precipitous cliff of an exceedingly hard granite, which the floods had never worn away. Near the top whole colonies of sea-birds flew and fluttered, especially the several species of web-feet, with their long, compressed and pointed bills; a screaming mass of fowl, hardly frightened at all by the presence of man, who, probably, for the first time, disturbed their solitudes. Among these web-feet Pencroff recognized several labbes, a species of gull, to which the name of *stercoraire* is sometimes given; and also the little greedy sea-mews, which made their nests in the seams of the granite. One gun-shot in the midst of this assemblage would have brought any number to the ground; but to fire a shot one must have a gun, and neither Pencroff nor Harbert possessed one. For the matter of that, however, these sea-birds are scarcely eatable, and even their eggs have an odious flavor.

Meanwhile, Harbert, who had turned to the left on his walk, soon observed some sea-weed-covered rocks, which the flood tide would hide in the course of a few hours. Upon these rocks, in the midst of the slippery sea-plants, grew bivalves, which no hungry man would disdain to eat. Harbert called to Pencroff, who hastened towards him.

"Ah, these are mussels!" cried the sailor. "Here is something instead of the eggs we were wishing for."

"These are not mussels!" said Harbert,

attentively examining the shell-fish; "these are lithodomes."

"Are they eatable?" asked Pencroff.

"Perfectly so."

"Then let us eat lithodomes."

The sailor could rely upon Harbert's opinion, for the youth had always had a passion for natural history, and was strong in the science. His father had encouraged this taste by making him follow the lecture of the best Boston professors, and they were all deeply attached to their intelligent and industrious pupil. Moreover, the instinct proper to the naturalist, which he possessed, was destined to be of use hereafter on more than one occasion. And in this first instance it did not deceive him.

The lithodomes were oblong shells, attached tightly in bunches to the rocks. They belonged to that species of boring mollusks which perforate the very hardest rocks, and their shell is rounded at the ends, unlike that of the common mussel.

Pencroff and Harbert made a good meal of the lithodomes. They ate them as if they were oysters, and found them to taste strongly of pepper. This consoled them for the absence of that and all other condiments. Thus their hunger was, for the moment, appeased. Not so their thirst, which redoubled after their consumption of mollusks, furnished with spice by nature. It was necessary, therefore, to find fresh water, and it was hardly probable that it should not exist in such a strange formation of cliff and sand. After taking the precaution to fill their pockets and handkerchiefs with an ample provision of lithodomes, Harbert and Pencroff regained the foot of the high land. Two hundred feet beyond, they reached the indentation in the land which Pencroff had fancied must be the bed of a small flowing river. Here the wall of rock seemed to have been separated by some violent volcanic convulsion. At the base of the cliffs a little bay was hollowed out the bottom forming an acute angle. The water-course there measured a hundred feet in width, and its two banks scarcely twenty feet each. The river-course penetrated directly inwards between the two walls of granite, which seemed to become lower above the outlet; then the stream turned abruptly, and was lost to sight amid some underbrush at a distance of half a mile.

"Here is water! Yonder is wood!" cried Pencroff. "Now, Harbert, nothing is wanting but a shelter."

The river water was clear. The sailor

knew that at this moment, namely, at the ebb of the tide, it was free from the salt of the sea. Having settled this important point, Harbert sought for some cave which might do for a shelter, but he looked about in vain. Everywhere the rock wall seemed flat and smooth. Nevertheless, at the outlet of the river, and above the line of refuse cast up by high water, the falling cliffs had formed, not a grotto, it is true, but a mass of enormous crags, such as are often met with in granite countries, and are there known as "chimneys."

Pencroff and Harbert wandered through sandy corridors deep into the masses of rock, where light was not wanting, since it penetrated the spaces between the blocks of granite. Many of these kept their places only by a miracle of equilibrium. But with the light came the wind—a perfect blast; and with the wind came the piercing outer cold. Still the sailor thought that by stopping up some parts of the entries, and by securing some of the openings with a mixture of stones and sand, they might be able to make the Chimneys habitable. Their ground plan was in the shape of this typographical sign: *&—et cætera* abbreviated. Now, by cutting off the upper opening of the sign, by which the southerly and westerly winds were driven in, it would, doubtless, be possible to make the lower part of the dwelling fit to live in.

"Just what we want!" cried Pencroff, "and if we ever see Mr. Smith again, he will know how to take advantage of this labyrinth."

"We shall see him again, Pencroff," cried Harbert, "and when he returns he must find here a dwelling place worth talking about. It will be habitable enough if we can only build a fireplace in the left entry, and keep a hole open to let out the smoke."

"We can do it my boy," said the sailor, "and these Chimneys (that was the name Pencroff had settled on for their temporary home) will do our work finely. But in the first place, let us go and get in a stock of firing. It seems to me the wood won't be amiss in stopping up those holes, through which the very devil seems to be blowing his trumpet."

Harbert and Pencroff left the Chimneys and turning a corner, began to ascend the left bank of the river. The current was pretty swift, and was carrying several fallen trees along with it. The rising tide, which was already beginning to make itself felt,

was sure to throw back the logs to a considerable distance. It occurred to the sailor that this ebb and flow might be utilized for the transporting of heavy objects.

After walking a quarter of an hour the sailor and the young man reached the abrupt angle which the river made in turning to the left. From this point the stream passed through a forest of superb trees. They had kept their verdure in spite of the advanced season, for they belonged to the family of conifers, which is spread over the whole surface of the globe, from the arctic and antarctic regions to the tropics. The young naturalist recognized especially the "deodars," common to the Himalayan zone, and peculiar for the delicious odor they emit. Between these fine trees grew clumps of pines, whose dense parasols of limbs were opened wide. In the midst of the high grass Pencroff felt the snapping of dry twigs under his feet like so many fire-crackers.

"All right, my boy," said he to Harbert, "if I am ignorant of the names of these trees, at any rate I know how to classify them in the category of 'fire-wood,' and just now that's the only kind we want."

"Let us lay in our store, then," answered Harbert, who set himself at once to the task.

Gathering was easy work. It was not even necessary to break the branches off the trees, for vast quantities of dry wood lay on the ground. But, if the needful material was not wanting, the means of transportation was not the best in the world. The wood, being very dry, would be sure to burn up fast; hence, the necessity of transporting a great quantity to the Chimneys, and the load of two men would not be sufficient. This remark was made by Harbert.

"Well, now, wait a moment, my boy," said the sailor, "there must be some way of moving this wood. There is always a way to do everything. If we had a cart or a boat, it would be altogether too easy."

"But we have the river!" said Harbert.

"Hit it!" answered Pencroff, "the river shall be a highway which walks of itself—and rafts were not invented for nothing."

"Except," remarked Harbert, "that our highway advances at present in a contrary direction—because the tide rises."

"Well, we will get the better of that by waiting until it falls," replied the sailor, "and then it will undertake to transport



"THE CHIMNEYS,"—THE HOME OF THE CASTAWAYS.

our fire-wood to the Chimneys. Meantime let us prepare our raft."

The sailor, followed by Harbert, turned towards the angle which the edge of the forest made with the river. They each carried, according to his strength, a load of wood tied together in fagots. On the shore, also, were quantities of dead branches, lying in the grass upon which the foot of man had probably never pressed. Pencroff began at once to construct his raft.

In a sort of eddy, produced by a point of the shore, which broke the force of the current, the sailor and the young boy placed large pieces of wood, which they lashed together with dried vines. They thus made a sort of raft upon which they piled up all their gathered wood, at least

twenty loads. In an hour the work was finished, and the raft, anchored to the bank, waited for the turn of the tide.

They had, therefore, several hours for rest, and, following the same impulse, Harbert and Pencroff resolved to reach the upper table-land in order to get a more extended view of the country.

Precisely two hundred feet behind the angle formed by the river, the wall, closing with a mass of fallen rocks, sloped awfully gently to the border of the forest. It was like a natural staircase, consequently Harbert and the sailor began their ascent. Thanks to the strength of their legs, they reached the crest of the hill in a few moments, and stationed themselves at an angle above the river's mouth.



A CLOUD OF PIGEONS.

Their first impulse was to gaze upon that ocean which they had lately crossed under such terrible circumstances. It was not without emotion that they looked northward upon that part of the coast where the catastrophe had taken place. There Cyrus Smith had disappeared. They strained their eyes in vain to see if some portion of their balloon, to which a man could have clung, might not yet be afloat. Nothing! the sea was one vast watery desert. As for the coast, it too was utterly forsaken! Neither the reporter nor Neb was to be seen. It was possible that they were there, but at too great a distance to be perceived.

"Something tells me," said Harbert, "that a man as energetic as Mr. Cyrus can never have allowed himself to be drowned

like an ordinary mortal. He must have succeeded in reaching some point on the shore. Don't you think so, Pencroff?"

The sailor shook his head sadly. He himself had no hope of ever seeing Cyrus Smith again; but wishing to leave a little hope to Harbert: "Surely, surely," said he, "our engineer is a man who would steer out of a scrape that would wreck any other man." Nevertheless he scrutinized the coast with extreme attention. Under his eyes lay the sandy beach, bounded on the right of the river's mouth by lines of breakers. The rocks that still shewed above the water looked like great amphibious creatures lying in the beds of surf. Beyond the line of rocks the sea glittered under the rays of the sun. Southward a

sharp point closed the horizon, and one could not discern whether the land extended further in the same direction, or whether it turned south-east and south-west, in which case the coast would form a kind of long peninsula. At the northern extremity of the bay the outline of the coast extended a great distance, with a more rounded line. There the coast was low and flat, without cliffs, with long banks of sand which the low tide left exposed to view.

Pencroff and Harbert now faced towards the west. The view was stopped in that direction by the snow-topped mountain which rose at a distance of six or seven miles. From its lower hills to within two miles of the coast were vast forests, spotted with great green patches, produced by groups of evergreen trees. Then from the edge of the forest to the very shore lay a table-land, diversified by groups of trees distributed about in capricious irregularity.

To the left one had occasional glimpses of the sparkling water-course, and its sinuous course seemed to be traceable to the rocky mountains, which appeared to give it birth. At the point where the sailor had left his wood-raft it began to flow between two lofty walls of granite. But if on its left bank the sides remained sharp and abrupt, on the right bank, on the contrary, it sank little by little, the solid crag changing into isolated rocks, the rocks into stones, the stones into gravel, down to the extremity of the point.

"Are we on an island?" said the sailor.

"Whatever it is, it appears large enough."

"An island, be it never so large, is still an island," observed Pencroff.

But this important question could not yet be answered. The solution of the mystery must be deferred. As for the land itself, whether island or continent, it appeared to be fertile, agreeable to the eye, and varied in its products.

"This is fortunate," remarked Pencroff, "and in our misery we should not fail to give thanks to Providence."

"God be praised!" answered Harbert, heartily.

For a long while Harbert and Pencroff examined the country upon which fate had cast their lot. But it was difficult to imagine after such an inspection what the future had in store for them.

Then they returned, following the south crest of the granite plateau which was out-

lined by rocks, that had fashioned themselves into all manner of fantastic forms. Here some hundreds of birds dwelt and nestled in the holes, and Harbert, springing upon the rocks, scared up a perfect cloud of these feathered creatures.

"Holloa," cried he, "these are neither gulls nor sea-mews."

"What are they then?" asked Pencroff.

"Bless me, I believe they are pigeons."

"Yes, they are," said Harbert. "But they are wild pigeons, or rock pigeons. I know them by the double black band on their wings, their white breasts and their ashy-blue plumage. And since the rock pigeon is very good eating, their eggs must be delicious, if they have only left some in their nests!"

"We will not give them time to hatch, except in the shape of an omelette," cried Pencroff gaily.

"But what will you make your omelette in," asked Harbert; "in your hat?"

"Ah, ha!" replied the sailor. "I am not enough of a sorcerer to do that. We must fall back upon eggs boiled in the shell, my boy, and I will promise to dispatch the hardest of them."

Pencroff and the boy sought attentively in the seams of the granite, and really found some eggs in some of the cavities. They gathered several dozens in their handkerchiefs, and, as the time was near for the tide to reach the full, Harbert and Pencroff began to re-descend to the water.

When they arrived at the bend of the river it was one o'clock. The current had already turned. It was necessary to wait the ebb at once to float their raft to the river's mouth. Pencroff did not intend to allow this raft to go down with the current without any guiding, nor did he yet intend to embark upon it himself. But the sailor is never at a loss for ropes and cables, and Pencroff soon braided a long rope of dried vines. The vegetable cable was attached to the back of the raft, and the sailor held it in his hand, while Harbert pushing off the raft with a long pole, kept it out in the current.

The plan was a perfect success. The enormous cargo of wood, which the sailor kept secure by walking along the edge of the water, followed the river's course. The bank was so steep that there was no danger of the raft stranding. Before two o'clock it arrived safely at the mouth of the river, only a few feet from the Chimneys.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY MISS ADELINE TRAFTON.



"IT CAME DOWN THE AISLE, IT PAUSED BESIDE HER."

CHAPTER XVI.

"AND ONE WAS WATER, AND ONE STAR WAS FIRE."

THE girls had returned from the long vacation; the classes were re-formed and went on as usual and Katey had fallen naturally into the place assigned her. Whatever fears she had been conscious of at first in regard to being allowed to remain were allayed, if they had not entirely vanished. The kindly relations established between the other teachers and herself convinced her that Prof. Dyce had not imparted his prejudices to them. With him she still felt that she was under the strict-

est surveillance. Often the door of her class-room opened noiselessly in the midst of a recitation, and he stood beside her, cold, calm and critical, yet saying nothing, and departing as he came. At his first visit, she was startled and discomposed. The book in her hand fell to the floor; he restored it gravely. She offered a chair; he refused it politely, but coldly. The younger girls tittered.

"Attend to the lesson," Miss Earle said calmly, though her face blazed; and the recitation went on. From that day his visits were apparently unnoticed. Katey offered him no more civilities, except sometimes a dignified bow if he chanced to enter in her face.

Often when a group of girls gathered around her upon the wide veranda,—the favorite lounging place after school hours in these pleasant September days, so like a bit of forgotten summer,—the Professor's form would appear in their midst. Then, if she were the speaker at the moment, the words died upon Katey's lips. Sometimes in the evening when she had taken her work for an hour down into the study hall where the other teachers were gathered and Prof. Dyce sat enthroned, looking up from her needle she would find the sharp gray eyes fixed upon her with a puzzled, strange expression, which sent the stitches all awry. His class-room adjoined her own. She had caught a glimpse of its arrangement more than once through the half open door. He had fitted it for a study as well as class-room, with a comfort and even luxury which made the others seem bare by comparison. The teachers were accustomed to seek him here, to offer complaints or ask advice or assistance. Katey met them often as she came from or went to her classes. Indeed, hardly a day passed in which Miss Wormley's teetering step and high-pitched voice were not heard outside the door. She alone had never entered his room. She had no complaints to make, no aid to ask; her duties were simple and plain.

She had drawn Clary Luckiwinner away from the other girls one afternoon. Clary was a dull scholar at best, but in French verbs she was well-nigh hopeless; Katey, seeing her pore over them day after day, endeavored to drill her out of school-hours, by a method of her own. It was half an hour before tea, and the long file of girls detailed for afternoon exercise had just returned. They filled the veranda, they chattered in the study hall and upon the stairs, they had even invaded her own room upon some flimsy pretext.

"I know of but one quiet place," Katey said, "Come, Clary."

She would not seek her class-room. Its neighborhood to the Professor's sanctum made her avoid it at all times when it was possible to do so. But under the music-room was a great, dimly-lighted hall, where no one could disturb them for a time. It was a kind of lumber-room with boxes ranged against the walls. One of these, tall and narrow, held a skeleton with which the older girls delighted to frighten the more timid, by touching the

spring attached to its jaws and causing it suddenly to gnash its hideous teeth. Opposite this was a door barred by a stationary table hanging flat against the post, ordinarily, but raised on Friday afternoons when the clothes were given out from the store-room here, connecting with the laundry in the rear. This was the province of Mrs. Jones—the jibberjawed woman who had come from New Hampshire unattended. At other times the hall was only used as a passage between the new building—as the one containing the school-room was called—and the dining-room, and mostly in the extremely cold or stormy weather when it would be uncomfortable to cross the sheltered veranda. It was here that Katey led Clary to remain until the horrible gong always beaten in this place, should announce tea, and drive them away. Curled upon one of the great boxes, her back resting fearlessly against the high, recessed case containing the skeleton, Katey opened the grammar. "Now, Clary, which is it? The third? Or shall we look over the exercise first?" The two heads were very close together as they turned the leaves to find the place, when suddenly, without voice or warning, a well-kept but by no means small hand reached over and between them, and the book disappeared. Clary uttered a sharp little scream. Ever since Katey caught her breath. Had the skeleton become reanimated? Certainly no skeleton ever displayed such muscular fingers as those which had closed over the book in her lap. She remembered now that this hall was the direct passage from the class-rooms to the library, to the President's office, and indeed, the whole of the story above, as well as to the dining-room upon this floor; and with the indignation in her face there was blended no surprise to see Prof. Dyce standing before her, coolly turning the leaves of the French grammar as she descended from her undignified position and walked away without a word, leaving Clary to remain or follow as she chose. Clary, whose intuitions were not especially keen, chose to stay. She was not at all afraid of Prof. Dyce, who, although reserved, yet watchful in his intercourse with the girls, was too thoroughly just in his dealings to fail to win their respect, and a kind word or two bestowed upon Clary in the days of her desolation, had made her his faithful servant. She began now with an elaborat

explanation of the circumstances which had brought them here, ending with a eulogy upon Katey's patient endeavors in her behalf. "It makes no difference how tired she is; she hears me say them every day," she added in conclusion.

"But Miss Earle does not have the French classes."

"O no; Miss Wormley has us beginners. But it is very kind in Miss Earle," Clary ventured. It had dawned upon her at last that there was something like disapproval in the Professor's manner.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, giving her the book, and passing on.

Katey's steps were quickened when once out of the Professor's sight. Passing the school-room she saw that it was empty now. Her eyes were full of angry tears, and there was a choking sob in her throat. The awful shriek and wail of the gong sounded in her ears. She could not go on to her room, meeting half the school upon her way. She turned in here and passed down the length of the room to one of the desks in the last row. The shutters were closed to keep out the dust whirling through the narrow streets in the September wind; the light was dim here; no one would notice her. She was shaded too by the heavy, winding stairway behind her, beginning in a broad step or two, then branching off on either side and leading to the dormitory halls above. No one would descend here; these stairs were never used except upon grand occasions. The last shriek of the gong,—like a voice from Pandemonium,—had died away. She would not heed the summons, Clary alone would miss her—Clary, who followed her like a spaniel, and with whom she could not be trusted, it seemed; and for the moment the anger that rose within her dried away her tears.

The place was very still. The bustle and din of the town was shut out from her retreat. The very quiet soothed and calmed her after a while. She crossed her arms upon the desk, and laid her head upon them. A gentle drowsiness stole over her—the rest which comes after a sharp pain. She was roused by a step upon the veranda,—a sharp resounding step belonging to no one of the girls. It would pass on. But to her terror it drew nearer and nearer. She would not raise her head. The shadows would hide her. It came down the aisle, it paused beside her. She lay quite still, but stifled by the frightened beating of her heart. It was Prof. Dyce,

she knew. One moment, then he moved softly away as though he thought she slept.

She raised her head when the door had closed after him. There was a rustle of garments behind, and, yet, above her. She turned quickly. Did she dream it? Or had she seen at that moment Miss Wormley's blinking eyes peering down from the winding-stairs behind her?

There was the rush of slipped feet upon the veranda, the sound of sharp, shrill voices, the door was flung open, tea was over, and the girls streamed by and in at the farther end of the room.

Some one approached with anxious haste, bearing a little tray carefully. It was Clary Luckiwinner, her face aglow. I have brought you some tea and toast; and I begged Mrs. Jones to give me a bit of marmalade;" and she set her tray down upon the desk.

"But I have a headache. I did not care for anything. How did you know I was here?" Katey asked quickly.

"O, Prof. Dyce told me that he found you asleep in the school-room. And he said perhaps Mrs. Jones would let me carry some tea to you. It is quite like a picnic, isn't it?" Clary went on, spreading a fresh napkin over the desk.

So she was indebted to Prof. Dyce? He had repented then of his rudeness. Perhaps he had come to tell her so. She was still sore and hurt, and by no means inclined to forgive him; but she was faint also, and feverish with thirst, so she drank the tea thankfully, and ate the thin slices of toast which Clary's delighted hands spread for her.

She would not stay in her own room that evening, as she was at first inclined to do. She was too proud to hide, as though she were sorry or ashamed. And, yet, she shrank from meeting the Professor again. She waited until past the hour of assembling in the study-hall, and then stole down the stairs, and slipped into a seat near the door. It was Friday evening. There were no lessons for the next day to be learned. The girls had gathered in knots, sewing in hand, waiting for some one of the teachers to read aloud, as was the custom. Miss Hersey, turning her perplexed, annoyed face towards the clock continually, rose at last with some hesitation; but at that moment the door opened, and Prof. Dyce walked into the room, and ascended to the desk. The half suppressed voices ceased as he searched among the books before him.

There was a perceptible frown upon the broad forehead. Some one ventured an irrelevant question. He answered sharply. The girls stared, and whispered to each other. He found the book he sought, raised his head, and glanced over the group of teachers by the door. His face cleared somewhat at sight of Katey's gray-clad figure seated composedly with the others, her head bent over her work. He turned the pages, found the place, and began to read:

"Notwithstanding the general rules, established for the conviction and punishment of the Christians, the fate of those sectaries, in an extensive and arbitrary government, must still, in a great measure, have depended on their own behavior, the circumstances of the times and the temper of their supreme as well as subordinate rulers."

The girls yawned, and exchanged communications furtively. Katey's fingers went on mechanically with her work. Her thoughts wandered miles away in an idle reverie. All at once they were interrupted. The voice of the reader ceased. Recalled unexpectedly to the present time and place, she raised her eyes involuntarily. The Professor had asked some question in regard to what he had read, which was met by the blankest silence. He turned from his inattentive hearers, and misinterpreting the startled expression upon Katey's countenance, his face resumed its usual tranquillity. "You may reply, please."

The work fell from her hands. She stammered and blushed, feeling every eye upon her. "I beg your pardon; I—I was not listening;" she was obliged to say.

The book closed with a snap. "There will be no more reading to-night;" and the Professor descended from his desk, and quitted the room.

The assembly broke up in confusion, but not before Katey had caught Miss Wormley's whispered exclamation, "Stupid!"

Yes, it was thoroughly stupid. How could she have done so? She was humbled and penitent.

"Don't mind it at all;" said gentle Miss Severance in her ear as they were leaving the room. "It would have been the same with any of us; we were not paying the least attention."

"It was so unlike Prof. Dyce," added Miss Hersey. "I never knew him to read Roman History before on Friday evening."

Saturday morning was a time of unstrained liberty to the girls. They came and went as they chose, making purchases or paying visits, if they were so fortunate as to have friends in the town. Katey, bound by no restrictions upon other days, was glad to stay within doors to enjoy the unusual quiet of the deserted school-room and empty halls. She had finished a letter to Delphine, and was on her way now to leave it upon the desk in the school-room from which the letters were gathered at certain hours. Some one ran against her at the foot of the stairs. It was little Maria Chilson, one of the youngest girls in the school, all in a flutter of haste and flying ribbons. "O, Miss Earle, I was coming to your room. I have got something for you." She pulled and tugged at her pocket, bringing out neither cake nor candy,—which that receptacle was usually filled with,—but a note.

From whom could it be? There was no postmark or stamp upon it, and the handwriting was strange to her. She turned it over and over: there was no mistake. "Miss Katherine Earle," the superscript read.

"Where did you get this?"

"A gentleman gave it to me on the stairs. He went away to write it, and came back again. And he asked me ever so many questions, too,—if you had to sit in the school-room evenings, and all that," the child added carelessly. It was nothing to her. She was impatient to be gone again. The precious moments were slipping away.

Katey sat down upon the stairs, seized with a sudden trembling. It had come at last, then. He had not forgotten her. He had not trusted him in vain. And he was so near! She rose up hurriedly, and hastening up the stairs, holding the precious letter tight in her hand, when so instinct of caution made her remember the child. "Maria!" she called. The blue ribbons were half way across the veranda. They came back drooping, and slowly. She took the child in her arms. "I want to tell you something," she said. "You must never do this again. You must never listen to any stranger upon the street. Will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am;" but the child made impatient movement to free herself from Katey's arm.

"And, now, you had better come with me."

"But I want to go out again. I —"

"You are too young to go out alone. It must not happen again. Never mind;" as the heavy little countenance fell into a still more forlorn expression of disappointment; "I will go with you some afternoon next week, and now you may come and sit with me, if you choose, until the others return;" and she bore her off.

The note fairly burned in her pocket; but she would not open it before the child. She taxed herself to amuse her little prisoner so that she should not feel her bonds, and the child passed a happy hour until the gong sounded for dinner, calling them both below. It seemed as though the dinner hour would never pass. It was, indeed, the most unrestrained and social meal of the week; where the girls brought to eager telling their exploits and adventures of the morning, and at which more than half of them appeared in their hats and shawls—as they came in from the street.

Dinner over at last, she was waylaid as she passed Miss Hersey's hall and led away to her room for a long consultation about various school matters, which seemed to Katey strangely trivial and unimportant,—longing, as she did, to be set free. Even when she had gained her own room Clary followed close in her footsteps to ask her advice upon her toilet for the evening. It was to be one of the reception nights which occurred three or four times in a term, when the friends of the teachers and pupils were invited to pass the evening at the school. There would be music and restrained conversation, with some simple refreshments served in the music-room. Clary, upon these rather mild occasions, decked herself out like a Chinese idol. "And what will you wear?" she asked. "Please, something light and thin; and braid your hair like a crown." Katey threw open the shutters to let the faint breeze steal in. A flood of torrid sunlight came with it. How long the summer was a-dying! "I don't know; it doesn't matter," Katey answered. There was a breathlessness in her voice which had nothing to do with her words. She stood in the open window in the blazing sunlight and gazed far up the dusty street. Somewhere in the dull old town Dacre was at this moment. O, so near!

One after another the girls in the hall stole in. A rap at the door, a faint excuse until the place was full. She might run away and leave them in possession; but

where should she go? The halls, the stairs, the school-room, each held its knots of chattering girls. The skeleton-room was not to be thought of again, and she would not venture upon her class-room lest in the narrow passage she should encounter Prof. Dyce. Not until the summons came to tea was the room cleared; and then she followed the others. She lingered to fasten the door behind her, and so stepped out into the hall alone. As she passed little Maria Chillson's door she saw that three figures stood just inside. They were Miss Wormley, Maria, and a dull-faced girl, who would have passed through the school unnoticed, but that she was a niece of the President of the United States, and subject to fits. Either of these circumstances would have been sufficient to make her remarkable. The conjunction rendered her famous.

"I don't know;" Maria was saying impatiently; "only he gave me the note, and—"

They all turned at Katey's step. Maria flushed crimson and hung down her head. Miss Wormley came forward with unnecessary haste. "I have had a note from Maria's mother; I took it up to read to her;" she said. Katey turned her dark eyes full upon her. It was not the truth, she knew. It was of Dacre's note to her they had been speaking. They had made the child tell the story. But they could not take it away from her, she thought with a great rush of gladness, pressing her hand instinctively upon the pocket where the precious missive still lay hidden. She had hastened her steps, she murmured something, she hardly knew what, as she left them and ran down the stairs and across the veranda. She feared nothing at this moment, she desired nothing but one little half hour of undisturbed solitude.

She left the table before the others, slipping out quietly from her seat, which was near the door. Not once did she pause or glance to the right or left until she had gained her own room, and fastened the door behind her. Not even Clary should enter now.

She drew the note from her pocket. How she had longed for it! He might have written to her openly. She had scanned the letters day after day in eager hope; but in vain. She had tried not to be impatient. She had striven to banish her fears. She held the letter in her

hand, stroking it gently. How would he write to her? She had never received a letter in her life except from Delphine and Jack and Josie Durant. This would be quite different, and so, at last, full of hope and happiness, and a wondering as to what it contained, which enhanced both, she opened the letter and spread it out before her.

"DEAR KATEY," it began—as Jack or Delphine might have written; but the words held a new significance—"I must see you. Something has happened, and I am going away. Send me a line by the bearer (if the stupid little fool ever gives this to you). If I do not hear from you, telling me when and where I can see you to-day, I shall be in the school-garden to-night at nine o'clock. *Do not fail to meet me.* If you do I shall appear in the school-room at prayers, by way of the garden and veranda. The long window opening upon the veranda was left unfastened last night. Did you know it? I am inclined to attend prayers in order to confound Dyce. What unlucky star ever sent you to his school? I did not recognize him that day upon the street, though he knew me. It came to me afterwards. He lived in Boston for years—always, indeed, until he went abroad. My youthful career is perfectly familiar to him, and probably my later exploits. But if he makes you uncomfortable in any way I'll—well, anything you choose. I know your window, Katey-did. You stood a long while before it last night. You should have sleeping, young woman, to keep the dusky eyes bright. Ah, Katey, Katey, it would be better if I had gone without seeing you. It would be better for you if I had never seen you at all. But do come to me this once. I must see you. D."

The letter fell out of her hands. What did it mean? What had happened! and where was he going? O, she must see him indeed; she would write to him at once. Then she remembered that the time for that had passed. He would come to the garden, expecting to meet her there, and she must steal out to him like a thief in the night! There was no help for it now.

There was a sweep of trailing gowns outside; high-pitched voices echoed through the hall; doors opened and shut; already the girls were preparing for a descent to the dull festivities. She thrust the letter into her pocket as a low rap sounded upon the door.

"O please," begged Clary Luckiwinne entering timidly, "will you tie my sash! But you are not dressed! Are you not going down?"

"Don't wait for me," Katey replied; "fear I shall be late."

"But you will wear some of my flowers!" And Clary, prodigal of sweets, dropped a handful of blossoms upon Katey's dressing-table as she hastened away.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RED ROSE CRIES, "SHE IS NEAR, SHE IS NEAR"
AND THE WHITE ROSE WEEPS, "SHE IS LATE."

THE company had gathered in the music-room, and the library adjoining; the girls were grouped about one of the pianos, with Prof. Grôte darting here and there, arranging the music, whispering a suggestion, and finally taking his place behind the player, and signifying by an upward motion of his head and *bâton* that the madrigal, rehearsed so often for a month past, might now begin. Katey, drawing back behind Prof. Pain, glanced at the clock just over Prof. Grôte's head. The minute and the hour hand had almost met at nine. The time had come. She must slip away now while they were singing. Refreshments would follow, and she would not be missed for a little time. But still she did not go. She only stood quite still, staring as though fascinated at the hands of the clock, while the song the girls were chanting rang through her head:

"I love my love in the morning,
For she like the morn is fair—is fair."

At the last moment her courage had failed her, and, yet, she must go.

Prof. Dyce, standing just within the library door, watched her curiously. What had suddenly checked the very breath, and it seemed, upon her lips? At what was the girl staring with such intent and almost frightened gaze? When he looked again she was gone. She had opened the door behind her, and crossed the veranda to the school-room. Some shawls were lying upon one of the desks here; she caught one up as she passed, wrapped it about her, and then ran down the stairs leading to the class-rooms, at the foot of which was a door opening under the high veranda upon the garden. The hall was dark; but the door once found it was easy to turn the key in the lock. The cool evening air touched her face. There was a faint rustle

ling outside. But it was only the dead leaves of the woodbine swirled by a sudden gust of wind. The garden was not an inviting place at its best, and was gloomy enough at this hour. It was raised above the street, from which it was separated by a wall. This wall, with a row of half dead poplars, extended also across one side, shutting it in from its neighbors. The two school-buildings completed the square. The ground was irregular and grass-grown; showing by daylight faint traces of paths and flower-beds. It was denuded of everything now save these old poplars and a clump of willows overhanging the street close by the school-buildings.

She gathered the white drapery of her gown about her, and listened a moment before stepping out. There was no sound from the veranda, and the windows of the practicing-rooms overlooking the garden were silent and dark. A form moved out from the clump of willows, and came to meet her. What if it should not be Dacre after all? He caught her as she shrank back.

"Katey? Why how white you are—even to your face. Did I frighten you?"

"O, how dared you come?" she exclaimed.

"Dared!" He laughed scornfully. "I tell you, Katey, if you had not met me I would have——"

"Hush! hush!" for his voice had risen dangerously.

"Come away then;" and he led her down to the foot of the garden.

Overhead the stars shone bright and clear; but a soft dusky cloud seemed to have dropped upon the earth. Was it this which had suddenly come between them? The slender branches of the willows stirred with a faint, sighing sound; a fitful wind rustled the dead leaves upon the grass; a passing step below lagged, and paused, then went on, growing faint at last in the distance.

"What are they doing in there?" Dacre motioned towards the house.

"They were singing when I came out. I can only stay a moment; they would miss me," she added quickly.

"And if they did?—if they found you here?—"

"I should be disgraced before them all."

"For me;" and there was something like triumph in his voice.

"It would do nothing for you;" she said sadly. She had been filled with appre-

hension, and yet with a strange joy at the thought of seeing him again. Does anything ever come to us as we dream it will? Was it because of this other, lesser fear of being found here—of being shamed before the school that even the wonder and anxiety which his note awakened had fled now, and she was conscious only—of what? Was it disappointment?

"A plague on respectability; it is too delicate a garment for me;" he said, with a laugh which jarred upon Katey even more than the words. "I threw mine away some time ago."

"Hush," she said again. "It pains me to hear you speak so, even in a jest. Tell me about all these weeks since I saw you last. I have only a moment to stay."

"Tell *you*?" he said, turning upon her fiercely. "You don't know what you ask."

"You have not heard, then? They have not written you?" he went on eagerly.

"I have heard nothing; but what you yourself wrote me." All her anxiety returned now. "O, what has happened? Where are you going?"

But he did not seem to hear her question. "They will say hard things of me, I know; but, Katey," and he clutched her arm so that with difficulty she refrained from crying out, "you will not believe them?"

Was it the pain brought the sob with her words? "I will believe *you*. Tell me the truth. Tell me, now, Dacre."

Suddenly the sound of voices broke out into the night. There was the sweeping of garments over the veranda. "I must go," whispered Katey. "I have staid too long. But don't leave me so. Come to the house, and ask for me to-morrow."

"Come to the house? Not I. Do you go to church ever in the evening?"

"Yes."

"And alone?"

"Sometimes."

"I'll meet you then to-morrow night. No matter when and where; I shall not miss you." He swung himself over the wall, and disappeared.

The voices had ceased. It was only a party of girls crossing the veranda. They had passed on, and the place was still again. Katey stood for a moment leaning against the wall where he had left her. And this was the meeting she had looked forward to for weeks past! This was the new life which was to come to him through her! What had happened to him she could not

think, but no good she was sure. And for the first time she realized the burden she had taken upon herself,—realized that, though her presence might influence him, when away from her he would fall into the old channels which led, she knew not where, but away from everything good and honest and true. But she had known something of this from the first; if she had only paused to think,—if she had only acknowledged it to herself;—should she turn away from him, now that he was in trouble? O no; never! She would be true to him in the face of the whole world, though her heart was heavy and sad, and full of forebodings as she made the vow. She crossed the garden, locked the door behind her, and ran up the stairs without meeting any one. It was only when her hand was upon the door of the music-room that she remembered the shawl still wrapped about her shoulders. She carried it back to the desk where she had found it. Then she saw that the pretty white gown, whose folds she held, was wet with dew. She shook it out while she waited a moment to still her hurried breathing before joining the others.

The music-room was quite deserted now; the company had returned to the parlors. As she stood a moment in the library, where some of the girls lingered, a voice spoke in her ear: "What a fine color! Pray where did you find it?" She turned, and met Miss Wormley's face drawn into a smile that was more than half a sneer. "Ah, what a pity! You have stained your gown." It was true; the slimy moss from the wall had left its mark. "It is still quite fresh; let me remove it;" and she took out her handkerchief.

"Don't trouble yourself, it is nothing," Katey replied coldly; but growing red and white by turns as she drew her dress away, while the girls, grouped about eating their ices, looked up to wonder, not understanding this by-play. There had been another silent witness of the scene, who came forward now. "Allow me; you have not been served, I see," Prof. Dyce said, putting a plate into Katey's hand. He seemed to have forgotten his annoyance at her stupidity the other evening, as well as the part of spy he had played the day before, as, turning his back upon, and quite ignoring Miss Wormley, he chatted gravely but graciously for the few moments before the breaking up of the company—about what she could not have told. She only felt gratefully that his words called for rare

and brief response, and served to banish her tormentor.

She was passing through the music-room on her way to breakfast the next morning, when President Humphrey called to her from the library.

"Pray, calm your fears," he said, as she answered the summons with a sinking heart which showed itself in a startled face, "we have no fault to find with you, have we Dyce?"

Then she saw that Prof. Dyce was writing before the table by the window. "I beg your pardon?" he said interrogatively, raising his eyes for an instant, and then returning to his writing again.

The President laughed as he shuffled the letters in his hand. He was greatly amused at the awe he fancied his presence had inspired in the mind of his junior teacher. "Miss Katherine Earle," he read, selecting one. "It was for this I called you back, not to scold you. Dyce, here gives me a very good account of your stewardship." So he had praised her! That was strange. The pen had ceased to scratch over the paper at the other end of the room. Prof. Dyce raised his head. "You have managed your classes exceedingly well," he said.

That was all! There was a reservation she felt, in his tone and his commendation. She made a little comprehensive courtesy as she received her letter. It might imply thanks if he choose to consider it so, at least it hid the tears which sprang to her eyes. Then she quitted the room.

The letter was from Delphine. She had recognized her handwriting even before the President gave it to her. She remembered Dacre's words, "Delphine or Jack will write you." Then came the appeal, "but you will not believe them!" What was she not to believe? She had hardly courage to open the letter when she was once locked into her room. Here she might stay through all the morning, alone. It was not her turn to take the girls to church, and her absence would not be remarked upon.

"My dear Katey," the letter said, "how dreadful it is that Dacre Home should be involved in that bank affair! I really can think of nothing else. The cashier told Robert that he doubted if it could be proved that he was one of the gang; but there was no doubt about it in his own mind. They have caught some of them, as you may have heard. I cannot but hope

he may escape, however. It would be so painful for the family—even if he were not convicted. And to think we have known him so well! Of course, now, we shall never meet him again. I am sorry we saw him so often at the sea-side—indeed, I regret that he ever came there at all. I used to fancy sometimes that he was fond of you; I fairly shudder at the thought; and yet, how foolish to refer to it; I was mistaken, of course. But how shocking it is! Where he is now no one knows. It is supposed that he has escaped to Canada. But enough of this;" and she proceeded to speak of other matters, which were as sticks and straws to poor Katey, who stared at the words, taking in nothing of their meaning. As to the first part of the letter, it was impressed as by fire upon her brain. They all condemned him; they all believed him guilty; but there rose within her a conviction, a blessed conviction, without which she felt she must have fallen where she stood, that he had spoken the truth to her the night before, and that he was innocent. Nothing should shake her in this belief.

And Delphine had fancied he was fond of her, but acknowledged now that she had been mistaken! Delphine who had encouraged him; who had talked to her of

how cruel society had been to this handsome boy; who had sat through all the long summer days with her hands folded in her lap, giving countenance to the pretty play which seemed to end like a tragedy; who had even pleaded with her for him! Had she forgotten it all? In truth, poor Delphine had written from her perplexity and self-reproach, hoping by ignoring the past to warn her of the future, if, indeed, warning were necessary. But she misjudged Katey. To one who has enlisted heart and soul in a warfare the time to waver is not when the foe appears; to one who has really taken upon himself vows the time to doubt is not when the rack is brought out. She would never desert him now.

She folded up the letter and laid it away. She was dizzy and ill,—and yet she must not be ill. She must see him to-night, at any cost. She would rest now; and she crept into bed, forcing herself to compose her body, and close her eyes, and so she lay through all the long morning. Sleep was impossible; but she would rest, she said over and over again. Clary came at noon and brought a cup of tea, and at night she rose and dressed herself and went down with the others.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW HOMES OF NEW YORK.

A STUDY OF FLATS.

VERY few New York houses wear out. Fewer still are built to wear out. The manifest destiny of most is to be torn down after a limited service, if they are so fortunate as not to tumble down, or burn up in the meantime,—to give place to something else, generally something better.

Commerce crowds, and fashion shifts her seat from year to year. The mansion house of yesterday is a shop to-day, or has been demolished to make room for one; and the business edifice which was the marvel and boast of the generation just past, has been overtopped or displaced by a structure such as our fathers never dreamed of.

The disposition to tear down and rebuild, or the necessity for it, so characteristic of New York, is in one respect an advantage. It facilitates growth, and allows

the readiest adaptation of our houses to the rapidly changing needs of the community. Especially is it favorable to the reform in domestic architecture, which has made so much progress during the last decade, and which, in spite of the misdirected zeal of traditional builders, promises to work great changes in our household economy and social habits before the current century shall have run out.

There is probably no great city in the world which needs a reform in domestic architecture more urgently than New York, as there is none which contains such a preponderance of dwellings unsuited to the wants of the people who inhabit them. As a rule New York houses are not made for any one in particular; or in case they happen to have been so constructed, they



GILMAN'S PROPOSED APARTMENT HOUSE.

are rarely occupied by the people, or even the same class of people they were originally intended for. As a consequence, the majority of New York households are living like hermit crabs in other creatures' shells, suiting their lives to dwellings that do not fit them, and themselves to a style of living agreeable neither to their taste nor their pockets.

Seeing the prevailing four and five-story dimensions of our common houses, and knowing that each is intended for but a single family, a stranger might reasonably infer that households of patriarchal strength and fertility were the rule among us, and marvel at the cry that the race is dying out. Still more might he marvel to discover that hundreds of these handsome residences are standing empty, while the crying need in New York is respectable shelter at reasonable cost.

From a domestic point of view, indeed New York is a city of paradoxes. It is full of palatial dwellings and homeless people—the most hopelessly homeless living nowhere unfrequently in the bravest houses and paying for unsocial subsistence a price that under a wiser system, might give them even domestic comfort the heart could wish.



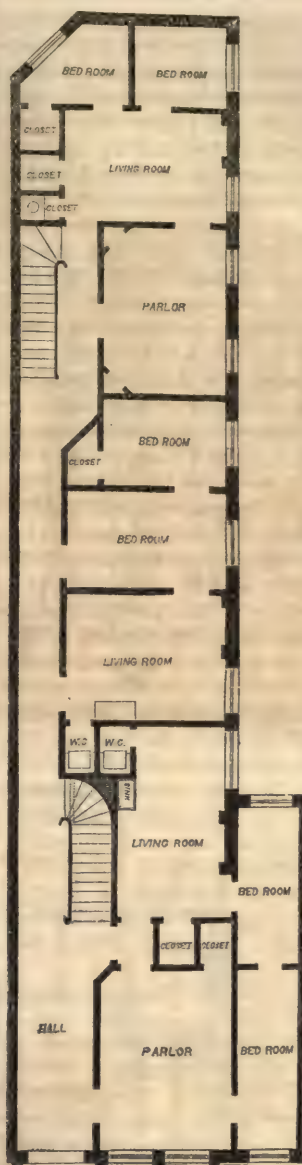
HOLLY'S PROPOSED FAMILY HOTEL.

Thousands who would live in the city could they find suitable homes here, and who would be worth millions to the city, are driven to the surrounding country to build up Jersey and all the regions round about; while no small proportion of those who must remain are forced into a manner of living which violates the very first requirements of the life we most affect, namely, individual privacy and family seclusion.

As a people we set a high value on domestic life; we venerate the hearthstone: yet here we are herded in hotels and boarding-houses where privacy is all but unknown and home-making impossible, submitting perforce to have our lives ordered by others who house us and feed us as may seem most profitable to them, and grudgingly conforming ourselves to an existence which we instinctively abhor, which sinks the domestic circle, destroys the atmosphere of home, forces the young into untimely and spurious development, delays marriage,—in a thousand ways, in short, corrupts or prevents the sole sure foundation of a good commonwealth, wholesome and happy homes.

Our own fault? Largely, no doubt, but not wholly, as every one knows who has ever tried to cut loose from the hotel-keeper or Madam of the boarding-house, to set up a modest establishment of his own. Unless one can afford to buy or rent a whole house for the privilege of occupying a quarter of it, his chances are few in New York for finding the dwelling-space he desires. Our houses are not made for the accommodation of small families. By some mysterious dispensation,—in punishment for our sins, it might be suspected, were it possible for Providence to make use of a discipline so clearly adverse to virtue,—house-building in New York has been chiefly given over to speculative carpenters and bricklayers, who cover the ground with structures that look very imposing from without and are very imposing within and throughout, if mistaken for dwellings—rows of houses as uniform in style and finish as if made by machinery, and as uniformly unsuited to the needs of their expected occupants. It is safe to say, that there are in the city ten times as many houses, three, four and five stories high, planned,—so far as they are planned at all,—for the accommodation of but one family each, as there are families large enough to fill them or rich enough to support them.

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GROUND FLOOR OF CHEAP FLAT.

On the other hand, not one-tenth of the families who live, or would live in the city, can find suitable shelter for the maintenance of homes; that is, apartments containing the required number of rooms and no more, grouped for easy and economical housekeeping, and shielded from undue publicity.

The conditions which have done most to bring about this undesirable state of things are not hard to discover. The narrow area of our island and the ceaseless crowdings of commerce have made the land extremely valuable; small houses, such as shelter the populations of other American cities, are out of the question here. We

must build deep and high to pay the ground-rent. But our need of house-room does not increase with the size of the houses, nor does our ability to pay for superfluous space; a fact, which the average New York house-builder seems incapable of comprehending. Nor has he yet learned that multiple tenancy alone can make large houses economical, and home life possible to the multitude in a city like this: this, too, without converting our

dwellings into barracks, or anything like them.

Other people build large and lofty dwellings without saddling themselves with the household evils which we labor under; but they are not people of English descent, or those whose architectural habits and social prejudices have been determined by English influences.

The genuine Briton puts his social trust only in vertical walls. He feels his privacy invaded the moment there is any one above or below him in space, any one not amenable to his household rules and regulations; a prejudice harmless enough where there is no lateral compression, where one is not obliged to climb for room; but mischievous in a crowded community like ours, since it gives our houses the proportions of a brick on end, and makes them inconvenient, wasteful of space, and altogether unsuited to our needs.

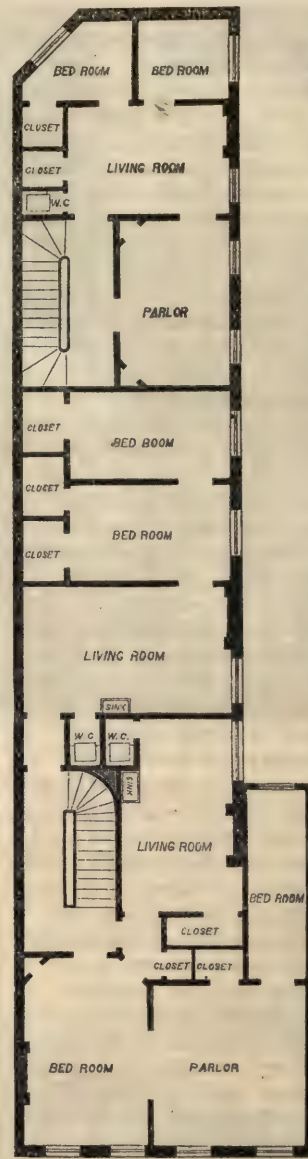
Continental communities find equal privacy, equal security, and vastly greater comfort between horizontal walls. The Frenchman, the German, the Italian,—even the Scotchman,—prefers a level apartment, and concerns himself as little about who lives over or under him, as the Englishman does about his neighbor next door.

It is a striking illustration of the force of inheritance, that we who pride ourselves on our independence, our common sense, and our ability to get a dollar's worth for a dollar, should, in so important a matter, allow the cockney's prejudice to outweigh the experience and economy of all other civilized nations.

In all the capitals of Europe,—Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Florence, and the rest,—the problem of the maximum of household accommodation with the minimum of cost, has been an architectural commonplace for centuries; and it has been uniformly solved in a style of building the reverse of that which we have copied from the English—a style which provides ample and convenient house-room for twelve families on the same area that we require for three, and proportionately diminishes the ground-rent, and average cost of shelter to each.

The loss which our inconvenient and wasteful mode of building involves, is not to be wholly measured, either, by the exorbitant rents we have to pay. It is felt in every element of our personal, family, social and political life.

Who, for example, can estimate the city's



UPPER FLOOR OF CHEAP FLAT.

loss in the banishment of the thousand of professional and business men, who spend their working hours in the city and betake themselves to the suburbs and the outlying country at night for the home-life which the city denies them. Unable to find on the island the shelter they require for the money they can afford to pay, they plant their families elsewhere, depriving them and themselves of the privilege of recreation, social life, and culture which concentration makes possible, and the city of their social and political presence, which sorely needs. As soon as commonsense comes to rule in our domestic architecture, instead of

tradition and routine, this most desirable middle class will have an opportunity to return to metropolitan life to wield the balance of power now divided between the very rich and politically indifferent, and the very poor and politically unscrupulous. In the meantime there may be spasmodic attempts at political reform and the purifying of the social atmosphere but their effects will be transient for lack of substantial backing.

Another evil connected with and resulting from the traditional style of house building is sub-letting. There are relatively few families whose incomes are sufficient to pay the rent of a four or five story house. A house they must have, in a good street; and as small houses are not to be had, there is no choice but to take a big one and sub-let as much of it as may be possible, to make up the lacking rent. If the houses were designed for multiple tenancy, this resort would work no mischief; but they are not. The extra tenants must be strangers, single gentlemen, or married couples "without encumbrances." The lodgers must be fed; and as it is rarely convenient for them to go out for their meals, they are very apt in the end to find a seat at the family table. The domestic circle is thus broken, the privacy of home is invaded, and the house degenerates into a boarding-house. From taking in lodgers as a makeshift, to keeping boarders as a business, the transition is easy, and once on the downward course, the blotting out of independent home-life is rapid and inevitable. The children are spoiled, the wife becomes a drudge, or worse, a schemer; and—every one has seen the result. The city is full of families whose social tone has been lowered, whose normal development has been thwarted, by the vain attempts to sustain a home by a process which breaks down the domestic walls, makes privacy impossible and *home* an empty name: and the gregarious existence of boarding is, as every one has seen, equally damaging to those who resort to it. The evil is characteristic of New York. The remedy lies primarily with the architects. When housekeeping can be attempted within the city limits, without a fortune to pay the rent and an army of servants to do the endless drudgery of ill-planned houses, home making may again be fashionable among us.

Another evil is that of servants. If our house-builders were in league with Bridget to develop and maintain this form of domestic slavery,—the slavery of employers,—they could not devise a more successful plan than the one they now pursue. The average house is little else than a string of stairs, with more or less extended landings. The kitchen is underground. A practically uninhabited parlor floor is sandwiched between the dining-room and the family living-room, and the chambers are piled atop. To go from

one room to another, costs a climb of from twenty to a hundred steps. Up and down, up and down, the women folk are perpetually toiling as in a treadmill, wasting daily in the fruitless and health-destroying labor of carrying themselves from floor to floor an amount of strength sufficient to do the whole work of a sensibly constructed house. Very few American women can endure it, let alone doing their household work besides: hence the power of Bridget. She knows that she is indispensable, and dominates accordingly. Her dominion would be sapped were housekeeping once brought, as it might be, fairly within the strength of less muscular women. As soon as it becomes possible to live without her, or so many of her, so soon it will be possible to subsist in comfort with her.

The progress making toward this desirable consummation,—that is, economical and home-creating houses,—is, to say the least, promising. Nearly twenty years ago a beginning was made in a small but handsome apartment house erected in Wooster street, on a plan furnished by Mr. R. M. Hunt. About the same time, perhaps a little earlier, a similar house in Hudson street offered complete facilities for modest housekeeping on separate floors. These houses though less needed then than now, were eagerly taken by families moderately



DOUBLE FLAT—ALTERED HOUSES.

well-to-do, who wanted good and convenient homes at relatively small cost, and whose prejudices did not prevent their living under the same roof with two or three other families of the same social grade. From time to time other houses, more or less deservedly styled French Flats, were erected on the avenues, especially on the west side, but without meeting or meriting much success. Sham elegance and general inconvenience were their most prominent characteristics; marble mantels and much paint vainly striving to atone for the absence of ventilation, and the too abundant presence of dark rooms, narrow passages, and back-breaking stairs. Now and then a genuine attempt to further the reform was made, but received little popular encouragement until the successful establishment of a few elegant apartment houses for the rich demonstrated to those of moderate means the possibility of multiple tenancy without risk of social debasement.

The earliest American venture in this direction was, we believe, the Hotel Pelham in Boston, designed by Mr. Arthur Gilman. Successful from the first, this house initiated a new order of building, which has proved immensely popular in Boston. Many of the finest dwellings in the newer and better part of the city are on the apartment plan, each offering from ten to twenty suites of rooms adapted to the needs of thoroughly complete first-class housekeeping, at reasonable prices.

The pioneer apartment houses in New York are the well-known Stuyvesant Build-

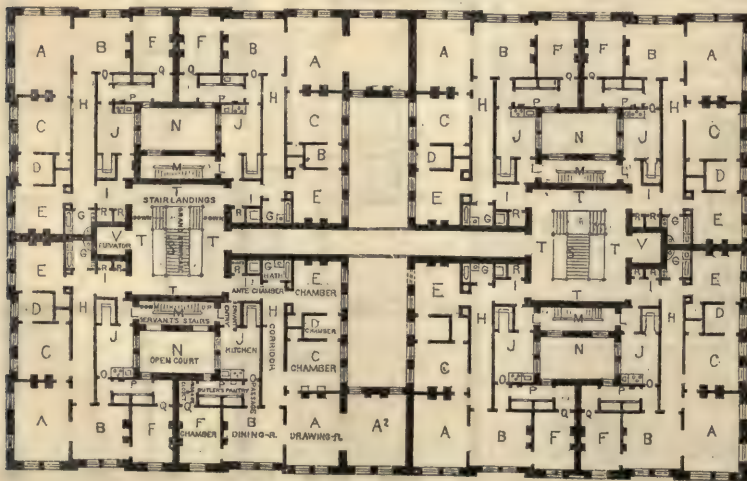
ings; the first, in Eighteenth street, having been opened in the fall of 1870, and second, in Thirteenth street, the following spring. Both are large, massive, and handsome buildings, finished throughout in a style at once rich and modest. The apartments, some of six, others of ten rooms, including kitchen and servants' rooms, are designed for strictly independent housekeeping, in good but not extravagant style.

The lack of elevators detracts somewhat from the value of the apartments; still they have never failed of steady occupation by first-class tenants, at extra good prices, proof enough that houses of the sort are needed in New York, and that the style of living they are designed for is not in itself distasteful to American families of high grade.

The next experiment in this direction was the Haight House, corner of Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue, introduced a public kitchen and dining-room, with other features, which give it a position midway between an apartment house proper and a family hotel. It has five floors, divided into twenty family suites provided with everything requisite for independent housekeeping, and fifteen suites for single gentlemen. Each of the family apartments includes a small antechamber or private entrance from the public hall, a parlor, a dining-room (with butler's pantry), a kitchen, three bed-rooms, and a bath-room. The bachelor suites are of two and three rooms each. Meals are served in the dining-hall or restaurant to such as choose to dispense with cooking in their own apartments.

Those who prefer greater privacy can order their own market through the steward, have the food cooked in a common kitchen, and served in their own rooms. A steam laundry does the washing for the house, and an elevator relieves the tenants of the upper floors from the fatigue of stair-climbing.

The interior history of the house neatly illustrates



GILMAN'S PLAN OF APARTMENT HOUSE.

trates what promises to be a characteristic feature of New York life under the coming *régime*,—that is, the clustering of particular social sets about particular centers. From the first, the Haight House has been the chosen refuge of artistic and literary people, who are able to find home, society, recreation,—everything almost which goes to distinguish civilized life,—without passing from under their own roof.

An establishment of similar character, though immensely more ambitious and expensive is the Stevens House, on Twenty-seventh street, between Broadway and Fifth avenue. It was opened in 1872, and has since been partially remodeled. As an investment it has not been fortunate, its great height, ornate front, and extravagant internal decoration, making it far more impressive to the beholder than profitable to the owner. While it splendidly illustrates one phase of the new order of domestic architecture, its influence on the reform has been hardly favorable.

The Grosvenor, corner of Tenth street and Fifth avenue, is a type unique. Starting with a singularly clear conception of the wants of a particular class of New York families,—a class possessing wealth, culture, refinement, and love of ease, and desiring the security and comfort of home life, with none of its cares,—the designer of the Grosvenor brought to the task of supplying the demand a rare experience as a successful hotel manager, a genius for organization, ample means, and untiring vigilance in the carrying out of his plans. The result is an establishment which may well be considered a model, since it secures the economy of multiple tenancy and co-operative living, with the atmosphere of home, and combines all the advantages of English exclusiveness and solid elegance, with the utmost independence in all that pertains to individual life. It is, in fact, a nest of elegant homes, each distinct and thoroughly secluded, yet all provided for with the elaborate machinery and systematic service of a first-rate hotel.

The Grosvenor was a success from the



PLAN OF APARTMENT HOUSE—SIX SUITES TO A FLOOR.

first. It opened with all its rooms leased for terms of years, while scores of desirable tenants eagerly enrolled themselves as candidates for the first vacancies that might occur.

While these first-rate adventures were demonstrating the need of apartment houses for the very rich, and the willingness of good families to adopt the style of life which they call for, not a little progress was made toward supplying with similar homes the classes less bountifully favored by fortune—not progress enough to make housekeeping and home-life available to the multitude, but quite enough to give a clear indication of what the future New York dwelling is likely to be. In the newer districts around the lower end of Central Park, and along the avenues up town, a great number of new houses have been laid out in independent floors, each designed for individual housekeeping. Lower down, in neighborhoods lately abandoned by the tide of fashion, it has come to be quite a common practice to convert into flats a style of deep and double houses, no longer acceptable to those who can afford to occupy them alone, and to throw together

for a like purpose groups of old style, narrow houses, immensely increasing their capacity and desirability, besides doubling their rental. Indeed, this method of adapting old houses to new uses by changing their plan has become a marked feature in the architectural development of the city.

Those who have given but little thought to the question of apartment houses and apartment living are very apt to underrate the importance of the domestic reforms which the system involves. They are apt, too, to think of this style of buildings as suited to a small part of the community only, regarding them either as a more respectable sort of tenement house for the poor, or as a cross between a club-house and a family hotel, well enough for aristocratic imitators of French manners, but scarcely the thing for people of modest republican habits.

The truth is, there is no class of the community for whom apartment houses are not suited: while it is easy to show that, whatever their style, however cheap or costly, the money expended on them will furnish ampler home space, superior facilities for economical living, greater privacy and security, a nobler style of architecture, and better appointments every way for a larger number of persons, than is possible with the common fashion of building.

The city abounds in people with incomes sufficient to enable them to live as they choose, who would not choose to endure the care and annoyance of an establishment if they could help it. In most cases they are well on in years. Their children have grown up and scattered, and advancing age has taught them to prefer ease and retirement to wearisome grandeur. A suite of rooms fitted up to their taste in a house like the Grosvenor, with the attendance of a few neat and trusty servants, would answer all their needs, giving them the comforts of home, while relieving them of the burden of a great house.

Not less desirable are such establishments for those to whom economy is more an object, and who can as little afford the cost as the care of a separate home to their taste. The refuge of this class is, speaking generally, the hotel or the fashionable boarding-house. Were suitable apartments obtainable,—in family hotels for those without young children; in flats for those blest with such encumbrances,—the most of this class would establish them-

selves in homes, greatly to their material and social well-being, instead of wasting their years in the costly and unsatisfactory life they are now driven to.

A broader and more numerous class succeeds, embracing the well-to-do, from those who may live handsomely with economy, down to those whose income does not exceed twenty-five hundred or three thousand a year. Many of these have culture, refinement, taste, and can appreciate the finer advantages of civilization as fully as the richest. In any other American city they would be able to own or rent a whole house in a more or less fashionable street and enjoy life with the best.

In New York, where small houses are not to be had in decent neighborhoods, and apartment houses are as yet the privilege of the fortunate few, the choice of this class lies principally between banishment from the city, the occupation of a part of a house not made for multiple housekeeping, boarding, or keeping boarders; a choice of evils all so bad that whichever be chosen the chooser is pretty sure to repent of his decision before he is done with it. For those whose taste dictates genuine, individual home-life, and whose means forbid an expensive style of living, New York is certainly not a paradise, whatever its attractions and advantages may be in other respects.

For the very poor the case is still worse. Their dwellings are, in the main, either the decayed and abandoned mansions of departed fashion, planned for an entirely different set of conditions, or else huge barracks, wretched human hives, all but destitute of every provision for quiet and cleanly living, full of dark, unventilated rooms, and overrun with vermin. The life they compel is enough to blunt every sensibility and crush out every aspiration from the souls of the unfortunates who endure it; more than enough to make the onlooker sigh for the cheap and cheerful cottages which shelter the laboring classes of other cities.

Quick transit may do something toward making similar cottage-homes accessible to the better sorts of New York laboring men, but not much; still less for the poorer who can afford neither the time nor the expense of travel. The doubtful advantages of the suburbs are rather for those whose shorter hours of business allow them time to go and come without trespassing too much on the hours of rest and

recreation, and whose ampler means enable them to pay the fares. The vast army of workmen employed in the heart of the city must find house-room for their families near their place of business.

The healthful and economical housing of such multitudes, however, is not possible with the current fashion of house-building. Instead of the hap-hazard structures, large and small, which crowd our down-town wards, there is needed a class of dwellings specially constructed for the people who are to occupy them; houses broad and high, to diminish the cost of land and material to each tenant; plainly yet substantially built for cheapness, safety and durability; suitably divided into self-contained and thoroughly private apartments for households of different sizes; properly lighted and ventilated; with bath-rooms, closets, dumps for garbage and ashes, and lifts for coal and provisions: in short, provided with whatever may be requisite for wholesome though humble housekeeping. That such houses can be erected, so as to offer all these advantages, at cheaper rates than the poor now pay for their miserable lodgings, and yet leave a liberal margin for profit to the owner, is easy to prove. Property of the kind will pay as a speculation, let alone its social and sanitary advantages to the city at large. But these latter considerations must not be left out of the account. The concentration of numbers made necessary by the peculiar conditions of our metropolitan life, cannot go on regardless of sanitary and social laws without incurring greater risks than any community can afford to assume; with due regard to such laws, population may be packed many times more densely, acre by acre, than has ever yet been done, and that with little danger to health or morals.

Contrary to the common notion, the unwholesome condition of our "overcrowded wards" is due far less to the excessive number of the inhabitants than to their improper distribution and the unfitness of their dwellings for the housing of many people. The most thickly populated wards in the city,—in the world, for that matter,—average from two hundred to three hundred and twenty-five persons to the acre, the highest average to a house being a fraction short of twenty-five: a large number, truly, in comparison with the population of ordinary districts, but certainly not large compared with the number comfortably

housed,—so far as space goes,—on a corresponding area covered by our great hotels, like the Fifth Avenue or the Grand Central Hotel. The new "Windsor" covers about two-thirds of an acre, and has five hundred rooms. If each room contained one occupant,—not a crowded state of things, surely!—there would be on those two-thirds of an acre a population twice as dense as the average of our densest wards. Plainly, many times the number now huddled in pestilential filth and wretchedness in the Fourth Ward might have ample space and breathing room if the dwellings were only constructed with



PROPOSED ELEVATION OF FIRST-CLASS APARTMENT HOUSE.

reference to their moral and physical needs. The same is true of the Eleventh, Fourteenth, and other dangerously crowded wards. There is room on our island for millions.

A fair arrangement of apartments for a cheap tenement for twelve or fifteen families, on an ordinary city lot, is shown in the accompanying plans. Each floor has three distinct apartments, fully provided with the primary requisites for decent and healthful living, and every room is lighted from without. Laundry privileges, bath-

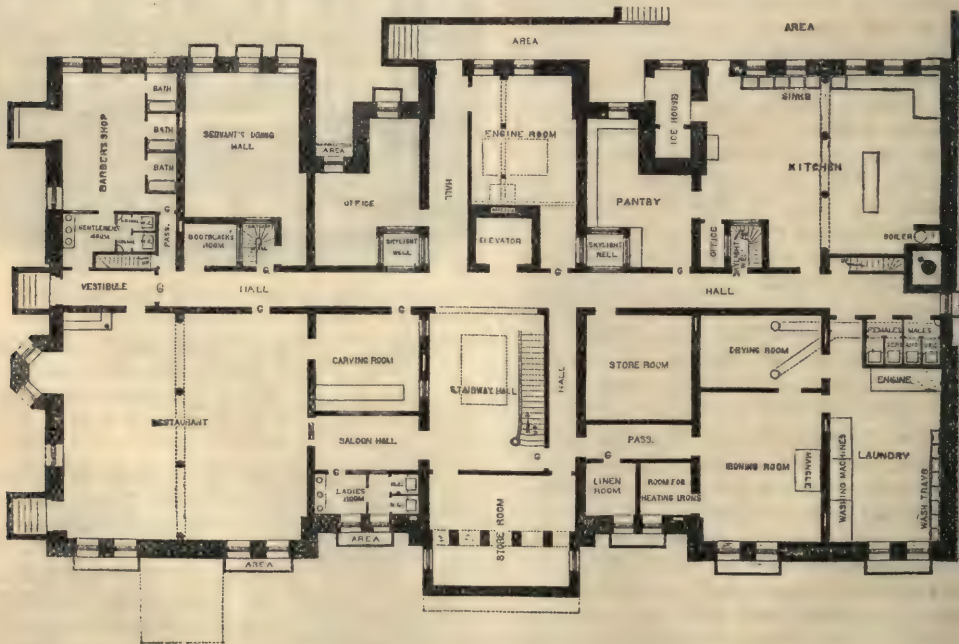
rooms, and the like, could be furnished in the basement. Substantially built in a fairly good neighborhood and honestly finished throughout, a house on this plan, five stories high, let at the usual tenement house rates, would return from twelve to fifteen per cent. interest on its cost.

The demand for such shelter is so great, however, that apartments of the kind now command very much higher rates, and, of course, the property-holders profit accordingly.

Where two adjoining lots are at command, a much superior arrangement may be effected by erecting a double house, with common stairways and an open court for light and air in the middle,—thus securing broader and more cheerful passages, besides letting sunshine into the heart of the house, a sanitary condition too little regarded in tenement houses. Indeed, in the planning of the majority of our cheap flats, and not a small proportion of the more expensive ones as well, any thought of lighting and ventilating seems never to have entered. This, it is true, makes them relatively no worse than the common run of deep houses; still, where some indication of intelligent planning is shown, it is provoking to find such important matters overlooked. Knowing the stupidity of the common mechanical builder, it does not

surprise one to see a corner house made exactly after the pattern of a house in the middle of a block, with its inner rooms all dark, and fifty feet of blank wall facing the side street: it does surprise one to see the same sort of blunder made by one who is bright enough to recognize the advantage of a flat house. But the thing is done with a monotony of iteration. Though dark rooms are always an abomination and always avoidable, houses which do not have them are quite the exception; and not unfrequently considerable ingenuity seems to have been exercised in devising plans for the multiplication of these unwholesome cells.

We have in mind a very showy block near Central Park, which specially illustrates this crowning vice of bad domestic architecture. Each house in the block contains nine rooms to a floor, besides closets. Of these, three rooms are absolutely lightless, and their only means of ventilation is through the doors opening into the private passage, also dark. Two other rooms are lighted by means of glazed doors, one opening into the parlor, the other into the dining-room. For these unwholesome flats the modest price of from eighty to one hundred dollars a month is asked. The builder should be condemned to live in one of them and sleep in the midmost cell.



BASEMENT HOLLY'S PROPOSED FAMILY HOTEL.

Even in the most expensively finished flats there is far too little attention paid to the respiratory needs of the occupants. Where several families are gathered under one roof the need of care in this particular is so great that any manifest lack of it is simply intolerable. The smell of cooking spoils one's enjoyment of the finest apartments, and the most elegant surroundings will not sweeten the odor of stale tobacco-smoke from the janitor's pipe, supplied with the warm air of one's parlor register.

Another objection to very many flats is the tenement house aspect given them by their great height and the unadorned flatness of their fronts: a fault that any architect could correct with a slight addition to the cost of the building.

Unsubstantial construction,—thin walls and floors too pervious to sound,—are other faults not more common, perhaps, but much less tolerable in flats than in the common style of dwellings, and altogether unpardonable when the rent required (and readily obtained, so great is the demand for such dwellings) is high enough to pay a handsome profit on work of the most solid and conscientious description. From twenty to thirty per cent annual return on cost is, indeed, a common thing with flats; and that, too, in neighborhoods where the owner of an ordinary house is fortunate if he gets ten per cent. It is consequently as natural as it is gratifying that property-owners should be hastening to reconstruct old houses, and erect new ones, to meet the new demand. As an illustration of the advantages of these changes to all concerned, it will suffice to mention a single instance where, under the direction of a competent architect, a group of five old-style houses was recently converted into one apartment-house, with apartments ranging from twenty-two rooms to three rooms. The change was made at an expense of \$15,000. The immediate increase of rental was \$10,000 a year. Previously it was with great difficulty that tenants of any kind could be retained; after the alteration first-rate tenants were plentiful and eager; and where originally five families were inconveniently housed on the five lots, the same area now gives superior accommodation to twenty families.

Still greater economy of space and material is possible with a larger order of structures, since the higher the building the more numerous the divisions of the ground



HALF FIRST FLOOR—HOLLY'S PROPOSED HOTEL.

rent, the lower the average cost of rooms, and the lighter each family's share of the cost of common service. Besides, in a large house the upper floor can be made nearly, if not quite, as desirable as the lower by the introduction of elevators, which cannot well be afforded when the tenants are fewer.

In proof of this position the architect of the Pelham House kindly submits the following specifications for the building whose "elevation" is figured at the head of this article. It is a structure of splendid architectural proportions, and, as will be seen in the plan, the apartments offer nearly double the accommodation given in existing flats and apartment houses. It will be shown directly that, if rented at current rates, these apartments would return from twelve to fifteen per cent. interest on the cost of the building.

The plan assumes for the building a frontage of 200 feet on an avenue (an entire block), and a depth of 125 feet on each side street,—25 feet more being taken for a rear roadway, to be defended at each end by high ornamental gates of cast iron. This will give ten city lots to the building, and two for the roadway, and secure a plentiful supply of light and air on the four exterior faces of the structure. The height to be eight stories, including the first, or *rez-de-chaussée*, appropriated to shops of the first class, and the upper, or mansard story, suit-

ably divided into rooms for servants, and baggage or store rooms. There will remain six floors to be appropriated to forty-eight apartments, eight on a floor; each suite entirely independent of all the others. By reserving five interior courts of various sizes, direct light and perfect ventilation may be secured to every room throughout. The door of each suite opening directly from a broad marble landing connected with the main staircase and the adjacent elevators, will be to that suite, in all respects, a front door. Within is a vestibule, or ante-chamber, and beyond a private hall or corridor, upon which all the rooms and smaller passages open. The ceilings will be effectually deadened by one course of deafening between the floor-beams, and another three-fourths inch course of cement laid solid on the top of the under-boardings; this latter will be again covered with the thick English felting now imported for the purpose. There are six stairways of brick and iron, completely fire-proof, two of them being grand staircases for the occupants, and the other four back-stairs for servants, supplies, etc.; all to be readily accessible from each apartment. Two elevators, constantly running, will convey the occupants or their visitors readily to the upper floors. The front entrance is designed to be grand and imposing, as befits a structure of such magnitude. All the halls and public passage-ways will be heated by steam in the manner usual in first-class hotels; and a *concierge*, with assistants, to be constantly in attendance in the office to direct visitors, will take charge of parcels and messages, and attend to other general service of the sort.

Each suite of rooms, or separate apartment, consists of drawing-room, 16x22 feet; dining-room, 14x16; three chambers, each 14x16; dressing-room or smaller chamber, 8x10; kitchen, opening on one of the inner courts, 10x14, with three large store closets attached; butler's pantry, 6x12, with hot and cold water laid on; hall, or ante-chamber, 8x8; bath-room, and eight closets of various sizes, some of them exceedingly large,—and, in addition, three mansard rooms, 14x10, for servants' use, storage, and so on. All the ceilings will be high, and the finish handsome, though not extravagant throughout.

With an exterior as attractive as that of the Gilsey House, or the Grand Hotel, a building of the proposed size and character would cost at a fair calculation about



* HALF UPPER FLOOR—HOLLY'S PROPOSED HOTEL.



SECTION ALONG LINE A, B—ABOVE DIAGRAM.

\$850,000, and the land on which it should be placed about \$175,000 more. At moderate rental the shops, twelve in number, might be relied upon to pay about \$30,000 annually. The forty-eight suites of rooms would rent from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year each, according to their location and aspect,—the least desirable being much better than those offered in any first-class building now erected at a rate fifty or sixty per cent higher. The aggregate rental would pay fifteen per cent on the cost of the building, and ten per cent on the investment required for the land; and the eagerness with which a delighted public competes for the comforts of the houses offering similar privileges, at higher rates, is a sufficient guaranty that the building proposed would find little difficulty in securing tenants for its rooms.

If erected on cheaper ground, and in an equally substantial though less costly style, it is clear that houses of this sort could be made to give accommodations much superior to those furnished by our second-rate flats at prices considerably lower; while, with smaller rooms, and fewer to a suite—yet ample in number and capacity for families of moderate size and means,—twelve or sixteen families could be provided for in the space allotted to eight in the pro-

posed plan, so that shelter for from eighty to a hundred households would be afforded by the entire building. Thus, instead of housing miserably two hundred and forty people on ten lots, according to the highest average in the Fourth Ward, two or three times that number,—perhaps five times,—might be handsomely and healthfully provided for on the same area.

How far space could be economized, and the general wholesomeness of the entire building increased by the abandonment of private kitchens, and the cooking of all the food in one place, is a matter yet untested among people of moderate means. Seeing, how well the plan works among the wealthy however—as illustrated by the success of the Grosvenor, and hotels of similar character,—it would be a marvel if it failed among those whose need of good and economical cooking is so much greater. As a part of the common furniture of the house, the general kitchen would have to be under the control of the owner of the building, whose interest it would be to furnish his tenants with cooked food at cost; or he might cook the provisions supplied by them at rates much less than the cost of individual cooking, yet with profit enough to make the kitchen self-supporting. So likewise with the laundry.

A well developed plan for a block of first-class co-operative residences, made by Mr. H. Hudson Holly, of this city, for Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., is shown in the engravings presented herewith. The sale of the college property to the State for the use of its capital prevented the carrying out of the plan, without injury, however, to its value as an illustration of a class of buildings called for in New York.

The basement, as will be seen by reference to the plan,—which needs no extended description here,—is devoted to the various needs of the complex household. Here the cooking, washing and so on, of all the tenants, can be done at the lowest rates by the general manager of the house.

Elevators, tram-ways and steam-tight cars could be used for the quick and cleanly distribution of food to the private dining-rooms; and, if desired, trained attendants, employed by the proprietor, might accompany the food to serve it, thus enabling the tenants to reduce their private service to the minimum. For those who might choose to avail themselves of a public dining-room, an ample restaurant is provided

wherein meals might be served to order, at moderate rates.

The ground floor contains the grand staircase and entrance hall for the tenants of the upper floors, passenger elevator, etc.; and on each side three distinct and independent residences, having their own front doors, the three pairs of private entrances giving the block the external appearance of a row of ordinary first-class dwellings. The upper floors are similarly laid out, save that a common hall extends from one end of the building to the other, and the private passage-ways of the several apartments lead off from it.

Each floor, with the exception of the topmost, which is divided into half suites, contains six independent residences, comprising a parlor, a dining room,—with butler's pantry, having a small fire-place for the simpler sorts of cooking, hot and cold water, and other conveniences,—closets, bath-room, hall-ways, two or three rooms on the common floor for nursery, bedrooms, etc., and four *entre sol* chambers, as shown in the accompanying section. The latter have no connection with the public hall, since the stairways which lead to them rise from the inner private halls.

This plan,—like all the rest having any architectural pretensions,—was manifestly devised for families of more than ordinary wealth and style. The substitution of cheaper materials in the construction of the building, and its erection on lower-priced land would adapt it, without other change, to the needs of people of more limited means, largely reducing the average rent of the apartments, without lessening the profitableness of the building as an investment. Or the same end could be attained by giving fewer rooms and smaller ones to a suite, so that a dozen small families could be comfortably lodged on each floor, or upwards of fifty in the entire house,—each family having an abundance of room at relatively little cost, with the advantage of superior surroundings.

A characteristic oversight in the planning of most of the respectable flats in New York, is the failure to make provision for just this class of small, first-rate households. The rooms are too large, there are too many of them,—everything, in short, is on too grand a scale for comfort and economy, save for families of six or eight members. The popularity of the system, and the aggregate rental of the houses as well, would be immensely increased by dividing the floors

or a part of them, into snug little suites of three or four rooms, well lighted and ventilated, thoroughly secluded, and fitted for modest housekeeping by newly-married couples, or those having but one or two children. The care of such apartments would involve but little labor; while by using gas as fuel, and the adoption of certain simple yet scientific devices for lessening culinary labor, the greatest degree of privacy, independence, comfort and economy would easily be attained. In contrast with boarding even under the most favorable conditions, such a life is,—or may be,—something like paradise regained.

May be. Of course happiness in this, as in any other style of life, pre-supposes capacity for happiness, and a disposition to make the most of what one has. That the general introduction of apartment houses would straightway inaugurate a domestic and social millennium no one would be so foolish as to imagine. Homes will be infelicitous, neighbors will have their differences, servants will wrangle and set their mistresses by the ears, chimneys will smoke, and waterpipes will burst, whether

houses are built flat-wise or on edge. It stands to reason, none the less, that when the fundamental needs of families are regarded in building, and the demonstrated laws of economy are heeded in the construction of our dwellings, we shall get more for our money, be able to live with less labor, to have homes where homes are impossible now, and be allowed to increase our numbers without the destruction of health and morals—gains enough, in all conscience, to give us joy in the progress of the reform.

Unfortunately the records of the City Superintendent of Buildings fail to specify the character of the houses for which permits are issued; it is therefore impossible without a special census, to tell how many flats and apartment houses there are in the city, or what is the ratio of their increase from year to year. About fifteen permits a month was the Superintendent's estimate of the average number of permits issued last season for the reconstruction of old buildings and the erection of new ones for multiple tenancy. A large proportion of these were for buildings of high grade.

RELENTING.

THE earth is in a melting mood,
This morning of the year;
And clasped around by mists that brood,
She smiles to find herself so wooed,
With, now and then, a tear.

The topmost fastness of the hill
Has let the winter go;
The happy-hearted little rill
No longer-shivers past the mill
To meadows hushed with snow.

The birds let fall their new-born dreams
Upon me from above;
And many a shadow wed with beams,
And many a wind-kissed blossom seems
To say a word for love.

What is there in this tender air
To thrill me like a dart?
It quickens places poor and bare,
And every covert sweet and fair,
Except one maiden's heart.

O, are such changeful gleams of light
Made only to beguile?
Then, I am but a foolish wight,
To be so glad because, last night,
She blessed me with a smile.

But O, when ice and snow relent,
And every coldest thing;
Might not, perchance, one more repent,
And melting into warm consent,
Flood all my heart with Spring?

OVER SEA.

"O, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she cried,
 "O, where are you going?" cried she.
 "I'm going," quoth he, "fair Nancy Bell,
 Strange countrees for to see, see, see,
 Strange countrees for to see."

WE were all on the Pereire, and the Pereire was on the Grand Bank, her helm set for Brest, and reeling off her white wake twelve miles to the hour. The breeze was abeam but easy, and our sofas in the ladies' little saloon kept up a gentle, lopsided rocking with the ship, like a "teeter" with the big boys all at one end. There were just four of them—mere tête-à-tête—surrounding the saloon, with a vagrant camp-stool or two upon the floor.

"I'm going to my state-room," the fat lady soliloquized.

"Alphonse!" she shouted, as the waiter shot across the open door, along the passage. Alphonse re-appears. "Voulez-vous apportez-moi un autre glace de lemonade? and apportez-moi dans ma chambre."

"Tout de suite, madame," with unflinching gravity.

"And, Alphonse! le lemonade cette temps plou strônger!"

"Bien, madame!" Whereupon, madame fastens an eye upon the door-knob, makes a lucky lunge for it, hauls herself up and out, and goes staggering and bumping her way to her room.

"Well, that's the jolliest French I've heard since the fellow who was told to hurry up for the ride, and snapped his whip with, 'Je suis déjà!' Bah! what do such people go to Europe for?"

"She told a person in the cabin that she had done up half the towns in France already, and was going to finish 'em this trip, so as to say she'd seen every one of 'em."

"I see—I've met her style."

Fred and Miss Nelly had opened this little battery of gossip.

Our Fred is just twenty, tall and slender from rapid growth, with handsome dark hair, expressive eyes, swift speech and gesture—a New Yorker, of strong Huguenot blood, the only son of a wealthy land-owner. His admiration for the beautiful of every kind was as frank as his contempt for the opposite; and though both were, of course, excessive, this enthusiasm excused him for always knowing more about everything than everybody else in

the company, including myself. For my own part, I forgave him, as he was, doubtless, not yet aware that I am the Author of the Work on the Subject-object as Differentiated from the Object-object, and that I have turned out such articles as Fred,—that is, in my Professorial function,—by the dozen. No; that is hardly fair. Fred is one in a hundred.

"I have a sensible sort of friend," I said quietly, "who made three journeys through France just to see every town in it. But he had a conceit on 'doing up' one thing well. He was slightly architectural, too."

"And slightly cracked, I should think," said Fred. "When I was sixteen I began my fledgeling trip up at Portland, and meant to go through the Union by college vacations. But you can't hold a boy of that age responsible. My plan is to strike right for the biggest things and let the rest slide."

"Well," smiled up a smooth, silvery voice from under the pile of gray furs upon the farther sofa; "I know that I wouldn't forget one or two little by-way mountain towns in Italy—Perugia, for instance, and Lampedusa—for many a sensation in Florence or Paris."

"Who is that, my dear?" I whispered to my wife.

"The handsome authoress I told you of."

The lady was slowly rallying from seasickness, and spent a few hours every day dozing in the same warm nest of furs and clouds, her face always covered with a blue veil. I had never chanced to see her features. The pleasant play of tone, and her pale but handsome hand resting on the fur, would have kindled the romance of twenty, like an Oriental masque. She remained for some days, as she said afterwards, in equal ignorance about myself; for, through all our conversations, the rocking of a foolish mirror opposite kept my forehead dropped upon the little stand before the sofa, with only a ball of grizzled hair presented to the company.

"For my part," I said, "I think you are both right,—as usual when sensible persons get to differing,—both right; but neither is quite right enough."

"I not right?" said Fred. "Why, you wouldn't have a fellow go scouring a coun-

try or a town, like a merchant's drummer or the directory-man, would you?"

"Whew! young man, isn't there something or somebody in the world between your drummers and the Alpine Club? I suppose the Club furnishes your ideal of a traveler. All I mean to say is, that a person traveling in Europe, and especially a young man or woman going for improvement, should seek something else as well as what you call the biggest things. These have their value. Mont Blancs, Coliseums, Alpine tunnels, as ideals of vastness or power in their kind, raise a man's standards forever, put into him a little of their own dignity and power. But most of these 'big things' give less nourishment than stimulus. They are what you may call the legitimate sensational. What we need to make sound mind and sound character are the averages of things, the general fact, the law; not the exceptional. Then again, many of Mr. Fred's 'biggest things' are, doubtless, often among the smallest. There's the Big Tun, for instance. Palaces, cathedrals, picture-galleries take a false position with most travelers. So do ——"

"But, Professor," pleaded the voice, "what do you leave us then at all to travel for?"

"What, indeed?" cried Nell. "All I care for is to see the galleries and palaces and ——"

"—and that handsome prince you were going to capture in one of them!" said my wife, laughing; which rally made Nell laugh a little and blush a little more.

"Let's have a game of Character," cried Fred, looking teasingly at Miss Nelly, "and find out what we're all going for. I'll begin. I want to see the Alps first; after that, Rome and Paris. I don't care for Germany or England. There! who next? Mrs. Johns; tell us your choice."

"Italy, German home-life and dear old England, for me!"

"And Miss Nelly," said our authoress, "at what shrine will your pilgrim staff be laid down?"

We must here present Miss Nelly as a blonde of eighteen, lively, sensible, exceedingly well-read in the best literature, brimful of Ruskin, adoring Tennyson. She is under the matronage of Mrs. Johns for the voyage.

"Oh!" said Nelly, "I want to see all the great pictures, and I want to see where Madame de Stael lived, and I want to go

to England to see Wordsworth's home and Tennyson and Ruskin, and ever so many other things. But, Madam," she modestly urged, "you haven't told us what *you* are going 'for to see, see, see.'"

"Well, I am going first to Paris, only to see my little girl, whom I left, I fear unwisely, in a school there. Then I hope to improve my health by travel, and to gain what ideas and pleasure I can, along the way. Now, what is your quest, Professor?"

"Well, I expect to look into the Universities and Academies, and especially the Jesuit education at its high-water mark in the Collegio Romano. At the same time, like yourself, Madam, I hope to get profit and pleasure in general."

"Profit and pleasure in general!" echoed Fred; "that's it!"

"And suppose the Professor tells us now how best to get it?"

"Splendid!" cried Nell and Fred together; and Fred drew out his note-book for its first entry.

"Oh, I'm not going to give you a lecture. I don't believe in lectures even in the class-room. Let us all chat it out together."

"I wonder really if a person should have any definite purpose in visiting Europe," murmured the authoress, in half-soliloquy. "Why not seek the places that happen to tempt you beforehand, and leave them to produce any impression upon you that they may?"

"Well, I would hardly leave the matter so loose as that," I answered. "True, we go abroad to get broad—not to sharpen the point of some specialty. But,—this is for these young people, now,—this expectation of 'profit and pleasure in general' from the grand tour ends only in a grand gadding, and sends one home a traveled gossip, to show

"How much a dunce that's been abroad
Excels a dunce that's stayed at home."

It is, indeed, only what most people travel for. In our little game of Character, just now, most of us seem to go wandering,—I was going to say, maundering,—about, like organ-grinders."

"Why, my dear!" remonstrated my wife, pulling my ear. "Ladies, he's a little seasick yet. Don't mind my Mr. Grumblechook. *We* travel just like anybody else—to see the best and enjoy it."

"Very well! Take my advice and

you'll enjoy the best all the better. I suggest what is pleasanter in the long run than either one definite object or none at all—that is, several definite objects. With most of us the chance for enjoying Europe is short and not certain to occur again; and while we should keep wide-open eyes to see all that offers itself anywhere and everywhere, there are certain things in every country which we must not only see but observe; and the best of these are just the ones that most travelers never even see."

"What in the world can they be?" said Nell, impatiently.

"Well, as for one of them, what is the most important object of study anywhere, abroad or at home, but men and women, their character and condition?"

"Ah, but then you have to know the languages so well for that."

"Only for getting some few of the details of character, and those often the less important. In this direction, 'often the eyes are more learned than the ears.' Why, a Dutchman's back will tell you more of his character than an hour's talk with him. My dear, won't you bring from the state-room those sketches? And bring along 'Brown, Jones and Robinson.'"

"Let me get it, Professor."

"No indeed, Mr. Fred! Not since your bright exploit yesterday, of bringing me the seidlitz powder instead of the soda."

"But you didn't take it?" cried Fred, in dismay.

"Well—no matter—now."

Here my little lady trips in with the book.

"Fred, just please show this sketch to the ladies."

"And here's another, of an Italian peasant. Pass this around. Who couldn't tell just what those two men like best, and what they can do best? And that is nearly all one needs to know of a man or woman. And there are forty other ways to this sort of knowledge, without the help of the native language. Motions, intonations and quality of voice, sometimes the dress, give many points of national and private character to a person who is looking out for them. Then, the interior of one dwelling, to which you may get access, sometimes the nobleman's seat or palace, always the home of the laborer, tells a long story of the character or the taste and comfort of entire classes. See what an analysis of national character Taine draws from the furniture of an English bedroom.

And then every young person from America brings a little of French or German with him from the school; and three months or less of lively intercourse with the people makes it a ready key to their ways. If his French is thoroughly well grounded at school, and he gets to thinking in its idioms, the Italian, in Italy, will tumble in upon him of itself. Then the road grows as certain as it is easy."

"It seems to me," objected the authoress again, "that people's ways are very much the same, all the world over."

"And if that's so," added Nelly eagerly, "why not leave them for study at home and just enjoy the pictures and cathedrals and landscapes?"

"Well, to that double-barreled shot, I send a double-barreled return—yes and no. Doubtless, the people of the several enlightened nations have more points of resemblance than of difference. But isn't it much for a person to discover even that, with his own eyes? Nobody starts with such a view of the character of foreigners. To find them but like ourselves, and especially ourselves but like them, cures us of one more contempt or one more foolish admiration and thereby teaches us two more truths. But I think the differences that do exist between foreigners and ourselves, are pretty lively and are deeper than the mere form. Emulation and Love of Admiration, for instance, cannot be studied anywhere completely in the world, except in France. Only England presents the strongest specimen of Self-esteem; only Germany, the most complete type of the scientific Curiosity; and both of them illustrate the Domestic Affections. Surely, we cannot lose the chance, while we are on the spot, for enlarging our knowledge of these human elements and raising our standard of conscience and of the inner taste."

"But I don't see," said Fred, "how you are to get enough of this, with all the necessary sight-seeing, to make the pursuit worth while."

"Then you think that sights are 'bigger things' than souls, do you? Well, sir, the knowledge and still more the kindly interest, the widened sympathies, the new appreciations, gained by one hour's talk with your donkey-driver, about the privations, toils, poor little pleasures, fears and hopes for earth and heaven, of himself and his class, outweigh all that fifty poets fused into one ever felt before the Coliseum or the Cathedral of Cologne. But all I ask

is, give the thing its due proportion of your time; not only incidentally, in the chat with your guide or driver, on the way to the ruin or the mountain-top; surely, not accidentally, as nine in ten do, if ever; but give it a day or morning or afternoon exclusively, as you would the Aquarium or the Jardin des Plantes. Catch what you can of it. It has the good and the bad chances of any other hunt. Often, the game stands as quiet and as sure as a picture or a castle.

"And what a shallow thing it is, to go trudging up and down, and through and around fifty palaces, cathedrals and towns, and comparing them together, but never asking the real meaning of one of them—that is, what sort of men or women produced them? Without this, what are they all but so many piles of stone, displacing so many cubic feet of air, in so many different shapes! Besides, you don't lose the pleasures of art in studying human nature, for art is one of the chapters in its book. Besides, the study is not only the highest but by far the most useful of all to one's future, in profession, business or society; and a young traveler is bound to keep it going and at the front, whether he or she prefers it or not. Anybody should be ashamed to go home without a dozen solid observations of his own upon the character of each nation he has visited.

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

Travel, for a young person, is only education continued—not vacation, not holiday; except to men and women overworked or else too old to learn."

"That's you, Mr. Fred," said Nelly.

"In fact, the true object in visiting Europe does not lie in Europe at all. It is, to get impulse and knowledge toward higher character and more and higher happiness at home. The simple question is, What things in Europe contribute most to this end? The most profitable one among them certainly should not be neglected. Well, doubtless, this one is precisely what I am pointing out—traits of character and means of happiness in the families, communities and individuals that we can meet."

"But how is a traveler going to find these fine people for his models?" objected Fred.

"I'm not suggesting a search for heroes and heroines; only for those personal or household or social virtues and graces

which everybody is bound to seek, and which turn up in the street, the depot, the parlor, the park, in the laborer, merchant, husband, child. Besides, their weaknesses and failures may teach you as much as their virtues.

"That's all very true, no doubt," said Fred. "'The proper study of mankind is man.' But it must be that I don't know how to handle the subject, for I make little advance at it. I never counted it among the objects of a tour to Europe—never just that way."

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea," added Nell.

"Oh, yes. You are both doing much more of this observation than you think you are. But your professors never make it a conscious act with you, never discipline you in it; they gave you, instead, their Greek paradigms and algebraic problems; and so you enter life weakest on the very point where you are neediest."

"Well, won't you tell us a little about it? How shall we go to work at it—especially we poor girls?"

"Well, in the first place, you need to keep in mind the few motives that produce every action men present. There is Love of Esteem, there's Benevolence, there's Self-esteem, there's Love of Sympathy, Love of Knowledge, Love of Goodness, Love of Beauty (and Music), Godwardness, Bodily Comfort in its several kinds. You will witness a hundred acts or expressions of a man within an hour, but every one of them, as it turns up, you must hang upon one or another of those hooks. As for man's mind, you must find if his power lies most in getting the What or the Where or the When of his object, or its Which,—that is, its Class,—or its Why or its How. Then find the comparative activity of the What. There you have the whole man, so to speak, or, rather, that will do for a beginning."

"Yes, but how are you to catch a man?" inquired Miss Nelly, eagerly.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed out Fred. "That's good!"

"He! He!" laughed the ladies, and Nell's little discomfiture.

"She's saying 'man' for 'woman,' as the greater includes the less," Fred added with sophomoric gravity.

"Well, the fact is, the year spent in Europe should not be passed in traveling but rather in successive residences in different countries,—in France, Italy, Germany or England,—Switzerland taking a short

season than the rest. These little residences enable you to take daily conversations with a native teacher and, through your banker or friends, to make acquaintance of some native families. In a given country, take your favorite city for this abiding, and give the less time to the other towns. The little evening sociable, the lunch party, will be field enough. But besides this, there are various ways to 'catch the man'—ways equally becoming, if becomingly conducted, in a lady traveler as in a gentleman. See what relishing bits of native life H. H. throws in for us with her other *Bits of Travel!*

"As I was saying, give a day or so of a week to this object exclusively—the fête-day particularly. Go with friends to the afternoon promenade in the public garden, the piazza, park. After your first stroll for mere enjoyment and to get the aspect of the place, hunt up some family group around their lager bier or *vin du pays*, or the little crowd enjoying Punch or the juggler—any group which strikes you as genuine, double-blooded native. Keep near and see what trait seems fixed in the greater number of faces, as well as that which speaks, or laughs, or frowns itself out oftenest in conversation; and fasten these traits,—only one or two,—well in memory. Then look for other like groups. Compare each group with those observed before, and jot down results. A young man, of course, should manage to open conversation with those who promise any profit and who look accessible—the old man sunning himself on the bench in the park, the laborer out of work, the student, the soldier off duty. A little tact, like music, opens all hearts. They are as glad to talk as you are to listen.

"Another good plan is, to take turns in the omnibuses at different hours and on different avenues, and observe the faces and ways of the persons opposite you. In a given class of passengers, the proportions of the kindly, the shrewd, the vain, the self-complacent, of the typical character, keep a remarkable steadiness. This fact makes the study easy, and its results speedy. Touches in dress, air on entering and leaving, supplement the lines of physiognomy.

"Table d'hôte is another field of discovery. Take as much trouble to secure a seat near some interesting native group, or person, as you would to find the best picture in a gallery. A word to the waiter and a little tact will set you right. Besides,

silent observation here brings good fruit. I think the intellectual habits of a class,—the concentration, order, thoroughness with which they would do business, keep house, write or fight,—could be found in a few evenings by occasional glances at their way of taking food.

"The picture-galleries are a good resource in this line. There is much to bring out expressions of feeling other and deeper than the merely artistic. I have quietly followed a French group through several apartments of the Louvre, and found them, to the last, tossing off every picture that was not French, and flaring with gestures of delight at everything, good or stupid, that was the work of a compatriot. To make sure of their taste, they looked for the artist's name before looking at the painting. Was there a landscape in the gallery worth more than that tableau-vivant and little drama in one; at once individual in its intensity and national in its breadth? Could any other nation than the French have furnished it? A moral and mental attitude of the whole mass of the people was given there, as in an allegoric group. A year's residence could do little beyond discovering other forms of this one spectacle. It was like those portraits whose original you have never seen, but which you irresistibly know to be correct. In the picture-gallery, however, your chief study is, of course, the condition of the artistic sentiment; not, just now, as manifested in the pictures, but as manifested at the pictures by the visitors. The question is rather, what subject in art gathers the largest number about it? The answer to this involves moral as well as artistic traits. Of course, the 'manner' of the most attractive pictures must be noticed; as lights and contrasts often make the subject, even with the half-cultivated, a matter of indifference.

"In the car or boat, when, as is oftenest the case, the scenery is indifferent, you had better talk with your fellow-passenger than take your book or paper. With modest people, it costs a little nerve, sometimes, to break the silence. But, for one, I never met a foreigner, of any rank, who did not receive the advance with pleasure; and the 'silent,' 'surly' Englishman has proved as communicative as any other. And you never know but your companion will turn out the clear-cut type of a million. I remember a ride in the diligence, one morning, in the south of France with a young

fellow from Avignon. In the few hours we passed together he furnished, indirectly or directly, a sample of the entire class of educated young provincials of the South, as individual and son; and everything I have since seen or read of his kind, in fact or story, was anticipated then at the first source. You see it needs only few cases, but well chosen, to open up the thousands of any class. But you must not merely go to see, but to look; and not merely to look, but to observe, and to observe with some method.

"With the humble classes, your best way of drawing out little points of character is the one which also yields most knowledge on their resources for happiness and comfort—the other important topic. In crossing the mountains, relieve your friends occasionally of yourself, and take a little chat with the driver on the box, or as he trudges beside his team. So, ladies might show that interest in the maids who serve their rooms, in the poor washerwoman, the mistress of the petty shop. Ask these people about their families, about work, and wages, and rent, and food, in their neighborhood and class. Often their poor little story has deeper lessons for heart and life than the sight of the Arc de l'Etoile or Notre Dame. They are grateful for your interest in them. You brighten for the moment their poor little life, and widen for ever the circle of their thoughts.

"Places of public amusement and those of worship don't need mention; except that travelers visit them to see the spectacle, or the edifice, and seldom or never the people. So stupid! You remember Jones and Robinson at Cologne, in the Cathedral?"

"There's you, Mr. Fred," said Nelly, pointing to the tall fellow in the sketch. "That's you, 'striking for the biggest things.'"

"Ha!" grinned Fred. "Complimentary! He looks like a sick rooster trying to crow!"

Here Alphonse careered in upon us, with his delicious lemonades. Everybody beckoned him at once, caught the big tumblers with both hands, plunged deep the hydraulic straw, and then settled down gravely, sucking and spluttering and gurgling away for ten minutes, with eyes wandering around upon the others in benign and solemn vacancy. Lemonades and roast apples in turn, through the voyage, kept Alphonse on the trot for the saloon. Sidney Smith's conception of the depth of

human misery, as being "twelve miles from a lemon," was never better dramatized than when the reckless Fred announced, "The say the lemons have given out! Ladies, you're twelve hundred miles from a lemon! The Ohs! and Mys! and Graciouses! that pelted him! He might as well have haled Fire! But the confidential and self-important assurances of Alphonse, when he came to gather up the tumblers, put us again at rest.

"I think there's one thing," said the authoress, "that we Americans might better look at than palaces and galleries and Grand Expositions; and that is, family life in some parts of Europe. I know some families in Germany whose everyday life is an idyl. I believe that have the sweet novels of domestic life there, and only true narratives."

"I wouldn't wonder," I answered. "My own recollections of some Swiss homes are all that you suggest."

"My dear," said my wife, "here's a good chance to tell your story of the Genet. You haven't aired it for a month."

"I like your lively style of encouragement."

"Let's have it," said Fred.

"Well, I was out there when about your age, spending a few years, and had settled for awhile near Geneva; and one morning I thought I'd drop in upon a pleasant family of young ladies, who in company I had enjoyed several times a ready of an evening. The garden gate was opened invisibly at my ring, and the pretty walks and flowers and noble old trees tempted me to a little stroll before going to the porch. A gentle turn brought me unawares upon a bower and,—what I was always quoting in those days of *la belle* *jouvence*,—

'The two divinest things in earthly lot:
A lovely woman in a rural spot;'

in fact, two lovely women in a rural spot.

"'Mademoiselle,' with the best bow the blonde, petite Cécile. 'Mademoiselle' with ditto to Hortense, a brunette.

"'Monsieur,' in duet, and a duet courtesies, with down-drooping lids, especially those of the blond, which were long and soft, and purple-dark as the petal of violet.

"'Et madame votre mère, se porte-t-elle bien, ce matin, mademoiselle?'

"'Merci, monsieur, très-bien.'

"Et mesdemoiselles vos sœurs, de même?"

"Elles se portent bien, monsieur, merci. If monsieur would like to see them, we will go seek them, n'est-ce pas?" said Mademoiselle Hortense, laying her book upon the antique urn, while her sister, as I saw after leaving, began again the reading of her own."

"Warm welcome, that! That must be the Continental for snubbing, I should think," said Mrs. Johns.

"Of course, nothing was left for me but to follow, and we found the elder sister in the back parlor, busy with materials for sewing for the poor.

"You will let me keep on," she said smilingly, after the salutation. "We can chat, all the same."

"Meanwhile I had walked to the mantle to look closely at a strong pencil sketch upon it, and turning to ask Mademoiselle Hortense whose it was, I found she had flown.

"Hortense has run back to her studies."

"Were the young ladies studying there in the garden?" I asked.

"Oui, monsieur. Mamma keeps us all occupied during all the morning, at one thing or another. Cécilè and Hortense are reviewing their history."

"Mademoiselle Julie has not yet started for Genoa?"

"Non, monsieur; she is in the garden somewhere." No offer to pass me along, this time; but the little *ruse* in the bower was explained, and my ruffled vanity smoothed.

"While a domestic matter called away the young lady, I enjoyed a survey of the room; its colors and forms, all so quiet; the carpet of one moss-like green; a little dash of bright drapery here and there, loose upon a chair or a work-stand; books left as the reader dropped them—some half open on the window-sill or the arm of the sofa; a few pictures on the walls, not large, whose ideas were more impressive than their frames; chairs and tête-à-tête as the occupants had left them; music scattered on the piano; the parlor a genuine portion of the home,—of their own individual home,—utterly free from vanity, completely expressive of comfort, self-respect and the true *savoir vivre*. I omitted the gilding,—I should say gold,—about the room; not the American parlor article, but the rich south sunshine, spread in broad sheets upon the floor, the gauzy

curtains parting of their own accord to let it in.

"The entertainments in this home were charmingly simple. They never included many persons at once. Every friend of the family was welcome to drop in upon the tea, at his or her own sweet will. They went when they pleased, or they stayed; and they did what they pleased, or did and said nothing at all if they pleased; like the Professor in Literature I remember, who used to appear once a week, nodded to all around, and then buried his spectacles for the evening in the best book upon the table. However, he used to take a philosophic pipe with the father, of an afternoon, which excused this little eccentricity.

"Every one of these young ladies could entertain the visitors of the family in three languages, and knew something of the current books in each of them, and made better music than most young ladies in New York can do, and drew with talent—one of them with a degree of genius. Two of them gave several hours a week to classes of poor children; one was trying to impart some of her musical skill to a young friend in straitened fortune. Towards their parents, every action and sentence of the daughters and the sons expressed tenderness or reverence. 'Chère maman a un peu mal de tête.' 'Où donc est cher papa?'"

The breeze had been stiffening, and a rather lively lurch disconcerted my reminiscences, and threw Mr Fred and Miss Nelly a little closer together than before, as his camp-stool had been tilting for some time against the arm of her sofa. However, these young people did not seem seriously incommoded; and Mrs. Johns whispers to me that Nelly has found her prince before seeing a palace.

Suddenly Fred gave a hearty Ha! Ha! I looked up again, and found Miss Nelly leaning firmly up against the motion of another lurch, trying with all her might to "trim the ship;" and my wifeling, with face as grave as a captain off shore in a fog, taking on the same responsibility, all alone to herself. Fred voted to both, the thanks of owners, officers, passengers, and crew, and salvage on arrival.

"Now they've set the ship all right again," said Fred, "let's go on, Professor."

"Oh, I think we've gone on enough, for this time at least. I only wanted to show what rich material lies in that unvisited

field of travel, and how easily you can work it up.

"If you'd like a note to just such a family in Switzerland as I've been telling you of, I'll give you one with pleasure; and, in fact, another to a family in the Hague."

"Thank you. I would, indeed. You're very kind."

"You'll have something better than Genevan jewelry, Roman scarfs, bronzes, and cuckoo-clocks to bring home to your friends. You'll bring home something worth showing in your own heart and life."

"Yes, and maybe he'll bring home something worth showing, on his arm," insinuated the silvery voice from the furs.

Fred's sensitive face, always telling stories of what was going on within, brightened for a second with the mere tint of a blush, and gave a quick glance at Nelly's. Nelly caught Fred's look, and that set her off a-blushing.

"Didn't I tell you so, my dear?" whispered Mrs. Johns, without turning toward me, out of the left corner of her mouth.

"Tell me what?" I asked aloud.

"You stupid!" (out of both corners of her mouth). Then *pianissimo*, "They're in love, I tell you."

"Ah!"

Fred thought it must be about time to go on deck, to exercise for lunch. Nelly wondered what time it could be, and believed she would "go and get ready;" though what precisely for, none of us could see, as nobody was ever known to "get ready" for anything. She disappeared; and Fred, after taking her sofa with an air of indifference for a few moments, disappeared also in the same direction.

Our little group seldom gathered again in the saloon. The south wind blew mild and milder from day to day. Through the afternoons, not a cloudlet fretted all the broad blue of the sky, nor hardly a white-cap the blue of the sea. The ship moved on, as steady as a steamer upon the Hudson; so, every one was soon tempted up to enjoy the life of the deck. The three Italian merchants, in their slippers, kept shuffling lazily through an everlasting game of shuffles; a French priest and nun spent hours, side by side, on one of the settees, in brotherly and sisterly comfort together. Our authoress used to pass the afternoons, resting in her soft furry wraps and extension-chair, which Alphonse always arranged for her under the lee of the sky-light. She would be reading sometimes; sometimes

penciling her fancies, and then, for minutes, looking out and up into the blue glory, with eyes just closed enough to see the things invisible. Mrs. Johns had been as nearly right as most women know how to be, in praising another's beauty; the authoress was more than "handsome." Her face was rather dark than fair. Her square brow, the clear-cut, slightly aquiline profile, the elegant oval, gave it all womanly strength; the fine brown hair was parted simply away to the temples; the shadow of its broad curl upon the slightly fallen cheek, the dark hazel eyes, the sensitive mouth, gave that sweetness which the tender after-glow of a hope that is forever set.

The fat lady sometimes "made her appearance," as the Frenchmen say; always with a little jerky, snappy, yellow pup, that yelped like a toy-dog, and Fred named Ginger Pop. We never heard Madam call him to her by any word but Easy, which Fred said was "her French for Love." She thinks that's the popular pet name for dogs in France.

Fred and Nelly kept much together in the afternoons. With Fred, the morning he said, seemed to drag.

"Drag! and this your first voyage! Why don't you study up the ship, from her cock-bunkers and furnaces up to the main-mast-trees? Find out how the second-cabin people and the sailors lodge and fare. Study the ways, and get the stories of some of them for us."

"Good! Good morning, ladies! Bring your opera-glasses, and see me pose on the top-mast."

"Oh, Fred!" exclaimed Mrs. Johns. "Don't go up there! Well, they'll order you down."

"Well, after I've been up, wont I want to come down?"

He brought us back such accounts of wonderful discoveries, such descriptions of the tremendous engines, three stories deep, and of the two long rows of red, blazing furnace-mouths right down below us, that he scared the ladies out of their senses, and Mrs. Johns smelt fire three times the night and shook me up every time I investigated. He opened acquaintance with the surgeon, whom he settled as "a hearty fellow," and with the purser, a "jolly good chap." He borrowed two of the captain's books on Navigation, and I overheard him one day, making suggestions to that gentleman on the ship's headway and the weather.

One afternoon he took Nelly and Mrs. Johns away forward, hastening them a little by the hot, baked air of the smoke-stacks; then lingering awhile and leaning over the rail, to see life upon the deck below—a group of the uniformed officers conversing with the gentle voice and easy gesture of men of the drawing-room; the cook's boy with bare flying hair and flapping sabots, skating out of one door and into another, with a pan of smoking beans; a poor stoker, just up from the furnaces, rubbing the thick, black sweat from his brow with the back of his arm, his look fixed and brooding, as if his life had been wronged of something, he knew not what; then under the airy bridge where an officer is always walking to and fro, and never a passenger,—not even Fred,—ventures. At last, they reached the fore-castle deck. I knew it had slight protection for them on any side, and feeling a little anxious, soon added myself to the party. The two ladies stood in the middle of the deck, pressing close to each other, arm hugging arm, looking out shrinkingly upon the boundless, mighty expanse. I drew them to a seat on the big anchor, at one side. Except the look-out, who stood opposite, motionless as a stanchion, we were quite alone. Fred went to the point of the prow, leaning over to see the rush of waters below, or, standing erect and sweeping the horizon, his young graceful figure was marked clearly upon the blue sky. His every movement was watched by Nelly—sometimes, I thought, with just a little tender fear, sometimes with a look which, even to my dull eyes, seemed to say, He's a handsome fellow and he loves me.

He called to us to come and see the prow open its swift way through the waves. I had seen that sight fifty times already. Mrs. Johns was afraid of dizziness, but told Nelly to go. Fred took her hand in his, and led her to the front, where, still hand in hand, they gazed together away down at the swirls of silver-green that slide aside to left and right; at the crests of foam that wreath themselves away beneath the surface like the white limbs of a descending wraith; at the graceful sheaves that now and then leap up before the prow and fling off their million glittering grains; at the steady, headlong rush of waters under all this, which works its own will upon the brain, like the fascination of a great rapid. In a little while Fred brought

her back to her seat on the anchor beside us, and took a semi-horizontal position for himself, with elbow under him, at her feet.

We were all silent. Not a sound broke upon our reveries,—none from the grating screw, no throb from the engine, no voices of men,—not a sound but the falling swash of waves against the prow. Not a sail nor a wreath of steamer's smoke was visible around the whole horizon. The primæval ocean lay before us,—joyous now, but with a something stern, almost awful, in its joy, as a god of Æschylus might smile,—and into his presence we felt ourselves hastening as with the still, resistless pressure of a Fate. The feeling made one look back instinctively upon the ship, as if to scan the face of the dark, mighty power that bore us on. Mrs. Johns broke our silence with the Voice in the Ancient Mariner

What makes that ship drive on so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Fred caught the verse—he knew the poem by heart—and answered:

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"That must mean the steam cylinder," I said. "Poetry is prophecy, you know."

"Oh, Professor!" cried Nell.

"Well, it's just so," said Fred. "I never thought of it before."

Then we journeyed back to our friends upon the after-deck, and betook ourselves to reading or lounging, or chat with stranger passengers or to whatever took the whim.

Our two young people, as they seemed to grow more and more happy in each other's society, seemed to grow more and more content with that alone. Nelly's little matron almost lost sight of her during the hours of afternoon, but as the stern of the ship was a favorite haunt of my own in the quiet weather, I learned unwittingly a little of the progress of affairs with the two, who selected the same unfrequented spot. Sometimes they sat reading in silence their pleasant books, and sharing some bright passage with each other; sometimes, watching the wonderful motion of the sea-gulls and observing the soft, exquisite tone and symmetry of their colors; sometimes their eyes traced back the long, softly shining path which the vessel left behind it, stretching far as they could gaze, and along which memories glided homeward.

One day, after they had left their place for a brisk walk along the deck, and I was gathering up the shawl and chess-board and camp-stool to take below for them, I found, among half a dozen novels from the ship's locker, the half of an old *Atlantic Magazine*—the half that held a charming little love-dream of a poem. It was what Fred had just been reading to Nelly,—he read with an exceeding taste,—and he had marked the last verse, doubtless for her own eyes and heart to read after him; and I am sure her heart had read it after him, as a holy response; for there grew, in a day, so much of the woman upon the girl, in her face and ways; and besides, after she had deposited her confidences with Mrs. Johns,

that judicious woman transferred the deposits promptly to myself for safe-keeping. The betrothal ring awaited only parental consent and an order to the artiste in the Rue de la Paix.

At Havre, our little group of the saloon parted, but with promises to meet again. The sweethearts started at once for Paris in company with Nelly's friends, who had met her on the wharf, and with the authoress also, who was to stop at Rouen, to visit the cathedral. Mrs. Johns and myself remained a day or two in Havre, to rest ourselves at the fresh, well-kept Frascati, and to visit the fine aquarium—an arrangement which we benevolently commended to everybody else.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE WHITE AND COLORED RACES.

AN Act of Congress requiring the South poles of all magnets to attract each other, would not be a whit more absurd than one requiring education to be conducted on a race-mixture in the late slave states. Will politicians never learn that social laws are laws of nature, and hence invariable and inflexible, as well as physical laws? "Civil Rights," in any proper sense of the phrase, being conventional, may be made or unmade by arbitrary power; but natural laws being inherent and divine, can be controlled only by being obeyed. Power may destroy slavery, but it cannot destroy the social inequality which attended slavery, and which was founded not only upon an inequality of condition but upon subjective differences equally great. These subjective differences are not simply the class differences in moral, intellectual, and social culture, which are commonly seen where slavery exists, and which are very serious, as will presently be shown. Masters and slaves might be equal in those respects; indeed the slaves might possibly be superior, and yet a great psychological difference would still exist, which would place the two classes widely apart. The respective peculiarities of the two classes form a curious subject of study. But whether one studies the philosophy of the facts, or the facts without their philosophy, he is forced to see that the widest social abyss known among men is that created by

slavery, that this abyss yawns for generations after the repelling force has ceased to act, and that it can be filled only by the disintegrating work of time.

A difference of race widens the chasm, but it is by no means essential to it. Ishmael and Isaac were of the same race, yet their posterity have been mutually estranged for 4,000 years. "The son of the bond woman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman," is a natural law divinely announced, and it covers every form of inheritance. Could any possible circumstance enable society to forget the chains or disregard the collar-marks of servitude, the circumstances of various periods and particularly of the post-Augustan age of Rome would have sufficed. For while the masters gave themselves to sensuality, they turned over education to the slaves. With an eye to profit, the special talents of slaves were cultivated to the highest degree, and often brought the masters very large hire. Cassagnac tells us that Lucius Appulius, an eminent grammarian, brought his own 40,000 sesterces *per annum*—about sixteen hundred dollars. Many of the most eminent poets, philologists, authors, orators, rhetoricians, musicians, artists and teachers, were slaves. Plutarch and Xenophon testify that throughout Greece and Italy education was entirely in the hands of slaves. And

Mommsen tells us that the leading branches of business, even custom-houses, banks and counting houses, were largely carried on by slaves.

With this moral and intellectual superiority of the slaves over their masters, existed in most cases identity of race, and prevailed the leveling doctrines of Christianity. Philemon the master, and Onesimus the slave, became brothers in Christ. The rights of man were boldly asserted, and so generally accepted as to occasion an amount of voluntary manumission such as has never been known in any other age, and as really to destroy the prevalence of slavery. Never, never in all history were circumstances so favorable as then for the extinguishment of the odium of slavery, and for the social recognition of freedmen!

But was it so? Far from it. While in slavery, and as long as the fact of an enslaved ancestry was remembered, the slaves and their posterity were denied social equality, whatever eminence individuals might have reached. Although Æsop was called the preceptor of Greece; Terence, the most elegant writer of Italy; Plato, the profoundest of philosophers; Plautus, Phædras and Horace, immortal poets: yet all being slaves, or the sons of slaves, they felt the brand deeply. Plato himself flung at his own brethren those verses of Homer which declare that "a slave has but half a human soul:" and Horace cast into the face of his fellow-sufferers the sneer—"Money cannot change the race!" Long after the slaves had slipped their collars, "their necks remained with the hair rubbed off, like the dog in the fable." Diocletian became emperor, but his contemporaries hurled in his teeth—"You were a slave!" and so to emperor Pertinax they said—"Your father was a freedman!"

While a few freedmen, by their superiority and success, enforced a limited social recognition in the higher circles, the great mass of them were denied any standing whatsoever, and if Cassagnac is to be believed, they were at all periods forced, like lepers, to live apart from the rest of mankind, and became the great feeders, as they had been the founders, of the detested *proletariat*, whose filthy stream has defiled and burdened European society ever since.

Undoubtedly this treatment of ancient freedmen was a blunder and a wrong, from the effects of which European nations have been suffering ever since, and are suffering

to-day, in the forms of pauperism, crime, and communistic rebellions. And a similar course toward the freedman of America would produce similar results. But these facts are mentioned not to be adjudged, but to be considered as illustrations of the deep, inherent and universal social repugnance existing between the free-born and free-made classes of society: and similar illustrations might be drawn from every nation where these two classes have existed.

And the fact should be noted that in our day there are circumstances calculated to aggravate this repugnance. Prominent among these is the difference in race. With some small exceptions, the Africans are lowest in the scale of races, while the white Americans rank with the highest; and these Africans are everywhere thought of as the great slave-race of the earth. Wheresoever they are found away from Africa, they are either slaves or the children of slaves, and in their own land they enslave and sell one another as a prominent occupation. So that in this country the freedman carries in his face the history of his family, and the fact of his connection with a race whose history for 2,000 years is unrelieved by a single heroic passage, or even by an average degree of virtue, ability, or attainment of any sort. Then add to this the fact of recent emancipation, and that under the violence of a long and bitter war, which was occasioned by the negro; and then to all, add the facts of reconstruction and the political scourging under which many sections of the South are now suffering; and altogether we have almost every conceivable reason to expect a most aggravated case of social aversion on the part of the whites toward the colored races in our Southern States.

Much need not be said as to the social relations of the two races in the Northern States. Several generations having passed since the abolition of slavery in those States, there would naturally be an abatement of the feelings described above; and the recent contest between the sections, while widening this social gulf at the South, tended to lessen it at the North. In order to stimulate opposition to slavery, it was thought proper to exaggerate the doctrines of human liberty, equality and fraternity, to such an extent, that the negro became the pet of a large class of the people, and the leveling influence of these sentiments was felt extensively. This tendency

progressed the more readily, because the negro was not recognized as a power in Northern society. He was in nobody's way. He competed for nothing, formed no combinations, and controlled no state or city. But in spite of all this, the social repugnance between the races has not been obliterated anywhere, and is so strong even in the city of New York, that the negro children on their way to school are (or until very lately were) stoned in the streets by the white boys; and they could no more be mixed in its public schools than they could in the schools of Richmond. In Boston the mixture is barely tolerated, and the schools wherein it practically exists are avoided by large classes of the people. And as for promiscuous social intercourse, it is to be found nowhere on the continent.

It was no part of the plan of this paper to discuss the propriety of the aversion which the whites feel to intimate association with the blacks. But as was intimated in the beginning, it is not simply a matter of prejudice, of pride, or of taste. If all these could be overcome, there is *a moral reason* which of itself prevents co-education everywhere that negroes are numerous. They move on a far lower moral plane than the whites, as a class. Without going into particulars, it is enough to say that the average character and habits of these people render it highly proper in the whites to refuse to associate their children with them in the intimate relations of a school. It is only in kindness to an amiable people, that I refrain from giving revolting details.

It is well known that the promiscuous association of moral as well as social grades of children, constitutes the most objectionable feature in the public school idea, and school boards are compelled to shape their districts, particularly in cities, so as to separate the fouler classes as far as practicable from the more decent: but even under the best arrangements, it has been found impossible to make the public school system anywhere acceptable to all the people in any community. In the late slave states difficulties of this sort are peculiarly troublesome because of the influence of slavery in creating wide social differences, which at best disincline an influential part of the Southern people to support any general school system. If to this be added well founded moral objections, to say nothing of physical peculiarities, the

attempt to mix the races, which might otherwise be considered vain and foolish, should be regarded as base and malicious.

While it is true that public schools may possibly be made propagating houses for advanced social and political ideas, it is also true that just so far as they are so used, they are perverted and weakened, and may readily, and, in some cases, properly be destroyed by the operation. The object of schools is to instruct the children in certain branches of knowledge, and all school arrangements should be designed so as to contribute to this special result, and should be flexible so that they may be adjusted according to local circumstances. It is well known to school authorities that there are many established doctrines in education which cannot be carried out in all places. Theoretically, for example, all schools should be graded, but even where the numbers are sufficient for a graded organization, the previous habits of the people may render the scheme inoperative. In most communities school economy is greatly promoted by the teaching of boys and girls together: but if the local sentiment is so set against co-education of the sexes that they will not allow their children to attend a school where it is practised, it must not be attempted, except in a very cautious and gradual way. And yet there are always zealots clamoring for the enforcement of sound theories irrespective of circumstances.

No doubt we shall soon have a war against the separation of the sexes in education. We already hear that such separation is an insult to the understanding and feelings of the female sex, just as we hear that it is an insult to the negroes to separate them from the whites: the hobbyists not seeing that the champions of the male sex might reverse the statement, just as the champions of the white race might do. The mere fact of separation in either case means nothing but common sense school economy, which employs the most effective methods of educating the people of both sexes and of both races; just as railroad contractors put Corkonians and Far-downers on different parts of the work, because if put together they bruise each other, instead of building the railroad.

And just here we see in a moment the absurdity of the doctrine that the separation of races in education is an infringement of the civil rights of either race—for if it infringes upon the rights of either,

it does so on the rights of both equally. To admit such an idea is to break down all the distinctive arrangements of school economy. It would pronounce unlawful, not only the refusal to admit boys into a girls' school, and *vice versa*, but also the gradation of pupils according to advancement, and the refusal to admit or retain pupils who do not comply with the regulations. For the matter of separate schools for the races does not differ essentially from other school regulations intended to facilitate the educational object aimed at.

With far less reason during the late war there were colored regiments, and even German, Irish and Scotch regiments. In truth, when any great object is earnestly sought, there is none of this prating about liberty and equality. Men are classified to facilitate the result. Prejudice is a power which wise men utilize, and never unnecessarily offend. The English managed the Sepoy regiments until they ordered the men to bite the greasy cartridges, but then the Sepoys rebelled, and enormous mischief followed a wholly unnecessary disregard of superstitious prejudices.

This much the negroes may justly claim,—and that is enough,—that the public schools provided for them shall *be equal* in all respects to those provided for the whites. In order that these separate schools may be maintained there must be incurred a heavy extra expense, which will be borne chiefly by the whites; and as long as the whites are willing to do this, it is sufficient evidence that the co-education of the races is impracticable.

What then would be the practical result, as respects education, of the so-called Civil Rights' Bill, as originally introduced into Congress by Gen. Butler? Would it secure the co-education of the races? Impossible! Would education be facilitated in any way? It would inevitably be destroyed, as a public affair. Every State in the Union now has a school system for both races supported at public expense. How long would such a school system be maintained in the fifteen ex-Slave States? Just as long as would be required to go through the forms of law needed to destroy it! and no longer, except in those wretched states where the negroes and their allies dominate over the property therein. In those States some sort of system would be maintained for the benefit of the negroes, or at least money would ostensibly be raised for the purpose. As to this being

the practical result, there is no difference of opinion among men acquainted with the state of the case in these states. Everybody knows it, black and white; and, therefore, the blacks do not desire mixed schools, and the real friends of universal education do not desire it whatever may be their political theories. There are now more than a million and a half of children, white and black, in the public schools of the fifteen ex-Slave States. What would be the subsequent reputation of any statesman who would aid in passing a law, the only practical effect of which would be to turn these school children out of doors?

But what of the great future? Are we forever to go on thus? There is no need for us to solve social and economical problems for unborn generations. We have our hands full with the present. Do not let us spoil *our* work from the fear of setting bad precedents. Our children will be sufficiently progressive. The prejudices which disturb us now will run their natural course, and, so far as they are merely prejudices, will end. The tidal wave which may be omnipotent in its pride, sinks exhausted at last on the bosom of the deep. Unquestionably the tendency of mankind is toward the obliteration of race-distinctions, and it is seen in the brightest centers of civilization, as well as among the lately secluded peoples of the East. Some of the most cultivated Caucasians have declared their *preference* for a mottled society—or as an eloquent orator expressed it, for “a rainbow of colors on the social sky.” And in the most polished courts of Europe, not only has the Turk, the Japanese, the Chinaman and the Persian received the highest social recognition, but the same has been accorded to the despised African.

Hence, in arguing for the policy advocated in this paper, it is not done in ignorance of the tendencies of the race at large, or with any vain expectation that we can anchor here. Still less is there a disposition to deny to the negro equality before the law, or equal means of improvement with the whites. Nor is there a disposition to disparage the intellect of the negro, or to discourage him in his aspirations. Those who have chosen to trace back the Ethiopian race into the remote past, know that it too has had its heroic age; in which it led the civilization of the world. And those who have studied the remote causes out of which have grown the diversities in the human race, and the influences which

gradually depress or elevate any particular race or class of men, know that there is nothing in either the history or the present condition of the African race to preclude the idea, that in the great future it may possibly (though not probably) attain an equal rank in all respects with the foremost of the other races.

But the fullest admission of such facts and possibilities as these does not affect the truth of the declaration, that at least during the present generation the attempt to mix the white and colored races in the schools of fifteen States of this Union, is not only as impossible as to equalize socially the Brahmins and Pariahs of Hindoostan, but, if forcibly pressed, would defeat the general education of both races.

The true policy in this matter is to cul-

tivate with the negroes the pride of race to teach them that no promotion is reached which does not come from merit and achievements, and that while the contention for equality of rights is ennobling, every form of social presumption is contemptible and debasing. The history of the Jewish people from the beginning until now illustrates the peculiar power of race-segregation, and also its harmlessness. And the peculiarities of the negro mind and character fit the race for special development of rare interests. Is it too much to hope that profound thinkers may yet rebuke the vulgar spirit of miscegenation in all its forms, and evolve a scheme for preserving and improving the separate races of man in their purity?

AT LAST.

THE sun was setting behind the little port, and all the softened splendor of his rays was diffusing in a rosy gush across the sea whose great waves weltered lazily in that August night, their ruby masses breaking in lines of silver on the beach. Just vanishing in the purple bank of the horizon some sails had caught the warm flush and were glowing in it a moment ere they turned to the shadow; and a full moon was slowly swinging up the rim of her shield of silver in the east, to complete the calm brilliance of the scene.

But the group that clustered at a window looking out upon this view, was not much in accordance with its sweet and tranquil spell,—a group full of the small rancors and acrimonies of earth, except for young Tom, into whose nature had been strained something sweeter than was to be found in the ordinary Waite blood.

"A silly simpleton!" said Sister Waite, snapping her knitting-needles till they might have struck sparks, while she talked over young Tom's strange news. "And that's what she is!"

"A consumed old fool," said Mr. Waite, as if his language were a corrective to his wife's weaker English.

"And there's no fool like an old fool, as I've often heard you say," simpered Miss Amelia, while she looked down the shore

and twisted her long false curl into what that morning she had, by a singular inversion of the fashion, artistically sewed some gray hairs plucked from her own head. "I declare," she cried, "I declare it makes me sick!" And there was so much of the green and yellow in Miss Amelia's face that nobody would have doubted her.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" cried out Abby Morse. "Her wits have been wandering ever since Earl Warwick went away, I guess. I'll never forget that day she fainted in the choir when he came home from the wreck—such a slit as he made in my challis, and you know how that tears, criss-cross and quaternary corner like a blind man's walk! There's no such pretty goods to be had now. But there—just fancy it,—at her time of life! It's a sleeveless errand, a sleeveless errand, poor thing!" And she shook her head, though she looked down a woful perspective.

"Well," said Mrs. Waite, emphatically, "I wash my hands of her, and she'll sorrow, if ever any one did. It's nothing but her money, and you needn't say a word, Tom! Land sakes!—there they come! I shall give up! Just look at her face! Oh it's all John Anderson, my John. Married last night—well, I hope she won't repent it!" concluded Mrs. Waite.

in a tone that plainly meant she hoped she would.

"But for my part," cried Tom, winding up his narration, "for my part, I think it's beautiful!"

And what did Achsa care? The idle wind that blew about her soft thin hair was more to her now than any breath of theirs—unless it might be young Tom's. Forty years ago, perhaps—ah, forty years ago! Things had been very different with her then; she had been young and strong and gay; pretty, maybe, with the round rosiness of youth, dark braids just shading into black, and great gray eyes, and velvety lips that parted over little pearls of teeth—she had them yet, those pearly teeth; but as she looked in the glass it was not with a smile, and so she seldom saw them. Seldom, indeed, she looked in the glass at all, since she saw there now no vestige that was pleasant to her of the sweet young face whose wistful eyes gazed after Earl Warwick as he hastened down the lane that night, with all the apple-blossoms shaking off about him—that night he went to sea.

A time when Achsa had not loved Earl Warwick was a time she could not remember. They had kissed across the picket-fence the first day each had seen the little laughing face of the other peering above it; they had played together in the garden-beds, gone berrying in the fields and wading in the surf; she had divided her luncheon with him at school, and prompted him in his classes, and he had brought her May-flowers in the spring, and bulrushes in the summer, and nuts in the fall, and had dragged her up-hill on his sled in winter. And then they had gone to singing-school; and of course Earl came home with Achsa,—for they lived almost next-door to each other; and at length they sung side by side in the choir together, and their voices blended, her sweet treble and his golden tenor, like two sunbeams into one; and the people of the port who saw them fishing down in Melvyn's Channel, their boat rocking at anchor, used to look after them with good natured smiles and pleasant prophecies of what had not yet begun to trouble them. Thus in all that early time when the impressions are the strongest and take deepest hold on vitality, Earl Warwick was a part of Achsa's life. But in all their childish plays a wild element had mingled,—they were on rafts, in cyclones, on desert islands, exploring

the poles, fighting pirates; and what it meant appeared to Achsa as they came home from choir-meeting, one Saturday night, and Earl told her he was going to sea.

"To sea?" she cried. For she understood on all sides that his father had laid out a different path in life for Earl.

"To sea," said Earl. "Haven't I always told you I wanted to?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; but I thought you couldn't. I thought——"

"Why, what am I staying here for?" exclaimed Earl. "Father may hate it, if he will——"

"He says he had enough of it."

"Well, perhaps I may hate it, too, when I have had enough of it. Enough of it! I can never have enough of it!" he cried, breathlessly. "I see the great, rosy thing rolling in in the morning; I see it all gray and silver at night. Its voice is always in my ears. I long to rise and fall on those swells far out from land, as all my race have done before me; to see nothing but its stretch—to hear nothing but its wash."

"Yes, you ought to go to sea, Earl," said Achsa, sadly, looking down.

"Well, then, I've—got to run away."

"Run away!"

"Yes, run away. For father 'll never listen to a word I say about it. He's set upon my going into trade and marrying Mr. Jerson's daughter, and being a rich man——"

"And you?"

"I'm set upon the sea! I'm set upon the sea!" he cried. "I'm going to see the world—the round world; to have other stars over me at midnight!"

"Yes, it would be beautiful to do."

"But I'm coming back to you!" he said, turning and looking at her. "I'm coming back to you, for there's no one like you! You are so sweet, so good! And, Achsa—when I'm ashore——" And then he left a kiss upon those velvet lips, a different kiss from any ever laid on them before—another and another. And Achsa, all blushing in a warm, sweet wave of bliss, willing he should take the sea for his profession,—as she would have been to give him the moon, had he cried for it and she been able to pluck it from the skies,—was watching him out of sight.

When Earl ran up the little garden-path two nights afterwards, and cried, not exactly as Ulysses did:—

"There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail,
There gloom the dark, broad seas;"

but words of similar effect: "Good-bye, my little girl! I'm off; the *Bon nibel* is slipping her cable now, wind and tide in her favor, and I'll be outward bound for Singapore to-night!" Then Achsa shook from head to foot, and everything swam before her, and she was conscious only of his arms about her, and that he was calling her dear, tender names, and that he had gone at last, and left his ring on her finger.

All night she knelt at the window of her room in the roof, watching the ghostly shimmer of the sail that softly swept across the purple darkness of the waters, and down the far horizon's rim, praying Heaven to fill it with prospering gales, to keep her darling well, to bring him safely back—her darling, so handsome, so daring, so noble, so kind! And she was as white as the sail that she had watched, when she came down in the morning.

But when Mr. Warwick, who, as it chanced at that time, kept the village post-office, found that Achsa had known of Earl's going, he came out of his way, one day, to accost her as she walked along the grassy sidewalk; for, though he had always known of Earl's fondness for her, he had thought it prudent, having other plans for him, to take no notice of it, but to wait till it should blow over. Now he towered above her, swinging his cane, till it seemed to her that he was lifting his heavy hand threateningly, as he declared that none of her airs and graces should entrap one who was meant for her betters, with such an oath that the little, quivering creature took to her heels without a word of reply, and scampered home, where she threw her arms about her mother's neck, and sobbed out the whole story of how Mr. Warwick had insulted her, and how she believed she was engaged to Earl, and how she didn't know! And her mother comforted her, and told her father; and her father, who was one of the hapless sort that needs to rely on others, went and told his Daughter Waite; and Daughter Waite,—who had felt it incumbent on her, for some half dozen years, to say what Achsa should have to wear, and how she should behave in it, and had kept as good watch over her as she had been able through her rather distant windows, and had rather approved than otherwise of her intimacy with Earl Warwick,—said to him that certainly he was right, and, of course, it was no lookout at all for Achsa if Earl was going to follow the sea, and they had been badly used in

having the expectation kept concealed from them; and, for her part, she had always been led to suppose that he was going into trade, and that Achsa would have her own horse and chaise to ride in; and now she supposed they'd see the advantage of consulting her a little earlier next time! And the poor man found himself at his wits' ends presently, between his desire to make his pretty little Achsa happy, and his fear of his Daughter Waite's sharp tongue—a tongue that was the more effective because he had sometimes been obliged to have recourse to her open hand. And all that he knew how to do now was to use his best exertions to divert Achsa's thoughts from herself, and thus from Earl.

But the mother was less world-wise than the other two; and she and Achsa puzzled over the ship-news together, and when they happened to come across the name of a vessel that had spoken the *Bon nibel*, they cut out the item, and pinned it on Achsa's wall beside her looking-glass; and Achsa used to read it there morning and night,—it kept Earl alive for her,—and she chose the spot beneath it to kneel and say her prayers on, as if it were before a shrine with a heart as white and innocent as any devotee's. And Achsa and her mother used to talk about Earl, alone by themselves, and fix him on imaginary meridians now he had touched at St. Helena; now he was weathering the Cape; now he was among the Lascars and in Hindoo temples; now he was on his homeward track; now the pleasant winds and fair weather might bring him when they least expected it.

Certainly it was cruel that just at this time, just when the *Bon nibel* was nearly due, Aunt Goodenough, an uncle's widow who had lately been at Mrs. Waite's, and who had taken a great fancy to poor Achsa, should have sent for the child to make her a visit. Achsa more than suspected that it must be at her elder sister's instance, and though at any other time the journey would have been delightful, now she feared there was mischief in it—there more, indeed, when she found that her father had talked of selling his big silver watch to raise the ready money requisite, and Sister Waite had supplied it from her own purse—a purse that always had the "devil's penny" in it.

"Achsa's too pretty, mother, to throw away," said the father, as he discussed the matter with his wife in the watches of the night, winning, perhaps, the mother's

reason, but, by no means, her heart. "She can do better with herself. And, as Daughter Waite says, she needn't go into any family that wants to bar her out."

"Daughter Waite says anything but her prayers!" rejoined the mother, who was rather tired, she sometimes said, of singing second to Daughter Waite.

But the mother wholly pleased with the arrangement or not, the lumbering old stage coach, one day, took up Achsa and her father and a kit of mackerel, and left them at Aunt Goodenough's farm. And for a day and a night Achsa was in an ecstasy—an ecstasy over the dairy, over the great barn, over the comical fowls, over the large-eyed oxen; the fields were full of the new-mown hay; the roses were red under every old stone wall; the honey-suckles made simple breathing rapture; in the night she heard a golden robin open his throat with a sigh of such song as his first parents sang in Eden; and while it was still night she heard all the dark break up in music, and usher in the blushing day. She thought that life here with Earl would be Eden over again.

Achsa, of course, had not supposed it was intended she should stay after her father left, and suddenly all her pleasure in the place turned, as flowers turn in a black frost, and she was faint with an unknown fear, when, without any other warning, some one called out that the coach had come, and her father kissed her good-bye, and climbed to his seat and was off, all in less than two minutes. But she stifled her feeling; and perhaps an angry recognition of Sister Waite's hand in the business, and as angry a determination to get the better of her yet, assisted Achsa. She thought that, after all, she could safely linger a week or two, and brighten the solitude of which her Aunt Goodenough complained so much—and, on the whole, it would be all the pleasanter if there should be but little time to wait at home before the *Bonnibel* came in.

But how long the days were at the farm there now! Her eyes were blind to the beauty, she could hardly say that the birds sang still, she could only count the hours as the penitent counts her beads, with prayers. And when a week had somehow gotten by, she asked her aunt if her father had left no money for her homeward journey. But her aunt said he would send it shortly; and then she begged Achsa not to be impatient, and talked of her loneliness

with no young face to cheer it, and said that Achsa always put her in mind of her own Achsa who died not long ago, at just her age, and that in only looking at her she seemed to have her child again; and so she urged her in such sorrowful wise to stay, that Achsa's little heart, though bursting with impatience, was not hard enough to refuse her.

Nor was Aunt Goodenough playing a treacherous part, at least to her own conception of it; she did love the child, and wanted to take her for her own; and she thought if she could safely tide her over this affair, as her father had expressed it, it would be better for her in the end,—far better for her to be the heir of that rich farm than the wife of any roving sailor, with other wives in other ports, as her inland fancy painted it.

Nevertheless, though lingering yet, when one week had ended, and another had begun, and by and by a month had gone, Achsa felt sure the *Bonnibel* might any day arrive, and she burned with eagerness to be gone, though her kindness and her shamefacedness held her fast. These green meadows about Aunt Goodenough's farm had lost their novelty and had grown hateful to her too; she was thirsty with desire for the bright reaches of the sea with their morning and evening enamels of blue and rose and beryl, with their vast cool twilights and lofty stars, with their foamy fringes, their fresh winds, their music, their tumult,—she dreamed constantly of seeing one sail grow into being on the horizon, as a breath might become a cloud, and a cloud a living shape; she longed to be at home with her father's spy-glass, sweeping all the shining field below it, and giving her view, heart-leaping view, when he was yet a mile away, of Earl Warwick, standing in the shrouds and looking as eagerly to shore.

One day, when in the absence of the usual messenger, she had gone to the store for her aunt, she happened to hear mention made of somebody who was to sail for India soon in the good ship *Bonnibel*. Then of course the *Bonnibel* had gotten in! And she had not heard from Earl! Well, in a second's thought that did not trouble her much; she had not written herself, had not written because, glad as she would have been to have had a little labored letter there in waiting for him, she knew, that not he but another, had had the reading of it; since when letters came to others concerned in that long voyage no letter came to

her, and she and her mother had put their heads together then and decided what it implied, but had thought best to say nothing, for Daughter Waite made such a pother, the mother said, that least said was soonest mended, when she had a fish in the net! Doubtless Earl had written then, doubtless he had written now, and doubtless the postmaster of the little port had made a prize of all such writing. Still the matter could not rest here,—the *Bonnibel* was in, it seemed; when would she put out to sea again? Achsa was a timid little soul, and had never spoken the first word to another in all her days; but here were life and death in the balance, or as good as life and death to her. She plucked up courage, and with the signal of her fright flying on her cheeks, she asked the person speaking if he knew how long it was before the *Bonnibel* sailed. "To-morrow or the next day, my pretty maid," said he; and she thanked him mechanically and went out in a complete daze.

"To-morrow, or next day," she kept repeating, as she walked along. "To-morrow, or next day." And she went loiteringly, thinking the matter over, trying to ravel it by the right threads, and arriving by slow degrees at comprehension of the fact that she had been sequestered here that she might not meet with Earl while he was on shore, and might have time to outgrow her fancy—as if she could outgrow her own identity! As she thought of it, though her sense of wrong centered on her Sister Waite, the edges of the cloud for a little while overshadowed all those at home whom Sister Waite had found it so easy to persuade; but she could not bring herself to believe that her simple and honest Aunt Goodenough had understood the thing. And now it rushed over her, making her heart stand still, that unless she could get home before the ship sailed, she should not see Earl at all! And what would he think of her! It would almost break his heart! He could not know that she was the poor little victim of a well-meaning conspiracy,—that she had been ignorant of the *Bonnibel's* return. He would only know that she was off taking her pleasure elsewhere at the only time when she could have seen him, answering none of his letters, writing none. If he had not been made to suppose that, he would have found her out; he would have come all the way to see her; nothing but anger with her could have kept him away,

and she remembered what his old bursts of anger were at school, when, standing white and with blazing eyes, he did not even see her, and shook off her hand on his arm as if it were a raindrop. Oh, yes, she must see him now; she must be there to explain it to him! She would! What if he should sail away again, still angry with her? It was of no consequence that they had lost all the happiness of the little while he was on shore, if only his absence could be explained, and they did not lose all other happiness. She would not wait a day; he was her own, the darling of her soul, her other self; he never should think she had been false, he should not be sent away to suffer doubts and tortures,—and how could she endure another year without the sight of his dear face!

She went to her Aunt Goodenough without delay, and confessed to her the whole matter in broken sentences, starting up and turning away, and wringing her hands as she came back.

"You must give me the money to go home, aunt!" she cried. "I can't, I can do without seeing him! And when he is gone I will come again, and work it out, if you want me to."

"Oh, my dear, I don't dare!" was the response. "I'd like to! Yes, I'd like to! But I never should hear the last of it from your Sister Waite. And your father said Achsa, your Sister Waite said, they were keeping you out of harm's way. They never told me all this,—how was I to know it had gone on ever since you were babies! And I thought they knew best——"

"How can it be harm's way, you see, when Earl and I have loved each other all our lives?" she gasped. "Oh, don't let Sister Waite have her way; don't let her stand between me and the only happiness there is!"

Aunt Goodenough began to cry. "I shall tell your father it was a great mistake," she said, as if, so far as that would help Achsa, she was quite welcome. "And I shall tell your Sister Waite what I think of her—a meddlesome, domineering—but there! I passed my word, Achsa, I passed my word." Achsa's sobs were the only sound in the little room. "I'll tell you what," said the relenting Aunt Goodenough, "I can't give you the money, on account of my promise, you see; but I'll tell you where I keep my money,—and if you choose to go and take a gold piece why, I sha'n't sue you for a thief! Only

I expect you to return afterwards, and stay with me till the ship comes in again. You may as well always stay here when he's off on his voyages," said Aunt Goodenough, coaxingly. "You *are* so like my Achsa!"

Achsa kissed the kind hand that had fallen down listlessly as the dew gathered freshly in Aunt Goodenough's eyes that now were looking far away. But she was going to steal no money. She went to bed that night with the birds, and at three o'clock in the morning she was up and on her feet,—on her feet, and on her homeward way to the little port, feeling it quite safe so near as that to morning and the early farm-house stir. The night passed; star after star of all the wide mist of stars vanished in the gray; the gray melted into the flames of dawn; the sun rose; the gladly impudent chorus of the happy birds ceased; the business of the day had begun, and she still went trudging on. Now and then, as the morning advanced, she rested, but, tired as she was, sprang to her impatient feet again with the stinging thought of Earl; now and then she had a lift of a mile or two; but she walked the greater part of the day. Her feet were blistered, but still she limped on; the last part of the way, though, she had a longer lift than the others had been, in a wagon belonging to a party who were camping out upon the beach,—the drivers thought they had picked up a queer little body, with her silence, her eager haste, and, once in a while, her gush of tears as she saw the sun westering, and felt the evening wind rising and blowing in her face; and, at last, they set her down, as she directed, at her father's gate. She did not go in; she ran along the shore to the wharves, which were on the other side of the point of land a half mile away; ran, as well as she could, to the one where the *Bonnibel* was moored when in her place. The spot was empty,—just dipping down the distant sea a sail was glimmering. "Is it the *Bonnibel* you are looking at?" a sailor, lounging against the capstan, asked. "There she goes, now. She's had a fine start—there's always a wind for her sails; she's a lucky one, the *Bonnibel*!"

They wrote to Aunt Goodenough to know if Achsa was with her; they were not absolutely sure that they had seen her at home, only an angry apparition, a fierce and angry little apparition that had glared upon them one instant in silence, and then had vanished—a little foot-sore, heart-sore phantom of Achsa! But Aunt Goode-

nough wrote back that Achsa was with her, and neither of them ever said a word about the escapade; and there Achsa stayed till she grew so pale, and thin, and tired, that her reluctant aunt sent for them to take her home if they wanted her alive.

So, when the *Bonnibel* came in next year, Achsa was at home. She knew the ship was signalled; she knew it was making fast; she had watched for it with a fever in her face; and now she waited, sitting at the little woodbined window, under which the great white day-lilies blossomed and blew out their sweetness. She waited a long while; Earl Warwick did not come. Was he wrathful with her silent absence the year before? Could he really have doubted her, her love, her faith, her sincerity? Had he tired of her? Had he changed? Had he brooded over his apparent wrong during all the long voyages out and back, till he came to hate her? She waited, and watched, and wondered, and wearied—heart-broken at last. She dared not send or write, for fear lest with larger experience, he had ceased to care for her; and her pride was as much as her modesty. And one day she was ill, and the doctor came, and a wasting fever shut her away from Earl as effectually as Aunt Goodenough's farm had done.

The *Bonnibel* sailed again, and another year dragged along; and Achsa dragged herself through all its endless days and nights; just a spark of hope was left alive in her breast, to keep her alive with it. She felt that Earl, ignorant of facts, had a right to his indignation; she trusted that when he came she should have the chance to set it right. Pride should not stand between them any longer. She hadn't any pride, the poor little spiritless thing; she longed to see him, to look in his eyes, to be held in his arms again, as he held her once, that single instant under the apple trees, longed till the longing was an agony with which she waked and walked at night. She spoke of him to no one at home, for they had played her false, and could have no sympathy with anything she wished.

And that year the lucky *Bonnibel* lost her luck, and was cast away; and it was three winters before Earl, taken off the wreck by a whaler bound for the South Pacific, came home again. But home he came at last. One Sunday morning, when they were all in church, one sweet Sunday morning, full of sunshine and the breath of the sweet-brier, and when the

air was so still that you heard the hum of bees like a remembrance of the long bell-notes swimming on the ear, the barque to which he had been transferred dropped anchor in the harbor, and he, with others, came ashore. They were full of sailors' frolic over home and liberty; and just as they were, they sauntered into the porch of the little church, and looked at the congregation and listened to the music, and, perhaps, Earl Warwick looked at Achsa,—they could see the singers from that porch,—and he may have wondered how he ever could have felt that mad whirl of love and rage which he suffered when he came home from his first voyage, and found her gone, for such a worn and faded thing as she; for Achsa's bloom was lost, her face was thin, she wore a look of pain that attracted no lovers. If the anger had not still burned within him, that worn and faded look would have touched his heart to a yearning tenderness; but it did burn. Yet her voice was clear as ever. He shut his eyes and listened, as she sang, to the delicious notes of the old-fashioned hymn, with all its rises and falls and tuneful changes:

"Come, my beloved, haste away!
Make short the hours of thy delay!
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow!"

He heard the tremor that shook the voice, as suddenly the singer saw him as one risen from the dead; and then the music seemed to flutter, the voice ceased, and the chorister and old Nicholas came bringing her down in their arms; Abby Morse, who sang counter in those days, following, with palm-leaf and salts, behind. Achsa had fainted, and as they bore her past him standing in the porch, Abby Morse giving him a swift, indignant look, he saw her white and pinched, the beauty vanished, the bright smile fled; and he felt as though they were just carrying out to the grave some one who had died for him long, long ago.

He married Mr. Jerson's daughter a couple of months afterwards; and when he sailed again,—for they could not hinder that, and had to favor it,—he was the mate of one of the vessels in which Mr. Jerson was interested, and presently he was master, and, for all that could be seen, the world was going well with him.

And Achsa went into the country,—she had not thought she should come to that, but now it seemed a refuge,—went there to

spend the rest of her days with her Aunt Goodenough—dull days and dismal, with nothing to expect or hope; her father dead; her mother at Sister Waite's;—Sister Waite sharing the fate of many better things, of things that, at any rate, had once been sweet, and growing sorer as she grew older;—with the friends of her youth forgetting her; with the impossibility of abandoning herself to anything sufficiently to attract new friends, or to think much of them, if by chance they were attracted; with but few poorer than herself in the wide-spread country past to enlist her sympathies; with nothing but Aunt Goodenough and her ailments to care for, the minister and the sewing-circle to divert her, the hatching of chickens, the shearing of the lambs, the warping of the loom, to be interested in.

She did her best. She waited on Aunt Goodenough by inches. She read to her the Sunday papers, and volume after volume of church history, and polemics, and biographies of preternatural little saints; that the sweet old soul thought it right to have read, though she always went to sleep with the reading; she chatted with her about such flavorless gossip as there was; sang her off into dreams at evening, her chair, picked up her stitches, threaded her needles, kept the house in order; made pickles, preserves, ketchups, the currant and elderberry wines, distilled extra strong tied up herbs, and nursed Aunt Goodenough when her long winter illness came. Sometimes, in summer, she went into the fields and picked the sweet wood-strawberries; sometimes she joined the cowmen when he drove the cattle home; sometimes she took so wild an excursion as to go to sit in the woods, and let the silence speak about her like a new sense; sometimes, in winter, she slipped out in a soft snowstorm on the early edge of the evening, and walked a mile, thinking of storms upon the sea, and ships whose sails were sheathed whose ropes were stiff with ice. Thus year followed another, too much alike to be remembered separately. And she was happy—in a dreary sort of way; that she was not altogether unhappy.

Marvels came into her life too—mills did away with her spinning-wheel, and her loom, and when she went down to see them, as she did with the doctor, it was going that way, her Aunt Goodenough would not believe a word she told her, and advised a dose of thoroughwort to cure

her head; and, though Achsa took by stealth her little ride on the railroad that had stretched its wicked web over a goodly piece of Aunt Goodenough's farm, yet Aunt Goodenough never could be tempted to follow her example, and always maintained, when she saw the engine come snorting, and puffing, and shrieking along, that it was the old serpent in person. The old serpent had, somehow, a great deal to do with the innocent creature. The power did not exist that could persuade her to use a friction-match, she felt its brimstone-tipped end to be a part of the machinery of the infernal fires; and when she heard of gas,—this turning a stopcock, and flame leaping out of the wall,—and when she heard of the telegraph wire, she declared the thousand years of Satan had expired, and he was loose upon the earth. Of course they could work wonders,—who couldn't?—with hell-fire, said the good lady; and as Achsa read the papers with the burden of weekly increasing achievement, and weekly increasing crime, she half believed what her aunt said.

As the years went on, and when her mother had died, she attached herself closer to her aunt; she dared not think of losing her, it would leave her so utterly alone—it was all she had to love. Yet often, when Aunt Goodenough was asleep, and the wind was rising or the rain falling, she would remember it as she used to hear it in her little room at home where the rain fell on the roof, would remember the rising wind down where it met the waves and lashed them on the shore; and then life seemed a desert that she could not cross: she wondered why she had been born, the world was so full of misery she wondered why any one was born, and then she cried a little, aimlessly, and without positively conscious cause, but in a low-spirited way to keep company with the rain and the leaden sky that was like her gray and leaden life. At such times, if it were morning, there appeared no reason why she should rise, and all day she longed for forgetfulness, and she said to herself she had better be dead than alive. But the mood would pass, and the colorless content would come again; and sometimes there was a new missionary field open, for which she could sew, or knit endless stockings, in her old aunt's name; and there were the evening prayer-meetings, and there were visits, in his school vacations, from her young grand-nephew, young

Tom Waite, of whom she was getting fond.

Thus week followed week; week followed week and year followed year. Ten years passed, twenty years, thirty years. Forty years passed, and Achsa was sixty years old and over; she was sixty-two when her Aunt Goodenough died at ninety. Sitting in her straight chair in the chimney-corner, her aunt had called Achsa to her one night, and, as she kneeled at her side, had turned her face to the fire and peered into it curiously. "Are you really my Achsa?" she said. "I thought she was a rosy-faced young girl. No indeed; you are not my Achsa at all—what could have made me think so? You are only an old woman!" And Achsa felt in her shaking, aching heart that she was no longer anything to anybody! She was no longer anything to Aunt Goodenough—for the kind soul passed away that night in her sleep, and left poor Achsa doubly desolate.

Yet, on the whole, Achsa's life, after the shock of its youth, had been a gentle one, without work, or exposure, or want; only the one want, written in her face. That face was but slightly wrinkled—a sweet face still; the shadowy hair, though so thin it needed its bit of sheltering muslin, had scarcely changed color yet, and the eyes, though sunken, were soft and clear; yet no one would have supposed her a day younger than she was, only all would have thought her age was something very lovely.

Her Aunt Goodenough had left her her property, and perhaps it was in view of that fact that, when everything was settled and the sting of death a little soothed, her Sister Waite had invited her to her native place, where, since her mother's burial, she had not set her foot. But Achsa had kindly declined the invitation; she was full of longing to see the place, but not through Sister Waite's glasses; and with her heart beating up as wildly as a girl's, she went to a house where she found she could be sheltered for a month, while she noted the changes everywhere but on the ever changeless sea. Her heart was sore every moment of her stay; she thought she had outlived all her youthful enthusiasms and follies; but the color of the sunrise tide, the rainbows in the foam, the sails far out against the sky, all filled her with the old pain of her youth, and she wished she had not come, and resolved to go away. Yet the fascination of the place was fateful;

and while she staid she could not keep her footsteps from the beach.

She was sitting there one evening before sunset, at the close of her first week, writing with her sunshade's point in the sand, when a hand stretched before her and took the sunshade away and began to write, and then threw it down impatiently.

"It's a long long time, Achsa, since you and I were on this beach together," said a voice that sent a shiver thrilling through her; and she knew, before she turned and looked, that it was Earl,—knew it after that long, aching look, though the face was weatherbeaten, and the hair was gray.

"A long time, Earl," she said in trembling tones.

"And you have never married, I hear," he said.

"Oh, no!" she answered, drawing in her breath with an unconscious sigh.

"And I am all alone again," he said.

Then she rose, and they walked quietly home together saying little, saying little, as if there were a possibility yet of saying too much, talking only of the commonplaces of their lives, as though there were no past between them. "I never supposed that I could speak with Earl Warwick again and be so calm," she thought that night. "The tides are all gone out!" And she fell on her knees beside her bed, and cried as we think only the young can cry.

But the next evening she was on the beach again, when Earl Warwick came to meet her. "I am an old fool," she said to herself; but for all that, she went forward. He gave her his arm, for he was the stronger still, and they strolled along, once in a while speaking of their far remote childhood, but not of the years between, as they watched the red August sun go down.

"Our sun is sinking almost as swiftly," he said.

"But it has shone brightly for you, I hope," she answered.

"Not so!" he said with a sudden bitterness, very different from the idle tone in which he had been speaking, "Luck forsook me when you did, Achsa. I lost ship after ship; my home was a misery; I am old, as you see me, before my time; and though now that I have done with it the sea fills me with a horror, I cannot keep away from its shores!"

"You are not old, Earl," she said. To her he wore an ever-enduring youth, and she seemed to see the lover of her girlhood under this sad mask.

"An old hulk thrown on the sand! Luck forsook me when you did, Achsa," he repeated.

"I never forsook you, Earl," she said sorrowfully. And speaking, she drew from her breast the little cord she always wore and he saw suspended on it the plain gold ring that once he gave her, and that she rubbed itself thin against her heart.

He took it and looked at it questioning; and as he looked Achsa told him in a dozen words the truth she had never had the chance to speak before.

"We have been cheated out of forty years of happiness," he said. "Out of home and children and blessed memories. Achsa—is it too late to take what we may have before us yet?"

She hesitated,—not with the remote idea that folks might laugh at her, or call her foolish names; but because, even now in his gray hair, he looked so young and strong to her, it seemed too selfish to let him waste himself on one so old as she. And yet,—to pick up the dropped threads and weave some bright new lines into the fabric of her life before the senses dulled to be together for a score of years perhaps still; to have him and happiness once more to have him to love, to comfort, to worship, to warm her empty heart; to have the blessing of caring for, and solacing his old age! And who in the world was there she loved so well, so well as Earl after all the pitiful years!

Is there ever a time when the cherished dream loses its charm? Are we ever old that we cannot enjoy possession of the long-deferred boon? Before she dared look up, he had slipped the ring upon her finger, and they were sitting side by side, hand in hand upon the beach, and the future seemed to stretch beyond the like the lane of moonlight upon the water, a path of glory into heaven.

"We are so old, we have lost so much. We need not wait another day," said Earl. "Will you marry me at once, Achsa? I bought your father's house long ago, and there we can go back together for the rest of our lives,—the day-lilies are blooming under the woodbined window yet."

Young Tom Waite, just home in the long vacation of his second college year, met them coming from the minister's the next night; they stopped and told him what had happened, and he bent and kissed his aunt's face where a white clear light was beaming, as if shed from a halo, and then

tears were in his eyes as he thought of all those long years, and thought of a little girl he had left a moment since. "Sympathy and love and peace," he said to himself sentimentally, as he walked along,—Tom was a sophomore at Bowdoin,—"they are just as good at sixty as at twenty!" And the next day, in telling the news at home, having waited till afternoon, that Achsa might have the secret of her happi-

ness to enjoy by herself a single day: "I never," said young Tom, "I never saw anything so beautiful as the thankfulness with which they were taking their right after Fate had kept them out of it so long! You may laugh, if you want to, Aunt Amelia, at their age, and all that, but to me it was a sight as lovely and as pathetic as when you see the old moon in the young moon's arms!"

THE BRICKLAYERS.

"Ho, to the top of the towering wall!"—
 'Tis the master-mason's rallying call;—
 "To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;
 'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime!
 Bring to your work good muscle and brawn;
 And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn:
 Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel!
 Smoother than glass from point to heel;—
 Now, steady and clear, from turret and port,
 Ring out your challenge; '*Mort' O mort'!*'
 "Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Music with labor and art combine;—
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
 But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!"

Cheery as crickets all the day long,—
 Lightening labor with laugh and song;—
 Busy as bees upon angle and pier,—
 Piling the red blocks tier upon tier;—
 Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun;—
 Prouder than kings of the work they have done!
 Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
 Till men are but children and pigmies below;
 While the master's order falls ringing and short,
 To the staggering carrier, "*Mort' O mort'!*"
 "Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Music with labor and art combine;—
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
 But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!"

Who are the peers of the best in the land—
 Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
 They of the brick-reddened, mortar-stained palms,
 With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
 Builders of cities and builders of homes—
 Propping the sky up with spires and domes;—
 Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
 Legends of toil for the eyes of Time!
 So that the ages may read, as they run,
 All that their magical might has done!
 So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Work by the master's word and sign;—
 'Brick upon brick, lay them up quick!
 But lay to the line, boys; lay to the line!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

THAT a new king should arise "over Egypt, which knew not Joseph," was but the natural order of events. The wonder is that nothing less than the death of one Pharaoh, and the succession of another, could oust a favorite from his position. Statesman or author, that public man is fortunate, who does not find himself subjected to the neglectful caprices of his own generation, after some time be past and the duration of his influence unusually prolonged. There is a law founded in our dread of monotony, in that weariness of soul which we call *ennui*—the spiritual counterpart of a loathing which even the manna that fell from heaven at last bred in the Israelites: a law that affects, as surely as death, statesmen, moralists, heroes,—and equally the renowned artist or poet. The law is Nature's own, and man's perception of it is the true apology for each fashion as it flies. But Nature, with all her changes, is secure in certain noble, recurrent types, and so there are elevated modes of art, to which we sometimes not unwillingly bid farewell, knowing that after a time they will return, and be welcome again and forever.

At present we have only to observe the working of this law with respect to the acknowledged leader, by influence and laurelled rank, of the Victorian poetic hierarchy. He, too, has verified in his recent experience the statement that, as admired poets advance in years, the people and the critics begin to mistrust the quality of their genius, are disposed to revise the laudatory judgments formerly pronounced upon them, and, finally, to claim that they have been overrated, and are not men of high reach. Such is the result of that long familiarity whereby a singer's audience becomes somewhat weary of his notes, and it is exaggerated in direct ratio with the potency of the influence against which a revolt is made. In fact, the grander the success the more trying the reaction. It is what the ancients meant by the envy of the gods, unto which too fortunate men were greatly subjected. Alternate periods of favor and rejection not only follow one another in cycles, by generations, or by centuries even; but the individual artist, during a long career, will find himself tested by minor perturbations of the same

kind, varying with his successive achievements, and the varying conditions of atmosphere and time.

The influence of Alfred Tennyson has been almost unprecedentedly dominant, fascinating, extended, yet of late has somewhat vexed the public mind. Its reposeful charm has given it a more secure hold upon our affections than is usual in this era, whose changes are the more incessant because so much more is crowded into a few years than of old. Even of this serene beauty we are wearied; a murmur arises, rebellion has broken out; the laureate irreverently criticised, suspected, no longer worshiped as a demi-god. Either because he is not a demi-god, or that through long security he has lost the power to take the buffets and rewards of fortune "with equal thanks," he does not move entirely contented within the shadow that for the hour has crossed his triumphal path. The little poem, "A Weed," is the expression of genuine grievance: his plant, at first novel and despised, grew into a superb flower of art, was everywhere glorious and accepted, yet now is again pronounced a weed because the seed is common, and men weary of a beauty too familiar. The petulance of these stanzas reveals a less edifying matter, to wit—the failure of their author in submission to the inevitable, the lack of a philosophy which he is not slow to recommend to his fellows. If he verily hears "the roll of the ages," as he has declared in his answer to "A Spiteful Letter," why then so restive? Why not recognize, even in his own case, the benignity of a law which, as Socrates said of death, must be a blessing because it is universal? He himself has taught us, in the wisest language of our time, that

"God fulfills himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

No change, no progress. Better to decline if need be, upon some inferior grade, than all methods may be tested. Ultimately disgust of the false will bring a reaction to something good as the best which has been known before.

Last of all, the world's true and enduring verdict. In calmer moments the laureate must needs reflect that a future age will look back, measure him as he is, and

compare his works with those of his contemporaries. To forestall, so far as may be this steadfast judgment of posterity, is the aim and service of the critic. Let us separate ourselves from the adulation and envy of the moment, and search for the true relation of Tennyson to his era—estimating his poetry, not by our appetite for it, but by its inherent quality, and its lasting value in the progress of British song.

There have been few comprehensive reviews of Tennyson's poetical career. The artistic excellence of his work has been, from the first, so distinguished that lay critics are often at a loss how to estimate this poet. We have had admirable homilies upon the spirit of his teachings, the scope and nature of his imagination, his idyllic quality—his landscape, characters, language, Anglicanism; but nothing adequately setting forth his technical superiority. I am aware that professional criticism is apt to be unduly technical; to neglect the soul, in its concern for the body, of art. My present effort is to consider both; nevertheless, with relation to Tennyson, above all other modern poets, how little can be embraced within the limits of an essay! The specialist-reviewer has the advantage of being thorough as far as he goes. All I can hope is to leave no important point untouched, though my reference to it may be restricted to a single phrase. This article, therefore, is rather the manual for a study of Tennyson than a study in itself. Quotations are not to be thought of; but every line of his poetry is in every household; besides, where so much is faultless, who shall decide at what length and when to quote?

II.

It seems to me that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declares him to be, by eminence, the representative poet of the recent era. Not, like one or another of his compeers, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phase of the era, but of the time itself, with its diverse elements in harmonious conjunction. Years have strengthened my belief that a future age will regard him, independently of his merits, as bearing this relation to his period. In his verse, he is as truly "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," of the Victorian generation in the Nineteenth

Century, as Spenser was of the Elizabethan court, Milton of the Protectorate, Pope of the reign of Queen Anne. During his supremacy there have been few great leaders, at the head of different schools, such as belonged to the time of Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats. His poetry has gathered all the elements which find vital expression in the complex modern art.

Has the influence of Tennyson made the recent British school, or has his genius itself been modified and guided by the period? It is the old question of the river and the valley. The two have taken shape together; yet the beauty of Tennyson's verse was so potent from the first, and has so increased in potency, that we must pronounce him an independent genius—certainly more than the mere creature of his surroundings.

Years ago, when he was yet comparatively unknown, an American poet, himself finely gifted with the lyrical ear, was so impressed by Tennyson's method, that, "in perfect sincerity," he pronounced him "the noblest poet that ever lived." If he had said "the noblest artist," and confined this judgment to lyrists of the English tongue, he possibly would have made no exaggeration. Yet there have been artists with a less conscious manner and a broader style. The laureate is always aware of what he is doing; he is his own *daimon*—the inspirer, and controller, of his own utterances. He sings by note, no less than by ear, and follows a score of his own inditing. But, acknowledging his culture, we have no right to assume that his ear is not as fine as that of any poet who gives voice with more careless rapture. His average is higher than that of other English masters, though there may be scarcely one who in special flights has not excelled him. By Spencer's law of progress, founded on the distribution of values, his poetry is more eminent than most which has preceded it.

I have inferred that the very success of Tennyson's art has made it common in our eyes, and rendered us incapable of fairly judging it. When a poet has length of days, and sees his language a familiar portion of men's thoughts, he no longer can attract that romantic interest with which the world regards a genius freshly brought to hearing. Men forget that he, too, was once new, unhackneyed, appetizing. But recall the youth of Tennyson, and see how complete the revolution with which he has,

at least, been coeval, and how distinct his music then seemed from everything which had gone before.

He began as a metrical artist, pure and simple, and with a feeling perfectly unique—at a long remove, even, from that of so absolute an artist as was John Keats. He had very little notion beyond the production of rhythm, melody, color, and other poetic effects. Instinct led him to construct his machinery before essaying to build. Many have discerned, in his youthful pieces, the influence of Wordsworth and Keats, but no less that of the Italian poets, and of the early English balladists. I shall hereafter revert to "Oriana," "Mariana," and "The Lady of Shalott," as work that in its kind is fully up to the best of those modern Pre-Raphaelites who, by some arrest of development, stop precisely where Tennyson made his second step forward, and now censure him for having gone beyond them.

Meaningless as are the opening melodies of his collected verse, how delicious they once seemed, as a change from even the greatest productions which then held the public ear. Here was something of a new kind! The charm was legitimate. Tennyson's immediate predecessors were so fully occupied with the mass of a composition that they slighted details: what beauty they displayed was not of the parts, but of the whole. Now, in all arts, the natural advance is from detail to general effect. How seldom those who begin with a broad treatment, which apes maturity, acquire subsequently the minor graces that alone can finish the perfect work! By comparison of the late and early writings of great English poets,—Shakespeare and Milton,—one observes the process of healthful growth. Tennyson proved his kindred genius by this instinctive study of details in his immature verses. In marked contrast to his fellows, and to every predecessor but Keats,—“that strong, excepted soul,”—he seemed to perceive from the outset that *Poetry is an art, and chief of the fine arts: the easiest to dabble in; the hardest in which to reach true excellence*; that it has its technical secrets, its mysterious lowly paths that reach to ærial outlooks—and this no less than sculpture, painting, music, or architecture, but even more. He devoted himself, with the eager spirit of youth, to mastering this exquisite art, and wreaked his thoughts upon expression, for the expression's sake. And what else should

one attempt, with small experiences, little concern for the real world, and less observation of it? He had dreams rather than thoughts; but was at the most sensitive period of life with regard to rhythm, color, and form. In youth feeling is indeed “deeper than all thought,” and responds divinely to every sensuous confrontation with the presence of beauty.

It is difficult now to realize how chaotic was the notion of art among English verse makers, at the beginning of Tennyson's career. Not even the example of Keats had taught the needful lesson, and I look upon his successor's early efforts as of no small importance. These were dream experiments in meter and word-painting, and spontaneous after their kind. Readers sought not to analyze their meaning and grace. The significance of art has since become so well understood, and such results have been attained, that “Claribel,” “Lilian,” “The Merman,” “The Dying Swan,” “The Owl,” etc., seem slight enough to us now; and even then the affectation pervading them, which was merely the error of a poetic soul groping for its true form of expression, repelled men of severe and established tastes; but to the neophytes they had the charm of sighing winds and babbling waters, a wonder of luxury and weirdness, inexpressible, not to be effaced. How we lay on the grass, in June, and softly read them from the white page! This day, what lyrics better hold their own than “Mariana” and the “Recollection of the Arabian Nights.” In these pieces, however, as in the crude yet picturesquely “Ode to Memory,” the poet exhibits some distinctness of theme and motive, and, in a word, seemed to feel that he had something to express, if it were but the arabesque shadows of his fancy-laden dreams. Of a mass of lyrics, sonnets, and other metrical essays, published theretofore,—some contained in the *Poems of Two Brothers* (1827), and others in the original volume of 1830,—I say nothing for they show little of the purpose that characterizes the few early pieces which our poet himself retains in his collected works. One of them, “Hero and Leander,” is too good in its way to be discarded; the greater number are juvenile, often imitative, and the excellent judgment of Tennyson is shown by his rejection of all that have no true position in his lyrical rise and progress.

The volume of 1832, which began with

"The Lady of Shalott," and contained "Eleānore," "Margaret," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "The May Queen," "Fatima," "The Lotos-Eaters," and the "Dream of Fair Women," was published in his twenty-second year. All in all, a more original and beautiful volume of minor poetry never was added to our literature. The Tennysonian manner here was clearly developed, largely pruned of mannerisms. The command of delicious meters; the rhythmic susurrus of stanzas whose every word is as needful and studied as the flower or scroll of ornamental architecture—yet so much an interlaced portion of the whole, that the special device is forgotten in the general excellence; the effect of color, of that music which is a passion in itself, of the scenic pictures which are the counterparts of changeful emotions;—all are here, and the poet's work is the epitome of every mode in art. Even if these lyrics and idyls had expressed nothing, they were of priceless value as guides to the renaissance of beauty. Thenceforward slovenly work was impossible, subject to instant rebuke by contrast. The force of metrical elegance made its way and carried everything before it. From this day Tennyson confessedly took his place at the head of what some attempt to classify as the art-school: that is, of poets who largely produce their effect by harmonizing scenery and detail with the emotions or impassioned action of their verse.

The tendency of his genius was revealed in this volume. The author plainly was a college-man, a student of many literatures, and, though an Englishman to the core, alive to suggestions from Italian and Grecian sources. His Gothic feeling was manifest in "The Lady of Shalott" and "The Sisters;" his classicism in "Oenone;" his idyllic method, especially, now defined itself, making the scenery of a poem enhance the central idea—thought and landscape being so blended that it was difficult to determine which suggested the other.

I have elsewhere examined with some care the relations between Tennyson and Theocritus, and the general likeness of the Victorian to the Alexandrian period, and do not propose to review this special ground. Enough to say that the Greek influence is visible in many portions of the volume of 1832, sometimes through almost literal translations of classical passages. "Oenone"

modeled upon the new-Doric verse, ranks with "Lycidas" as an Hellenic study. While this most chaste and beautiful poem fascinated every reader, the wisest criticism found more of genuine worth in the purely English quality of those limpid pieces in which the melody of the lyric is wedded to the sentiment and picture of the idyl: "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." More dewy, fresh, pathetic, native verse had not been written since the era of "As You Like It" and "A Winter's Tale." During ten years, this book accomplished its auspicious work, until the author's fame and influence had so extended that he was encouraged to print the volume of 1842, wherein he first gave the name of idyls to poems of the class that has brought him a distinctive reputation.

At the present day, were this volume to be lost, we possibly should be deprived of a larger specific variety of Tennyson's most admired poems than is contained in any other of his successive ventures. It is an assortment of representative poems. To an art more restrained and natural we here find wedded a living soul. The poet has convictions: he is not a pupil but a master, and reaches intellectual greatness. His verses still bewitch youths and artists by their sentiments and beauty, but their thought takes hold of thinkers and men of the world. He has learned not only that art, when followed for its own sake, is alluring, but that, when used as a means of expressing what cannot otherwise be quite revealed, it becomes seraphic. We could spare, rather than this collection, much which he has since done: possibly "Maud"—without doubt, idyls like "Sea-Dreams" and "Aylmer's Field." Look at the material structure of the poetry. Here, at last, we observe the ripening of that blank-verse which had been suggested in the "Oenone." Consider Tennyson's handling of this measure—the domino of a poetaster, the state garment of a lofty poet. It must be owned that he now enriched it by a style entirely his own, and as well-defined as those already established. Foremost of the latter was the Elizabethan, marked by freedom and power, and never excelled for dramatic composition. Next, the Miltonic or Anglo-Epic, with its sonorous grandeur and stately Roman syntax, of which "Paradise Lost" is the masterpiece, and "Hyperion" the finest specimen in modern times. That it really has no

place in our usage is proved by the fact that Keats, with true insight, refused, after some experience, to complete "Hyperion" on the ground that it had too many "Miltonic inversions"—meanwhile blank-verse had been used for less imaginative or less heroic work; notably, for didactic and moralizing essays, by Cowper, Wordsworth, and other leaders of the contemplative school.

Tennyson's is of two kinds, one of which is suited to the heroic episodes in his idyllic poetry—the first important example being the "Morte d'Arthur," which opened the volume of 1842, and is now made a portion of the *Idyls of the King*. I hold the verse of that poem to be his own invention, derived from the study of Homer and his natural mastery of the Saxon element in our language. Milton's Latinism is so pronounced as to be un-English; on the other hand, there is such affinity between the simple strength of the Homeric Greek and that of the English in which Saxon words prevail that the former can be rendered into the latter with great effect. Tennyson recognizes this in his prelude to "Morte d'Arthur," deprecating his heroics as "faint, Homeric echoes, nothing worth." But almost with the perusal of the first two lines,

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea."

we see that this style surpasses other blank-verse in strength and condensation. It soon became the model for a score of younger aspirants; in short, impressed itself upon the artistic mind as a new and vigorous form of our grandest English measure.

The other style of Tennyson's blank-verse is found in his purely idyllic pieces—"The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "Godiva," and, upon a lower plane, such eclogues as "Audley Court" and "Edwin Morris." "St. Simeon Stylites" and "Ulysses" has each a special manner. In the first-named group, the poet brought to completeness the Victorian idyllic verse. The three are models from which he could not advance: in surpassing beauty and naturalness unequalled, I say, by many of his later efforts. What Crabbe essayed in a homely fashion, now, at the touch of a finer artist, became the perfection of rural, idyllic tenderness. "Dora" is like a Hebrew pastoral, the paragon of its kind, with not a quotable detail, a line too much

or too little, but faultless as a whole. Who can read it without tears? "Godiva" and "The Gardener's Daughter" demand no less praise for descriptive felicity of another kind. But, for virile grandeur and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank-verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches the "Ulysses" in conception, imagery, and thought, and royally imaginative, and the assured hand is Tennyson's throughout.

I reserve for later discussion the poet's general characteristics, fairly displayed in this volume. The great feature is its comprehensive range; it includes a finished specimen of every kind of poetry within the author's power to essay. The variety is surprising, and the novelty was no less so at the date of its appearance. Here is "The Talking Oak," that marvel of grace and fancy, the nonpareil of sustained lyric in quatrain verse; as exquisite in filagree work as "The Rape of the Lock," with an airy beauty and rippling flow, compared with which the motion of Pope's couplet is that of partners in an eighteenth century minuet. Here is the modern lover reciting "Locksley Hall," which, despite its sentimental egoism and consolation of the heart by the head, has fine metrical quality, is fixed in literature, and furnishes genuine illustrations of the poet's time. In "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of Sin" the excess of his speculative intellect makes itself felt; but the second of these seems to me a strained and fantastic production for which very reason, perchance, it drew the attention of semi-metaphysical persons who have no perception of the true mission of poetry, and, by a certain affectation, mistaken for subtilty, has excited more comment and analysis than it deserves. "The Day Dream," like "The Talking Oak," gives the poet an opportunity for dying falls, mellifluous cadences, and delicately fanciful pictures. The story is made to his hand; he rarely invents a story, though often, as in the last-named poem, chancing upon the conceit of a dainty and original theme. Here, too, are "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Edward Gray," each a simple, crystalline and flawless ballad. Nor has Tennyson ever composed, in his minor key, more enduring and suggestive little songs than "Break, break, break!" and "Flow down, colorivulet, to the sea!" both, also, in this volume. His humor, which seldom becomes him, is at its best in that half per-

sive, half rollicking, wholly poetic composition, dear to wits and dreamers, "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue." In this collection, too, we find his early experiments in the now famous measure of "In Memoriam." Purest and highest of all the lyrical pieces are "St. Agnes" and "Sir Galahad," full of white light, and each a stainless idealization of its theme. "Sir Galahad" must be recited by a clarion voice, ere one can fully appreciate the sounding melody, the knightly, heroic ring. The poet has never chanted a more ennobling strain.

Such is the excellence, and such the unusual range of a volume in which every department of poetry, except the dramatic, is exhibited in great perfection, if not at the most imaginative height. To the author's students it is a favorite among his books, as the one that fairly represents his composite genius. It powerfully affected the rising group of poets, giving their work a tendency which established its general character for the ensuing thirty years.

There comes a time in the life of every aspiring artist, when if he be a painter, he tires of painting cabinet-pictures—however much they satisfy his admirers;—if a poet, he says to himself: "Enough of lyrics and idyls; let me essay a masterpiece, a sustained production, that shall bear to my former work the relation which an opera or oratorio bears to a composer's sonatas and canzonets." It may be that some feeling of this kind impelled Tennyson to write "The Princess," the theme and story of which are both his own invention. At that time he had not learned that it is as well for a poet to borrow from history or romance a tale made ready to his hands, and which his genius must transfigure. The poem is, as he entitled it, "A Medley," constructed of ancient and modern materials—a show of mediæval pomp and movement, observed through an atmosphere of latter-day thought and emotion; so varying, withal, in the scenes and language of its successive parts, that one may well conceive it to be told by the group of thoroughbred men and maidens who, one after another, rehearse its cantos to beguile a festive summer's day. I do not sympathize with the criticisms to which it has been subjected upon this score, and which is but the old outcry of the French classicists against Victor Hugo and the romance school. The poet, in his prelude, anticipates every stricture, and to me the ana-

chronisms and impossibilities of the story seem not only lawful, but attractive. Like those of Shakespeare's comedies, they invite the reader off-hand to a purely ideal world; he seats himself upon an English lawn, as upon a Persian enchanted carpet—hears the mystic word pronounced, and, presto! finds himself in fairy-land. Moreover, Tennyson's special gift of reducing incongruous details to a common structure and tone is fully illustrated in a poem made

"to suit with Time and place,
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade.

* * * * *

This were a medley! we should have him back
Who told the 'Winter's Tale' to do it for us."

But not often has a lovelier story been recited. After the idyllic introduction, the body of the poem is composed in a semi-heroic verse. Other works of our poet are greater, but none is so fascinating as this romantic tale: English throughout, yet combining the England of Cœur de Leon with that of Victoria in one bewitching picture. Some of the author's most delicately musical lines,—“jewels five words long,”—are herein contained, and the ending of each canto is an effective piece of art.

The tournament scene, at the close of the fifth book, is the most vehement and rapid passage to be found in the whole range of Tennyson's poetry. By an approach to the Homeric swiftness, it presents a contrast to the laborious and faulty movement of much of his narrative verse. The songs, added in the second edition of his poem, reach the high-water mark of lyrical composition. Few will deny that, taken together, the five melodies: "As through the land," "Sweet and low," "The splendor falls on castle walls," "Home they brought her warrior dead," and "Ask me no more!" that these constitute the finest group of songs produced in our century; and the third, known as the "Bugle Song," seems to many the most perfect English lyric since the time of Shakespeare. In "The Princess" we also find Tennyson's most successful studies upon the model of the Theocritan isometric verse. He was the first to enrich our poetry with this class of melodies, for the burlesque pastorals of the eighteenth century need not be considered. Not one of

the blank-verse songs in his Arthurian Epic equals in structure or feeling the "Tears, idle tears," and "O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south!" Again, what witchery of landscape and action; what fair women and brave men, who, if they be somewhat stagy and traditional, at least are more sharply defined than the actors in our poet's other romances. Besides, "The Princess" has a distinct purpose—the illustration of woman's struggles, aspirations and proper sphere; and the conclusion is one wherewith the instincts of cultured people are so thoroughly in accord, that some are used to answer, when asked to present their view of the "woman question:" "You will find it at the close of 'The Princess.'" Those who disagree with Tennyson's presentation acknowledge that if it be not true it is well told. His *Ida* is, in truth, a beautiful and heroic figure:

"She bowed as if to veil a noble tear.

* * * * *

Not peace she looked, the Head; but rising up
 Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
 To the open window moved. * * * * *

* * * She stretched her arms, and called
 Across the tumult, and the tumult fell."

Of the author's shortcomings in this and other poems, we have to speak in a future article. I leave "The Princess," deeming it the most varied and interesting of his works with respect to freshness and invention. All mankind love a story-teller such as Tennyson, by this creation, proved himself to be.

In the youth of poets it is the material value of their work that makes it precious, and for certain gifts of language and color we esteem one more highly than another. When a sweet singer dies prematurely, we lament his loss; but in a poet's later years character and intellect begin to tell. His other gifts being equal, he who has the more vigorous mind will draw ahead of his fellows, and take the front position. Tennyson, like Browning, Procter, Arnold, has that which Keats was bereft of, and which Wordsworth possessed in full measure—the gift of years, and must be judged according to his fortune. In mental ability he comes near to the greatest of the five, and in synthetic grasp, surpasses them all. Arnold's thought is wholly included in Tennyson; if you miss Browning's psychology, you find a more varied analysis, qualified by wise restraint. His intellectual

growth has steadily progressed, and is reflected in the nature of his successive poems.

At the age of forty a man, blessed with a sound mind in a sound body, should reach the maturity of his intellectual power. At such a period, in the year 1830, Tennyson produced "In Memoriam," the most characteristic and significant work, not so ambitious as his epic of *King Arthur*, but more distinctively a poem of the century, and displaying the author's genius in a subjective form. In it are concentrated his wisest reflections upon life, death and immortality, the worlds within and without, while the whole song is so largely uttered, and so pervaded with the singular manner, that any isolated line is recognizable at once. This work stands by itself: no man can essay another upon its model, without yielding every claim to personality and at the risk of an inferiority that would be appalling. The strength of Tennyson's intellect has full sweep in this elegiac poem—the great threnody of our language, by virtue of its unique conception and power. "*Lycidas*" with its primrose beauty and varied flights, is but the extension of a theme by Moschus and Bion. Shelley, in "*Adonais*," despite his spiritual ecstacy and splendor of lament, followed the same mastery—yes, and took his landscape and imagery from distant climes. Swinburne's dirge for Baudelaire is a wonder of melody; may we forget the "*Thyrsis*" of Arnold, and other modern ventures in a direction where the sweet and absolute solemnity of the Saxon tongue is most apparent. Still, an original and intellectual production like "In Memoriam" is beyond them all: it is a more important, though possibly no more enduring, creation of rhythmic art.

The metrical form of this work deserves attention. The author's choice of the transposed-quaternion verse was a piece of good fortune. Its hymnal quality, finely exemplified in the opening prayer, is always impressive, and, although a monotone, no more monotonous than the sound of nature—the murmur of ocean, the sighing of the mountain pines. Were "In Memoriam" written in direct quatrain, think the effect would grow to be unendurable. The work as a whole is built up of successive lyrics, each expressing a single phase of the poet's sorrow-brooded thought; and here again is followed the method of nature, which evolves cell after cell, and, joining each to each, constructs

the sentient organization. But Tennyson's art-instincts are always perfect; he does the fitting thing, and rarely seeks through eccentric and curious movements to attract the popular regard.

As to scenery, imagery, and general treatment, "In Memoriam" is eminently a British poem. The grave, majestic, hymnal measure swells like the peal of an organ, yet acts as a brake on undue, spasmodic outbursts of discordant grief. A steady, yet varying *marche funèbre*; a sense of passion held in check, of reserved elegiac power. For the strain is everywhere calm even in rehearsing a by-gone violence of emotion, along its passage from woe to desolation and anon, by tranquil stages, to reverence, thought, aspiration, endurance, hope. On sea and shore the elements are calm; even the wild winds and snows of winter are brought in hand, and made subservient, as the bells ring out the dying year, to the new birth of Nature and the sure purpose of eternal God.

Critical objections are urged against "In Memoriam;" mostly, in my opinion, such as more fitly apply to poems upon a lower grade. It is said to present a confusion of religion and skepticism, an attempt to reconcile faith and knowledge, to blend the feeling of Dante with that of Lucretius; but, if this be so, the author only follows the example of his generation, and the more faithfully gives voice to its spiritual questionings. Even here he is accused of "idealizing the thoughts of his contemporaries;" to which we rejoin, in the words of another, "that great writers do not anticipate the thought of their age; they but anticipate its expression." His scientific language and imagery are also censured, but do not his efforts in this direction, tentative as they are, constitute a special merit? Failing, as others have, to reconcile poetry and metaphysics, he succeeds better in speculations inspired by the revelations of the lens and laboratory. Why should not such facts be taken into account? The phenomenal stage of art is passing away, and all things, even poetic diction and metaphor, must endure a change. It is absurd to think that a man like Tennyson will rest content with ignoring or misstating what has become every-day knowledge. The spiritual domain is still the poets own; but let his illustrations be derived from living truths, rather than

from the worn and ancient fables of the pastoral age. A certain writer declares that Tennyson shows sound sense instead of imaginative power. Not only sense, methinks, but "the sanity of true genius;" and the Strephon-and-Chloë singers must change their tune, or be left without a hearing. A charge requiring more serious consideration is that the sorrow of "In Memoriam" is but food for thought, a passion of the head, not of the heart. The poet, however, has reached a philosophical zenith of his life, far above ignoble weakness, and performs the office which an enfranchised spirit might well require of him: building a mausoleum of immortal verse,—conceiving his friend as no longer dead, but as having solved the mysteries they so often have discussed together. If there is didacticism in the poem, it is a teaching which leads *ad astra*, by a path strictly within the province of an elegiac minstrel's song.

For the rest, "In Memoriam" is a serene and truthful panorama of refined experiences; filled with pictures of gentle, scholastic life, and of English scenery through all the changes of a rolling year; expressing, moreover, the thoughts engendered by these changes. When too somber, it is lightened by sweet reminiscences; when too light, recalled to grief by stanzas that have the deep solemnity of a passing bell. Among its author's productions it is the one most valued by educated and professional readers. Recently, a number of authors having been asked to name three leading poems of this century which they would most prefer to have written, each gave "In Memoriam" either the first or second place upon his list. Obviously it is not a work to read at a sitting, nor to take up in every mood, but one in which we are sure to find something of worth in every stanza. It contains more notable sayings than any other of Tennyson's poems. The wisdom, yearnings, and aspirations of a noble mind, are here; curious reasoning for once is not out of place; the poet's imagination, shut in upon itself, strives to irradiate with inward light the mystic problems of life. At the close, Nature's eternal miracle is made symbolic of the soul's palingenesis, and the tender and beautiful epithalamium tranquilizes the reader with the thought of the dear common joys which are the heritage of every living kind.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

DR. Noyes married, I think, somewhere about '68 or '9. There is very little to be said about his wife. Mrs. Sarah Fanning, indeed, gave a decisive verdict upon her at first sight. "She is one of the rank and file of Humanity," said she; "one of the weightless molecules that go to make up the mass." (Mrs. Fanning was that brilliant little woman from Andover, Mass., who essayed to take the well known Mrs. Rush's place in Philadelphia that winter. She used to give weekly reunions—without supper; she cannot understand, even now, why she could not "form a literary nucleus" there.) Nobody contradicted her verdict; she always claimed Humanity as her own preëmpted property; and besides, there really was so little to say about the Doctor's wife! Mrs. Fanning remarked that "an American woman, if no other, ought to have some salient points, good or bad, to justify her right to live, and this woman was an American of the Americans, descended on one side from a colonial Maryland family, and on the other, of Pennsylvania Quaker stock, a race of reformers, who lived only for great ideas. But there was absolutely nothing in the creature—nothing! It was inexplicable, by all the rules of race!" The little lady's speciality, by the bye, was "race" and "strains of blood." She could lay her finger on the very great-grandfather from whom you inherited your long upper-lip or gluttonous propensities, and reason for you, out of these inheritances, such sequences of fatalism that your Christianity tottered quite to its foundations.

Now there had been no salient points about the Doctor's wife when she was a fat baby, or a girl at school. Dode Mear was daily set down as a dunce in every class, from spelling up to International Law, and daily took up her book with a cheerful "It really *is* too bad in me," and went out with fresh zeal to skate and run races with the boys. If she had been one of the delicate "Lilys" and "Violets" whom the other girls set apart to adore, her lack of brains could have been overlooked; but she was a short, thickset little body, with a shock of red hair tied back from a freckled face which was lighted by laughing blue eyes,—eyes in which there was an undeniable cast. She never, however, gave a hint of her opinion of herself, and always seemed

to be in high good humor with her lot in life, stupidity and squint included. A certain indefinable something about the girl would prevent any one from hinting a disagreeable truth to her. The same impeccable reserve or old fashioned courtesy in her too, made the boys who skated and raced with her treat her with a respect which they did not show to the Lilys and Violets. Her condition on graduation-day would have been pitiable if her placid good humor had not made it exasperating. One of the class was going to sail as missionary to Africa: we all made a heroic martyr of her; we all looked forward with hysteric enthusiasm to speedily becoming famous authors, leaders in society, or at least, wives and mothers. Trustees and faculty spoke and prayed at us, the very air kindled with hope and fervor; and there sat that plump little dunce at the foot of the bench, smelling a bunch of the red Burgundy roses, of which she was so fond, quite contented to be a cipher now and in the future!

Here she was again, Dr. Noyes's wife, shapeless and freckled and bright-eyed as ever: but the ugly hair was always delicately coiffured, and her simple dress a marvel of exquisite art. She did not care in the least that everybody believed that she had sold herself for an establishment. Why else should a girl of her age marry a cynical, soured widower of fifty, with a half dozen hobble-de-hoys of sons? "Dr. Noyes," Mrs. Fanning said, "was an ambitious man, thwarted in his aims, by the drudgery of supporting a family. He should have chosen an intellectual woman as his second wife, who could have helped him to regain his lost ground."

The Doctor's mistake was soon apparent in his wife's course. The faded carpet and hair-cloth sofas were swept out of the dreary old house. The money spent in making it bright and pretty, as Mrs. Fanning said, would have kept open a soured house all winter: Noyes's old friends, instead of smoking their meerschaums in his dusty office, came in now to cozy dinner where each man found his favorite dish; his wife had a fine taste in cookery, it appears: in that, as in every thing else she took life with zest and joyously: the Noyes boys, who had begun to hang around Variety theatres and engine-houses, gave

series of dancing parties and private theatricals at home, to which girls of their own class came. Now all these things bring in bills: the Doctor's long hoarded money was spent like water. It was an inscrutable mystery to our society leaders why he and his boys, and in fact, all other men, clustered around Mrs. Dode, as they called her, affectionately, like bees about honey. She never said anything worth remembering for five minutes: she made no professions of love or friendship. Some of us, who remembered how the whole school used to pause to hear her read her Bible verse, thought the charm lay in her pleasant voice, or could there be any magic in the clean, spicy scent of Burgundy roses with which the house was always filled? The men, when questioned, really seemed to have no definite idea of the woman: one "liked her because she was quiet," another because "her hand-shake was as firm and genuine as a man's," another for her merry laugh. In the meantime they all carried their secrets to her: the very classmates of the Noyes boys wrote to her about their college scrapes that she might "see father and mother about it, and beg them off." She had a queer "following" of women too, shabby widows and fashionable belles and poor sempstresses—you were just as likely to find one at her table as the other. She had not the least perception of class distinctions, owing perhaps to those Quaker grandfathers who measured the world and all in it by ideas. She had, too, different rates of value from ours with regard to other things. Mrs. Fanning unconsciously ranked herself high in the scale of being because of her priceless bric-a-brac, and portfolio of proofs before letters. Mrs. Dode also surrounded herself with old china and pictures, but was indifferent about it: she did not carry her little luxuries with the uneasy vanity of a workman in his Sunday shirt. Art and wealth had been ordinary appliances of her mother's family for generations. She took no more notice as to whether a man was rich or poor in such things than whether he came to her gloved or ungloved.

Somebody was sure to bring every foreign traveler to the Doctor's house; whether it was prince, novelist, or poet, Mrs. Dode welcomed them to her ordinary table and habits, not concerning herself to enquire if they were used to a palace or hovel: and they in turn forgot to notice whether

the napkins were folded in English fashion, or how she dealt with her e's.

"I wish you to judge of us by our representative women," Mrs. Fanning said to one of these tourists while they were dining at the Doctor's, "and not by negative characters."

But he could look at nobody but the homely little woman at the head of the table. "Ah, madam," he cried, "there are so many representative women! But the old story tells us of how Prince Charming married the good fairy, and by her had a family of but few children, all of whom were born in the light of the moon; and I meet one now and then in this country or in that. When I find one of them, then I look no farther."

It was quite natural that Mrs. Dode, having lived in so negative a way, without making any mark or bruit in the world, should die in the same fashion. It appears that while she seemed in health some secret symptoms led her to consult a physician. She went to New York to do this, saying nothing to her husband, and there learned that she had but a short time to live. Whatever grief she may have felt, she showed none and told nobody her secret. When she came back the home life went on in its usual merry fashion. Dick and Joe both brought their brides home that winter. Dr. Noyes, who had grown younger and more energetic every year since his marriage, was busied with some experiments in electricity, which added greatly to his reputation. Mrs. Dode did not change her habits in the least. She never had been a constant churchgoer, or a member of any charitable society, and she did not become one now. It was remembered afterwards that she remained out longer in the mornings on her rounds among the poor, and that she had a print which was in her chamber, re-hung so that she could see it when she woke in the morning. (It was the Head crowned with thorns.)

In June her husband was invited to Baltimore to an anniversary celebration, in which he always took a keen delight. She clung to him and cried when he was going. "If you need me, Dode, I will stay with you," he said, tenderly. She hesitated a little, and then raised herself, smiling. "No, it will be pleasanter for you there," said she, "only good-bye once more, dear." She went to bed as usual that night. In the morning they found her dead, her cheek resting on her hand, a half smile on the freckled face:

her other hand, tight closed, was lying on her heart, and they found in it a bit of the hair of the little dead-born baby that came to her years ago, whose head had never

rested on her bosom. The morning sun shone brightly over her, and the room was filled with the perfume of fresh roses.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Star-Lecturing.

MR. PROCTOR does not need to look upward to find the star depths. The phrase may fitly characterize American Society, which consists of stars and blank spaces. We run our politics on the starrng system. A man becomes a star, and we make him president. The "red light of Mars" is the favorite color. Not statesmanship, not personal character, not intellectual culture, not eminent knowledge, not anything and not any combination of things that constitute superlative fitness, fixes the American choice for the chief magistracy. The star which, for the moment, can attract the greatest number of eyes, becomes the lord of the heavens and the earth. Votes must be had at any sacrifice; and votes can only be counted on for stars. Availability is the political watch word, and such statesmanship as we get is that with which we manage to surround the star that so quickly cools and flickers in its new and alien atmosphere. Political rewards do not go where they belong; public trust is not reposed in the best men; and so politics degenerate, and second and third rate men are everywhere uppermost. The starrng system in politics is a failure. It is bad for the country, it is bad for politics; it is a discouragement to personal and political worth, it is a nuisance.

The starrng system in theatricals is even more obviously destructive to all that is worthy in the popular drama. We go to a theater, not to witness a play, but to see Booth, or Joe Jefferson, or some other star. The opera is nothing without Kellogg, or Patti, or Nilsson, or some miraculous tenor who to-day is, and to-morrow is not. The orchestras,—trained, laborious, patient, admirable,—pass for nothing. The choruses are not thought so much of as an orchestron would be. The great mass of singers and players who sustain the minor parts, have no more consideration than puppets. What is the consequence? The money is mainly absorbed by the stars, who shine the brighter in a sky of mediocrity or absolute inferiority. So long as the starrng system prevails, mediocrity will be the rule. Stars must have space, to be seen; and we have had for years, in the theatrical world, nothing but stars and spaces—the latter, wide. A first class drama, well presented in every part, has not been witnessed in New York for a long time; and for this fact the starrng system is alone responsible. An actor now-

adays can get no consideration except as a star, and to succeed, he is often obliged to confine himself to a single play.

How has the starrng system worked upon the platform? It has been tried pretty thoroughly for the last five years, and the results ought to be, and are, apparent. Ten and fifteen years ago, a course of lectures consisted of eight or ten discourses on topics of popular interest, or social and political questions of public moment. They were prosperous, well attended, and profitable in many ways. Then came the star-fever. Men were summoned to the platform simply because they would draw, and not because the people expected instruction or inspiration from them. A notoriety had only to rise, to be summoned at once to the platform. If he could lay a great many kegs of nails; if he was successful as a showman; if he was a literary buffoon, and sufficiently expert in cheap orthography; in short, if he had been anything, or done anything, to make himself an object of curiosity to the crowd, he was regarded as a star, and called at once into the lecture field, for the single purpose of swelling the receipts at the door. Of course the stars called for high prices, and under high prices the number of lectures given in a course was cut down. The people who came to bask in the blaze, finding too often only a sparkle, and sometimes only a fizzle, that left an unpleasant odor, became disgusted, and the best of them,—the very men and women upon whom the whole lecture system relied for steady prosperity,—left the lecture-room altogether. Still the starrng system went on, with a new agency to push it, established by the lecture bureaus. Men were invited to come from England, and promise great results. Some of these have been genuine accessions to the corps of good lecturers, while many have proved to be sorry failures. Many a famous name, "far-fetched and dear-bought," has shone upon the list for a season, never to be recalled and always to be remembered with disappointment. The bureaus have pushed and puffed their pets,—both imported and domestic,—until lecture committees have ceased to believe in them altogether.

And now, what is the condition of the platform? In the large towns, where they have been able to get "the stars," it is difficult to get a first-rate audience together on any night, and still more difficult to maintain a steady, prosperous course of lectures. In the smaller towns, where want of funds has con-

pelled them to dispense with the stars, the system was never more prosperous than it is to-day. In New England and New York, generally, the towns with 20,000 inhabitants and upwards, have difficulty in sustaining a course of lectures, while there are many towns of less than five thousand people that maintain a good course every winter, and make money by it.

If there is anything in the lecture system worth saving, let us save it. Those who know what it used to be, will be glad to see it restored to its old position, and if they have studied its history, they will conclude, with us, that the starring system must be stopped. The lecture-room must cease to be the show-room of fresh notorieties, at high prices. Men must be called to lecture for the simple reason that they have something to say. The courses must be lengthened, and made in themselves valuable. The pushing by interested bureaus of untried men must be ignored or resisted. Men must be called to teach because they can teach, and not because they can do something else. The lecture must cease to be regarded simply as an entertainment. Wherever it has been so regarded and so managed, the system has gone down, and wherever the stock lecturer has been sacrificed to the star, the audiences have gradually dwindled until it has become almost impossible to sustain a course of lectures at all. Stars have been so much in fashion that we have establishments now for the manufacture of fictitious reputations, and these establishments must go under. They always were an impertinence, and they have become a nuisance. The lecture is a necessity. Let us restore the institution to its old footing of direct friendly relations between the lecturers and the lyceum, and give no man access to the platform who does not come there in a legitimate way, and who is not held there because he has something valuable to say. No system can stand when its best and most reliable workers are pinched in their prices, that those may be overpaid, who not only bring no strength to it, but weaken it in its finances and in its hold upon the respect and affection of the people.

The Great Temperance Movement.

FOR years, and years, and weary, suffering years, multiplied into decades, have the women of America waited to see that traffic destroyed, which annually sends sixty thousand of their sons, brothers, fathers and husbands into the drunkard's grave. They have been impoverished, disgraced, tortured in mind and body, beaten, murdered. Under the impulse of maddening liquors the hands that were pledged before Heaven to provide for, and protect them, have withdrawn from them the means of life, or smitten them in the dust. Sons whom they have nursed upon their bosoms with tenderest love and countless prayers, have grown into beasts, of whom they were afraid, or

have sunk into helpless and pitiful slavery. They have been compelled to cover their eyes with shame in the presence of fathers whom it would have been bliss for them to hold in honor. They have been compelled to bear children to men whose habits had unfitted them for parentage—children not only tainted by disease, but endowed with debased appetites. They have seen themselves and their precious families thrust into social degradation, and cut off forever from all desirable life by the vice of the men they loved. What the women of this country have suffered from drunkenness, no mind, however sympathetic, can measure, and no pen, however graphic, can describe. It has been the unfathomable black gulf into which infatuated multitudes of men have thrown their fortunes, their health, and their industry, and out of which have come only,—in fire and stench,—dishonor, disease, crime, misery, despair and death. It is the abomination of abominations, the curse of curses, the hell of hells!

For weary, despairing years, they have waited to see the reform that should protect them from further harm. They have listened to lectures, they have signed pledges, they have encouraged temperance societies, they have asked for, and secured legislation, and all to no practical good end. The politicians have played them false; the officers of the law are unfaithful; the government revenue thrives on the thriftiness of their curse; multitudes of the clergy are not only apathetic in their pulpits, but self-indulgent in their social habits; newspapers do not help, but rather hinder them; the liquor interest, armed with the money that should have bought them prosperity, organizes against them; fashion opposes them; a million fierce appetites are arrayed against them, and, losing all faith in men, what can they do? There is but one thing for them to do. There is but one direction in which they can look, and that is upward! The women's temperance movement, begun and carried on by prayer, is as natural in its birth and growth as the oak that springs from the acorn. If God and the God-like element in woman cannot help, there is no help. If the pulpit, the press, the politicians, the reformers, the law, cannot bring reform, who is left to do it but God and the women? We bow to this movement with reverence. We do not stop to question methods; we do not pause to query about permanent results. We simply say to the glorious women engaged in this marvelous crusade: "MAY GOD HELP AND PROSPER YOU, AND GIVE YOU THE DESIRE OF YOUR HEARTS IN THE FRUIT OF YOUR LABORS!"

It becomes men to be either humbly helpful or dumb. We who have dallied with this question; we who have dispassionately drawn the line between temperance and total abstinence; we who have deplored drunkenness with wine-glasses in our hands; we who have consented to involve a great moral reform with politics; we who have been politically

afraid of the power of the brutal element associated with the liquor traffic ; we who have split hairs in our discussions of public policy ; we who have given social sanction to habits that in the great cities have made drunkards of even the women themselves, and led their sons and ours into a dissolute life ; we who have shown either our unwillingness or our impotence to save the country from the gulf that yawns before it, can only step aside with shame-faced humility while the great crusade goes on, or heartily give to it our approval and our aid.

This is not a crusade of professional agitators, clamoring for an abstract right, but an enterprise of suffering, pure and devoted women, laboring for the overthrow of a concrete wrong. It is no pleasant, holiday business in which these women are engaged, but one of self-denying hardship, pregnant in every part with a sense of duty. It is the offspring of a grand religious impulse which gives to our time its one superb touch of heroism, and redeems it from its political debasement and the degradation of its materialism. It is a shame to manhood that it is necessary ; it is a glory to womanhood that it is possible.

If the experience of the last century has demonstrated anything, it is that total abstinence is the only ground on which any well-wisher of society can stand. The liquor traffic has been bolstered up for years, and is strong to-day, simply through influence which is deemed respectable. It must be made infamous by the combination of all the respectable elements of society against it. It must cease to be respectable to drink at all. It must cease to be respectable to rent a building in which liquors are sold. There is no practicable middle ground. So long as men drink temperately, men will drink intemperately, whether it ought to be otherwise or not ; and it is with reference to the development of a healthy public opinion on this subject, that we particularly rejoice in the women's crusade. Our own vision is so blinded and perverted that we can only see the deformity of the monster which oppresses us through woman's eyes, uplifted in prayer, tearful in shame and suffering, or bright in triumph as the strongholds of her life-long enemy fall before her.

Political Morality.

WE hear a great deal now-a-days about the rule of "second-rate men ;" and there are many good people who fancy that the country is suffering from the lack of great statesmanship among our lawmakers and the executive officers of the government. There is a measure of justice in this judgment, without doubt, but it does not cover the ground. There is, at least, ability enough among these men to carry their policy, whatever it may be. There is no lack of ingenious subterfuge, far reaching intrigue, bold and powerful leading, and per-

sonal influence and public eloquence, to accomplish any end desired. There is no lack of instrumentalities to push any approved party scheme ; to forward any special interest ; to advance any sectional policy ; to secure the personal aggrandizement of any pet of a cabal. From the low standpoint of the prevalent political morality, there seems to be abundant intellectual ability to carry any desired measure. It is not the brains that are at fault ; it is the heart. It is not ability that is wanting ; it is morality.

Have we at the head of the government a man of high-toned morality?—a man whose supreme desire is to do right?—who, above all personal interest, above all party policy, above all the influence of corrupt men, is exercised by the dominant purpose to keep his conscience clear and his hands clean and to serve his people with unswerving integrity. Are the leaders of our national councils and men of influence there, trustworthy men? Are they men who take the straight path of duty and follow it, irrespective of all the bribes which power and wealth hold in their hands, and regardless of all the threats of unprincipled bullies and intriguers? We are not called upon to answer these questions ; but all those who feel compelled to give them a negative reply hold in their hands a sufficient explanation of the evils from which the country suffers to-day. It is not necessary to point to the *Crédit Mobilier*, or the Salary Grab, or any of the corrupt schemes by which these men better themselves. A low morality among our legislators and rulers gives, all through, by a fatal necessity, immoral legislation and immoral administration. If this low morality exists, every interest of the great country is at its mercy. All the national questions that arise must be settled by it. It dictates the national policy ; it poisons every political measure ; it narrows everything down to the line of its own party and personal interests.

The people of America richly deserve the infliction of all the evils from which they suffer. From the time of General Jackson to this day there has been practically but one rule in the selection of chief magistrate, and that rule has been mainly followed in the election of our national legislatures. This rule is known as "availability." Each party has put forward for its leaders, little and large, those who for any reason seemed likely to get the greatest number of votes. In no instance during this period have we had in the presidential chair a first-class man. Some of our presidents have been good, but weak ; some have been old political trimmers ; some have been boors who were the laughing stock of the nations ; some have been mulish and ignorant. Certainly no one has stood upon equality with Washington, Jefferson and Adamses. The question of morality is not one with which our people have concerned themselves at all. Men have been chosen because they were not statesmen ; because they were unknown ;

cause they were popular with the rabble; because they were good soldiers; because they could get votes. We do not know of one man during the whole period who has been chosen because he was a Christian gentleman and statesman, and so above all unworthy motives in the administration of the duties of his office. Of the rules that prevail in the election of our national legislators our readers are good judges, and they know that almost everything else is considered before morality. There are men of influence in both Houses of Congress whose personal characters and histories will not bear inspection for a moment—men with whom no one can come into association without a stain.

Far be it from us to deny the presence of good men in Congress. There are as noble men there to-day as there ever were, but their influence is nullified by their bad and unscrupulous asso-

ciates. Some of the very men who are trusted least by the country, and whose moral reputation is a stench in the nostrils of the world, are most prominent in the national councils and most powerful in the direction of government patronage.

We long ago ceased to expect perfection in the world of politics; but the duty of every honest man to try for it never ceases. When we get honest men in the places of trust—men with whom honor is more than money, and duty more than preferment, and country more than party, and God more than all, we shall have wisdom in law and purity in administration. Personal immorality and wise statesmanship cannot exist together, and until the American people insist that their public servants shall be gentlemen, at the least, they must expect to suffer at large from the conflicting policies of selfish and corrupt men.

THE OLD CABINET.

You may remember when you were much bothered in your mind by the question—What is it that makes a writer? Here is a man with a certain degree of culture; with a certain experience; and he is a writer. Here is another man with much the same, or a higher degree of culture, and with much the same, or a more interesting experience, and he could not be a writer, even if he wanted to be; as perhaps he does, the more's the pity. Please observe that I am not talking about mere writers—not even mere writers of books; but writers of literature: Shakespeare, Charles Lamb, Emerson, Thackeray, Chaucer, Dante, Robert Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot, Tennyson, Landor, Spenser, Hawthorne, and the rest.

What makes these men builders with words, in such fashion as to identify them forever with word building—so indeed, that their building lasts; and this is looked upon as a proper and becoming occupation and fame for them? It is easy to tell what makes a man a journalist. Some creatures are born with a passion for printer's ink. They tend naturally to a newspaper office, set type, gather locals, or write leaders, according to their capacity. They may go as far as magazine writing, and so finally glide into the making of books. It does not follow that they become makers of literature. Somewhere is drawn a line between mere writing and genuine literature—a line none the less real, because it runs very crookedly, or because sometimes our eyes are dazzled that we cannot see it.

You may remember also, the time when you discovered what it was that made a man a writer—in the higher sense. It was at that epoch in your

life when the blind faiths of youth gave way,—not without distress; not without, perhaps, a time of dark, perplexed wandering,—to be succeeded by the open-eyed faiths of maturity. Then, when the scales fell from your own eyes, and you apprehended some things, at least, freshly—then you knew that the true sayer was the true seer.

It is true—all that the poets have said about it. The knack makes a man a stringer of words, with more or less of thought. The insight, added to the knack, makes him something more. The seer and the sayer are one. Not that the book of truth is opened only to him who has the gift of tongues. Bird-song, smell of salt sea, glint of dew-drop and star, wracked nerve, sin—these spell plain words to myriads who read well, but not aloud.

There was a time when we found all this out for ourselves. But when we got on a little farther, we made another discovery, that among those who use words there are genuine seers who are not genuine writers. Let us, in order to narrow the outlook and make the objects more sharp and distinct, limit our thoughts to poetry. Then—among the poets, there are genuine seers whose lack of art withdraws their work from the realm of genuine literature. And, on the other hand, there are genuine poets who have little of the seer. They hold their place, strangely enough, just by the charm of their words: the lilt—the dreamy, winning, delicious music, color, honey-sweetness of their thoughtless language.

Did you not suppose that if anything was well understood it was that in moments of intense emotion

there is a vivid consciousness of the shows of things—of one's own appearance, of surroundings and circumstances, that at other times are but shadows on a wimpling brook. This phenomenon was, perhaps, never better told than in Rossetti's "Woodspurge." Do you remember it?

"The wind was dead, the wind was still,
Shaken out loose from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will;
I sat now for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was;
My lips drawn in said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass;
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes wide open had the run
Of some ten weeds to rest upon;
Among those ten, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory.
One thing then learned remains to me;
The woodspurge has a cup of three."

But now comes the Reviewer, and tells us that "he cannot account for the publication of the poem,

except by supposing it to be the work of one whose every thought appears to him worth recording." He ventures to doubt whether a man "absorbed in perfect grief would have been so conscious of his personal appearance." It is very *naïve* in the Reviewer to let us know that he is "not so matter-of-fact as to suppose that Mr. Rossetti simply intended the public to be informed how he became acquainted with a fact in botany." We suppose the un-matter-of-fact Reviewer has the same difficulty in trying to account for the publication of this passage in Tennyson's "Maud:"

"Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye,—
That it should, by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by!
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings
(For he had many, poor worm), and thought
It is his mother's hair."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Spring Fashions.

To the ordinary eye, the in-coming modes appear but slight variations of the out-going. Indeed, the violent changes of fashion, once deemed necessary to mark the recurrent seasons, have become obsolete. Modistes have, unhappily, discovered the fact that poor feminine nature may be gently and gradually led into all sorts of absurdities, which it would rebel against if called to accept them suddenly.

The principal and prettiest change is in the combination of over-skirt and polonaise into a mysterious kind of jacket for street wear. It takes the place of the two other garments, and the skirt trimming is generally carried high enough to meet the lowest edge of the jacket. We say lowest edge advisedly, because the jacket is rarely of the same length all round. Sometimes it has only a short basque behind, with long, tab ends in front; or the back is extended into two tails (corresponding with the form of a gentleman's dress coat); while the front has little more than a frill, met by the garniture of the tablier. Beside these, many of the garments are long in front and back, and cut very high over the hips; while others again make no pretension to depth except on the sides. Every variety is worn and accepted but the old-fashioned polonaise and over-skirt. These, though often appearing, are not regarded as exactly *en règle*. Polonaises that would naturally be mistaken for over-dresses,

and over-dresses bearing the air of polonaises, are alone allowed. Since it is impossible to do away with the over-skirt entirely, the fashion-makers design the most singular and characterless specimens for the ensuing months. They positively protest against having two sides alike, insisting that the whole effect depends on the draping. If the right gore be long, the left is sure to be the reverse. If there be a back breadth, the front is more than liable to be omitted, and *vice versa*. The sole guide to cutting these articles is to create the most irregular and singular shape possible, and loop it gracefully, when it will inevitably be in the mode.

The noticeable variation in dress skirts is the wide-spread use of the puff in the back. It is made as much in out-door costumes as—perhaps more than,—in those intended merely for the house. Of course, with a puff, neither over-skirt nor polonaise is appropriate, and only a short basque is worn.

Skirts for the street are scantier than they have been—often not more than three yards and a quarter round the bottom. They preserve the old form of slightly gored front breadth (tablier), two wide side gores, succeeded by two narrow gores (so shaped at the bottom as to throw the entire skirt back like a train) and one or two straight breadths, according to the width desired. The fullness, as before, is carried far back, so as to make the front and sides lie as flatly as possible. Such extra fullness as is

needed for house dresses is added in the straight breadths. It is not pleasant to note that the tendency toward trailing skirts for out-door uses is greater than ever. Is no appeal against this untidy and unladylike practice strong enough to induce sensible and refined people to abandon it? They would consider the wearing of soiled *lingerie* a sin against their nature; yet they will, day after day, put on dresses encrusted, for inches above the edge, with the sweepings of miry sidewalks. It does not depend upon modistes whether this shall be so; it depends solely upon women, who should forswear any fashion which forces them to be untrue to their instinct of cleanliness.

Trimmings.

WHY were we so deluded as to predict a lasting austerity of decoration from a momentary spasm of simplicity? Autumn gave vague promises which Winter failed to fulfill, and Spring utterly belies. Sigh with us, wretched reader; for, if we create it not for ourselves, there is no plainness to be found. There are not only flounces, but flounces on flounces. In truth, the latest design of skirt trimming is a very deep, straight flounce, from twenty inches to three-quarters of a yard wide, covered half way up from its hem, with narrow ruffles, puffs, piped bands, and everything that can be crowded upon it. Sometimes the wide, straight flounce,—which is necessarily very scant,—is set up a quarter of a yard from the dress hem, and another flounce, either of the same or a contrasting material, is put upon the edge. The over-loaded look of this style prevents it from being really elegant, though it may be what the modistes call “dressy.” Where this flounce is used, a puff in the back of the skirt and a sash of some sort across the front complete the ornamentation, as a simple basque completes the suit. The garniture for over-dresses and basques is as plain as that on skirts is elaborate. Large cords, double and single, pipings, revers, buttons and fringe are appropriate for this purpose.

The ugly fashion of trimming the tablier differently from the rest of the skirt yet prevails, though in a somewhat mitigated form. The whole breadth is now covered with perpendicular or horizontal puffings, or folds from hem to belt, and the joining with it of the rest of the trimming is concealed by bows or revers. Wide revers, reaching from the edge to the waist, and following the seams of the front breadth, are very becoming to most figures, and serve, where the tablier is unlike the remainder of the garniture, to break the ugly meeting.

Shirring—old-fashioned shirring—has returned, and for the heads of flounces, edges of puffs, &c. nothing is so much used. The gathering threads are from half an inch to an inch apart. This makes the flounces hang very prettily, since it is possible to lay the fullness with great exactness.

Gimp goes out, and lace comes in, with the milder months. Would we could say that beads were going also! But no, they are simply transferred from gimp to lace, and remain as sparkingly incongruous as ever.

New Goods.

THE variety of fabrics is less this season than last. With fewer purely ephemeral and fanciful goods, there is nevertheless a goodly number to choose from, and such as are very pretty. Most of the stuffs are of silk and wool, so beguiling to the eye, as to cause the mind to forget that materials of mixed threads are never a safe purchase, on account of their disposition to shrink and cockle. There is the usual choice of silken pongees, soft, clinging reps and cashmeres, alpacas and brillianines, serges, plain and with diagonal stripes, the numberless stuffs bearing the name of poplins, foulards,—delicate of texture, and useful from April to October,—and the ever-new, yet ever-old, summer silks. There is a noticeable lack of polonaise goods, which indicates, if straws show anything, that that valuable garment is no longer the highest style.

Rough-surfaced fabrics have given place to those of finer finish, even the camel's hair cloths being less hairy than of old. And camel's hair cloth, by the way, is much lower than last year,—a good quality being purchasable for \$1.25 per yard, double fold,—because it is not adapted to whole suits, and because few polonaises, barring those matching skirts, will be worn. There is always some tangible reason for any great reduction in the price of anything, if we are only careful to look for it. The average rate of nice and seasonable dress materials is from fifty cents to \$1 a yard, though, of course, a certain class of cotton, and mixed cotton and wool fabrics, ranges as low as thirty cents. These do not pay for making, either in appearance or wear. A sound rule for purchasing is to select as nearly the best of its kind as can be afforded. One good gown will outlast two poor ones, and prove the wiser economy in the end.

The prices of silks seem somewhat lower than last season, to be in keeping with our assumption of poverty. Sufficiently nice summer qualities may be had for \$1.50 a yard; and now and then a bargain may be made for less. They are in the usual fine, colored and white stripes; brighter lines than heretofore,—such as blue and purple and green,—being devoted to street costumes. The lower grades of gros grains and failles, in solid colors, have dropped a little in price (two dollars and two dollars and fifty cents obtaining a really serviceable article); and for that reason, they will be more employed than usual for summer suits, a plain silk being always more available than a stripe.

Two shades, even two colors, continue to be mingled in all kinds of costumes; only the contrasts are rarely so violent as was their wont. Practice has made nearly perfect the art of blending tints.

The modish hues are grays of every shade, and blues, which have been the favorites for a year.

Bonnets and Hats.

In their original bareness, the new styles resemble nothing but themselves. They turn up on one side, on both sides, before and behind, and down all around. The variety is endless and baffles description. It would seem impossible not to suit every taste, since the forms are so diverse. Chip is the choicest as well as the most expensive straw; but many delicate and far less costly braids are, to our taste, equally pretty. Leghorn, once more desired than any other, is bought only by the wise, who know its great durability and general becomingness. Chip and Leghorn represent the extremes of mode and use. The former bears the highest market price, is almost as frail as paper, and can never be re-pressed; while the latter is comparatively cheap, endures rough treatment well, and may, if desirable, be re-dressed a dozen times.

It can hardly be said that the decoration of hats is massed at any particular point, though the tendency is towards the back and the top of the broadened crowns. A certain studied simplicity of design prevails among the best models; and where two different shades of trimming are employed, the second is frequently introduced in the flowers alone. Folded scarfs of soft repped silk,—the edges either hidden in the folds, or finished by a blind-stitched hem,—are the basis of nearly all hat trimmings. They usually pass round the crown, terminating behind in a bunch of loops, without ends; in, under, and about which, cluster the flowers that form so large a portion of the garniture. Trailing vines and sprays no longer depend from the back; the fancy being for a snug, "close-reefed" air, incompatible with streamlets. The up-turned rims give abundant opportunity for face trimmings, which is eagerly availed of to display pretty puffings of silk and lace, with exquisite wreaths of blossoms, that have never been equalled in artificial flowers. The oddity of the face trimmings is that they extend all round the hat, and really belong as much to the back as the front. Feathers are placed on the hat, to be worn between the leaving-off of velvet and the dawning of midsummer head coverings. But, upon the latter they will be—and very properly—seldom seen.

As to strings, they are perfectly optional, having no apparent relation to the hat, and put on only where some accidental vacancy exists. To suppose they bear any part in securing the bonnet on the head is a fallacy of a by-gone period.

The new flowers are very beautiful, and of five types. Heliotrope, heath, clethra, arbutus, wild roses, primroses, violets, small roses, ferns, delicate grasses, are all found, as well as the cabbage roses, poppies, tulips and lilies, bequeathed by former seasons.

Outside Garments.

THE dolman proper,—having large wings in place of sleeves,—is the favorite, and is, perhaps, more universally becoming than the sacque. On the other hand, it takes nearly twice as much material to make it, and it is difficult for amateurs to fashion. Among sacques, the half-fitting, English walking jacket is still most sought. However, the old-fashioned loose sacques, anciently known as sailor-jackets in light gray and brown spring cloths, with plaids, hems, big buttons, and breast, as well as side, pockets, are frequently seen. Last year, scarcely any garments except those of black cashmere, *drap d'été*, and kindred stuffs, were visible; but, this season, various light-tinted and light-woven cloakings are in vogue. Even the dolmans, that require the selection of materials to make them hang well, are, now, seldom, cut from heavy cloths. Many of them, as well as the cashmere sacques, are brave in beads and braiding; giving them a regimental air, as much affected by some women as disliked by others. The run of beads is generally short-lived; and, as the latest one is not yet a year old, we must be patient with it, for a space. Yak and guipure laces promise to yield a trifle their hold upon popular fancy; while turquoise silk, for trimming outer garments, retires (because of its bad wearing) in favor of heavy, corded gros grains.

Buttons are less pretentious and eye-distracting than for a long time: and metal and jet buttons are scarcely used at all, except to match bead trimmings of the same nature. Nevertheless, buttons of modest proportions, in conjunction with large cord pipings and folds of silk, form the chief ornaments for outer garments.

There is little novelty in shawls save some prettily soft, square ones, coming in solid colors, bright blues, scarlets, dove, leaf, and *café au lait* brown. Quaker, blue and steel grays, together with the mixed tint that black and white threads make. These are just suitable for warm weather wraps, and range from \$3.50 to \$5.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Difficulty to Americans of the Study of European Politics.

THE most boasted and pictorial of the great mechanical feats of this age has been, we suppose, the Atlantic Cable. We presume the improvement has not been without its advantages, though most of our readers who may ask themselves the question will be a little puzzled to say what they are. We are not now speaking of the private and financial benefits of the work, which may have been considerable, but of its public benefits. We do, no doubt, feel a sense of nearer neighborhood to Europe, and it seems to be an axiom with us that it is better to hear of any public event the day after its occurrence than the week following. We think ourselves happier to know of Thiers' overthrow the hour of its announcement in Paris than a fortnight subsequent. There is, indeed, a certain gentleman in Manitoba who finds he can get on very well on old news, providing it is news to him. There the mail comes but twice a year, and he gets a six months' issue of the *London Times* in a lump. He reads but one a day, however, and thus secures himself the sensation of a morning paper.

But there can be no question that the cable has been a misfortune to persons in this country who wish to study and keep the run of European politics. The reason is that we do not get the first information along with the European comment. A little pellet of news, which may or may not be true, is shot at us from Madrid or from the insurgents at Cartagena, or from amid a group of wild Carlists set down before Logrono. We care not how thoroughly any critic on Spanish affairs may have studied the country, he needs the sympathy and the converse of others who are interested in the same questions. Now in this country, there are not enough people who care for European politics and are informed upon it to quicken his mind by sympathetic contact and a common curiosity. Only the other day we asked a gentleman who has made foreign politics a specialty, and who has excellent facilities for getting at the people in New York best worth knowing, how many persons there were to whom he could go for an intelligent opinion on current matters in France and Spain. He said, "Not one." The editorial articles in the papers are certainly the reverse of luminous. They are evidently written by people who know very little more of such questions than their readers.

In Europe it is different. London is near to Paris and Madrid. The clubs are full of men who run over Andalusia for an August trip. The press has at its command many able writers, conversant with the history of these countries and their present condition, and really interested in their future. Of course, there is a great deal of uncertain, rash and unintelligent writing, but there is also a great deal

of writing which is eager, conscientious and tolerably thorough. The *London Spectator* has had of late a number of exceedingly live and interesting articles upon France and Spain. The effect of such criticisms, and of many others in the better weeklies and dailies, is certainly to stimulate curiosity. Many of the opinions expressed, no doubt, are wrong, but if the opinions are eager and honest, the reader cannot help being awakened and inspired with a desire to know what is going on in the world.

Unfortunately the London and Paris papers do not reach here until they are almost worthless. It looks, therefore, as if the cable is to be the death of all interest in contemporary politics in Europe. Should the day come when our press will have able and thoroughly competent writers upon these questions, we may not need the criticisms of the trained observers of London and Paris. But we can look for no such thing in the immediate future. In the meanwhile it is not well for us to fall into the notion that Europe is entirely "played out."

Could not the morning papers devote a column to giving us the gist of the most important articles in the European journals? It would be necessary to have an exceedingly able and intelligent man on the other side to choose the things best worth transmitting. In the midst of the great flood of wind and words pouring from the trans-Atlantic press there are always some articles which have gist and meaning, which afford nutriment to an inquisitive and studious mind. It would not be best to take the leader in the *Times*, or to transmit the articles which have the most important places in the most important papers. But wherever an idea is expressed, let that be put into as few words as will retain it, and telegraphed for the perusal of Americans. The objection will be that the need of space in a great daily is such that a column cannot be spared. But this is merely equivalent to saying that the politics of Europe are not of sufficient importance to push aside or abbreviate the sensations of the reporters in the highly-wrought descriptions of crime and violence in our morning papers.

The History of the Norman Conquest of England.*

THE great writers who have treated the history of the English nation agree in regarding the Norman Conquest as its main turning-point. When Milton, two hundred years ago, gave to the world his compendious "History of Britain (that part especially now called England)," he brought the work down only to a date six centuries before his own day. Within the narrow limits of a hundred and fifty pages he finds room for little else than a

* *The History of the Norman Conquest of England.* By Edward A. Freeman. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. For Macmillan & Co., New York.

meager record of dates and facts. But his genius could not touch even barren places like these without adorning them. The story abounds in brief, quaint reflections and descriptions, epigrammatic turns, stern censures of corrupt clergy and bad kings, and curious legends, some not over-nice, as that of the luckless baby, Prince Ethelred, "bewraying the font and water while the bishop was baptizing him." As a history, in the later meaning of the word, it is neither instructive nor conclusive.

Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, which was composed at the beginning of this century, and had the benefit of thirty-six years of revision, is quite as deficient as his greater predecessor's in the characteristics required of a work by modern judgment before it can be accepted as a history. Its antiquarian research, philological learning, and pictures of customs and manners among our Saxon ancestors, make it a valuable record. It strings together the successions of events without tracing their connections, leaving no impression of living national growth, avoiding critical judgment among conflicting authorities, and delivering platitudes of reflection in a tame, bald style.

That idea of the life of a nation which the poet must have felt, but would not labor to express, and the antiquarian did not even conceive, is grasped by our author in its fullness. In English character he points out certain ineradicable native traits; in English polity he shows the persistence of principles which shaped its beginning. The religious feeling of England underwent its special development, and her laws and customs grew up in ways peculiar to herself. But his proof is ample that she was insular in position only; far from being disconnected with the rest of the European world, she at all times, though in different degrees, acted upon and was acted upon by it. The life of the English nation is conceived and treated as part of the progress of the world. Viewed from this point, its history ceases to be obscure, because its main facts are generalized, and is no longer dull, since it shows steady though slow evolution.

From the time of the Norman Conquest, the streams of human thought and action which had flowed parallel in Northern and Southern Europe for many centuries without intimately mingling, were brought into one current. Thenceforward the northern insular kingdom became part of one political and religious system; and its laws, its language, polity and faith underwent profound modifications from contact with the southern nations. Not that the change either began with or was completed by the Conquest—but the Conquest was its manifest sign and irresistible impulse. Our author traces the long-silent preparation among the mingled Saxons and Danes in Britain leading to that subjection to the Norman rule, out of which a nobler nationality grew. He regards the process of their passing under alien domination as a marked movement in the world's development; an important step

in the fusing of the Teutonic and Roman, the imperial and ecclesiastical elements into the late system of feudal, Papal Europe. Without connecting it with such a general movement, its effects on England itself—the main subject of his study, cannot be intelligently set forth. For England, far more than a mere political conquest, and less than an enslaving or expelling force, it was a maturing and transforming ascendancy.

Its thorough treatment involves the growth and history of the races that took part in it, both originally of the same stock, and issuing from the same Scandinavian hive. On the one hand, the Northmen became Normans by settlement in Gaul, gaining military skill, religious fervor, and refinement; losing, it may be, in sturdiness and endurance. Of that stock came, in later days, he whom our author eloquently describes as "the gay, the brave, the wise, the relentless and the godless Frederick." On the other hand, the English, blending, by conquest or immigration, the blood of Celts, Jutes, Angles, Saxons and Danes, consolidated by frequent invasions and internal wars, remote from the ecclesiastical influence of the continent, preserved more of its stubborn original character. It retained, too, more of the features of a primitive Teutonic community under a constitution of democratic nature. It knew nothing of nobles as a caste, though orders existed in the state of earls and coerls, or esquires and yeomen, with a king more than their equal, yet elected or deposed by the Witan, among whom every freeman had an abstract right to be present. The history of Normandy from its settlement, something incidentally of that of Scandinavia, and even point in English history, needs to be considered, and we would gain a clear view of the meaning and results of the Norman Conquest.

The author lays little stress on the shaping power of climate and configuration of country, which is now so favorite a topic with theorists on the progress of mankind. He does not even hint what Milton plainly said,—“to speak a truth no often spoken,” in his time at least,—that “the sun which we want ripens wits as well as fruits.” It is in moral and political causes, rather, that he finds an explanation of the diverging courses of development taken in the different homes of the same race by their civil policy, their religious establishment, their laws and language. The chapter on the English constitution follows back to the earliest time, and through striking analogies, its persistent democratic element. It concedes to the Wittenagemoot the primitive assembly of all freemen, powers surpassing beyond measure those vested by written law in a modern parliament. Representation being unknown, this assembly gradually shrank, by the necessity of the case, as the kingdom enlarged, into a council of the king's nobles. The progressive changes in the kingly office, and the two-fold character of its holder, as the ruler of his home people and the emperor of other subject kingdoms, affords

material for interesting discussion. The original public ownership of land, from which portions were granted to private individuals by the kings, with the consent of the Witan, forms another important subject of examination. It is briefly shown, as it has been shown more at large in special treatises called forth by the attention which the subject commands through its political bearings at the present day, that State ownership of the soil of the country was the rule among all primitive nations. In this country we have been fortunate in beginning with individual ownership, instead of passing through that process which seems imminent in England, of resumption by the State for the sake of equitable redistribution.

The growth of the Church in England is less elaborately set forth than that of the constitution, as being a branch of the main subject of less importance, and not so easily reduced to principles. Yet, the introduction and fostering of Christianity in Britain, and its gradual triumph over the invading Danes, are clearly indicated. The piety of many of her kings, the liberality of her nobles, the patriotism and wisdom of her bishops, gain due praise; The ecclesiastical settlement of the country by William, after the Conquest was confirmed, is dwelt on at greater length. Accounts of the English sees and of the foundation of various monastic houses find their proper place, and the relation of the controversy over the primacy between Canterbury and York leads to an eulogy on the character of Lanfranc, one of the best-famed among the many churchmen famous in many ways, of early England. Rising to wider considerations, the author eloquently points out how the independence of the church was compromised, and a vast accession to Papal power yielded when William invoked the decision upon his claim to the crown of England, of the Pope—the near predecessor of that Hildebrand, the carpenter's son, who rose to be the mighty Gregory the Seventh.

If the author is acute in demonstrating the events he relates to have been co-ordinated under a grand movement of the world, he is fortunate in selecting two heroic central figures about whom the conflict gathers towards its culmination. All else is preliminary to the last meeting between Harold and William. They represent the opposing systems of civilization and religion, and the story grows more minute, yet more clear and spirited, as it approaches the decisive struggle. His sympathies plainly follow the English prince, while his admiration is higher for William. Both are depicted as marked by high qualities, judgment and foresight fitted for kingly rule, patient ambition, and the skill of great captains; but stained with craft and cruelty. Harold is drawn as the more generous and impetuous; William as the more politic. Those chapters present a subtle study of character which display William's persevering schemes for compassing the English crown, his sagacity in appealing to the preva-

lent feudal and religious prejudices of Europe, and the dexterity that wove a plausible claim out of separate false pretenses. And the story of the marvellous year in which the English king marched nearly the length of his realm to repel the Norwegian invasion gloriously, in September, hastening back to meet, within a month, another invasion in the South, and to fall as gloriously as he had just conquered, is told with all the spirit and color of a romance. Though of secondary interest, the description of the rout of Harold of Norway at Stamfordbridge, near York, is only less vivid and picturesque than that of the stubborn first and last fight with the Norman enemy, at Senlac, better known in history as the battle of Hastings, and in poetry and painting as the battle of the Standard—battles, those of bows and axes, of main personal force, more chivalric than Waterloos won under the smoke of artillery by the disciplined cavalry charge.

Those subordinate figures of princes, warriors, and priests that crowd the pages are touched with force and distinctness. The elaborate parallel between Alfred and the heroes of other modern races may be instructively compared with the compressed sketch that Milton completes by calling him the mirror of princes. Canute's remarkable reign, and the career of grand Earl Godwin, are carefully cleared of the superficial notion that cover them in common story and the pictures of natural scenes and venerable buildings attest the eye of an artist. Such are the descriptions of Battle Abbey, of Westminster, of the town of Dol, of Lincoln, and the field of Val-des-Dunes, although they are sometimes crowded with allusions that confuse in the attempt to bring within our view too much of both past and future. It would require greater details than our limits permit to do justice to the extraordinary research and critical acumen of our author. An introductory note to each chapter gives the sources from which its materials are drawn, with a careful statement of their relative trustworthiness, and an impartial warning as to their probable bias. This perception of the worth of testimony reaches the keenest dividing edge of acuteness in that part of the work which balances the presumptions and dissects the assertions regarding Harold's famous oath given to William. And we admire the ingenuity that cites and cross-examines that curious historical witness, the tapestry of Bayeux—that work of the needle which may truly or falsely affirm, but cannot insinuate. No other record has come down to us so convincing in its pictured mute exactness—none of so real personal an interest, not even the mummy-casings from the pyramids, nor the ashly molds that restore the living figure for Pompeian explorers. An immense variety of curious lore and thorough discussion is thrown into the form of long appendices to each volume. Many convenient maps and plans illustrate the work, and the only want that mars its completeness is that of an index, furnishing a plainer guide to the particular threads of the his-

tory through the scattered and complex masses of facts and references gathered for its composition.

"The Female Poets of America."*

THE task which Mr. Stoddard has admirably performed, in adding about a fourth to the number of pages already collected by Dr. Griswold as a monument of the genius of American female poets, presents difficulties far greater than those of the original work. The compiler, a quarter of a century ago, did little else than to take what came to his hand. The new editor conscientiously chooses the more severe and delicate labor of careful selection from the copious material furnished by the effusions of a generation in every sense new. From the original volume, extending over a period of more than two centuries, we might infer that very little verse was written in the earlier days by the very few women who wrote at all. It would be ungenerous and only partly true, yet still true in part, to say that the sex was once more sure of its place, and more true to its duties, than it has since become. Whatever the reasons may be,—the discussion of which would lead us very far,—whether they are to be found in the increase of general intelligence, or in that of special restlessness, whether it is the genius of women, hitherto repressed, that insists on being heard, or only their part of modern discontent that wreaks itself in numbers, it is certain that the mob of gentlewomen who rhyme with ease now-a-days, holds a startling proportion to the ranks of silent sisters. The American Pegasus has of late been thoroughly broken to the side-saddle, and usually ambles under it tamely enough.

The mere revision of the former volume demanded watchful exercise of that diligence and that accuracy, always so marked in the work of its present editor. What the labor has been of sifting the immense mass of chaff out of which those few pure grains have been garnered, no one but an editor can understand. To no one else is vouchsafed the fearful vision of pyramids of portfolios asking monthly inspection, and reams of waste paper attesting the censor's wrath and justice. By the side of this garland of the accepted and approved, an anthology of the rejected—may no one be indiscreet enough to cull it!—would complete a curious commentary on the position and wants of women in our republic of letters.

We frankly affirm what the reviser is too modest to intimate, that the few new pages of the book are worth all the rest. In the qualities of force and of finish, he justly says, the living female poets of America surpass all their predecessors, from Mistress Anne Bradstreet down. Even more trying comparisons than this may safely be challenged by

the score of singers who have gained the approval of his severe and correct taste. The selections from their poems here presented, are known and admired in other lands, and they deserve the finer praise of having become dear to their countrymen as household words.

"The Parisians."*

BETWEEN the *France, Social and Literary*, of Sir Henry Bulwer, a generation ago, and his more famous brother's *Parisians* of to-day, the difference seems as wide as if the separate subjects concerned two different nations. Yet the one is really a sequel to the other. The causes and tendencies noted in the earlier book have developed into the conditions portrayed in the later. It is not that the characteristics of the nation have changed, but that sudden and grand events have attended its entrance upon the newest days of modern times. The country is overrun and conquered at the moment when science questions everything, when religion is everywhere in contest, and political power, spreading downward, sinks in dignity as it widens its range. *The Parisians* is designed to illustrate the influence, at such a time, of such modern ideas upon such a community. This can be done only effectively, for the scale of the sketch forbids it being done completely. It is a succession of magic-lantern pictures, highly colored and boldly grouped, without much detail or finish.

The impression produced is vivid, and so truthful that we recognize it, with something of sadness as an impression of decadence and effete-ness. It is the contrast of decline with the springing, soaring, German spirit. It is the spectacle of a civilization without heart or religion, without power, a courage without aim, opposed to the concentrated energy of Teutonic materialism. Each figure in it is a symbol. The young provincial noble, finding his obsolete loyalty useless in the capital, forgets it, but not his better nature, in gay extravagance. The *roué* of a former generation comes back as a conspirator, to use for tools in his pitiless plots the lives and hopes of dreamers turned Communists, who destroy him in their own ruin. The sexagenarian wit and cynic turns with disgust from the caricature of his own mental traits, as the time vulgarises them in the spasmodic, absinthe-sodden genius, who is the latest birth of letters in revolutionary days. Among them all the financier alone stands steady, far-sighted and consistent, representing the dominant force in modern society—wealth ruled by intelligence. The life of the Englishman, who seems doubtful whether to act the spectator or the hero, gives occasion for comparison and judgment among these social elements; and the Italian girl, whom he loves, brings

* *The Female Poets of America*. By Rufus Wilnot Griswold. With additions by R. H. Stoddard. New York: James Miller.

The Parisians. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. New York: Harper Brothers. 1874.

to their turmoil the relief of womanly purity and esthetic calm.

The coloring deepens, and the grouping grows more scenic, with the progress of the siege of Paris. And the occasion is not lost to bring out in strong light the best qualities of the French people, their charity and philosophic gayety, the fervent piety of women and the reckless courage of men, that rule the supreme moments of life for them. The story ends before the days of the Commune, without any hint of the forms or purposes destined

to emerge out of that welter of ruin, into which everything in France was then sinking. Nor, with the exception of a slight sketch of a suggested constitution, and, perhaps, the intimation that Prince Jerome is the coming man who may establish it, is there any attempt made to forecast a nation's future, as to which one of the most inspired seers among romance writers could only say, with his readers, that nothing seems impossible, after the wonderful improbabilities that have passed into its history.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Echoes in the Air.

IN the series of experiments made to determine the distance to which air would convey the sounds produced by trumpets, whistles and guns, Professor Tyndall found that the power of conveyance of the air varied greatly with its condition. On a clear day, for example, the sounds could only be heard to about one third the distance they readily penetrated on a foggy day. In discussing the cause of this phenomenon the Professor says: Humboldt, in his observations at the Falls of Trinoco, is known to have applied the following principles. He found the noise of the Falls three times louder by night than by day, though in that region the night, through beasts and insects, is far noisier than the day. The plain between him and the Falls consisted of spaces of grass and rock intermingled. In the heat of the day the temperature of the rock was 30° higher than that of the grass. Over every heated rock a column of air rarefied by the heat arose, and he ascribed the deadening of the sound to the reflections which it endured at the limiting surfaces of the rarer and denser air.

But what, asks Professor Tyndall, could on July 4, over a calm sea, where neither rocks nor grass existed, so destroy the homogeneity of the atmosphere as to enable it to quench in so short a distance the vast body of sound with which we were experimenting? As I stood upon the deck of the *rene*, pondering this question, I became conscious of the exceeding power of the sun beating against my back and heating the objects near me. Beams of equal power were falling on the sea, and must have produced copious evaporation. That the vapor generated should so rise and mingle with the air as to form an absolutely homogeneous mixture, I considered in the highest degree improbable. It would be sure I thought, to streak and mottle the atmosphere with spaces, in which the air would be at different degrees saturated, or it might be displaced by the vapor. At the limiting surfaces of

these spaces or invisible clouds we should have the conditions necessary for the production of partial echoes, and the consequent waste of sound. But granting this, it is incredible that so great a body of sound could utterly disappear in so short a distance without rendering an account of itself. Suppose, then, instead of placing ourselves behind such an acoustic cloud, we were to place ourselves in front of it, might we not in accordance with the law of conservation, expect to receive by reflection the sound which had failed to reach us by transmission? The case would be strictly analogous to the reflection of light from an ordinary cloud to an observer placed between it and the sun.

Putting this idea to the test of experiment, we took a position in which the body of air which had already shown such an extraordinary power to intercept sound was placed in front of us. On it the sonorous waves impinged, and from it they were sent back to us with astonishing intensity. The instruments hidden from view, were on the summit of a cliff 235 feet above us; the sea was smooth and clear of ships; the atmosphere was without a cloud, and there was no object which could possibly produce the observed effect. From the perfectly transparent air the echoes came, at first with a strength apparently but little less than that of the direct sound, and then dying gradually and continuously away. The remark of my companion, Mr. Edwards, was: "Beyond saying that the echoes seemed to come from the expanse of ocean, it did not appear possible to indicate any more definite point of reflection." Indeed, no such point was discoverable; the echoes reached us as if by magic, from absolutely invisible walls. Arago's notion that clouds are necessary to produce atmospheric echoes, is therefore, untenable.

Magnetization of Metals.

PROFESSOR BARRETT arrives at the following conclusions regarding the changes that occur in iron

and other metals where they are converted into magnets:

1st. The act of magnetization causes a slight increase in the *length* and a corresponding diminution of the breadth of an iron bar—a fact discovered by Mr. Joule, in 1842, confirming the previous observations of Gay Lussac and Wertheim, that there was no alteration in the total volume of the iron. This elongation, however, does not occur when the iron is submitted to a definite longitudinal strain; and when the strain is still greater the iron invariably *shortens* when magnetized.

2d. A sound is emitted by the iron on magnetization and again on demagnetization. This was revealed by Mr. Page, in 1837, and studied by many physicists subsequently. On iron wires the sound or clink seems to be composed of two distinct noises, one of which intensifies by a moderate strain, but is destroyed, and the whole sound enfeebled by a still higher strain.

3d. Mr. Wildemann has proved that an iron wire hung in the center of a helix and twisted, is more or less *untwisted* when a current traverses the helix and magnetizes the wire. M. Matteucci has shown that twisting a magnet lessens its force, but stretching a magnet slightly adds to its power, and according to M. Guillemin, a strip of iron bent by its own weight is partly straightened by magnetization.

4th. The conduction of heat in magnetized iron is greater across than along the magnetic axis, a fact discovered by Dr. Maggi, and enlarged by Sir William Thomson, who has shown that its precise analogue is to be found in the conduction of electricity in magnetized iron and nickel.

5th. A bar of wrought iron is more easily magnetized in the direction of its fiber; and steel once magnetized in a given direction and then demagnetized, is more readily magnetized in its first direction than in any other, a fact first pointed out by M. Marianni, and recently again observed by M. Jamin.

Lastly. It is well known that mechanical blows aid the assumption of magnetic power in steel, but tend to lessen and even destroy it when assumed; and the same is also true of heat, which no doubt acts in a similar way, viz., by lessening the cohesion of the particles of steel.

Selection of Grape Vines.

In an article in the *Horticulturist* Mr. G. W. Campbell says: I wish to make public a discovery, which I believe to be entirely new, and I think of great value to all experimenters in growing hybrid and seedling grapes. It is a method by which the future character of the fruit of a grape-seedling can be determined in the first year of its growth. Repeated tests have so far convinced me of its entire correctness that I do not hesitate to announce that

in the taste, or flavor of the green tendrils of the vine may be found a true index of the character of the future fruit. Although this is something that cannot be exactly defined, or accurately described; it may be acquired by any one with a nice discriminating taste. Go into a green-house where foreign grapes are growing, and taste the tendrils of the Muscat flavored varieties, and of the Black Hamburg and Chassellas, and you will soon learn to distinguish the difference, which is as distinct as the flavor of the grapes themselves. Again taste and compare the flavor of the tendrils of Concord and Hartford Prolific, with those of Delaware, Allen's Hybrid and Iowa. You will find in each distinctive differences, suggestive of the character of the grapes; then test and compare the native white grapes, the Fox and Frost grapes of the wood, with the tendrils of our cultivated varieties, and you will soon learn easily to distinguish the wild from the cultivated.

A Minister of Science.

IN support of the proposition to appoint a government minister who shall have charge of the interests of science in England, Col. Strange writes as follows: I, and many who think with me, maintain that scientific research must be made a national business; that the point at which science meets most of its leading branches has now arrived, and the problems presented for solution, are such as need for their adequate treatment, permanent, well equipped establishments with competent staffs working continuously and systematically. Lord Derby truly describes it as a case in which what is "everybody's business is nobody's business." We must make it somebody's business. We must make it the State's business. We have tried individual enterprise, which so many hold to be all sufficient. There is more individual enterprise in England than in any country in the world, and yet we are being rapidly outstripped by nations who, though they encourage private exertion, are wise enough not to rely on it, but to establish a system free from caprice. The first essential to any system is a head. No domestic household, no manufacturing, no ship, no army or navy, no public or private establishment of any kind,—and these are all systems,—can hold its own for a day without a head. But at the present hour there is no head in the science of England. The proposed remedy for this deficiency is the appointment of a minister of State, who shall be responsible to the nation through Parliament for everything connected with the scientific business of the country.

Physiological Action of Ozone.

THE general results of an investigation of this matter by Dr. McKendrick, of Edinburgh, are as follows:

1. The inhalation of an atmosphere high

charged with ozone diminishes the number of respirations per minute.

2. The cardiac pulsations are reduced in strength and this organ is found beating feebly after systemic death.

3. The blood is found, after death, to be in a venous condition, both in those cases of death in an atmosphere of ozonized air, and of ozonized oxygen.

4. The inhalation of an ozonized atmosphere is followed by a lowering of the temperature of the body to the extent of at least 3° to 5° C.

5. The inhalation of ozone does not exercise any appreciable action on the capillary circulation, as seen in the web of the frog's foot, under the microscope.

6. In the bodies of frogs killed in an ozonized atmosphere, the reflex activity of the spinal cord is not appreciably affected.

7. The contractility and work power of the muscles is unaffected.

8. The action on the blood discs is similar to that of air.

9. Ciliary action is not affected, provided there is an abundant supply of fluid.

The Pulsometer.

A MACHINE passing under this name has been devised for the purpose of raising water from mines. It is described as "a steam pump, operating without cylinder, piston, piston-rod, stuffing-boxes, glands, cams, eccentrics, side-valves, cranks or fly-wheels; but, on the contrary, is a construction in which steam and water are brought directly in contact, in certain chambers, where the alternating vacuum and pressure exerted by the steam is simply utilized to lift and force the water by a species of pulsating action." It is claimed that by placing these machines at proper distances above one another, and connecting the discharge pipe with the suction pipe of that above, water may be raised to almost any height by steam of low pressure.

Secondary Electric Battery.

SUCH an instrument may be formed by taking two strips of lead, separated by thick cloth, and having rolled them in the form of a helix, placing them in a vessel of dilute sulphuric acid. On connecting these helices with the polar wires of a Bunsen battery of a couple of cells, and allowing the current to pass, decomposition takes place, attended by the formation of oxide of lead. If after a time the Bunsen battery is discontinued, and the wires of the secondary battery are brought into communication, a powerful current passes for some minutes; the apparatus acting as a sort of condenser to store up the electricity produced by the primary battery. M. Gaston Plante states that a secondary battery

thus prepared with sheets of lead half a meter square, and charged by a couple of Bunsen cells, will heat a platinum wire, half a millimeter in diameter, red hot for twenty minutes, without any communication with the primary source, and even forty-eight hours after it has been charged.

Physiological Effect of Poisons.

DR. HERMANN KOHLER concludes, from what is known of the physiological effects of alkaloids, that it is impossible to identify an alkaloid farther than to say it belongs to a class which, in general, produces similar effects. He divides them into four classes, viz.:

1st. Those that enlarge the pupil of the eye when applied to it, as, for instance, atropine, and hyoscyamine.

2d. Those that produce tetanus, like strychnine, picrotoxine.

3d. Those that paralyze the heart, as antiarine, aconitine, digitaline.

4th. Those that produce local anæsthesia, as the group of glucosides called saporin. (*American Chemist*.)

Memoranda.

M. BERT states that compressed oxygen is not only destructive to animal life, but that it also hinders the germination of seeds, the putrefaction of fragments of muscle, the change of starch into sugar by saliva, and the development of *mycoderma aceti*.

If castor-oil is mixed with glycerine and a few drops of oil of cinnamon added, the taste of the castor-oil can scarcely be recognized.

Dr. Woods relates the following circumstance, which appears to show that sometimes, at least, malarial poison is to be found in water, and not in the air: Two ships were dispatched simultaneously with troops from Algeria to France, both under similar circumstances, excepting that the supply of water had been drawn, in one case, from the low, marshy lands where ague was prevalent, whilst the other ship had taken water from a locality situated at a greater elevation, and where the disease was unknown. The passengers on the first transport were generally seized with remittent fever, whereas no case of illness occurred on the other vessel.

In a report on the enamels employed to coat the interior of cast-iron cooking utensils, M. Poggiale states that many of these enamels contain lead, and dilute acids at the boiling point of water extract the lead in a majority of cases.

The addition of a minute quantity of aulin violet will prevent the putrefaction of animal substances, when washed and cooked meats preserved by this

The object of this etching, for it has one, is not so much to confute the assertion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, which is absurd, as to indicate a defect in the American character, and that is, the habit of toadying Englishmen. They may be distinguished or they may not; we toady them all the same. We do it at our Clubs,—that is, they do it at the Persimmon and the Utopian,—and we do it at our tables, when they condescend to accept our multitudinous invitations.

The Etcher wishes to be understood. He believes in great men, English or otherwise, and no one is more ready to do homage to their greatness. He believes in the recognition which Froude and Kingsley, and Tyndall and Proctor have received here, but he does not believe in the recognition which certain other Englishmen, who need not be named, have received. It exceeded their deserts, which were small, when they were not imaginary, and he frankly confesses that he is ashamed of his countrymen.

"They loved not wisely, but too well."

Will they ever learn to love wisely?

SINCE he has touched upon a defect in the American character, the Etcher proposes to point out a peculiarity in it, which he has no doubt is common to human nature the world over, and that is, the desire to get something for nothing. It is engendered in the hearts of the rich and the poor, but, as a rule, more in the hearts of the rich than the poor, who generally expect to pay for what they get. Some writer, the Etcher forgets who, tells a story of a little urchin that he used to see night after night at a circus, fast asleep. He woke him at last, and asked why he came, when he could not keep awake. "Because I have a pass," he replied, between his winks, "and must come." He was getting something for nothing, and was bound to have it, even if he slept it out.

The Etcher recalls a friend, who heard once that the keeper of a certain great restaurant would give a free lunch on a given day to all who sat down at his counter, provided they paid for their bibulation. He was in high glee at the prospect of the free lunch; not that it mattered to him, for he was as affluent as the hero of a young lady's novel, and determined to be present, but having a treacherous memory, he forgot all about it when the day came, and went and had his lunch elsewhere. When the Etcher reminded him of the free lunch, he went and had that. He could not resist the something for nothing. He remarked to the Etcher that two things struck him on that occasion,—one was, that the free lunchers were not clerks, errand boys, and the like, but merchants and bankers,—what they call "solid men" in Boston; the other was, that few drank anything that had to be paid for. The fact was probably noticed by the proprietor of

the restaurant, who went to bed that night a sadder and wiser man. He gave no more free lunches.

The Etcher was reminded of this anecdote a few days ago as he was strolling about the city in his careless way. He was walking with his head down, as an abstracted man is apt to do, when he was suddenly brought up by the banging of a carriage door. He stopped, and saw that the street was lined with carriages. They were three deep, and of the most stylish sort: one had but to see the horses and the liveried drivers to see that they belonged to the *crème de la crème*. What is going on, the Etcher asked himself, a wedding, or a funeral? He waited, there was no bride: he looked, there was no hearse. He confided his curiosity to a friendly policeman, who smiled at his ignorance, and proceeded to question him. "What day is to-day?" The Etcher mused, and answered, "Monday." "Don't that explain it?" "Explain what?" "Do you know what building that is?" pointing to the great house before which the carriages were drawn up? "No." "Metropolitan Museum of Art." "I see: it is Art which attracts all the fine people whom I see going in and coming out of the Museum." He stared at the Etcher, that skeptical policeman, as if he were a candidate for the lunatic asylum. "Art be hanged! It is because they can get in for nothing." "But they charge twenty-five cents for admission." "It is free Mondays." "So that poor people can see the collection. How thoughtful of the Trustees!" "Here come some of your poor people," he remarked, as a party of richly dressed ladies descended the broad steps, and, brushing away a little girl who was trying to sell flowers, entered their carriages, and were driven rapidly away. The Etcher pondered on what he said as he ascended the steps of the Museum. He was jostled at the door by another party of ladies, who stared at him superciliously, and barred his entrance until they had finished their small talk. As at the door, so throughout the building, it was filled with those who had no right to be there on that day which was set aside for those who could not afford to pay, if it was set aside for anything. It was the day of the poor. There are thousands of poor men and women in New York by whom the opportunity of seeing the Cesnola Collection, and the works of art which supplement it, would not be neglected, if they knew that it was offered to them free, and if they had the courage to avail themselves of it. The Etcher knows what he is writing about, when he declares that it demands more courage than most of them possess to force their way into the Museum on a free day, as he did, to be stared at, as he was, and to feel the contrast between the silks and satins and his rough garments. There was a time, perhaps, when this contrast would have pained him, but it is past, for he has now learned the philosophy of clothes and their wearers. The poor have not learned it yet: they are still abashed by the rich, particularly when the rich are insolent. The

natural inequality between the two is so great that no lady or gentleman would knowingly increase it. So the Etcher thought, as he struggled from room to room, seeing nothing that he would like to have seen, so many fine people were before him. He was not amused until he reached the Cypriote statues, who seemed to enjoy the crowd hugely. Not a man, among them, if they were men, not a deity, if they were deities, but was on the point of breaking into laughter. They were the merriest race that the sun ever shone upon. Clearly they were adepts in the art of living easily, and in the greater art of getting something for nothing. That was why they smiled so approvingly on the jostling groups below, who had come there in their carriages to see them, just because they could do it for nothing. The Etcher was appeased, when he entered into their mood, and he plodded homeward grimly, with a lurking consciousness in his soul, that he had been doing the same thing!

THE art of walking the streets, if it was ever known, is a lost art in America. The poet, Gay, wrote a poem about it a hundred and fifty years ago, and it is still worth reading, as a picture of the London of that time. It will not aid us, however, in the endeavor to walk our own streets, for many of the difficulties and dangers to pedestrians then have passed away, and other have taken their place. What annoys the Etcher more than these, which can generally be avoided by a quick eye and a cool head, is the entire disregard for others which is the characteristic of the average American pedestrian. He cares for nobody, and is rather proud of the fact. If he carries a cane, as young gentlemen of a certain age will, he twirls it by the handle as he walks until he describes a revolving circle, which is inconvenient to those who are before him, and those who are behind him. The best remedy for this annoyance is to stop this thoughtless young person blandly, remove the cane from his hand gently, break it smilingly, and toss the pieces into the street. He will be grateful to you—when he grows up. You walk on with the sense of having done your duty to yourself, and the community, but for your life you cannot pass the person in front of you. You hurry up with the intention of passing him on the right, but he shoots off to the right, just as you do, and you are impeded as before. Then you shoot off to the left, and he does the same. What to do, is the question. You have an important engagement with your lawyer. You promised to see a friend off for Europe. Your mother-in-law is waiting for you at the boat. How shall you pass him? The Etcher hesitates to give advice; but, at a venture, he suggests that if you cannot get round the Obstacle, you collide, and do the best you can. A little further on,—supposing that you *do* get on,—you are stopped on a narrow side-walk by three or four

hulking men, who entirely block the way while they stop to babble their nothings. What shall you do here? You know what you would *like* to do, if you have as much of the old Adam in you as the Etcher; but it is safer to step round by the way of the gutter, which is not so *very* muddy after all. You congratulate yourself on having kept your temper; but you finally lose it as you are pushed rudely out of the way by a burly bully of a man whose grammar is dubious, but whose diamonds are genuine. He makes your blood boil. While you are in this amiable frame of mind, two young scamps of shoe-blacks take it into their idle heads to play "tag," and as they dodge around you, one of them manages to drop his box, and you are tripped up. You can't call a policeman, for boys will lark—"What has he done?" the crowd would say, and it is not pleasant to parley with a sudden crowd, especially if you have any money about you. You had better not stop on the cross walk where you are; for cartmen have a curious way of turning suddenly round the corner when you least expect it; besides, it takes some time to reach the hospital in an ambulance. If it be an omnibus, it won't matter much, you are done for. And you are liable to all these annoyances, and these dangers, because the art of walking the streets is unknown in America.

The Etcher was growing querulous over this matter one day with a Celt of humble extraction; in other words, his shoe-maker. "What is the best way to walk the streets, Patrick?" he asked—where to Patrick, "Ride, sir." Patrick was right. The Etcher intends to set up his carriage; for unless matters mend soon, he will be obliged to follow the advice that Alvaney gave Rogers—and set up his hearse!

THE Etcher has no great opinion of much that passes for poetry now, for, to tell the truth, he does not understand it at all. Here is something which one of his apprentices wrote, and begged him to slip in among his etchings, and to gratify the lad, who has parts, he consents. There is a familiar air about it, an aroma, so to say, of Concord. He has questioned the writer as to what the poem means, but his answer, like Sheridan's interpreter, is the hardest to be understood of the two.

HEART AND BRAIN

Don't believe in heart?
I believe in brain:
Tell we where thou art:
There thou wilt remain!

Tell me where I stand:
Look again for me,—
Search the sea, the land—
I am gone from thee!

I am gone beyond
Where thou wert and art:
Be not over-fond,
Therefore, of thy heart!

Rather, come to me,
And, when all is done,
Thou, rejoiced shalt see,
Brain and heart are one !

Explanations are in order, in any of the modern languages, but English is preferred.

ROYALTY is such a serious matter at the best of times, that royal personages are not expected to jest much, and when they do indulge in that innocent recreation, their jests always pass for all they are worth. Queen Victoria was lately credited with a neat remark, *apropos* of the Republican opinions of Sir Charles Dilke, which, of course, were not over pleasant to her, whose only business is Royalty. She said that she used to take him on her knee when he was a child, and stroke his hair. "But perhaps," added her Majesty, "I stroked it the wrong way." Napoleon the Third never had the reputation of a wit, but he said one sharp thing after he had made himself master of the destinies of France. It was at the expense of his princely cousin, Plon Plon, who said to him one day, "You have nothing of your uncle about you." "Yes," he replied,—"his family."

If all the good things that kings and queens are supposed to have said were collected, they could be contained in a small volume, the larger part of which would need much authentication. A leaf or two would be filled by his graceless Majesty, Charles the Second, whose character is so happily hit off in the immortal epigram of Rochester:

"Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

Many leaves of this imaginary Royal Jest Book would doubtless be filled with the sayings of the old Kings of Ireland—if one could only be brought to believe in their rather apochryphal existence. Mr. Froude might tell us what he thinks about it, if he were in America now; but it is just as well, perhaps, that he is not; for there is no telling what a storm it might brew. Almost every true Irishman, we suppose, is a descendant of these old Irish Kings, and to question the whilom existence of his great ancestors, would be no joking matter. The Etcher prefers to admit it, therefore, and to imagine what merry monarchs these successors, or predecessors, or contemporaries of Brian Boru were, while he jots down two or three anecdotes of their descendants, which Planché, the dramatist, has preserved, and which are good enough to be imported.

An acquaintance of his, he says, who frequently visited Ireland, and generally stopped and dined at the same hotel in Dublin, on his arrival one day perceived a paper wafered on the looking-glass in

the coffee-room, with the following written notice: "Strangers are particularly requested not to give any money to the waiters, as attendance is charged for in the bill." The man who had waited on him at dinner, seeing him reading the notice, said, "O Misther —; shure that doesn't consarn ye anyway. Your honor was niver made a stranger in this house."

Planché tells another anecdote about a nobleman whom he met at dinner, and who told him that he had been shooting at a friend's place in the West of Ireland, and that the game-keeper had indulged the most exaggerated accounts of the quantity of every description of game upon his master's estate. Nothing that ever ran or flew, that his lordship inquired about, but was asserted by the man could be found by hundreds and thousands. Having, for amusement's sake, exhausted the catalogue of "feathers," probable, or improbable, and received the most positive assurance of the existence of every beast or bird in abundance, he asked, "Are there any paradoxes?" This was rather a pose, but, after a moment's hesitation, the keeper answered undauntedly, "Bedad, then, your lordship may find two or three of *them* sometimes on the sand, when the tide's out."

A third story concerns a fellow traveler, who Planché met in Germany, and who was, himself, an Irishman. He was on the box of an Irish mail coach, on a very cold day, and, observing the driver enveloping his neck in the voluminous folds of ample comforter, he remarked, "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself, my friend." "Och, to be shure I am, sir," answered the driver, "what's all the world to a man when his wife's widdy!"

THE Women's Temperance Movement at the Etcher, probably, be somewhat unlike that of the West, the circumstances of the two sections being different. They propose first to call upon the clergymen of New York, and if they are not driven off by a mob of Sunday-school boys and theological students, they then propose to try the various newspaper offices. If they can get the clergymen and the editors, they will feel like beginning on the grog-shops. The Etcher hopes these preliminary movements will not be accompanied by any violence beyond the pounding of a few pulpits.

THERE is now not only a *Christian at Work* in New York, but a *Presbyterian at Work*. It would be a comfort to the public to know the exact difference in these two agencies and their modes of operation. It is presumed, that the latter, as the *Journal* born, does not intend to enter the peculiar field of the other.

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THE GREAT SOUTH.



THE BATTERY, CHARLESTON.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA PROBLEM; THE EPOCH OF TRANSITION.

PORT ROYAL, in South Carolina, was once first cousin to Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts. Both places were consecrated to liberty of conscience in the early days of American history. The rugged New England headland was the refuge and the fortress of the English Puritan; the fertile plain at the mouth of the broad and noble Carolinian river was the resort of the French Huguenot, who preferred exile and danger to the sacrifice of his faith. Jean Ribault and his hardy men-at-arms, sailing northward from the blooming banks of Florida, in 1562, anchored their ships during a great storm at the mouth of a "fair and large harbor," and named it, and the river emptying into it, Port Royal. The good Frenchmen who had been sent by brave old Admiral Col-

igny to found an asylum for the oppressed in the New World, wandered delightedly along the shores of the stream, under moss-grown oaks and lofty pines, beneath the cedars and the palmettoes, and shaped visions of future glory. They pictured to themselves the time when the waters of the vast harbor should be covered with noble fleets; when spacious gardens should cover the luxuriant shores; and, after a few days of repose, they raised a stately pillar of stone, with the arms of France graven on it, and, in honor of Charles IX., built a fort called Arx. Carolina on an island in the river. A little garrison was placed in charge, and Ribault returned to France, to recount with enthusiasm the wonders of that part of the then province of Florida, destined in future to be named,



ODD ARCHITECTURE ON THE BATTERY, CHARLESTON.

as the Frenchman had called his fort, Carolina.

To-day, more than three centuries after Ribault's adventurous voyage, the site of the old fort and pillar is not even known definitely. Port Royal is an infant town just springing into commercial activity, under the influence of reviving commerce; and the negro slouchingly tills the soil and lounges in the sun on the shores from which the tide of revolution has swept his late master.

In the sixteenth century, the country claimed in America by the Spaniards as Florida, and by the French as "New France," was supposed to extend from the Chesapeake to the "Tortugas," along the coast, and inland as far as the exploring foreigners might choose to penetrate. During many perilous years the States now known as Florida and South Carolina had a common history. The Huguenots continued their explorations until the treachery and murderous fury of the Spaniards had exterminated all of them who ventured into the Floridian lands; and had Menendez of Avila, the blackest villain whose life-record blots the annals of American discovery, died in his cradle, South Carolina would, perhaps, at this day have been peopled by Protestant Gauls.

The little settlement at Port Royal suffered many ills. The soldiers left by

Ribault, borne down by misfortune and sickness, determined to return home. The Indians aided the soldiers to construct a brigantine, with which the miserable men tried to make their way to France; but they were reduced to starvation on the voyage, and it was only after they had begun to eat each other, that the survivors were rescued by an English vessel. The settlement founded by Ribault was abandoned; and two years elapsed before another Huguenot expedition, led by Laudonniere, founded a settlement near the mouth of the river May, as the St. John's, prince of the streams of Florida, was then called. Had Laudonniere flourished, the Port Royal fort might have been rebuilt; but the Spaniards from St. Augustine fell upon both Laudonniere and the re-enforcements which Ribault had brought him, and in 1565 the second of Coligny's attempts was disastrous. Even the colossal vengeance which that *preux chevalier*, Dominique de Gourgues, took upon the Spaniards in Florida, two years afterwards, did not re-establish French influence there; and no Huguenot came again to our Southern shores until one hundred and thirty years later, when the revocation of the edict of Nantes in France sent hundreds of the descendants of Coligny's followers to South Carolina. Their illustrious names are still

borne by many worthy families in Charleston.

Under the "Palatinate" the development of the province now known as South Carolina was begun. Under a charter from the crown, after the restoration, all the lands lying between the 31st and the 36th degrees of north latitude, were granted to a proprietary government.

The utmost religious liberty prevailed in the newly organized province. The constitution under which the noble dukes and earls who had received the charter proposed that their colonists should live, was framed by the philosopher, John Locke. The eldest of the "lords proprietors" was palatine; the seven other chief offices were admiral, chamberlain, chancellor, constable, chief justice, high steward and treasurer. The province was subdivided into counties, signories, baronies, precincts and colonies. Each signory, barony and colony consisted of twelve thousand acres, and it was provided that after a certain term of years the "proprietors" should not have power to alienate or make over their proprietorship, but that "it should descend unto their heirs male." Here was a good foundation for a landed aristocracy. Every freeman of Carolina was authorized to "have absolute power and authority over his negro slaves;" and no person could

hold or claim any land in the province except from and under the "lords proprietors."

The first attempt of the English experimenters to settle the country was at Port Royal, in 1670. William Sayle was appointed governor of the colony, and great inducements were offered to English immigrants. The first site of "Charlestown" was on the western bank of the Ashley river, and the estate where the first site was is still known as "Old Town." Subsequently the settlement was removed to Oyster Point, about two miles lower down, at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers. It was not until 1783 that the town was incorporated. The original expedition of the proprietary government cost twelve thousand pounds, and in the years between 1670 and 1682, a hundred houses were built at "Charlestown," and an ancient chronicler adds that many who went there as servants had become worth several hundreds of pounds, and lived in a very beautiful condition, with their estates still increasing.

The constitution which Locke had framed after the pattern of Plato's model republic, was sufficient for the Carolinians only until 1693, and in 1719 Carolina put itself under the protection of King George.

As a colony, a rapid development and a



GARDEN AT MT. PLEASANT—OPPOSITE CHARLESTON.



A PEEP THROUGH RUINS.

large prosperity were experienced at once, and the people began to turn their attention to their superb material resources with a vigor never before manifested.

One century after the granting of the charter by Charles the Second to the proprietors, Carolina had arisen to considerable commercial eminence. "Charlestown," Beaufort, Purysburg, Jacksonborough, Dorchester, Camden and Georgetown were the principal settlements, but no one, save the first, consisted of more than thirty or forty dwellings. The negroes, who had been introduced in great numbers as soon as the planting of rice became the chief industry of the colony, already outnumbered the whites. In Charleston they were as eight to five; and while the white population of the colony did not exceed forty thousand, the negroes numbered eighty or ninety thousand. At that time it was said of the whites that, "in the progress of society they had not advanced beyond that period in which men were

distinguished more by their external than internal accomplishments." They were chiefly known in England "by the number of their slaves, the value of their annual produce, or the extent of their landed estates." They were lively and gay; "all novelties in fashion, ornament and dress were quickly introduced, and even the spirit of luxury and extravagance, too common in England," was beginning to creep among them. It was said that "there were more people possessed of five and ten thousand pounds sterling in the province" than were to be found anywhere among the same number of persons. "Their rural life and their constant use of arms" kept up a martial spirit among them. The Indians hated the negroes, and there was, consequently, no danger of their conspiring together. The Carolinian merchant was an honest, industrious and generous man. The province readily obtained all the credit it demanded; the staples which it produced were very valuable, and agriculture and trade were constantly enlarged in their scope by the importations of ship-loads of negroes. A little before the time of the American

revolution, the exports from "Carolina" in a single year amounted to £756,000 sterling; but the imports were so extensive that the colony remained indebted to the mother country. Still, the old English critics thought the Carolinians rather slovenly husbandmen, and were astonished at the manner in which they managed their estates. Freeholds of land were easily obtained by patent or purchase, and were also alienable at will; so that the system of husbandry was not carried on according to any established principles or plans. The planter ordinarily cleared a wooded tract, planted it with rice or indigo until it was exhausted, and then neglected it for a fresh location. Nowhere was the soil improved, nowhere were grass seeds sown for enriching the pastures and the only study was the putting of the largest crop into market. Safe and prosperous, guaranteed royal protection, possessing unlimited credit and indulgence, and owning the labor necessary to



VIEW FROM FORT SUMTER.

produce wealth, the Carolinian of one hundred years ago seemed a most fortunate mortal, and his carelessness was accounted a princely quality.

Port Royal Island and its chief town, Beaufort, are monuments to the disastrous effects of the revolution which has swept over South Carolina within the last generation. Everywhere on the chain of beautiful sea islands along the low coast one finds the marks of the overturn. But Port Royal, situated on the river terminating in what is perhaps the grandest harbor on the American coast, has hopes, and may bring new life to decaying Beaufort. The railroad has penetrated the low lands, creeping across marshes and estuaries upon formidable trestles, and now drains the rich cotton fields around Augusta, in Georgia, towards the Broad River. The town is laid out into lots, and the numbers of the avenues run ambitiously high already; an English steamship line has sent its pioneer vessel to the port; and the home government talks of establishing a navy-yard upon the stream.

With commercial facilities, which neither New Orleans, Savannah, nor Norfolk can boast, Port Royal deserves a great future. The harbor which Ribault three hundred years ago enthusiastically described as so large that "all the argosies of Venice might safely ride therein," is certainly ample for the accommodation of the largest fleets known, and is easy and safe of access.

The lowland scenery of South Carolina is as varied as tropical. From the sea the marshes, or savannahs, stretching seventy miles back from the coast, seem perfectly level; but there are in many places bluffs and eminences crowned with delicate foliage.

A vast panorama of fat meadows, watered by creeks; of salt and fresh marshes; of river swamp lands of inexhaustible fertility, from which spring the sugar-cane and cypress; of the rich, firm soil, where the oak and the hickory stand in solid columns, and of barrens studded with thousands of young pines—salutes the eye. The innumerable branches which penetrate the low-lying lands from the sea have formed a kind of checker-work of island and estuary. The forests along the banks of the streams, and scattered on the hedges between the marshes, are beautiful. The laurel, the bay, the palmetto, the beech, the dogwood, the cherry, are overgrown with wanton, luxuriant vines, which straggle across the aisles where the deer and the fox still wander. In the spring the jessamine and the cherry fill the air with the perfume of their blossoms; in winter the noble oaks, in their garments of moss, and the serried pines, preserve the verdure which the other trees have lost, and give to the landscape an aspect of warmth and life. When the rice plantations are submerged, and the green plants are just showing their heads above the water, and nodding and swaying beneath the slight breeze passing over the hundreds of acres, the effect is indescribably novel and beautiful.

Beaufort, in a soft, delicious climate, where the orange flourishes, is beautifully located, and was once the abode of hundreds of proud and wealthy planters. One reaches it by rail from Yemassee, a little junction in the midst of a pine forest, where the trains from Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, and Port Royal all meet at midday, and indulge in delays which in the North would be thought

disastrous, but which seem quite natural in the slumberous climate of the lowlands. The journey from Yemassee is through rich woods, and along high ridges; past newly cleared lands, where the freedmen are grubbing for existence; past old and worn-out plantations, now deserted, with no smoke curling upwards from the chimneys of the long rows of negro cabins, and no signs of life about the huge, white mansion in the clump of oaks, or in the center of a once lovely garden. At the little stations one sees smartly-dressed men mounting fine horses, and galloping down the long, straight avenues in the forests, to the plantations which they own many miles away. One also sees colored people everywhere, of every shade and variety, lounging, riding, talking in high-pitched voices, and with an accent which renders their speech unintelligible to the stranger. Sometimes a startled doe, followed by her fawns, bounds across the track. There are but few houses to be seen, and they are miles away. You catch a glimpse of some mighty lagoon, lonely and grand; now you are whirled into the lonely forests—along a river bank—across a wide arm of the sea; now through swamps in which innumerable cypress-knees and rotting boughs seem like snakes and monsters in the stagnant water, and now where you note the gleam of the sun on the white walls of some deserted Beaufort mansion.

The long street by the water-side was as still when I entered it as if the town were

asleep. The only sign of life was a negro policeman, dressed in a shiny blue uniform, pacing languidly up and down. But there was not even a dog to arrest. On the pretty pier in front of the Sea Island hotel two or three buzzards were ensconced asleep; half way across the stream a dredge-boat was hauling up phosphates from the channel bed. I wandered through all the streets of the town. It was evidently once very beautiful, and even now there are many evidences of beauty. But a silence as of the grave reigned everywhere. Many of the mansions were closed, and fallen into decay. The old Episcopal Church, surrounded by a high moss-grown wall, seemed indignantly to have shut itself in from the encroachments of the revolution. The whole aspect of the place was that which I afterwards found pervading other South Carolinian towns—that of complete prostration, dejection, stagnation.

Here the revolution came savagely home. The planter, when he returned from his enforced exile during the war, found that the negro had installed himself upon his lands, and would not give them up. A practical confiscation had been operated. There was no redress; the government was in the hands of the negroes. It is true that they were the majority, as they had been for many years before they received their civil rights. The victory of the Union armies meant land to these negroes. They had some ideas of Nemesis; they did not

care to respect property, and hundreds of white families were left homeless, moneyless, and driven into cities where they were friendless. The great plantations of Sea Island cotton were untilled; the negro was too busy with politics to work; and the general government was in no mood for listening to individual complaints. The "acts of forfeiture," passed in



RUINS OF ST. PHILIP'S—CHARLESTON.



A RICE PLANTATION.

1862, swept all the lands in St. Helena parish and thousands of acres on Port Royal Island into the hands of the United States Government, by whose authority they were in turn sold on long time to the negroes, and liens taken as security. The original owners who dared to return, protested,* but it was of no avail. The lands have been taken from them, and the negro rules over both them and their lands. He and his fellows dispose not only of the revenues of Beaufort, but of the state. The idle and vicious of his race huddle together in gorgeous parlors, once decorated with elegant furniture, purchased by the planters with the proceeds of slave labor. The city hall is controlled by the blacks, and the magistrates, the police, and the representatives in the Legislature are nearly all Africans. In Beaufort township there are ten negroes to one white person; and in all towns in the adjacent country it is a similar story. At Hilton Head there are about three thousand colored persons and hardly one hundred whites. On St. Helena's Island, still in the same county, there are six thousand negroes and about seventy whites. At

Yemassee, nearly three thousand blacks, and barely two hundred whites. In the adjoining counties, Colleton and Charleston, the proportions in the towns are about the same, except in Charleston city. On Edisto Island there are nearly three thousand negroes, and hardly any white persons. The blacks have formed communities by themselves. They have left the country, and gone to town. The result is that in the chief centers of every township they are immensely in the majority. They monopolize everything. Naturally enough they are in possession of a great deal which they cannot use. They seem, especially on Port Royal Island, contented with a small tract of land on which to raise cotton, and over which their hogs may wander. Some are very industrious; others never do any work; the masses are satisfied with getting a living. They know little about markets, surplus crops, and the accumulation of riches, and care less. They love hunting and fishing; they revel in the idleness which they never knew until Nemesis took them under his protection. But they are cumberers of the soil; their ignorance impedes, their obstinacy throttles; their idleness will in time annihilate all chances of the State's resuscitation. They are tools in the hands of the corrupt; they yield easily to corruption. They lack moral sense, as might have been expected, after a few generations of slavery. They are immoral, and irresponsible; emotional and unreliable; not at all unfriendly in spirit towards the whites, their old masters, yet by their attitude in reality they do them deadly harm.

* The act of 1862 provided that if a property owner should fail to pay, within sixty days, the amount assessed by the Land Commissioners for South Carolina, appointed by the general government, "the title to his land should thereupon become forfeited to the United States;" and that after such forfeiture a sale should follow, by which the title should be vested in the purchaser or in the United States. This act was, of course, based upon the assumption that the States in which it was operative were out of the Union. Inasmuch as the Land Commissioners for South Carolina did not enter upon their duties until one year after the establishment at Beaufort of the military and civil authority of the Federal Government, a large number of those Carolinians who have suffered by confiscation claim that the whole sale of the lands is illegal, and that the titles of the present owners are equivocal and false.

The undoing of the old relations between the two races, and the conferring of political privileges upon him who was formerly the inferior, has been the ruin of certain sections of these fertile lowlands. Neither race seems likely to resume operations on anything like the old scale of grandeur. The Sea Island cotton crop, once a source of such wealth, is small now, yet the negroes, with industry, might raise immense crops. In 1870, Beaufort county, with one hundred and fifty thousand acres of improved land, sent to market but a little over seven thousand bales; it has done somewhat better of late. The culture



CARRYING SHEAVES.

has met with some disasters; caterpillars and foul weather have interfered. The negroes usually plant a little Sea Island cotton, no matter how small may be their farms. The northern capitalists who have undertaken this difficult, but once very profitable, culture have, as a rule, sunk the better portion of their invested capital; and the native planters have gradually taken to planting a less number of acres yearly. During the three years preceding the war, South Carolina

sent to market 54,904 bales of Sea Island cotton; but in the three years ending September 1st, 1873, only 23,307 bales were sent out. The control of prices abroad has also been lost to the Sea Island planter in South Carolina, as, in the days of slavery, he carelessly sold the finer seeds to any one from other countries who wished to buy, and now encounters formidable foreign rivalry in Egypt, the Sandwich Islands, and in South America, as well as in our own Gulf States.

If a planter of the days when the royal colony of South Carolina was in the height of its glory, could return now, and wander through the streets of moss-grown Beaufort, he would be amazed, but no more so



WINNOWING RICE.

than would the planter of 1850 or 1860, if he, too, might return. For it would be found that in a decade and a half, one of the most remarkable revolutions ever recorded in history, has occurred. A wealthy and highly prosperous community has been reduced to beggary; its vassals have become its lords, and dispose of the present, and pledge the future, resources of the State. In ten years the total valuation of the commonwealth has been reduced from nearly five hundred millions to barely one hundred and fifty millions at the present time; the banking capital of Charleston from thirteen to three millions; the insurance capital entirely destroyed. The taxes have been increased from \$392,000 in 1860 to \$2,000,000 in 1870; slaves valued at \$174,000,000 have been freed, and set to learn the arts of self-government and civilization. More than four hundred thousand blacks now inhabit the State, and their number is constantly increasing. Thousands of planters have been so utterly ruined that they can never hope even to attain comfortable circumstances again. There are numberless instances of this pointed out to me at Beaufort.

Opposite an elegant mansion on one of the main streets is a small, unambitious structure, in which the former occupant of the grand mansion is selling goods at retail. He returned after the capture of Beaufort to find himself stripped of everything, and has been living in view of his former splendor ever since. His fields are held by strangers; his house is converted into offices. In a day, as it were, he and thousands of others were reduced to complete dependence, and compelled to live under the government of the ignorant slaves, whose labor they had grown rich upon.

The lowlands of South Carolina are the most interesting portions of the State, in a commercial and picturesque point of view,

and there the political outlook is also most depressing. The masses of the freedmen of both sexes on the Sea Islands and in the seaboard counties are very ignorant, and are vastly inferior, in natural intelligence and ability, to the negro of the upper and middle sections of the same State, or to the type met with throughout Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky. The lowland negro of South Carolina has a barbarous dialect, which no external influences have as yet impressed in the slightest degree; the English words seem to tumble all at once from his mouth, and to get sadly mixed whenever he endeavors to speak. The phraseology is usually so odd, too, that even after the stranger has become a little accustomed to the thick tones of the voice and the awkward enunciation, he cannot readily understand. Certainly, a Virginian negro from the town could not comprehend these low-country people at all, until his ear had become habituated to the apparent mumbling. The children of the planters, brought up on the plantations, and allowed to run in the woods with the little negroes, acquired the same dialect; and to-day many a gentleman's son regrets that it is apparent in his speech. These negroes also have their peculiar religious superstitions and ceremonies. I repeatedly asked planters in Beaufort and Charleston counties if the negroes there had changed much in manners and habits since their slave days, and the invariable answer was "No!" They have learned to understand that the vote gives power; they find work in large bands together on the rice plantations distasteful to them, and they

are perfectly happy when they succeed in obtaining an acre or two of land, and in erecting a cabin. To own a mule is the acme of bliss. The men and women still maintain their old-time servility toward their former masters. When they meet them on the roads the men always touch their hats, and the women, no matter how huge the basket they may happen to be carrying upon their heads, courtesy profoundly. The word "mas'r"

is still used, being so intimately associated in the negro's mind with certain individuals, that he has no inclination to drop it. The friendliest exterior relations are maintained between ex-master and ex-slave, as a rule; and the white conservatives sometimes bitterly regret that they did not come boldly forward, at the outset of reconstruction, and themselves guide the negro votes. There would, at one time, have been a fair chance for such a fusion; but the races soon drifted into separate political currents, and the negro appeared in his present rôle of corrupt and ignorant legislator. At present, the whites cannot get a hearing in the legislature, and are subject to many tyrannies at the hands of negro justices and constables.

There are honorable exceptions to all the general criticisms which may be made upon the character of the lowland negro; but as a mass, the race is really very degraded. It is making gradual progress toward a condition of independence; yet ignorance and irresponsibility are still dense. The marriage relation is almost unknown in many of the lowland counties; men and women live together so long as they can agree, and are called husband and wife. Passing through a rice field one morning, in which there were, perhaps, four hundred black men and women at work, I requested the owner of the plantation, whom I accompanied, to ask four men, who were sitting by a rice stack,



NEGRO FISHERMAN.



A QUEER CAVALIER.

awaiting a barge, some leading questions calculated to throw light on their morality. Each of the four had had two "wives," as they termed it; one of the elder ones had had four. The causes of separation were various—infidelity, abuse, a hasty word, or laziness. The children who were the fruit of these careless unions were kept by either father or mother, as the couple might agree. Jealousy is a terrible passion among these people, and sometimes leads to capital crime. All, without exception, are religious; they find a temporary relief and an excitement in the "meetings," and will go to one, no matter how distant it may be. Most of the men are armed; they manage to secure a pistol or a gun, and are as fond of hunting as their white employers. The situation of those gentlemen who had been slaveholders and large planters before the war, was dreadful for a year or two after the fall of the Confederacy. The freedmen were difficult to manage, could not be got to work, and were jealous of anything which seemed like an attempt to get them back to their old places. The intervention of soldiery was constantly necessary to keep the peace.

The low-country planter lived in what was really princely style, as a rule. Although some few were ignorant, and cherished the belief that there was nothing else in the country so fine as their forests and swamps, most were courteous, unaffected and devoid of pretension. They resided with their families at their country-seats, on the plantations, during the winter months, and in the summer, removed to pleasant mansions along the Ashley River or on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston. The Heywards, the Manigaults, the Lowndes, the Middletons, the Hugers, the Barnwells, the Elliots, the Rhett's, went annually to Charleston, where there was choice and polished society. To-day, the majority of those who were at all engaged in planting at the outbreak of the war, are pitifully poor; and just at the close of the war, the spectacle of men who had owned two hundred or five hundred slaves, reduced to driving a cart, or tending a grocery, was quite common. The enforced poverty of many is even bitterer now than it was then, for they are compelled to see, day by day, the poor State, which has already been so impoverished, plundered anew and embarrassed further by the action of the ignorant and vicious legislators.

Many of the lowland negroes were firmly impressed, when they were first called upon to use the ballot, that they were to gain some property by it, and great numbers of them still have an idea that they have been in some manner defrauded of what they were entitled to. They have also been told by so many legislators of their own race that all the property, once their masters', now properly belonged to them, that they have taken literally to believing it, in many cases, while, in others, they consider the whole thing a muddle entirely beyond their comprehension. This assertion that the negroes ought to take the planters' lands, has been often made by white politicians, who gained control of the negro at the time that the white natives refused to take any part in the elections, in the re-organization of the State. The whole theory of taxation in the commonwealth, as evolved by Nash and others of the few colored men of talent in the legislature, is summed up in these words, from the present Governor's last message: "The taxes fall chiefly where they belong—upon real estate. The owner cannot afford to keep thousands of acres idle and unproductive, merely to gratify his personal vanity, and because he inherited them from his father. Stern necessity, therefore, will compel him to cut up his ancestral possessions into small farms, and sell them to those who can and will make them productive; and thus the masses of the people will become property-holders."

Swart Demos in the legislative chair, with artful rogues around him, remembers only that the tax was not raised from land, but upon the slaves, previous to 1860; and when he thinks of it, very likely his blood is hot, and he willingly applies a slashing tax to the land-owners. "In the old days," he says, "your cotton acres, worth hundreds of dollars, were only taxed four cents an acre, but on four hundred thousand wretches, such as I, you placed a tax of 60 cents per head, and made us work it out,



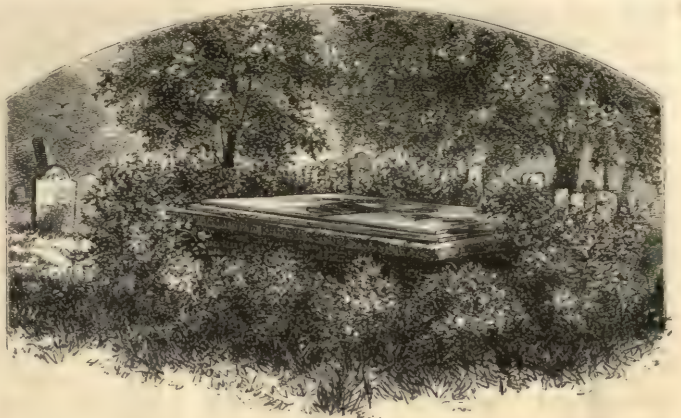
MULE-BOOTS.

thus getting nearly half a million of revenue. Now we will make you work out your tax, and we will wrest your lands away from you." And so bitterness is needlessly provoked on both sides, and

there is a veritable war of races. It is not taxation, nor even an increase of taxation, that the people of South Carolina object to; but it is *taxation without representation, and unjust, tyrannical, arbitrary, overwhelming taxation*, producing revenues which never get any further than the already bursting pockets of knaves and dupes!

Rice culture has been the prominent South Carolinian industry since the time of the Landgrave Thomas Smith, under the proprietary government. With the determination of the planters to make it the chief object of their care, came the necessity for importing great numbers of slaves, and the sacrifice of many hundreds of lives, in the arduous labors of clearing the ground and preparing the soil. The cypress forests gave place to the fields of waving green, and the rivers were diverted from their channels to flood the vast expanses in which the negroes had set the seeds.

In 1724, four hundred and thirty-nine African slaves were imported to South Carolina, together with a vast amount of other commodities, in exchange for which the citizens gave eighteen thousand barrels of rice and fifty-two thousand barrels of naval stores. Year by year the importations of negroes increased in numbers; year by year the planter became "more eager in the pursuit of large possessions of land," and "strenuously vied with his neighbor," says a chronicler, "for a superiority of fortune." The Carolinians were compelled to keep up fortifications on the borders of the Spanish domains, to prevent the negroes from escaping into foreign territory; but they had few other external cares. Their trade grew constantly with New England, New York and Pennsylvania; and in 1738, when there were fully forty thousand negroes in South Carolina, Spanish policy provoked a formidable insurrection on the part of the blacks. This brought on open hostilities between Spaniards and Carolinians, and the latter made an unsuccessful expedition against St. Augustine.*



CALHOUN'S GRAVE—CHARLESTON.

It should be borne in mind that the following statistics, showing how rapidly the exportation of rice increased in quantity, also shows how swiftly the slave population of the province grew. From 1720 to 1729, the export was 44,081 tons; from 1730 to 1740, it was 99,905 tons; and in the single year of 1740, ninety thousand barrels were sent away, the gain upon which was estimated at two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. In 1771, the exports of the State amounted to £756,000 sterling. Shipping crowded the harbors; money was plenty; the planters commanded the best of everything from Great Britain and the West India Islands. There were at that period no taxes whatever upon real or personal estate; but the revenues were raised by duties on "spirituous liquors, sugar, molasses, flour, biscuit, negro slaves, etc.," and amounted to several thousand pounds per annum.

And so, for many generations, the rice culture and the slave system went hand in hand upon the fertile Carolina lowlands. Good authorities have assured me that they believe there were a million acres of rice lands in cultivation in South Carolina at the outbreak of the civil war. At the present time there is hardly one-fourth of that area cultivated, but there is a steady increase. The blows struck by immediate emancipation upon this once gigantic industry were crushing. Under the slave régime, the planters successfully competed with other producers in all the markets of the world. From 1850 to 1860, they exported 705,317, 600 pounds of rice, valued at \$24,619,009. The total production of rice in the United States in 1850 was 215,313,497 pounds; in

* An account of this singular expedition will be found in the forthcoming article on Florida.



AUNT BRANSOM.

1860, only 187,162,032. Such figures are eloquent. The rice-producing States suffered severely at an early period of the war; the fields were abandoned; and in South Carolina the production has decreased from 119,100,524 pounds, in 1860, to 32,304,825, in 1870. The annual product in Georgia, Louisiana and the Carolinas, from 1865 to 1871, will show that the industry is gradually struggling upon its feet once more :

Year.	Pounds.
1866	12,002,080
1867	19,368,060
1868	27,566,740
1869	48,837,920
1870	54,117,320
1871	59,000,000

Some of the rice plantations cover thousands of acres even now; and the employment of from five to eight hundred men, women and children by a single person, is not at all uncommon. I visited the celebrated plantation at Green Pond, in Colleton county, the property of Mr. Bissell, who has 3,500 acres under his control. He, in common with others, was broken by the war; and is struggling with the hundred ills which beset the planter in the changed condition of affairs. His broad fields lie seven miles from the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, at the rear of extensive pine forests, in which, now that the white man is so poorly represented in the legislature, the poacher wanders unreprieved. The plantation extends across the Combahee river into Beaufort county, and at various points rice-pounding mills

and little villages, in which the workers live, are established. A morning ride in the soft and Italian-like autumn across this or similar plantations, is a delicious experience. Mounted on a stout mule or on a Kentucky horse, you gallop through the perfumed avenues of the forests until you reach the wide expanse of fields, cut into squares by long trenches, through which water from the river in the background is admitted to every part of the land. The breeze rustles musically in the tall cane along the banks, in whose sedgy recesses the alligator and the serpent hide. In the distance an antlered deer may break from his cover, and after one defiant glance, stamp his foot, and be gone! A white sail glides on the horizon's rim, as the little schooner from Charleston works her way around to the mill, where long processions of black boys and girls, with baskets on their heads, and their mouths filled with horrible jargon, are waiting to load the rice.

The injury done to all the plantations in these lowland counties, by the neglect consequent on the war, is incalculable. Most of these plantations have been reclaimed from the waters; have been diked, ditched, furnished with "trunks," by means of which the planter can inundate or drain his land at will.* A rice plantation is, in fact, a huge hydraulic machine, maintained by constant warring against the tides. The utmost attention and vigilance is necessary, and the labor must be ready at a moment's notice for the most exhaustive efforts. Alternate flooding and draining must take place several times during the season, and one part of the crop must be flooded, while the other adjacent to it is dry. Fields are divided into sections, and trunks or canals convey water from the river to each separately. "The whole apparatus of levels, flood-gates, trunks, canals, banks, ditches," says a prominent planter "is of the most extensive kind, requiring skill and unity of purpose. The slightest leak in the banks or dikes may end in the ruin of the whole plantation. Freshets, too, commit frightful havoc from time to time. At one fell swoop the produce of a thousand acres on Mr. Bissell's plantation was swept away last year. The cost of reclaiming rice lands, and fitting them for culture, was about

* Speech of Hon. F. A. Sawyer, of South Carolina, in the U. S. Senate, in 1872.

\$100 per acre before the war, and so greatly had they been damaged by long neglect that more than half that sum has been expended in their rehabilitation. Once well prepared, the annual cost of cultivation is now about \$30 as compared with \$10 in former days, but it is steadily decreasing.

We wandered over perhaps seven hundred acres, in Colleton and Beaufort counties. The men and women at work in the different sections were under the control of field-masters. The spectacle was lively. The women were dressed in gay colors, with handkerchiefs, uniting all the hues of the rainbow, around their temples. Their feet were bare, and their stout limbs encased in uncouth flannel wrappings. Most of them, while staggering out through the marshes with forty or fifty pounds of rice-stalks on their heads, kept up an incessant jargon with one another, and indulged in a running fire of invective against the field-master. The "trunk-minders," the watchmen on whose vigilance the plantation's safety depends, promenaded briskly; the flat-boats, on which the field hands deposited their huge bundles of rice-stalks, were poled up to the mill where the grain was threshed and separated from the straw, winnowed, and carried in baskets to the schooners which transported it to Charleston, and the "pounding mills." During harvest time eight hundred hands are employed on this plantation. Harvest is hardly completed by March, when the sowing begins again. The trunks are opened in each section the day it is planted, and the fields are flooded.

The mules, that annually drag the plow through the marshes, are booted with leather contrivances, that they may not sink in up to their ears. To the negroes is given the rice that grows along the margins, and considerable profit is obtained from its sale. The fields in autumn are yellowish in hue, tinged here and there lightly with green, where young rice is upspringing from the shoots recently cut down. The rice lies in ricks, but is ill protected from the swarms of birds, who carry away great quantities. While we were strolling afield, one stout negro came up and called "Mas'r Ben" to buy him a mule with \$100 which he had saved. "Mas'r Ben" agreed to do it, and informed me that such a purchase was a sign of a negro's assured prosperity. The wages paid the rice field-hands ranged from 25 cents to \$1.75 daily, but the manager on this, as on many other plantations, found great difficulty in keeping the labor organized and available. The men found that by two or three days' work they could procure money enough to support them in idleness the next week, and sometimes the overseers were at a loss what to do for help.

Beautiful were the broad and carefully cultivated acres, stretching miles away on either side of the placid, deep, and noble Combahee; picturesque were the granaries, almost bursting with the accumulated stores of the precious grain; and novel and inspiring the vistas of the long sedge-bordered canals, through which the morning breezes lightly whistled. The sea-myrtle was neighbor to the cane, and the tall grasses twined lovingly around them both. At the "store," around whose entrance were grouped packs of hounds, leaping and fawning about their masters, who were mounting their horses, we saw crowds of negresses, bare-footed and bare-limbed, bringing poultry or eggs to exchange for corn, or chattering frantically, or bursting into boisterous laughter which echoed over many a broad acre.

One could not help thinking that in due time a vast amount of labor-saving machinery must come to take the place of this rude and careless negro element upon the rice plantation. At present, the planters admit, there is an enormous waste, and the climate's character renders it impossible to introduce white labor and intelligence into the section. The negro men and women whom I saw, were certainly of a low and degraded type, distinctively,—as a

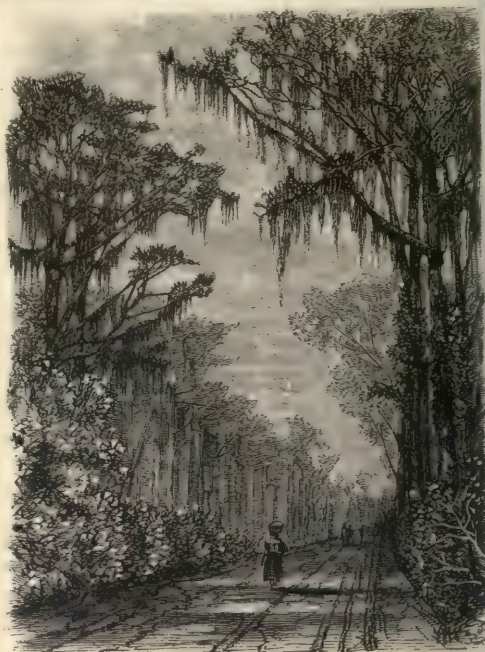


THE POST-OFFICE—CHARLESTON.

Frenchman, with his quick instincts, said on seeing a group of these same lowland people,—“a broken down race!” At the threshing-mill, at the winnowing-machine, among the great rice stacks where they were packing and sorting and unloading from barges, the women were coarse, brutish, and densely ignorant; the men, in the main, the same. There were types of face in which the savage still stood out in dusky splendor and *abandon*. Many women of sixty or seventy years of age were at work in various places about the field. They had evidently been untouched by the spirit of the war. I doubt if they realized the change in their condition. Their conversation with me was confined to inquiries as to how much tobacco I would give them, and an appeal to me to tell Mas'r Ben that they “bin want” a new handkerchief, and hoped he would not forget them. The men as a rule were civil, but a little suspicious in demeanor, as if they did not intend to allow any advantage to be taken of them. If looked at sharply, they would wince, and finally, wreathing their lips with broad grins, would bow and shuffle away.

The planters throughout this section, where the Middletons and the Heywards once tilled so many acres, and whence they drew great incomes, admit that the labor question is the most serious one with them. The profits of rice-planting are enormous, but the system of large plantations will have to be adhered to, and African or Chinese labor can alone sustain the trials of the summer climate. The production of the State, and the adjacent lowlands in other States, will doubtless again reach the figure attained before the war, although the present condition of South Carolina would not seem to justify prophecies of any prosperity within her limits, save in Charleston.

And why in Charleston? Mainly because the venerable city has united with the importance she has always maintained as a cotton port, a large number of manufacturing enterprises, for which her location is particularly advantageous; and because her business men have an elastic spirit and a remarkable courage, which reflects the highest credit upon them. A veritable Phoenix, always springing triumphantly from the ashes of terrible conflagrations, as well as from the ruins caused by hurricanes and bombardments, the South Carolinian metropolis is, in itself, a standing reproof to the too often repeated



ON THE PLANK ROAD.

assertion that the ancient commonwealth lacks enterprise. When the war closed there was not a completed railroad ending in Charleston. Those now known as the North-Eastern, giving connection with the route to Wilmington, the South Carolina, running north-westward to Columbia, Aiken and Augusta, and the Savannah and Charleston, penetrating the lowlands, and reaching to the Georgian seaport, were worn down and almost completely wrecked. Costly bridges and trestles had been destroyed, depots burned, tracks torn up, and the amount of rolling stock was absurdly inadequate to immediate wants. The rebuilding and equipment were begun in 1866. All the old rail connections are now resuscitated, and Charleston is reaching out for a wider range of commerce than before the war she would have deemed possible. The South Carolina railroad, with its feeders, the Greenville and Columbia, and the Macon and Augusta, in Georgia, sends vast quantities of freight to the Carolinian metropolis, which heretofore went northward. The North-Eastern, and the Savannah and Charleston are important links in the shortest route from New York to Florida, and with the sea-board line, from New York to New Orleans. Many steamship companies were compelled to suspend communication with the city du-

ring the war; now there are two steamer lines between New York and Charleston, comprising eight fine steamers, capable of carrying away thirty thousand bales of cotton monthly. On the Baltimore line there are three steamers, on the Philadelphia two, and on the Boston two, with a carrying capacity altogether of about 14,000 bales monthly. The splendid line to Florida has been re-opened, and the connections with Savannah, Beaufort, Georgetown, Edisto, and the Peedee River are also resumed, and are very prosperous. The increase in steamship freights from Charleston since 1860 has been three hundred per cent., but the sail tonnage is not larger than it was in 1862, as much of its trade has been transferred to steamers. The following receipts of cotton at Charleston for eight years since the war also indicate a marked prosperity:

Years.*	Bales of Cotton.
1865-66	111,714
1866-67	165,316
1867-68	246,018
1868-69	200,764
1869-70	250,761
1870-71	356,544
1871-72	282,686
1872-73	385,000

A large proportion of this cotton was sent to Charleston for sale, not merely to pass through. The exports of rice from Charleston, from September, 1865, to September, 1873, amount to about 250,000 tierces. The increase in the number of naval stores reported has also been very remarkable, as shown by the following table:

Years.	Barrels.
1865-66	32,136
1866-67	54,026
1867-68	62,852
1868-69	72,279
1869-70	79,156
1870-71	90,297
1871-72	151,553
1872-73	225,683

The lumber exports since the war have also been large, footing up at least 140,000,000 of feet. The rich pine forests of the State are annually of increasing importance. Charleston, Beaufort and Georgetown are all daily receiving great stores of lumber from the forests, which still stretch over thousands of acres. The swamps furnish the best of material for ship-building, and Charleston has built many fine lumber mills

in which to prepare the pine and other useful trees for shipping. The city sadly needs an important addition of several millions to its banking capital to enable it to carry out its schemes. The three National, and four State banks now have hardly three millions of paid up capital. There are four savings banks, with a little more than \$1,000,000, much of which represents the savings of the freedmen, on deposit. Private bankers are also doing a good deal for the city's interest.

Very lovely is the old city, lying confidently on the waters, at the confluence of the broad Ashley and Cooper rivers, and fronting on the spacious harbor, over whose entrance the scarred and ever memorable Sumter keeps watch and ward. Nature has lavished a wealth of delicious foliage upon all the surroundings of the city, and the palmetto, the live and water oaks, the royal magnolias, the tall pines, the flourishing hedges, and the gardens filled with rich, tropical blooms profoundly impress the stranger with a sense of bewilderment. The winter climate is superb and the sunshine seems omnipresent, creeping into even the narrowest lanes and by-ways.

In 1680, the people who had been encouraged to remove from the badly chosen site of a settlement which they had selected on the banks of the Ashley River in 1671, laid the foundations at Charleston, and the town at once sprang into activity. It began its commerce in dangerous times, for pirates hovered about the mouth of the Ashley, and many a good ship, laden with the produce of the plantations, and bound for Great Britain, was plundered, and its crew was set on shore, or murdered, if resistance was offered. A hurricane also swept over the infant town, half ruining it; and then began a series of destructive fires, which, from 1680 to 1862, have, at fearfully short intervals, carried havoc and destruction into the homes of the wealthiest. In later years, too, the fleets of hostile Spaniards or Frenchmen sometimes carried panic over to Charleston bar; and the beacon fires on Sullivan's Island, in the harbor, warned the citizens to be on their guard. In 1728, a hurricane brought an inundation, which overflowed the town and lowlands, forced the inhabitants to take refuge on the roofs of their dwellings, drove twenty-three fine ships ashore, and leveled many thousands of trees. In the same year came the yellow fever, sweeping off multitudes of whites and blacks. After

* The commercial year begins September 1.

the surrender, by the proprietary government, of its control of the province, into the hands of the sovereign of Great Britain, on the payment of a round sum of purchase money, Charleston became more prosperous than ever before. In 1765 it was described as "one of the first cities in British America, yearly advancing in size, riches and population."

The approaches to Charleston from the sea are unique, and the stranger's eye rapidly yields to the illusion that the city springs directly from the bosom of the waves. The bar at the harbor's mouth will allow ships drawing seventeen feet of water to pass over it. The entrance from the sea is commanded on either side by Morris and Sullivan's Islands, the former the

chored at these wharves, and the town seems the seaport of some thriving commercial state, so little does it represent the actual condition of South Carolina. The graceful Corinthian portico and columns of the new Custom-house, built of pure, white marble, rise up near the water-side. There is a jolly refrain of the clinking of hammers, the rattling of drays, and the clanging of chains, which indicate much activity. Here some foreign vessel, which has come for phosphates, is unloading her ballast; here a rice-schooner is unloading near a pounding mill. On one hand are lumber-yards; on another, cotton-sheds, filled with bales. Hundreds of negroes, screaming and pounding their mules, clatter along the piers and road



UNLOADING THE RICE BARGES.

scene of terrific slaughter during the dreadful days of 1863, and subsequently one of the points from which the Union forces bombarded Charleston; and the latter at present a fashionable summer resort, crowded with fine mansions. On the harbor side of Sullivan's Island Fort Moultrie, a solid and well-constructed fortification, frowns over the hurrying waters. Passing Sumter, which lies isolated and in semi-ruin, looking, at a distance, like some coral island pushed up from the depths, one sails by pleasant shores lined with palmettoes and grand, moss-hung oaks, and by Castle Pinckney, and anchors at the substantial wharves of the proud little city.

Many ships from many climes are an-

ways; a great Florida steamer is swinging round, and starting on her ocean trip to the Peninsula, with her decks crowded with Northern visitors. Along "East Bay" the houses are, in many places, solid and antique. The whole aspect of the harbor quarter is unlike that of any of our new and smartly painted Northern towns. In Charleston the houses and streets have an air of dignified repose and solidity. At the foot of Broad street, a spacious avenue lined with banks and offices of professional men, stands the old "Post-office," a building of the colonial type, much injured during the late war, but since renovated at considerable expense. Most of the original material for the construction of the edifice

was brought from England in 1761. Within its walls the voices of Rutledge, Pinckney, Gadsden, Lowndes and Laurens were raised to vehemently denounce the government, against whose tyranny the "Thirteen original States" rebelled, from the old steps Washington addressed the Charlestonians in 1791; and for many years during this century it was an Exchange for the merchants of Charleston and vicinity. When the British occupied Charleston, the building was the scene of many exciting episodes. The

basement was taken for a prison, and all who were devoted to the cause of American liberty were confined therein. From that prison the martyr, Isaac Hayne, was led to execution; and in the cellars one hundred thousand pounds of powder lay safely hidden from the British during the whole time of their occupation. On the site of this building stood the old council chamber and watch-house used in the days of the "proprietary government."

The original plan of Charleston comprised a host of streets running at right angles, north and south, east and west, between the two rivers. But many of these streets were very narrow, being, in fact, nothing more than lanes; and they have remained unchanged to the present day. The darkness and narrowness of the old lanes, the elder colonists thought, would keep away the bright glare of the sun; but the modern Charlestonians do not seem of their opinion, for they open wide avenues, and court the sun freely in their spacious and elegant mansions on the "Battery." Many of the Charleston streets present a novel appearance, bordered as they are on either side by tall, weather-stained mansions, whose gable ends front upon the sidewalks, and which boast verandas attached to each story, screened from the sun and from observation by ample wooden lattices, and by



NEGRO CABINS.

trellised vines and creepers. The high walls, which one sees so often in France and England, surround the majority of the gardens, and it is only, as in New Orleans, through the gate that one can catch a glimpse of the loveliness within. In some of the streets remote from the harbor front, the stillness of death or desertion reigns; many of the better class of mansions are vacant, and here and there the residence of some former aristocrat is now serving as an abode for a dozen negro families. On King street one sees the most activity in the lighter branches of trade; there the ladies promenade, evening, morning, and afternoon, shopping; there is located the principal theater, the tasty little "Academy of Music," and there also, are some elegant homes. Along that section of King street, near the crossing of Broad, however, there is a host of tiny shops frequented by negroes, in which one sees the most extravagant array of gaudy but inexpensive articles of apparel; and of eatables which the negro palate cannot resist. The residence streets of the "palmetto city," on the side next the Ashley river, are picturesque and lovely. They are usually bordered by so many beautiful gardens that one easily forgets the many faults of architecture in the houses, and the aspect of decay characterizing so many of them. A labyrinth of long wooden piers and wharves runs out on

the lagoons and inlets near the Ashley, and the boasted resemblance of Charleston to Venice is, doubtless, founded on the perfect illusion produced by a view of that section from a distance, rather than on the impression produced by the first view of the harbor side. The magnificent and the mean jostle each other very closely in all quarters of the city; tumble-down rookeries are side by side with superb houses.

The stranger visiting Charleston is surprised to find that very little has been done towards rebuilding that portion of the city swept away by the fire in 1861. There are still large gaps left in the heart of the most populous sections; one suddenly comes upon the scarred and scorched walls of a huge church, on the foundations of some immense block, in a location which it seems folly to leave unimproved. But the Charlestonians explain that they do not need to rebuild as yet, for although the population is gradually increasing (it is now more than fifty thousand) the altered circumstances of some classes in society have compelled them to retire and make room for others. Before the war every sea-island planter had his house in town; now great numbers of those mansions are to rent or sell to newcomers—since the planters are not rich enough to maintain a city residence.

If we climb into the tower of the stately building known as the "Orphan House," some pleasant evening, when the sunset is beginning to throw the dark walls and picturesque groupings of the sea-girdled city into strong relief, we can get a panoramic glimpse of all the chief features of Charleston's exterior. We shall, perhaps, be too far from the Battery, and its adjacent parks, to note fully the effect of the gay group promenading the stone parapet, against which the tides break gently, or to catch the perfect beauty of the palm-girt shores, so distinctly visible beyond the Ashley's current, now that the sunset has given them a blood-red background. The Battery is not crowded with carriages, as in those merry days when the State was still prosperous, or on that famous day when yonder black mass at the harbor's entrance was aflame, and when the flag of the nation, which had floated over it, was hauled down. But it is one of the airiest and most elegant promenades possessed by any Southern city, and the streets leading to it are quaint and beautiful. The church spires here and there are noticeable, and that one glistening in the distance, was a white mark

for many a day for the Federal batteries; yet few shells struck the stately steeple of St. Michael's, the old fashioned, staid, Episcopal house of prayer. Beyond this church one sees a mass of buildings, whose queer roofs and strangely shapen chimneys remind him of Antwerp or of Amsterdam. These date from colonial times; it is the Charleston of pre-revolutionary days which one sees clustered around St. Michael's. The bells were removed, during the siege of Charleston, to Columbia, were captured and accidentally cracked, were recovered, sent to England, and recast in the foundry in Whitechapel where they were originally cast. They were put back in their place in the steeple after the war, with great rejoicing amongst the old Charlestonians. Yonder, nearer the harbor, out of Church



SIS AND BABY.

street, arises another spire, the counterpart of St. Martin's in the Fields in London. It is the tower of St. Philip's, also an Episcopal church, and in the old graveyard opposite is a simple tomb in which repose the bones of Calhoun. The statesman rests in an antiquated, yet beautiful corner of the town. The venerable cemetery is embowered in trees, and hemmed round about by old buildings with tiled roofs. The remains were removed when the

Union forces seemed likely to capture Charleston, but were replaced in 1871. The formidable ruin which the sunset glow throws so sharply upon your vision, is the old cathedral of St. John and St. Finbar, destroyed in the last great fire. On its site, when the Charlestonians were compelled to surrender to the British, occurred a tremendous explosion, occasioned by the rage of the conquered. They were compelled to deposit their arms at the arsenal, which was also a powder-magazine; and all coming at once, and hurling down upon the ground hundreds of fire-arms, an explosion took place, igniting twenty thousand pounds of powder and blowing to

atoms the adjacent lunatic asylum, poor-house, guard-house, and barracks, as well as conquerors and conquered. The city has many other interesting churches, among them the Huguenot, which has many interesting ancient inscriptions on its walls. Grace Church (Episcopal) is the resort of the fashionable worshippers.

There is nothing remarkable in the secular architecture of Charleston; yet this old Orphan House, from whose tower we survey the others, with its lovely garden, hedged in from the street, with its statue of William Pitt, which the grateful citizens erected when the "stamp act" was repealed, is imposing. It was founded in 1790, is bountifully endowed, and thousands of orphan boys and girls have been well cared for within its walls. John C. Fremont and the Carolinian manumitter were educated there. There is an institution of the same class for the colored people. Neither the hotels nor the banks are distinguished for architectural excellence. The Charleston Hotel has an immense stone-pillared piazza fronting on Meeting street, but the Mills House and the Pavilion are simply solid blocks. The Charleston Club-house is an elegant structure, and the building of the South Carolina Hall is fine in interior arrangement. The club-house has become the seat of the Federal courts, and white and black men sit together in juries there. The Court-house and the City Hall are substantial edifices, fronting each other on corners of Broad and Meeting streets. Around them are always lounging crowds of negro men and women, as if they delighted to linger in the atmosphere of government and law, to the powers and responsibilities of which they have been lately introduced. Around the guard-house one may note the white

and black policeman on terms of amity.

Charleston prospers despite the anomalous condition of politics and society in the State. What might she not become if the commonwealth were developed to its utmost? The people suffer many trying ills, the most aggravated of which is the small rôle which the present leaders of the majority permit it to play in State politics. The legislature has out-Napoleoned Napoleon III. himself in measures for the corruption of suffrage, and has enacted an infamous law, which allows the Governor, through appointive commissioners, to completely control the ballot-boxes. The value to itself, of its vote, is swallowed up in the vote of Charleston county, and consequently it is not represented at all in the State assembly, but can only get a hearing through a score of ignorant negroes, sent from the plantations and small towns in the vicinity. The first election in Charleston after reconstruction was held in 1868, and the Republican candidate for mayor, Pillsbury, was elected by a majority of twenty-three in a poll of 10,000. He remained in office until the summer of 1871, when the Conservatives attempted a fusion, and ran a ticket, composed of white and black candidates, against the Republicans, with John A. Wagener, a German, for mayor, and elected him by 777 majority. This administration had continued to the date of my visit, when a new election took place, and exhibited in the most glaring light some of the atrocities of the present system. The Conservatives alleged, and it was, indeed, clearly proven, that four hundred negroes were imported from Edisto Island at one time, to create a majority in Charleston for the so-called "Republicans." None but Radical supervisors of the elections were appointed, and the right of challenge at every poll precinct



A FIELD HAND.



STEADY!



ROPER HOSPITAL—CHARLESTON.

was denied. The law required every person voting to swear that he was a citizen of Charleston, but the imported voters were provided with printed forms of the oath, from which the clause concerning the place of residence was omitted. With no power of interference, and no chance to dispute at the polls or in the counting of the votes, this city of fifty thousand inhabitants, possessing thirty millions of dollars worth of taxable property, was delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the ignorant and the vicious. The party in power admit the abnormal condition of affairs. The present Governor not long since told an editor in Charleston, that every citizen of South Carolina could vote in Charleston, if he chose, without hindrance; there was no manner in which the Charlestonians could help themselves. The result of this latter election, in which the negro party was, of course, victorious, was a veritable ferment, culminating in mass meetings, investigations and, finally, in a series of arguments. It was charged and shown that the commissioners for the elections did not designate all the polling places so that the general public would know where they were, but that they stealthily opened them during the election, and there "rushed through" the illegal voters. It was also affirmed by the supporters of the present State government that "a residence in the city without limit as to time," in the county, sixty days, and in the State, one year, were qualifications sufficient for a voter under the act of 1873. The board of managers con-

sisted, at the last election, almost entirely of negroes. Several hundred special deputy sheriffs were appointed to "maintain order" if the Conservatives made any attempt to challenge voters at the polls; and the managers refused to give the reporters of the city press any information concerning the changes made in the polling-places the night before the election. The Republican, or Radical, ticket was elected, and the protest of the citizens of Charleston having been entered, the "board of commissioners," appointed by the legislature, then published a formal announcement that the election was "legal and valid," and that the "protest was overruled." The Conservatives were bitterly grieved at this, as they had made a very firm stand, and it showed them how completely they were at the mercy of their present masters. They were not especially dissatisfied with the choice for mayor, as the present incumbent, Mr. Cunningham, is an honest man; but with other municipal officers elected, they were dissatisfied. The present police force of the city is about equally divided into black and white, and there are nine colored aldermen in the new board. It is not because of the presence of the negro in these offices of trust and honor that the Charlestonians are angry and grieved; but because he refuses them their share of rights which are inalienable. As they are now situated, the intelligence and property of the city are as completely shut out from political representation as if they were imprisoned within walls of adamant.

Charleston's city tax in 1872 amounted to two per cent.; but in 1873 was somewhat reduced. The combined city, county, and State tax, however, now amounts to three and a half per cent. The assessments are always fully up to, and usually over, the actual value of property. The property holder, in the first instance, makes his returns. If the county auditor is not satisfied with the estimates, he changes them to suit himself; and the citizen then has the refuge of appeal to a "board of equalization." The constitution requires that all property be taxed at its value. The present city debt is nearly five millions of dollars, some of which was incurred by subscriptions to railroads, before the war. The city, before the war, invested \$1,000,000 in the Blue Ridge Railroad, and the State about \$1,300,000. In 1868, or '69, the State stock, a majority, was sold for \$13,000, to a Ring. Shortly before this the State had

guaranteed \$4,000,000 of bonds of the road; these were hypothecated by the company. The Ring secured the passage of a law authorizing the State Treasurer to issue \$1,800,000 of revenue bond scrip upon the surrender to him of the \$4,000,000 guaranteed bonds, said scrip receivable for taxes. Exchange was made, and bonds have been cancelled, but the State Supreme Court has decided that the scrip is unconstitutional and void. The "licenses," which business and professions are compelled to submit to, are grievous burdens, and the people consider them such an odious form of municipal taxation that when the legislature passed a law for collecting State licenses, also, it was resisted, and, finally, its repeal was deemed expedient. The astute legislators even imposed a license-tax upon the railroads, which were, of course, already licensed by charter to do business!

Thus cut off, politically, Charleston, with grim patience, awaits a turn in the tide of affairs; and catches a little inspiration from the development of the scheme for a new railway route from Chicago to Charleston. This superb Air Line, when built, will pass by Columbia, and Spartanburg, in South Carolina, northward to Asheville, in the North Carolina mountains—thence through Cumberland Gap into Lexington, in Kentucky, and so onward to Chicago, giving an outlet on the sea one hundred miles nearer the northwest than New York now is by any existing line. The towns mentioned above are the very points of the route originally projected for the connec-

tion between the northwest and the Atlantic, and pronounced by all who have surveyed it as one of the most economical and practical ways across the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies "to be found from the headwaters of the Susquehanna to the southern termination of those ranges."

The extensive marl-beds of the South Carolina lowlands, all comparatively near Charleston, have long been known; but they were first especially noticed by Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, a noted agriculturist, who had been very successful in renovating worn-out lands in his own State with marl. He examined the South Carolina marls, which were found to be much richer in carbonate of lime than those of Virginia, but that the carbonate was so combined with, and mineralized by silex, oxide of iron, phosphate of lime, and other substances, as to necessitate a change of its nature by burning before it could be applied to agricultural purposes. Among these marl deposits, which abound in the immediate vicinity of Charleston, are found hard nodular bodies of all sizes, varying from that of a pin's head to masses weighing hundreds of pounds. These nodules are now known as phosphate rock, and have been described as "incalculable heaps of animal remains thrown or washed together." Beautiful specimens of ribs, vertebrae, and teeth of land and sea monsters of the early tertiary period are found in profusion at a little distance below the surface, and are readily dug up with pick and shovel. The negroes are said even to dive for them to the river beds, and to bring up large quantities. The people have, at last, awakened to the immense value of these deposits, and a number of establishments devoted to their conversion into phosphate manures have sprung up since the war. In these manufactories the nodules are baked thoroughly dry, then ground to powder, which is finally mixed with sulphuric acid and charged with ammonia. The Wando Company, which first undertook the production of these fertilizers, made thirty per cent profit, and there are now two dozen companies in the State, organized for the



SOME CHARLESTON ARCHITECTURE.

purposes of either mining or manufacturing these phosphates. One company is organized with a capital of \$2,000,000 to mine in all the navigable rivers in the State; and there are several manufacturing corporations, which have each a million dollars capital. The Etiwan Company claims to have the largest acid chamber in the United States; and in the Wando, Etiwan, Pacific Guano, Atlantic, Stono, and Wappoo mills, four or five millions of dollars have been invested since 1868.

Important as is this industry, there are a variety of others already developed in Charleston, which promise great future success. In the manufacture of doors, blinds, sashes and machinery, and in ship-building, a large capital is invested. The enterprising citizens are even constructing ready-made houses and churches, which can be shipped in sections to new States and territories; a cotton mill, and several tanneries are projected. The "truck farms," vie with those of Norfolk, and are supplying the northern markets with early vegetables. The city's jobbing trade amounted to about \$6,000,000 in 1872, and steadily increases at the rate of twenty-five per cent.

The highways leading out of the city are all richly embowered in loveliest foliage; the oak, the magnolia, the myrtle, the jessamine, vie with each other in tropical splendor. Splendid shell roads have been projected, but are not yet completed. The visitor hardly knows which most to admire—the cultivated bloom and glory of the gardens, the tangled thickets where the luxuriant cane rises thirty and forty feet, the shimmering sheets of water on the marshes, or the long stretches of sandy pathways, over which the moss-hung oaks stretch their long arms. A palmetto, standing lonely under the rich glow of the splendid southern moon, will provoke poetry from even the prosaic; a cabin, overgrown with vines and tendrils, and half concealed in a green and odorous thicket, behind which one catches the gleam of the river current, will make one enamored of the sweet silence, and restful perfection of the lowland capital's suburbs. The mansion with closed doors, and decaying verandas, from which

"Life and thought have gone away—"

will recall the revolution's worst phase to him who had almost forgotten it in Charleston's commercial bustle. Along the Ashley, the old manorial houses and estates,

like Drayton Hall and the Middleton homestead, stand like sorrowful ghosts lamenting the past; on James's Island one may wander among rich cotton plantations, now over-growing the maze of fortifications which sprang up during the war; in Magnolia Cemetery, there is no more silence and absolute calm, as there is no more of beauty and of luxuriance, than in the vast parks surrounding these ruined and desolate homes. The monuments in the cemetery to Simons, and Legare, and Colonel Washington, and Vanderhorst are beautiful and tasteful; so are the battered and broken monuments to a dead civilization and a broken-down system which one finds upon the old plantations.

There is a rude belt of forsaken plantations near the Cooper River, along the famous Goose Creek, upon whose banks stands the venerable St. James's Church, built in 1711. Around this ancient building the ambitious forest is fast weaving a net-work difficult to penetrate, and the very graves are hidden under festoons of wild vines and flowers. Along the harbor there are also deserted and bankrupt towns, like pretty Mount Pleasant, filled with moss-grown and rotting houses, whose owners have fled, unless they are too poor to get away.

As the climate of South Carolina is as mild and genial as that of the most favored portions of southern Europe, it is not strange that the lower classes of Italy and other countries should feel inclined to emigrate to the Palmetto State. But the people have been slow to show a proper intelligence on the subject of immigration. The legislators have taken care to encourage certain northern classes to come—since they are sure that they will not; and have discouraged any masses of foreigners from attempting to settle in the State, since they fear that might lead to a new deal in politics. The Italians who went into the commonwealth some time since were offered \$100 per year, and a little meal and bacon weekly; but they haughtily rejected any such terms. The white laborer who enters South Carolina must be offered good wages and given land at cheap rates; and the sooner the natives learn that he is not to be expected to work and live as the negroes do, the better it will be for their interest.

Recently the whites have become thoroughly aroused to the importance of this subject, and there is a great change in the temper with which immigrants are now re-

ceived. The determination seems to be to make much of them as a sure, if slow, means of working out the political regeneration of the State, and securing its material prosperity. A State Commissioner of Immigration was appointed by the late Tax-payers' Convention, and the counties are appointing local Commissioners. An effort is now making at Charleston to establish a direct steamship line to Liverpool, which, it is hoped, will not only give a stimulus to immigration, but to inward freights as well.

The negro is not especially anxious to see immigration come in. The spirit of race is strong within him. He is desirous of seeing the lands in the commonwealth in the hands of his own people before the rest of the world's poor are invited to partake. He is impressed with the idea that South Carolina should be in some measure a black man's government, and is jealous of white intervention. This is not the sentiment, certainly, of the intelligent and refined colored people, but the mass are ignorant, and think that they are right in taking that stand. The black man lets the African which is in him run riot for the time being. He even dislikes to see the mulatto progress; and when he criticises him, it is as if the mulatto were necessarily an inferior. So, too, the negro secretly dislikes the white adventurer, or "carpet-bagger," as our southern friends call him. Black rogue has quickly learned from white rogue all he wishes to know,

and now proposes to go alone. The idea of Nemesis, added to the negro's lack of moral consciousness, which has become so pronounced in the two centuries of servitude, makes the negro believe that he is right in stealing and oppressing. He has found, now that he has obtained power, a strange fascination in the use of the political machinery for purposes of oppression and spoliation. He thinks too, grimly, in the words of the Carolinian black's savage song:

"De bottom rail's on de top,
An' we's gwine to keep it dar."

The political difficulties between the white and the black natives began directly after the close of the war. The mass of undisfranchised whites, imbittered by, and disgusted with the revolution, refused to have anything whatever to do with the new edifice which the negroes were trying to upbuild. Had they frankly accepted the situation, they might have had a share in the framing of the new constitution. The negroes, left alone, were soon interested in the advent of white strangers, who agreed to teach them the political rôle they were called upon to play. Some of these new-comers were honest men; others were thieves. The convention for the making of a new constitution was at once a ludicrous and an impressive gathering. The constitution was ratified at a general election, held on the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth days of April, 1868. South

Carolina then entered upon her first experience of negro government.

Governor Orr left the state executive chair on July 6, 1868. The Commonwealth then had a bonded debt of about \$5,500,000, and a floating indebtedness amounting to, perhaps, a million and a half more. While the condition of the finances was not hopeful, it was still far from desperate. Peo-



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM—CHARLESTON.



THE STATE HOUSE—COLUMBIA.

ple hoped that a new railroad development would open up fresh trade, that money would flow in. The abominable and atrocious outrages of the Ku-Klux, however were an effective obstacle to northern immigration. The Klan was imported into South Carolina in 1868, before the present State government was organized; and the white population of the ruder and remote counties tried to inaugurate a reign of terror among the negroes. The chairman of the Republican State Central Committee was brutally murdered in the fall of 1868. Hundreds of men were taken from their homes at night and brutally whipped; some were murdered. The result was the interference of the Federal government, the arrest of many members of the organization and the breaking up of its secret operations.

But while society was completely unsettled, while the whites were smarting under the humiliation of being crowded out of the representation to which they were entitled, while the negro was master, and was beginning to be insolent and aggressive, the legislature met. The first session after reconstruction was held in August of 1868. And at a later session, Gov. Scott, formerly an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, sent in his first message, in which he reviewed the financial condition of the State, and the Ku-Klux outrages, then at their height, and counseled moderation and firmness. The negroes nearly filled both Senate and House; there were but few white men. During the first session, when the ignorant blacks were learning parliamentary forms for

which, by the way, they have an extraordinary aptitude, jobs began to appear, and the first drawing of blood may be said to have been in connection with the job for the redemption of the bills of the Bank of the State. The strong influenced the weak; the negro, dazzled and enlivened by the prospect of the reception of sums which seemed to him colossal fortunes, soon became an apt scholar, and needed but little prompting from his white teachers. Measures for authorizing the Governor to borrow on the credit of the State, were at once inaugurated; and then began a series of acts whose results

are without a parallel in the history of revolutions. During the four years from 1868 to 1872, inclusive, the bonded debt was increased from five and a half to sixteen millions, and the floating debt, which could be only vaguely ascertained, amounted to several millions more. Those of the Republicans who were honest had raised their voices loudly against the infamies which were the cause of this terrible increase; had endeavored to oust the thieves, and failing, had left the party in disgust. In 1870, the Conservatives, as the white natives style themselves, alarmed at the riot of corruption and the total disregard of decency manifested by the governing powers, rallied and made a decided effort to get the State into their own hands. They nominated R. B. Carpenter, a Republican Circuit Judge, for Governor, on the simple yet broad platform of retrenchment and reform. On their tickets negroes were represented, and for the first time in the history of the State, negroes and Conservative whites spoke upon the same political stump. But the leaders of the negroes refused to believe in the sincerity of the ex-confederates, and Gov. Scott was re-elected over Carpenter. The ring which was soiling its guilty fingers with plunder was jubilant: honest Republicans hung their heads with shame and gave up all hope of the State; the native white Carolinians, angered and distressed, and fearing that the negroes might undertake some measures to which resistance would be necessary, formed themselves into a "council of safety." It is said really to have been simply an or

ganization to enable planters to protect themselves against strikes, and at most a purely defensive organization, and not an attempt at a revival of Ku-Kluxism, as it has sometimes been called. It had no hold in the lower part of the State, but in the upper counties seems to have been perverted into Ku-Kluxism. The offer of amity which it had cost the pride of the Conservatives such an abasement to make, is not likely to be repeated at once. The struggle was great, the result unsatisfactory; and people grimly submit to be robbed without attempting any resistance. But the hostility which they would naturally feel towards the acts of the present state administration was somewhat emphasized; and in the biting criticisms evoked from the press of Charleston so much truth has been told that the outside world has begun to believe in the statement that the revolu-

tion has been made an instrument of fraud and oppression.

Although it would seem an infamy simply to deliberately increase the debt of a State which had been so terribly impoverished as had South Carolina by the war (her total valuation having decreased in ten years from \$489,319,128 to \$164,409,941), still this was but the beginning of the outrage. Not only was the debt increased, but the revenues of the State were diverted from their proper channels into the pockets of the thieves; and it has been incontrovertibly proven that millions have been added to the State debt without the authority of the legislature. By the official statement of the treasurer of the Commonwealth, the public debt at the close of the fiscal year ending October 31, 1871, amounted to \$15,851,327.35. This showed an actual increase since the advent of the



SOUVENIR OF THE CAPITOL—SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATORS.

reconstruction legislature of ten and a half millions, of which amount only \$4,389,400 had ever been in any manner authorized by the legal representatives of the State. And it is considered certain that in 1872 there were already afloat upon the market,—very possibly, in the hands of innocent holders,—without any authority in their original issue, some \$6,000,000 in conversion bonds; and it was found necessary to introduce an act, in 1872, to ratify and confirm this illegal issue, for which the “financial board,” composed of the governor, the State treasurer, and the attorney-general, were responsible.*

Immense sums of money were collected during the four years from 1868 to the beginning of 1872. The people of the State contributed \$3,780,000 in taxes, and the financial agents at New York sold bonds to the amount of \$2,282,000. Add to this a million dollars of taxes collected up to the close of 1872, and it will be seen that more than seven millions of dollars went into the treasury during two administrations. This revenue, which, in view of the impoverishment caused by the war, was very encouraging, has been stolen from the State in a variety of ways. The officers have never been governed by the appropriation acts; have never been limited by them. The money appropriated for one purpose has been unblushingly expended for another. No honest debts were paid with all the money collected from the white people who are denied the right of representation in this black legislature,—not a debt during all last year. The bondholders have not received the interest upon their bonds. The frauds to which the legislature lent itself, and which private individuals perpetrated, were contemptible.

A land commission was established. It was ostensibly beneficent. Its apparent purpose was to buy up lands, and distribute them among the freedmen. An appropriation of \$700,000 was granted for that purpose. The State was at once robbed. Worthless land was purchased, and sold at fabulous sums to the government. The commissioners were generally accused of extensive corruption. When at last an honest commissioner came in, it was found that a quarter of a million dollars

had been stolen. The “sinking fund commission,” is another “oubliette” into which money raised from the State sinks mysteriously. The commissioners of this fraud were authorized to take and sell real and personal property belonging to the State, and to report annually to the legislature the sums received. Public property has rapidly disappeared, but no report has ever been made.* I have already given, in a preceding paper, the history of the operations of this commission with regard to the Blue Ridge Railroad. Let that serve as an illustration. The pockets of an unknown few contain the proceeds of much valuable State property.

This is mighty theft; colossal impudence like this was never surpassed. Never was a revolution, originally intended as humane, turned to such base uses. Never were thieves permitted to go unpunished after such bold and reckless wickedness. Never before were a people crushed to earth, kept down and throttled so long. The manliness which we received as a precious legacy, with our Anglo-Saxon blood, demands that we should cry out: “Hold off your hands! Fair play!”

The complete centralization which has been the result of the long continuance in power of an ignorant legislature, controlled by designing men, is shown in the history of the elections since reconstruction. The governor has the power to appoint commissioners, who, in their turn, appoint managers of elections in the several counties. In this manner the governor has absolute control of the elections, for the managers are allowed to keep and count the votes and are not compelled to report for some days. The chances thus given for fraud are limitless. For the last four years men who have been elected by overwhelming majorities have been coolly counted out because they were distasteful to the powers that be. The negroes intimidate their fellows, who desire to vote reform tickets very much, as the Ku-Klux once intimidated them. “The villainy you teach me I will execute.”

People will say that this is a black picture. It is; there is no light upon it. There seems little hope for a change. The present governor can secure his re-election without difficulty. The white people of

* At the last Session, 1873-'74, an act was passed declaring that these bonds, known as Conversion Bonds, amounting to \$5,000,000, were put upon the market “without any authority of law,” and were “absolutely null and void.” A joint resolution was passed for the prosecution of the ex-State Treasurer, but this joint resolution is lost, and can't be found by any one!

* An investigating committee of the State Senate on the sinking fund reported, in Feb. 1874, that the proceedings of the Sinking Fund Commission have resulted in nothing but loss to the State; that a large amount of property had been sold and not a dollar of the public debt had been extinguished.



MAGNOLIA CEMETERY—CHARLESTON.

the State are powerless to resist; they are trampled completely down.

It is impossible to here review in detail all the transactions of the legislature since 1868. Besides the schemes for corruption above mentioned, there have been very many others. Nothing has been safe from the taint. Bribery has been necessary to secure the passage of almost every bill. Railroad legislation has been a stench in honest men's nostrils. The pay certificates of the legislature have even been abused. The speaker of the House has issued these certificates to the amount of *more than a million dollars*, while the legitimate demand for them has not amounted to \$150,000. They have been spread broadcast. The refurnishing of the new State House cost hardly \$50,000, but a bill for \$95,000 was presented. Members of the legislature, both black and white, publicly threatened that unless they received sums which they named they would vote against certain bills. A governor stands charged by men of his own party with spending nearly four hundred thousand dollars of the public money to get himself re-chosen. A bill to establish a militia became a gigantic "job." The whole course of legislation in the State tended to a tyranny which is absolute, and which is

all the more dreadful because the deluded ignoramuses who make up the body of the assemblies are not aware that they are doing anything especially blameworthy. They look upon it as a normal condition, and intend to keep it up as long as there is anything left.

Columbia has been the capital of South Carolina since 1790. It occupies a high and commanding position in the center of the State, and is but one hundred and thirty miles from Charleston. It borders upon the Congaree River, near the mouth of the Saluda, in the heart of a rich cotton region. The water power which might be made available in its immediate vicinity is much superior to that of most of the New England manufacturing towns; and the canal near by, was purchased from the State several years ago by Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island; but no cotton factories have as yet arisen along the banks. The town is one of the most beautiful in the South; its climate rivals that of Italy; and the broad, richly shaded avenues; the gardens filled with jessamines and japonicas, laurels and hawthorns and hollies, and the perfect groves in which the live-oaks, the pines, the magnolias, and the wild-oranges, vie with each other in charm, give it an especial fascination. Columbia arose out of

the ashes in which the war laid it with a sorrowful but reliant air; and if its people had not been weighted down by the incubus of an ignorant and dishonest government, they would have done more even than they already have toward rebuilding. The little city, which now has about 12,000 inhabitants, is on the through route from Charlotte in North Carolina to Augusta in Georgia, and also sends its commercial influence into the north-western counties, along the line of the Greenville and Columbia railroad, on which Newberry and other thriving towns are located. It has also an excellent connection with Wilmington on the North Carolina coast, via Sumter, a busy town, a short distance to the westward of Columbia. The counties of Richland, Sumter, Orangeburg, Lexington, and Clarendon, in the neighborhood of the capital, are exempt from the malaria of the lowlands, and cotton, corn and other cereals, grow superbly. The great conflagration at the time of the evacuation of the city by the Confederates swept away the government armory, the old State house, many manufactories, all the railway stations, a fine legislative library, St. Mary's College, many valuable collections of paintings; the retreating Confederates destroyed the bridges over the river, and ruin reigned everywhere.

The exterior aspects of Columbia are to-day fair indeed. The venerable University (from which all the white professors and scholars retreated when the first black student was received,) nestles charmingly in the midst of a grand tree-dotted park; the State Lunatic Asylum, a noble building, is likewise embowered in a splendid shade; the city buildings and hotels are large, and in excellent taste; a fine United States Court-House is springing out of blocks of native granite; and the numerous private institutions of learning give the casual visitor the impression that he is visiting a "grove of Academe," rather than a perturbed and harassed capital. Many northern families have purchased fine estates in the neighborhood; at evening the avenues are crowded with splendid teams, whose owners drive to the parade ground, and loiter, while six companies of United States troops go stiffly through the prescribed drill, and the band thunders the hackneyed music.

But it is at the State house that one arrives at the truth. The mammoth building, which yet lacks the stately roof and

cupola, some day to be given it, is furnished with a richness and elegance which even the legislative halls of States hundred times as rich can equal. In the poorly constructed and badly-lighted corridors below are the offices of the State officers, the Governor, the Treasurer, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of State Schools, and each and all of them are usually filled with colored people, discussing the issues of the hour. The Secretary of State, a mulatto, has entered the law school at the University, and carries on his double duties very creditably.

The House and Senate the negro element stands out conspicuous. On the occasion of my first visit I was shown into the room of the House Committee on the Judiciary for a few moments. While awaiting the assembling of the honorable members, a colored gentleman, in a gray slouch hat and a pair of spectacles, engaged me in conversation, and, as I inquired what was the present question which was exciting the patriotism and sacrifice of the virtuous members, he rolled up his eyes, and with tragic air, said:

"Dar's a heap o' bizness behin' de Carpenter's."

It was true, in more senses than one.

The House, when I visited it, was composed of eighty-three colored members, of whom were Republicans, and forty-one whites; the Senate consisted of fifteen colored men, ten white Republicans, and eight white Democrats. The President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, both colored, were elegant and accomplished men, highly educated, who would have creditably presided over any commonwealth's legislative assembly. In the House the negroes were of a much lower grade, and more obviously ignorant, than in the Senate. They were perpetually preventing the transaction of necessary business by "questions of privilege," and "points of order," of which sometimes, many as an hundred are raised in a single day. It being an extra session they were endeavoring to make the last until the



A SANDHILLER.

time for the assembling of the regular one; and their efforts were astonishingly ludicrous. The little knot of white Democrats, massed together in one section of the hall, sat glum and scornful amid the mass of black speakers, some member only rising now and then to correct an error of "his friend" the colored man, who might have the floor. But some of the sable brethren were trying to the visitor's patience, even, and after I had heard one young man talk for a half hour upon the important subject of what his constituents would say if he allowed himself to be brow-beaten into an immediate adjournment, it was with difficulty that I could suppress a yawn. This youth said the same thing over and over again; his voice was, from time to time, heard rising above the general hum, reiterating exactly the words which he had said five minutes before. The negro does not allow himself to be abashed by hostile criticism. When he gets a sentence tangled, or cannot follow the thread of his own thought in words, he will gravely open a book, the statutes, or some other ponderous volume lying before him, and, after seeming to consult it for some minutes, will resume. He has been gaining time for a new start. There are men of real force and eloquence among the negroes chosen to the House, but they are the exception. In the Senate there was more of decorum and ability among the members. Several of the colored senators spoke exceedingly well, and with great ease and grace of manner; others were awkward and lacked refinement. The white members, native and imported, appeared men of talent at least. The black ages ran to and fro, carrying letters and documents to the honorable senators; and a ne-looking quadroon, or possibly octoroon woman, accompanied by an ebony gentleman, were admitted to the floor of the senate, and sat for some time listening to the debates.

To the careless observer it seems encouraging to see the negroes, so lately freed from a semi-barbaric condition, doing so well, because their conduct is really better than one would suppose them capable of, after having seen the constituency from which they were elevated. One cannot, of course, hinder some reflections upon vengeance and retribution from drifting into his mind,—it was, doubtless, to be expected that some day the negro would lord it over his master, as the law compensation is immutable,—but there



A NEGRO POLICEMAN.

is danger in the protraction of this vengeance. We must really see fair play. Ignorance must not be allowed to run riot. If we saw it consummating, as a Commune assembled in Paris, one thousandth part of the infamy which it effects as a legislature in South Carolina, we should cry out angrily that interference must be had.

But this is an epoch of transition. When the negro is a little older as a politician, he will be less clannish. The masses of the blacks will divide more fully into parties. Then there will be some chance for the setting aside of the dreadful question of race against race. At present the blacks in the State move solidly together. Their eyes are fixed on the spoils which the white men have taught them to gather. They have not yet begun to understand that in stripping the State, compromising her credit and blackening her reputation, they injure themselves much more than they harm their old masters. They will learn in time that they have committed a grave error in allowing the whites to be virtually excluded from representation, and that both races will be forced to labor together, honestly and faithfully, to save



IRON PALMETTO—CHARLESTON.

the State, and to insure their own future prosperity.

I visited the University a day or two after the revolution caused there by the entrance of the first colored student, the Secretary of State himself. In the library, where the busts of Calhoun and Hayne seemed to look down from their niches with astonishment upon the changed order of things, I saw the book from whose lists the white students had indignantly erased their names when they saw the Secretary's round, fair script beneath their own. The departure of the old professors and scholars was the signal for a grand onward movement by the blacks, and a great number entered the preparatory and the low schools. They have summoned good teachers from the North, and are studying earnestly. The University attained its present title in 1866. It was founded as a college at the beginning of the century, but now consists of ten distinct schools, and is rich in libraries and apparatus for scientific studies. While I was in the library, a coal black senator arrived, with two members of the House, whom he presented to the head of the faculty as desirous of entering the law class. I was informed that dozens of members were occupied every spare moment outside of the sessions in faithful study; but this has been the case for a short time only.

But the educational prospects throughout the State, except in the large towns,

are not very good. In 1873, the schools were much cramped for resources. Not a cent of an appropriation of these three hundred thousand dollars for educational purposes, made in that year, reached the schools, and great numbers of them were closed. The difficulty of obtaining good teachers has also been very great. Charleston has had a fine school system for many years. Another High School there, an excellent institution, has been established since 1839. The local school tax for 1873 was nearly \$45,000. There are about twenty-five hundred white children in the public schools, and about the same number of colored pupils, for whom separate accommodations are provided. One single edifice for the black has room for a thousand scholars. Four colored schools are supported in Charleston by Northern funds: the Shaw Memorial, a large and efficient institution, assisted by the New England Freedmen's Aid Society; the Wallingford Academy, by the Presbyterian Church North; the Avery Institute, by the American Missionary School Association; and the Franklin street High School, by the Episcopal Church North. All the city free schools are considered exceedingly good. The Normal School in Charleston has a fine edifice, and is sending out some excellent teachers. The Peabody Fund has given aid here and there throughout the State to great advantage. There are, at least, two hundred thousand children in the Commonwealth; and it is safe to assert that not more than seventy-five thousand have been afforded school facilities. Charleston county shows an attendance of nearly 8,000; in the other coast counties there has latterly been a large decrease in scholastic attendance. On the Sea Islands there are still some schools. An educational effort was first made there in 1862, and the school originally established in St. Helena is still in existence, supported by Philadelphia societies. At one time there were twenty schools on St. Helena Island alone, supported by Northern funds. But now that this aid has been generally withdrawn, education there languishes. The school tax of three mills on the dollar would serve very well, if the State's affairs were not so wretchedly confused, and the pay of the teachers so uncertain. The corruption in the legislative halls demoralizes even the free school system which the negro once so longed for, as the lever which was to lift him up to happiness.

Columbia, Beaufort, the mountain towns of any size, and the shire towns of the upland counties, take much interest in the free school system, and encourage it as their means will permit.

The private institutions of learning in Charleston and the State are remarkably excellent. Few cities can boast of better medical colleges than that in Charleston. It was first incorporated half a century ago, and had a brilliant career until the late war, during which it was nearly ruined. The Roper Hospital, which adjoins it, is a fine institution. Charleston is divided into health districts, over each of which a physician is appointed, with orders to give daily attendance upon the poor. This was a much needed charity, since the mortality among the negroes who came flocking into the city after the war was fearful, and the blacks neglect themselves, unless looked after, until it is too late to heal them. The burden of charity is by no means small. The alms-house has more than sixteen hundred regular "out-door pensioners," that is, poor residents who receive "rations, or half-rations," regularly. The city and main hospitals are filled with colored patients, who are cheerfully cared for at the city's expense. Charleston is jealous of her sanitary reputation, and each successive year that passes without bringing the yellow fever only makes her more vigilant in the matters of her tidal drainage, her well-ordered markets, her cleanly docks, and her careful supervision of the personal health of her citizens.

Two of the noted institutions of Charleston are a little fallen into decay, but are still interesting. The Military Academy, a quaint, mauresque building, has become the headquarters for the United States troops quartered in the city; and its splendid school is broken up. The Charleston College is still in operation. It was chartered in 1795, and has graduated many distinguished men. The establishment of the museum of natural history at the college was first suggested by Agassiz in 1850, and it is to-day, although a portion of the collection was burned in war-time, one of the finest in the country. The libraries of the private institutions are good, but Charleston greatly needs a public one, such as all the eastern cities possess.

The development of South Carolina presents an interesting problem for solution. It seems, now, as if the system of large plantations were the only one under which

rice culture can be successfully pursued. Yet the freedmen yearly manifest stronger disinclination for work in gangs on other people's land, and desire to acquire small farms, and to live independently, however rudely. It is singular that some of them have not developed the business capacity requisite to establish large plantations of their own, and to influence their fellows to work well with them on a coöperative basis.* The wealth in the great pine forests cannot be made available until some one besides the negro goes to work in them. The Sea Island cotton lands are certainly very unlikely to get the needed recuperation by much effort on the part of the negro. A new element of immigration must be had; but it will not go to the State in its present political condition. Will, then, the State extricate herself from that position? There seems no hope of it, at present, perhaps not for four years. Cumulative voting has been advocated in the State for several years, and in 1870 the Attorney-General and Gov. Scott professed to be strongly in favor of the adoption of that principle. If this plan, as suggested by Mr. Pike in his excellent book on the subject, or some other method of gaining protection for the rights of the minority, could be successfully adopted; and if Charleston could receive her just dues politically, the course of events would, in due time, be changed. Her phosphates, her railway connections, her cotton receipts, her manufacturing cannot fail to make her rich; but that will not benefit the State, as she is at present situated. Very little reliance is to be placed on any hopes of immigration, save of families who are well-to-do, towards centers like Aiken and Columbia. The farmers in the upland regions are forcing their lands too harshly in their desperate effort to make a great deal of cotton, and are neglecting the needed diversity of crops, so that they will, perhaps, be in distress by and by. There are hundreds of superb chances for investment in the State which will never for a moment be considered by capitalists so long as the present unjust, tyrannical, centralized State Government maintains itself in office. It is a frightful incubus which drags down every earnest man who desires to make an effort at a rebound after the collapse caused by the war; it is a disgrace to our system; it is a stumbling-block to the negro; an embodied

*There is, I am told, one highly prosperous colored settlement on the communal plan in Marlborough county.

corruption which public opinion ought to sweep out of existence; a usurpation for which there is no excuse save the complete ignorance of one race, and the utter helplessness of the other.

In a succeeding paper we will look into the manufacturing interests of that delightful section of the State near Aiken, journey together to Augusta, and thence downward through Georgia.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

IN the year 1851, Tennyson received the laurel, and almost immediately was called upon by the national sentiment to exercise the functions of his poetic office. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was the first, and remains the most ambitious, of his patriotic lyrics. This tribute to the "last great Englishman" may fairly be pronounced equal to the occasion; a respectable performance for Tennyson, a strong one for another poet. None but a great artist could have written it, yet it is scarcely a great poem, and certainly, though Tennyson's most important ode, is not comparable with his predecessor's lofty discourse upon the "Intimations of Immortality." Several passages have become folk-words, such as "O good gray head which all men knew!" and

"This is England's greatest son,—
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun!"

but the ode, upon the whole, is labored, built up of high-sounding lines and refrains after the manner of Dryden, in which rhetoric often is substituted for imagination and richness of thought.

The laureate never has been at ease in handling events of the day. To his brooding and essentially poetic nature such matters seem of no more moment, beside the mysteries of eternal beauty and truth, than was the noise of catapults and armed men to Archimedes studying out problems during the city's siege. If he succeeds at all with them, it is by sheer will and workmanship. Even then his voice is hollow, and his didacticism, as in "Maud," artificial and insincere. The laurel, and the fame which now had come to him, seemed for a time to bring him more in sympathy with his countrymen, and he made an honest endeavor to rehearse their achievements in his song. The result, seen in

the volume *Maud and other Poems*, illustrates what I say. Here are contained his prominent occasional-pieces, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," the Wellington ode, and the metrical romance from which the volume takes its name. After several revisions, the Balaklavan lyric has passed into literature, but ranks below the nobler measures of Drayton and Campbell. "Maud," however, with its strength and weakness, has divided public opinion more than any other of the author's works. I think that his judicious students will not demur to my opinion that it is quite below his other sustained productions; rather, that it is not sustained at all, but, while replete with beauties, weak and uneven as a whole—and that this is due to the poet's having gone outside his own nature, and to his surrender of the joy of art, in an effort to produce something that should at once catch the favor of the multitude. "Maud" is scanty in theme, thin in treatment, poor in thought; but has musical episodes, with much fine scenery and diction. It is a greater medley than "The Princess," shifting from vague speculations to passionate outbreaks, and glorying in one famous and beautiful nocturne—but also intermixed with cheap satire, and conspicuous for affectations unworthy of the poet. The pity of it was that this production appeared when Tennyson suddenly had become fashionable, in England and America, through his accession to the laureate's honors, and for this reason, as well as for its theme and eccentric qualities, had a wider reading than his previous works: nor only among the masses, to whom the other volumes had been sealed books, but among thoughtful people, who now first made the poet's acquaintance and received "Maud" as the foremost example of his style. First impressions are lasting, and to this day Tennyson is

deemed, by many of the latter class, an apostle of tinsel and affectation. In our own country especially, his popular reputation began with "Maud"—a work which, for lack of constructive beauty, is the opposite of his other narrative poems.

A pleasing feature of the volume of 1855 was an idyl, "The Brook," which is charmingly finished and contains a swift and rippling inter-lyric delightful to every reader. A winsome, novel stanzaic form, possibly of the laureates own invention, is to be found in "The Daisy," and in the Horatian lines to his friend Maurice. Here, too, is much of that felicitous word-painting for which he is deservedly renowned:

"O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

* * *

"How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

We come at last to Tennyson's master work, so recently brought to a completion after the labor of twenty years—during which period the separate *Idyls of the King* had appeared from time to time. Nave and transept, aisle after aisle, the Gothic minster has extended, until, with the addition of a cloister here and a chapel yonder, the structure stands complete. I hardly think that the poet at first expected to compose an epic. It has grown insensibly, under the hands of one man who has given it the best years of his life—but somewhat as Wolf conceives the Homeric poems to have grown, chant by chant, until the time came for the whole to be welded together in heroic form. Yet in other great epics the action rarely ceases, the links are connected, and the movement continues from day to day until the end. Here, we have a series of idyls—like the tapestry-work illustrations of a romance, scene after scene, with much change of actors and emotions, yet all leading to one solemn and tragic close. It is the epic of chivalry,—the christian ideal of chivalry which we have deduced from a barbaric source,—our conception of what knight-hood should be, rather than what it really was; but so skillfully wrought of high imaginings, faery spells, fantastic legends and mediæval splendors, that the whole work, suffused with the Tennysonian glamour of

golden mist, seems like a chronicle illuminated by saintly hands, and often blazes with light like that which flashed from the holy wizard's book when the covers were unclasped. And, indeed, if this be not the greatest narrative-poem since "Paradise Lost," what other English production are you to name in its place? Never so lofty as the grander portions of Milton's epic, it is more evenly sustained and has no long prosaic passages; while "Paradise Lost" is justly declared to be a work of superhuman genius impoverished by dreary wastes of theology.

Tennyson early struck a vein in the black-letter compilation of Sir Thomas Malory. A tale was already fashioned to his use, from which to derive his legends and exalt them with whatsoever spiritual meanings they might require. The picturesque qualities of the old Anglo-Breton romance fascinated his youth, and found lyrical expression in the wierd, melodious, Pre-Raphaelite ballad of "The Lady of Shalott." The young poet here attained great excellence in a walk which Rossetti and his pupils have since chosen for their own, and his early studies are on a level with their masterpieces. They make success in this direction their highest aim, while Tennyson would not be restricted even to such attractive work, but went steadily on, claiming the entire field of imaginative research as the poet's own.

His strong allegorical bent, evinced in that early lyric, was heightened by analysis of the Arthurian legends. The English caught this tendency, long since, from the Italians; the Elizabethan era was so charged with it, that the courtiers of the Virgin Queen hardly could speak without a mystical double-meaning—for an illustration of which read the dialogue in certain portions of Kingsley's *Amyas Leigh*. From Sidney and Spenser down to plain John Bunyan, and even to Sir Walter Scott, allegory is a natural English mode; and, while adopted in several of Tennyson's pieces, finds a special development in the "Idyls of the King."

The name thus bestowed upon the early installments of this production seems less adapted to its complete form. Like the walls of Troy, it

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape.

The shape no longer is idyllic, and doubt no longer exists whether a successful epic

can be written in a mature period of national literature. We have one here, but subdivided into ten distinct poems, each of which suits the canonical requirement, and may be read at a single sitting.

To my mind, there is a marked difference in style between the original and later portions of this work. The "Morte d'Arthur" of 1842 is Homeric to the farthest degree possible in the slow, Saxon movement of the verse; grander, with its "hollow oes and aes," than any succeeding canto, always excepting "Guinevere." Nor do I think the later idyls equal to those four which first were issued in one volume, and which so cleared the laureate's fame from the doubts suggested by "Maud and Other Poems." "Vivien" is a bold and subtle analysis, a closer study of certain human types than Tennyson is wont to make. "Elaine" still remains, for pathetic sweetness and absolute beauty of narrative and rhythm, dearest to the heart of maiden, youth, or sage. "Enid," while upon the lower level of "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "Gareth and Lynette," is clear and strong, and shows a freedom from mannerism characteristic of the author's best period. It would seem that his creative vigor reached its height during the composition of these four idyls; certainly, since the production of "Enoch Arden," at an early subsequent date, he has not advanced in freshness and imagination. His greatest achievement still is that noblest of modern episodes, the canto entitled "Guinevere," surcharged with tragic pathos and high dramatic power. He never has so reached the *passio vera* of the early dramatist as in this imposing scene. There is nothing finer in modern verse than the interview between Arthur and his remorseful wife; nothing loftier than the speech beginning

Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.

When this idyl first appeared, what elevation seized upon the soul of every poetic aspirant as he read it! What despair of rivalling a passion so imaginative, an art so majestic and supreme!

I have referred to the Homeric manner

of the fragment now made the conclusion of the epic, and entitled "The Passing of Arthur." It is not strengthened by its new prelude, and plainly weakens at the close. The epic properly ends with the line, "And on the mere the wailing died away." The poet's sense of proportion here works injuriously, urging him to fully bring out the moral of his allegory, albeit the effect really is harmed by this addition of the sequel down to the line which finishes the work

"And the new sun rose, bringing the new year."

In conclusion, observe the technical features of "Gareth and Lynette," a canto recently added to the poem. It displays Tennyson's latest, not his best, manner carried to an extreme; the verse is clamped together, with every conjunction omitted that can be spared, yet interspersed with lines of a galloping, redundant nature as if the laureate were somewhat influenced by Swinburne and adapting himself to the fashion of the time. A special fault is the substitution of alliteration for the simple excellence of his standard verse. This may be a concession to the modern school, or a result of his mousing among pre-Chaucerian ballads. It palls on the ear, and does the poet's excessive reiteration and play upon words. I have elsewhere said that we are compensated for all this by a stalwart presentation of that fine old English which Emerson has pronounced "a stern and dreadful language." The public is indebted to Tennyson for a restoration of precious Saxon words, too long forgotten, which, we trust, will hereafter maintain their ground. He is a purifier of our tongue: a resistant to the novelties of slang and affectation intruded upon our literature by the mixture of races and the extension of English-speaking colonies to every clime and continent in the world.

It is not probable that another sustained poem hereafter will be written upon the Arthurian legends. Milton's dream, in consonance with his own time and higher aspirations, has, at last, its due fulfillment. The subject waited long, a sleeping beauty until the "fated fairy-prince" came, woke it into life, and the spell is forever at an end. But who shall say whether future generations will rate this epic as highly as we do; whether it will stand out like "The Faery Queen" and "Paradise Lost," as one of the epochal compositions by which an age is symbolized. More than one poem, or series of poems,—Drayton

"The Barons' Wars," for instance,—has wrongly in its own time been thought a work of this class, though now men say of it that only the shadow of its name remains. At present we have no right to declare of the "Idyls of the King," as of "In Memoriam," that it is so original, so representative both of the author and of his period, as to defy the dust of time.

A famous life often falls short of its promise. Temperament and circumstance hedge it with obstacles; or, perhaps, the "Fury with the abhorred shears" slits its thin-spun tissue before the decisive hour. In the case of Tennyson this has been reversed. He has advanced by regular stages to the highest office of a poet. More fortunate than Landor, he was suited to the time, and the time to his genius; he has been happier than Keats or Shelley in length of years, and, in ease of circumstances, than Wordsworth, Coleridge or Hood. Had he died after completing the epic, his work would still seem rounded and complete. Surely a poet's youthful dream never was more fully realized, and we must regard the laureate's genius as developed through good fortune to the utmost degree permitted by inherent limitations.

During the growth of this epic he has, however, produced a few other poems which take high rank. Of these, "Enoch Arden," in sustained beauty, bears a relation to his shorter pastorals similar to that existing between the epic and his minor heroic-verse. Coming within the average range of emotions, it has been very widely read. This poem is in its author's purest idyllic style; noticeable for evenness of tone, clearness of diction, successful description of coast and ocean,—finally, for the loveliness and fidelity of its *genre* scenes. In study of a class below him, "hearts centered in the sphere of common duties," the laureate is unsurpassed. A far different creation is "Lucretius," a brooding character with which Tennyson is quite in sympathy. He has invested it with a certain restless grandeur, yet hardly, I should conceive, wrought out the work he thought possible when the theme was first suggested to his mind. He found its limits and contented himself with portraying a gloomy, isolated figure, as strongly and subtly as Browning would have drawn it, and with a terseness beyond the latter's art.

I have already spoken of "Sea Dreams" and "Aylmer's Field." Among other and

better pieces, "Tithonus," "The Voyage," a fine lyric—and such masterly ballads as "The Victor," "The Captor," and "The Sailor Boy," will not be forgotten. It is worth while to observe the few dialect poems which Tennyson has written—thrown off, as if merely to show that he could be easily first in a field which he resigns to others. The "Northern Farmer" ballads, old and new, are the best English dialect studies of our time. Among his minor diversions are light occasional pieces and some experiments in classical measures—often finished sketches, germs of works to which he has given no further attention. He saw that "Boadicea" offered no such field as that afforded by the Arthurian legends, and wisely gave it over. Again, he unquestionably could have made a great blank-verse translation of Homer, but chose the better part in devoting his middle life solely to creative work. The world can ill afford to lose a poet's golden prime in the labors of a translator.

II.

A BRIEF and crowded summary of Tennyson's characteristics is all that we are able to attempt: proffering clues to what might be said on each division of the subject, and not seeking to follow any path at length.

The complete and even balance of the laureate's poetry is from first to last conspicuous. It exhibits that just combination of lyrical elements which makes a symphony, wherein it is difficult to say what quality predominates. Reviewing minor poets, we think this one attractive for the wild flavor of his unstudied verse; another, for the gush and music of his songs; a third, for idyllic sweetness or tragic power; but in Tennyson we have the strong repose of art, whereof,—as of the perfection of nature,—the world is slow to tire. It has become conventional, but remember that nothing endures to the point of conventionalism which is not based upon lasting rules; that it once was new and refreshing, and is sure, in future days, to regain the early charm.

The one thing longed for, and most frequently missed, in work of this kind, is the very wilding flavor of which I speak. We are not always broad enough and elevated enough to be content with symphonic art. Guinevere wearies of Arthur. There are times when a tart apple, a crust

of bread, a bit of wild honey, are worth more to us than all the delicacies of the larder. We wish more rugged outbreaks, more impetuous discords; we listen for the sudden irregular trill of the thicket songster. The fullness of Tennyson's art evades the charm of spontaneity. How rarely he takes you by surprise! His stream is sweet, assured, strong; but how seldom the abrupt bend, the plunge of the cataract, the thunder and the spray! Doubtless, he has enthusiasms, but all are held in hand; college-life, study, restraint, comfort, reverence, have done their work upon him. He is well broken, as we say of a thoroughbred—proud and true, and, though he makes few bursts of speed, keeps easily forward, and is sure to be first at the stand.

We come back to the avowal that in technical excellence, as an artist in verse, Alfred Tennyson is the greatest of modern poets. Other masters, old or new, have surpassed him in special instances; but he is the one who rarely nods, and who *always* finishes his verse to the extreme. Not that he is free from weaknesses: to the present day, when pushed for inspiration, he resorts to inventions as disagreeable as the affectation which repelled many healthy minds from his youthful lyrics. Faults of this sort, in "Maud" and later poems, have set others against his close acquaintance—people who, with what a critic denominates their "eighteenth century" minds, still pay homage to the genius of Pope for merits which the laureate has in even greater excess. A question recently has been mooted, whether Milton, were he living in our time, could write "Paradise Lost?" A no less interesting conjecture would relate to the kind of poetry that we should have from Pope, were he of Tennyson's generation. The physical traits of the two men being so utterly at variance, no doubt many will scout my suggestion that the verse of the former might closely resemble that of the latter. Pope excelled in qualities which, *mutatis mutandis*, are noticeable in Tennyson: finish and minuteness of detail, and the elevation of common things to fanciful beauty. Here, again, compare "The Rape of the Lock" with "The Sleeping Beauty," and especially with "The Talking Oak." A faculty of "saying things," which, in Pope (his being a cruder age, when persons needed that homely wisdom which seems trite enough in our day), became didacticism,

in Tennyson is sweetly natural and poetic. Since the period of the "Essay on Man," from what writer can you cull so many wise and fine proverbial phrases as from the poet who says:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all;"

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood;"

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds;"

who puts the theory of evolution in a couplet when he sings of

"one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves;"

who so tersely avows that

"Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers;"

"Things seen are mightier than things heard;"

and, again:

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;"

from whom else so many of these proverbs, which are not isolated, but, as in Pope's works, recur by tens and scores? Curious felicities of verse:

"Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere;"

lines which record the most exquisite thrills of life:

"Our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips;"

and unforgotten similes:

"Dear as remembered kisses after death;—

such beauties as these occur in multitudes, and literally make up the body of the laureate's song. In feeling, imagination, largeness of heart and head, the diminutive satirist can enter into no comparison with our poet, but the situation is otherwise as respects finish and moralistic power. The essence of Pope's art was false, because it was the product of a false age; Dryden had been his guide to the stilted heroics of the French school, which so long afterwards, Pope lending them such authority, stalked through English verse. In this day he would, like Tennyson, have found his masters among the early, natural poets, or obtained, in a direct manner, what classicism he needed, and not through Gallic filters. Yet it is not long since I heard an eminent man lauding Pope for the very characteristics which, as here shown, are conspicuous in Tennyson; and decrying the latter, misled by that chance

acquaintance with his poetry, which is worse than no acquaintance at all. In *suggestiveness* Pope was singularly deficient: his constructive faculty so prevailed, that he left nothing to the reader's fancy, but explained to the end. He had no such moods as those evoked by "Tears, idle tears," and "Break, break, break!" and, therefore, his verses never suggest them. In irony Tennyson would equal Pope, had he not risen above it. The man who wrote "The New Timon and the Poets," and afterwards rebuked himself for so doing, could write another "Dunciad," or, without resort to any models, a still more polished and bitter satire of his own.

Tennyson's original and fastidious art is of itself a theme for an essay. The poet who studies it may well despair; he never can excel it, and is tempted to a reactionary carelessness, trusting to make his individuality felt thereby. Its strength is that of perfection; its weakness, the over-perfection which marks a still-life painter. Here is the absolute sway of meter, compelling every rhyme and measure needful to the thought; here are sinuous alliterations, unique and varying breaks and pauses, winged flights and falls, the glory of sound and color—everywhere present, or if missing, absent of the poet's free will. Art so complex was not possible until centuries of literature had passed, and an artist could overlook the field, essay each style, and evolve a metrical result, which should be to that of earlier periods what the music of Meyerbeer and Rossini is to the narrower range of Piccini or Gluck. In Tennyson's artistic conscientiousness, he is the opposite of that compeer who approaches him most nearly in years and strength of intellect, Robert Browning. His gift of language is not so copious as Swinburne's, yet through its use the higher excellence is attained. But I shall write of these matters at another time. Let me conclude my remarks upon the laureate's art with a reference to his unailing taste and sense of the fitness of things. This is neatly exemplified in the openings, and especially the endings, of his idyls. "Audley Court" very well illustrates what I mean. Observe, also, the beautiful dedication of his collected works to the Queen, and the solemn and faithful character-painting of the tribute to Prince Albert which forms the prelude to the Idyls of the King. The two dedications are equal to the best ever written, and each is a poem by itself. They

fully sustained the wisdom of Victoria's choice of a successor to

"The laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

Leaving the architecture of Tennyson's poetry and coming to the sentiment which it seeks to express, we are struck at once by the fact that an idyllic, or picturesque, mode of conveying that sentiment is the one natural to this poet, if not the only one permitted by his limitations. In this he surpasses all poets since Theocritus; and his work is greater than the Syracusan's, because his thought and period are greater. His eyes are his purveyors; with "wisdom at their entrance quite shut out" he would be helpless. To use the lingo of the phrenologists, his locality is better than his individuality. He does not, like Browning, catch the secret of a master-passion, nor, like the old dramatists, the very life of action; on the contrary he gives us an ideal picture of an ideal person, but set against a background more tangible than other artists can draw—making the accessories, and even the atmosphere, convey the meaning of his poem. As we study his verse, and the sound and color of it enter our souls, we think with him, we partake of his feeling, and are led to regions which he finds himself unable to open for us except in this suggestive way. The fidelity of his accessories is peculiar to the time: realistic, without the Flemish homeliness; true as Pre-Raphaelitism, but mellowed with the atmosphere of a riper art. This idyllic method is not that of the most inspired poets and the most impassioned periods. But, merely as a descriptive writer, who is so delightful as Tennyson? He has the unerring first touch, which in a single line proves the artist; and it justly has been remarked that there is more true English landscape in many an isolated stanza of "In Memoriam" than in the whole of "The Seasons,"—that vaunted descriptive poem of a former century. A paper has been written upon the Lincolnshire scenery depicted in his poems, and we might have others, just as well, upon his marine or highland views. He is a born observer of physical nature, and, whenever he applies an adjective to some object, or passingly alludes to some phenomenon which others have not noted, is almost infallibly correct. Possibly he does this too methodically, but his opponents cannot deny that his out-door rambles are guided

by their eloquent apostle's "Lamp of Truth."

His limitations are nearly as conspicuous as his abundant gifts. They are indicated, first, by a style pronounced to the degree of mannerism, and, secondly, by no mere disinclination, but positive incapacity, for dramatic work of the genuine kind.

With respect to his style, it may be said that Tennyson,—while objective in the variety of his themes, and in ability to separate his own experience from their development,—is the most subjective of poets in the distinguishable flavor of his language and rhythm. Reading him you might not guess his life and story—the reverse of which is true with Byron, whom I take as a familiar example of the subjective in literature; nevertheless, it is impossible to observe a single line, or an entire specimen, of the laureate's poems, without feeling that they are in the handwriting of the same master, or of some disciple who has caught his fascinating and contagious style.

I speak of his second limitation, with a full knowledge that many claim a dramatic crown for the author of "Northern Farmer," "Tithonus," "St. Simeon Stylites"—for the poet of the Round Table and the Holy Grail. But isolated studies are not sufficient: a group of living men and women is necessary to broad dramatic action. Tennyson forces his characters to adapt themselves to preconceived, statuesque ideals of his own. His chief success is with those in humble life; in "Enoch Arden," and elsewhere, he has very sweetly depicted the emotions of simple natures, rarely at a sublime height or depth of passion. He also draws,—with an easy touch occasionally found in the prose of the author of "The Warden,"—a group of sturdy, refined, comfortable fellows upon their daily rambles, British and modern in their wholesome talk. But the true dramatist instinctively portrays either exceptional characters, or ordinary beings in impassioned and extraordinary moods. This Tennyson rarely essays to do, except when presenting imaginary heroes of a visioned past. A great master of contemplative, descriptive, or lyrical verse, he falls short in that combination of action and passion which we call dramatic, and often gives us a series of marvelous tableaux in lieu of exalted speech and deeds.

This lack of individuality is somewhat due to the influence of the period; largely,

also, to the habit of solitude which the poet has chosen to indulge. His life has been passed among his books, or in the seclusion of rural haunts; when in town, in the company of a few chosen friends. This has heightened his tendency to reverie, and unfitted him to sharply distinguish between men and men. The great novelists of our day, who correspond to the dramatists of a past age, have plunged into the roar of cities and the thick of the crowd, touching people closely and on every side. It must be owned that we do not find in their works that close knowledge of inanimate nature for which Tennyson has foregone "the proper study of mankind." The one seems to curtail the other, Wordsworth's writings being another example in point. "Men my brothers, men the workers," sings the laureate, and is pleased to watch and encourage them, but always from afar.

With few exceptions, then, his most poetical types of men and women are not substantial beings, but beautiful shadows, which, like the phantoms of a stereopticon, dissolve if you examine them too long and closely. His knights are the old bequest of chivalry, yet how stalwart and picturesque! His early ideals of women are cathedral-paintings—scarcely flesh and blood, but certain attributes personified and angelical. Where a story has been made for him he is more dramatic. Arthur, Lancelot, Merlin, Guinevere, are strong, wise, or beautiful, and so we find them in the chronicle from which the poet drew his legend. He has advanced them to the requirements of modern Christianity, yet, hardly created them anew. Undoubtedly Tennyson could force himself to compose some notably dramatic work; but only through skill and strength of purpose, in this age, and with his habit of life. In a dramatic period he might find himself as sadly out of place as Beddoes, Darley, Landor, have been in his own century. By sheer good fortune he flourishes in a time calling for tenderness, thought, excellent workmanship, and not for wild extremes of power. So chaste, varied and tuneful are his notes, that they are scornfully compared to piano-music, in distinction from what he himself has entitled the "God-gifted organ voice of England." Take, however, the piano as an instrumental expression of recent musical taste, and see to what a height of execution, of capacity to give almost universal pleasure, the

art of playing it has been carried. A great pianist is a great artist; and it is no light fame which holds, with relation to poetry, the supremacy awarded to Liszt or Schumann by the refined musicians of our time.

The cast of Tennyson's intellect is such, that his social rank, his training at an old university, and his philosophic learning, have bred in him a liberal conservatism. Increase of ease and fame have strengthened his inclination to accept things as they are, and, while recognizing the law of progress, to make no undue effort to hasten the order of events. He sees that "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," but is not the man to lead a reform, or to disturb the pleasant conditions in which his lot is cast. No personal wrong has allied him to the oppressed and struggling classes, yet he is too intellectual not to perceive that such wrongs exist. It must be remembered that Shakespeare and Goethe were no more heroic. Just so with his religious attitude. Reverence for beauty would of itself dispose him to love the ivied Church, with all its art, and faith, and ancestral legendary associations; and therefore, while amply reflecting in his verse the doubt and disquiet of the age, his tranquil sense of order, together with the failure of iconoclasts to substitute any creed for that which they are breaking down, have brought him to the position of staunch Sir William Petty (*obit* 1687), who wrote in his will these memorable words: "As for religion, I die in the profession of that Faith, and in the practice of such Worship, as I find established by the law of my country, not being able to believe what I myself please, nor to worship God better than by doing as I would be done unto, and observing the laws of my country, and expressing my love and honor unto Almighty God by such signs and tokens as are understood to be such by the people with whom I live, God knowing my heart even without any, at all."

So far as the "religion of art" is concerned, Tennyson is the most conscientious of devotees. Throughout his work we find a pure and thoughtful purpose, abhorrent of the mere licentious passion for beauty,

In my remarks upon "In Memoriam" I have shown that in one direction he readily keeps pace with the advance of modern thought. A leading mission of his art appears to be that of hastening the transition of our poetic nomenclature and imagery from the old or phenomenal method, to one in accordance with knowledge and truth. His laurel is brighter for the fact that he constantly avails himself of the results of scientific discovery, without making them prosaic. This tendency, beginning with "Locksley Hall" and "The Princess," increases with him to the present time. If a French story-writer can make the wonders of chemistry and astronomy the basis of tales more fascinating to children than the Arabian Nights, why should not the poet explore this field for the creation of a new imagery and expression? There is a remarkable passage in Wordsworth's preface to the second edition of his poems; a prophecy which, half a century ago, could only have been uttered by a man of lofty intellect and extraordinary premonition of changes even now at hand:

"The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of men are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of the Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, *if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of the respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the*

"Such as lurks

In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim."

Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

It is not unlikely that Tennyson was early impressed by these profound observations; at all events he has seen the truths of science becoming familiar "to the general," and has governed his art accordingly. The poet and man of science have a common ground, since few discoveries are made without the exercise of the poet's special gift—the imagination. This faculty is required to enable a child to comprehend any scientific paradox: for instance, that of the rotation of the Earth upon its axis. The imagination of an investigator advances from one step to another, and thus, in a certain sense, the mental processes of a Milton and a Newton are near akin. A plodding, didactic intellect is not strictly scientific; nor will great poetry ever spring from a merely phantasmal brain: "best bard because the wisest," sings the poet.

M. Taine's chapter upon Tennyson shows an intelligent perception of the laureate's relations to his time and especially to England; but though containing a fine interlude upon the perennial freshness of a poet, and the zest which makes nature a constant surprise to him,—declaring that the poet, in presence of this world, is as the first man on the first day,—with all this excellence the chapter fails to rightly appreciate Tennyson, and overestimates Alfred de Musset in comparison. M. Taine's failure, I think, is due to the fact that no one, however successful in mastering a foreign language, can fully enter into that nicety of art which is the potent witchery of Tennyson's verse. The minute distinction between one poem and another, where the ideas are upon a level, and the difference is one of essential flavor, a foreigner loses without perceiving his loss. Precisely this delicacy of aroma separates Tennyson from other masters of verse. An English school-girl will see in his work a beauty that wholly escapes the most accomplished Frenchman: the latter may have ten times her knowledge of the language, but she "hears a voice he cannot hear" and *feels* an influence he never can fairly understand. Again, M. Taine does not allow credit for the importance of the works actually produced by Tennyson. Largeness and proportion go for something in edifices; and although De Musset, the errant, impassioned, suffering Parisian, had the sacred fire, and gave out burning flash-

es here and there, his light was fitful, not long sustained, and we think rather of what one so gifted ought to have accomplished than of what he actually did.

But Taine's catholicity, and the very fact that he is a foreigner, have protected him on the other hand from the overweening influence of Tennyson's art, that holds us

"Above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining;"

have made him a wiser judge of the poet's intellectual and imaginative position. In this matter he is like a deaf man watching a battle, undisturbed by the bewildering power of sound. His remarks upon the limitations of a "comfortable, luxurious, English" muse are not without reason; all in all, he has a just idea of Tennyson's representative attitude in the present state of British thought and art. He has laid too little stress upon the difference between Tennyson and Byron, by observing which we gather a clearer estimate of the former's genius than in any other way.

Tennyson is the antithesis of Byron, in both the form and spirit of his song. The Georgian poet, with all the glow of genius, constantly giving utterance to condensed and powerful expressions, never attempted condensation in his general style; there was nothing he so little cared for; his inspiration must have full flow and break through every barrier; it was the roaring of a mighty wind, the current of a great river—prone to overflow, and often to spread thinly and unevenly upon the shoals and lowlands. Tennyson, though composing an extended work, seeks the utmost terseness of expression; howsoever composite his verse, it is tightly packed and cemented, and decorated to repletion with fretwork and precious stones; nothing is neglected, nothing wasted, nothing misapplied. You cannot take out a word or sentence without marring the structure, nor can you find a blemish; while much might be profitably omitted from Byron's longer poems, and their blemishes are frequent as the beauties. Prolixity, diffuseness, were characteristic of Byron's time. Again, Tennyson is greater in analysis and synthesis, the two strong servitors of art. In sense of proportion Byron was all abroad. He struck bravely into a poem, and, trusting to the fire of his inspiration, let it write itself, neither seeing the end nor troubling his mind concerning it. Cer-

tainly this was true with regard to his greatest productions, "*Childe Harold*" and "*Don Juan*;" though others, such as "*Manfred*," were exceptions through dramatic necessity. In Tennyson's method, as in architecture, we are sure that the whole structure is foreseen at the outset. Every block is numbered and swings into an appointed place; often the final portions are made first, that the burden of the plan may be off the designer's mind. Leaving the matter of art, there is no less difference between the two poets as we consider their perceptive and imaginative gifts, and here the largeness of Byron's vision tells in his favor. Tennyson, sometimes grand and exalted, is equally delicate—an "artist of the beautiful" in a minute way. Of this Byron took little account; his soul was exalted by the broad and mighty aspects of nature; for mosaic work he was unfitted: a mountain, the sea, a thunderstorm, a glorious woman—such imposing objects aroused his noble rage. You never could have persuaded him that the microcosm is equal to the macrocosm. Again, his subjectivity, so intense, was wholly different from Tennyson's, in that he became one with Nature—a part of that which was around him. Tennyson is subjective, so far as a pervading sameness of style, a landscape seen through one shade of glass, can make him, yet few have stood more calmly aloof from Nature, and viewed her more objectively. He contemplates things without identifying himself with them. In these respects, Tennyson and Byron not only are antithetical, but,—each above his contemporaries,—reflect the antithetical qualities of their respective eras. In conclusion, it should be noticed that, although each has had a host of followers, Byron affected the spirit of the people at large, rather than the style of his brother poets; while Tennyson, through the force of his admirable art, has affected the poets themselves, who do not sympathize with his spirit, but show themselves awed and instructed by his mastery of technique. Byron's influence was national; that of Tennyson is professional to an unprecedented degree.

If the temperament of Byron or of Mrs. Browning may be pronounced an ideal poetic temperament, certainly the career of Tennyson is an ideal poetic career. He has been less in contact with the rude outer world than any poet save Wordsworth; again, while even the latter wrote much

prose, Tennyson, "having wherewithal," and consecrating his life wholly to metrical art, has been a verse-maker and nothing else. He has passed through all gradations, from obscurity to laurelled fame; beginning with the lightest lyrics, he has lived to write the one successful epic of the last two hundred years; and though he well might rest content, if contentment were possible to poets and men, with the glory of a far-reaching and apparently lasting renown, he still pursues his art, and seems, unlike Campbell and many another poet, to have no fear of the shadow of his own success. His lot has been truly enviable. We have observed the disadvantages of amateurship in the case of Landor, and noted the limitations imposed upon Thomas Hood by the poverty which clung to him through life; but Tennyson has made the former condition a vantage-ground, and thereby carried his work to a perfection almost unattainable in the experience of a professional, hard-working litterateur. Writing as much and as little as he chose, he has escaped the drudgery which breeds contempt. His song has been the sweeter for his retirement, like that of a cicada piping from a distant grove.

Reviewing our summary of his genius and works, we find in Alfred Tennyson the true poetic irritability, a sensitiveness increased by his secluded life, and displayed from time to time in "the least little touch of the spleen;" we perceive him to be the most faultless of modern poets in technical execution, but one whose verse is more remarkable for artistic perfection than for dramatic action and inspired fervor. His adroitness surpasses his invention. Give him a theme, and no poet can handle it so exquisitely—yet we feel that, with the Malory legends to draw upon, he could go on writing "*Idyls of the King*" forever. We find him objective in the spirit of his verse, but subjective in the decided manner of his style; possessing a sense of proportion, based upon the highest analytic and synthetic powers—a faculty that can harmonize the incongruous thoughts, scenes and general details of a composite period; in thought resembling Wordsworth, in art instructed by Keats, but rejecting the passion of Byron, or having nothing in his nature that aspires to it; finally, an artist so perfect in a widely extended range, that nothing of his work can be spared, and, in this respect, approaching Horace and out-vieing Pope; not one of the great wits near-

ly allied to madness, yet possibly to be accepted as a wiser poet, serene above the frenzy of the storm; certainly to be re-	garded, in time to come, as, all in all, the fullest representative of the refined, speculative, complex Victorian age.
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A SONG OF THE SEA.

CARESSING old Sea!
 Lapping the land
 As the spaniel his sweet lady's hand!
 Not always, they say, he is so:
 Is he treacherous? No;
 But he has his own way,—
 Let him fondle and play.
 When he shows them his teeth in his fun
 Will the pebbles complain?
 No, see how they run,
 To meet him again and again.

Idle old Sea!
 So still you can hear not his breath,—
 Not the stillness of death,
 His pulses are true every one—
 His rosy veins full of the sun!
 Let him lie at his ease,
 And smile in his dreams if he please
 Though the vessels must wait
 For the monarch reposing so late,
 And flutter their white wings and sigh
 As the hours go wearily by.

Restless old Sea!
 He gnaws at the rocks in his reach,
 He foams on the breakers in heat,
 He dashes himself on the beach,
 And flies away vexed with his pain;
 And then he repents him again,
 And comes back and kisses her feet.

Terrible Sea!
 When the tempest descends on his path,
 He grapples it fierce in his wrath;
 He rages in fury relentless and deep;
 He sees not the sun nor the stars in its sweep,
 Until his long passion is spent,
 And his ire is content!
 When God lays his hand on his arm,
 And bids him be calm,
 Like a child he sobs down to his rest,
 On the infinite breast!

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHAIN TO WEAR.

"OH, you are going out!" exclaimed Clary in a tone of disappointment, as Katey passed her open door, an hour after tea, dressed for the street.

"Yes," Katey replied. She would not say "to church," though the words sprang to her lips. She felt that she should not go to church. Then she went on hurriedly, lest Clary should question her further. As she crossed the music-room, the door at the foot of the stairs which led to the dormitories above opened, and some one brushed past her. It was Miss Wormley, attired in her hat and shawl, and evidently on her way to the street. The sight brought a momentary surprise, for Miss Wormley, Katey knew, was in the habit of gathering the girls upon her hall into a Bible class, Sabbath evenings. The library was empty, the door of the school-parlor was half open; before one of the windows stood Miss Wormley, who had not yet gone out, fastening her glove. But Katey did not glance in. She opened the outer door and descended the high steps. No one was in sight; the sky was overcast, and already the twilight had gathered. What if she should miss him, after all? She moved slowly up the street, hearing the faint echo of a step in the distance. Did it follow her? It drew nearer, gaining upon her each moment. It was Dacre, she knew now, and she turned to meet him. He took her hand and laid it in his arm without speaking. Even in the dim light she could see how haggard and worn and changed was his face. He was hunted, she knew. Even now his pursuers might be upon his track. Involuntarily she drew near to him. Lights were beginning to shine in the windows along the street, where the curtains were not yet drawn. There were mothers with children in their arms, there were children alone, and once she caught a glimpse of two lovers, sitting within the circle of soft light, with clasped hands and heads bent close together, while Dacre and she wandered on up the deserted street in the dreary darkness. Did he wait for her to speak?

"I have had a letter from Delphine," she said at last.

Her hand was within his arm. She felt him start.

"She told a hard story, I'll warrant," he said doggedly.

"She told no story at all. She referred to—to what had happened as though I knew it already; and she said——"

"That I did it," broke in Dacre. "I had nothing to do with it. I tell you, Katey, I knew nothing at all about it until it was over."

Some one passing upon the other side of the street paused, as if to listen, as the excited voice rose above the stillness of the Sabbath night.

"Oh, come away;" and Katey hastened her steps. "Do come away;" and she drew him on up the street. Had some one followed them? But no; the step sounded again upon the walk over the way, slowly retreating.

"What did she say, then?"

"That you were suspected."

"But I was ten miles from the place."

"Then why was your name mentioned?"

"Because Blake and Dugan and I had been seen with them."

So these were his associates! A companion of thieves! "And these were your friends!" she said. "Oh, Dacre! Dacre!"

"Yes, I know," he answered moodily, "you are prejudiced, like every one else. But a man must have some friends, and they are not so bad, after all. Poor Katey!" he went on more gently. "I would have kept it from you if I could. I might, but for Delphine's cursed interference. The world has cast me off, Katey. I stand upon one side and you upon the other. There is a sea between us."

"Because you have drifted away. Come back. Oh, it is so cruel! it breaks my heart!" she cried. They had gone on without aim or purpose, turning into one street after another, and descending the hill again at last. The wall of the school garden, which Dacre had scaled the night before, rose beside them now. Katey's violent sobs attracted the attention of a plainly-dressed woman who looked back as she passed. Dacre drew her across the street, where no flaring light lit up the

darkness. Here was a church in process of erection. The confusion of brick and stone rendered the walk impassable. They threaded their tortuous way to the great arched door, where they could find a shelter and a screen. Katey sank down upon the stone threshold and buried her head in her arms. "Don't," Dacre said impatiently, laying a heavy hand upon her shoulder, "I hate to see a woman cry."

She strove hard to control herself. She raised her face, all wet with tears. "It was the disappointment and the pain," she said. "I thought it would be different, and it is so dreadful to bear. Try to be patient with me, Dacre; *it is all so dreadful to bear.*"

"Why don't you curse me and wash your hands of me, then, like the rest of them?"

He did not mean to be cruel; he was beside himself with remorse and anxiety and a shame he would not own.

"How could I?" she replied, with a kind of wonder in her eyes.

His face dropped into his hands. He was not ashamed to be ashamed at last. "I am not worth one of your tears," he said. "I will tell you the truth now, if never again. You are wild to care for me. It can bring you nothing but unhappiness. Forget that you ever knew me; leave me to go to my own place alone. I shall find it soon enough," he added bitterly.

"It is too late for that, unless—are you tired of me, Dacre? Am I a burden to you?"

"Tired of you! Good God! Katey, don't tempt a man. Think a moment. Let me be honest with you for once. Think what all this will bring upon you. If you keep faith with me, there will be a secret to carry,—for years, perhaps; and what a reward at last!—to bear my name and share in my disgrace!"

She shook her head. "I cannot give you up."

"Then come away with me," he exclaimed, stretching out his arms to her. "Marry me to-night. Before morning I must be miles from here. What do you care for those stupid prigs over there?" motioning towards the school. "What are they to you? Nothing at all. Jack and Delphine have their own interests; you are alone in the world. Come!"

Why should she not? Had not Delphine made the path plain before her feet? And Jack was lost to her now; he had

Josie Durant. As for the disgrace that would follow—the handsome, passionate, pleading face, turned towards her with the outstretched hands, made that to weigh as a straw only in the balance. There are moments when the world seems to drop away, leaving two to stand alone, moments when worldly opinions count for nothing. How would it be with him? How with her? That was all.

"Tell me," she said, "should we go alone, you and I? Where are these men whom Delphine wrote were with you?"

He hesitated. "Yes, we should go alone. At least, you need never see or know them."

She caught his arm in sudden terror. "They are taking you away!" she said, and her voice was like a cry. "They would take you away from me! What could I do against them? O, stay and face it all. If you love me, stay. I would never desert you, not even at the worst."

"But you don't know,—you do not realize,—why, Katey, they might put me in prison!"

"How could they, if you were innocent? Or, if they did, it would not be for long. There are worse fates than prisons over innocent men. We wouldn't mind it;" and she drew near to him as she spoke. "Perhaps, then, these dreadful people who lead you on would forget you. And, after a while, we would come out;" she said almost brightly,—*"and go away somewhere, the world is so wide, you know, we'd go away where no one knew us, and begin again. Or, if we chose, since you are innocent, we need not be ashamed to stay, and live it down."*

"You true girl!" But he moved away from her. "It cannot be. I told you Katey, there was a sea between us; and well for you. You are right," he added sadly, "it would be madness for you to go with me. I was a wretch to ask it."

A man had been moving back and forth upon the opposite side of the street, so stealthily that they had not noticed him. As they stepped out from the arched doorway he went on slowly, giving a low peculiar whistle. Dacre started. "I must go," he said. Again the signal came. It caught Katey's ear. "Do they call you?" she gasped, growing white. "Have they come for you? O, don't go. Don't go. I'll do anything, go anywhere, only don't let them take you away." She threw her arms about his neck, as though her feeble strength could hold him.

"Hush, hush; it is too late for that," and he strove gently to free himself. "Hush, child; poor girl! Be brave, Katey, for I must leave you now." The street was beginning to fill with people. The churches were out. Katey heard the moving feet upon the walk. She raised her white face. "Then you will go," she said with strange calmness.

"I *must*," and she pleaded no more.

As they passed up the side street leading to the house, followed by the dusky figure which had been groping along in the shadow of the wall, a woman's skirt brushed them. A dull, pallid face, with blinking, red-rimmed eyes, was turned towards them for an instant, as Miss Wormley hastened by.

O, what did Katey care if they all saw her—if they all knew? Nothing, at this moment. "Leave me here," she said, when they had reached the corner. She could see that crouching figure over the way,—like an evil spirit dogging their footsteps. But Dacre went on to the high stone steps. "If they see me from the house they'll only think you have a friend, Katey. They will never imagine that I am your worst enemy," he added bitterly.

The figure over the way moved out from the shadow of the doorway, where it had been hidden, and crossed the street towards them. Katey clutched Dacre's arm. He, too, saw it draw near. The last moment had come, the parting more cruel than death—holding out no hope for the future. He caught her cold hands in his as she stood upon the steps above him. "Kiss me, Katey," he said hoarsely. She heeded neither the figure moving towards them, nor the passers upon the street. The windows of the house might be opened wide. What did it matter to her though all the world should see! She stooped and kissed him. "My heart will break," she said. Then in a moment he was gone, the door had closed upon her, and she was flying as though pursued, through the house, across the veranda, up the stairs to her own room.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAR FROM THE EYES, FAR FROM THE HEART!

THE days were shortening now, and growing cold. A rime covered the grass of the garden in the early morning. The elms had scattered all their leaves, and the

Virginia-creeper against the wall moved thin, bare arms in the chilling autumn wind. The wide veranda was deserted. The girls gathered after school-hours about the high stove in the music-room, or in the wide dormitory halls. In the class-rooms everything moved on with tedious regularity. Katey discharged her duties with conscientious fidelity, the more from knowing how little of her heart was in them. O, the inexpressible anxiety and yearning of these days! like that of the Apostle, who could wish himself accused for the sake of his brethren. It seemed to her that she could have borne the torments of the lost, if by that means Dacre might be drawn from the dangers which surrounded him. He had disregarded her prayers and tears; he had chosen to go away from her; he had deliberately taken up with a life which must lead sooner or later to crime. He had joined hands with those who set themselves against society, who hold that any weapons are lawful and fair in the warfare they wage with authority—and, yet, she could not give him up. She looked forward to no happy future, she saw no light in the darkness, and, yet, she held fast to her promise and to him. She could bear not to be happy, she could miss of blessedness if she could only rescue him from the snares which held him. So far she had failed of accomplishing her desire. She had done what she could, and it had not availed. She knew nothing of him now. He had written one brief note, post-marked she could not tell where, full of self-reproach for the wrong he was doing her; but with no hint or suggestion of plans, associates or surroundings. To this she had replied at once, as he desired her to do, under cover of another name, to a town where she was confident he was not. A month had passed since then, and she had heard nothing. She could do nothing but wait—and pray. She had read of men turned in the midst of their sins by a mighty arm. Was it not possible now? O, if she could but have the faith to believe, might it not be so? Many times in the day she breathed this liturgy of confession and supplication. It bore always the same burden, but yet lost never its fervent spirit, and strong desire. But, above all, did she not forget it at church when the whole congregation knelt,—the girls whispering and staring though upon their knees,—it seemed as though He would be more inclined to hear and heed when

the minister and the people prayed together.

Professor Dyce marked her in these days,—a gray-clad figure, with a face growing whiter and more absorbed every day,—slipping away from the table before he had left his place, stealing through the music-room in the early twilight like a ghost, too unreal to be addressed, who would vanish away if approached.

She seldom came down now to the Friday evening readings when he sat in the desk; but the early morning prayers, when the letters were distributed, always found her in her place—one of the last desks in the room, which no one of the girls had chosen. He felt the great dark eyes fixed upon him with a painfully eager expression as he turned over the pile of letters, reading the name upon each aloud as he spread them out. He knew that the face grew still whiter, the lines about the mouth more tense, as one after another was laid down, even to the last. Then, in the confusion, as the girls rose, she vanished away.

He knew more than she dreamed of his knowing. He had never forgotten the day when he met her upon the street with Dacre Home, when her face told its own story. "Ah! poor girl, is it so?" he had said to himself, struck by the face, and knowing Dacre Home. He had been inclined to think his pity wasted when he met her again, decked out so fantastically at the Junction; and yet, later, when she appeared so unexpectedly at the school, when, too bewildered to act, he had waited and watched, he had been inclined to doubt again his judgment. Now, reading of this bank robbery, which had been blazoned to the world through the newspapers, and being privately advised that Dacre Home was implicated, though his name had not appeared, he thought, first of all, of the effect upon this inexplicable girl. He marked her uneasiness the night of the school reception, he missed her from the room, and overheard Miss Wormley's malicious comments upon her return. He even interfered to rid her of them, pitying her confusion. He hated himself for unconsciously watching her; he hated Miss Wormley still more for slyly underrating her at every opportunity. The morning after passing Katey and Dacre upon the street that Sabbath evening,—when, in fact, suspecting something, and following her, she had seen the meeting, heard Katey's irrepressible sobs, and, peer-

ing from the darkened windows of the school parlor, been shocked at the manner in which they parted,—Miss Wormley sought Professor Dyce, and, in the absence of the President, laid the whole matter before him.

He heard her general remarks without suspecting their bearing,—her observations upon teachers who were given to clandestine meetings in the garden, who wept upon the shoulders of young men and kissed them voluntarily at parting,—yes, actually kissed them from the very steps of the house, where any one might see. Then, at last, she spoke Katey's name.

The Professor was sitting before the desk in his study. He had laid down his pen reluctantly to listen to her story. Complaints from Miss Wormley's lips were by no means rare, and he gave little heed to what she was saying. But at the mention of this name he flushed so fierce a red, he sprang so suddenly to his feet, that she started back in dismay.

"Woman!" he said in a voice of thunder, "have you no shame? What are Miss Earle's friends to you or me, that we should play the spy upon her?" He pointed to the door and she went out, but not before she had turned, in her anger at being foiled, and vowed to be revenged.

The Professor paced the floor with rapid strides when the door closed after her. He tried not to recall what she had said, but every word, carelessly as he had heard it, stood out now as though in alto-relievo. The various circumstances wove themselves together in his mind, and it was Dacre Home, he knew, whom Miss Wormley had seen with Katey. Was the girl bereft of her senses? Had she no friends to warn her?

The wind and rain beat dismally against the window-panes of the school-room, where, in the chill, gray morning light, the girls had gathered for prayers, the curls pinned up hastily, the pretty feminine fineries not yet assumed, as one after another straggled down from the dormitories above, or ran across the veranda from the other house.

A tall, slight figure, wrapped in a little red shawl, stole down the broad, winding stairs at the end of the room and took its accustomed place before one of the last desks, as Professor Dyce, moving the pile of waiting letters aside, opened the Bible before him to find the morning lesson.

Katey closed her eyes, and, compressing

her lips, waited. It would be a long chapter,—fifty verses, perhaps, which the girls would drone responsively,—about the Jews; for the morning lessons were from the Old Testament; and the Jews seemed so far away! She waited for the voice to begin—to hear how such a king slew his thousands, and another his tens of thousands. Oh, how could she wait? God forgive her, she did not want to hear of the triumphs of His people; she only wanted in her own hands for a moment that pile of little white forget-me-nots, lying upon the desk.

The Professor's voice,—solemn, deep, low,—made a hush to fall upon the room. "Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil."

Katey's heart stood still. This was not the Jews. She raised her head and fixed her wistful eyes upon the reader. If there would only come some word to her! "He that committeth sin is of the devil." Not Dacre—it could not mean Dacre!

Again the words caught her ear: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

And so she would gladly, God knew. Yes, this was for her. She bent forward, listening eagerly.

"And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.

"And this is his commandment. That we should believe on the name of his son Jesus Christ, and love one another as he gave us commandment."

And lay down our lives, if need be, thought Katey. And so she would. Should she not then have her prayer? Her heart was lighter than it had been for weeks. Even when the letters were taken up and the names read aloud slowly, though the blood sprang to her face as her heart gave a great throb, she tried to still its beating. "I can wait;" she said to herself, while the flush slowly died away as one name after another fell upon her ear. "*It will come*":—the answer to the prayer. The girls rose, there was confusion slowly settling into silence as those who had no letters hastened away and the others soon followed. Katey lingered. The shadow of disappointment had fallen upon her: only the shadow, not the heavy weight which had crushed

her for the time during so many weeks that were past. "I can wait," she was saying to herself over and over again. The answer will surely come. But if it could be soon!

It was chilly in the school-room, and disappointment is a chill. She wrapped the little shawl close about her and let her head rest again upon the desk as it had lain in prayer-time. A movement at the further end of the room interrupted the stillness. She raised her head quickly; she had thought herself alone. It was only Professor Dyce who had not gone, it seemed. He laid the papers he had been arranging within the desk, turned the key and descended from the platform. As he did so his glance fell upon Katey, who had risen undecided by which mode of exit she should leave the room, ashamed to make use of the stairs behind her, lest she should appear to flee from him. He decided the question by walking directly down the aisle. The movement was so deliberate that she judged him to have a conscious purpose in seeking her. It was something in regard to her classes, undoubtedly, and she ran them over hurriedly in her mind to recall if possible where she had been remiss or failed in her duty. But he seemed in no haste to enter upon the subject.

"You have appropriated this corner to yourself?" he began graciously, making a slight motion with his hand for Katey to resume her seat.

"I come here to read sometimes; it is very quiet out of school-hours, when the girls are gone," she stammered, thinking what a refuge this place had been. But of that she could not speak.

"But your room—do the girls intrude upon you there?"

"They are always welcome."

"Yes, I know," and he smiled a little sarcastically. "That is the formula one is expected to repeat. Still there is a limit to all hospitality. You come here to read;" he repeated. "You do not go to the library, then?"

"O yes, every day, to look over the newspapers," she replied quickly. Then she blushed, feeling his keen eyes upon her. Did he know about Dacre?

"I should hardly think the detail of crimes and casualties with which our press is filled just now would interest you. That bank-robbery, by the way, was a bold operation. Planned and executed evidently by experienced burglars. Strange, how these

outlaws sit before the gates of society ready to spring in and commit their depredations wherever there are signs of weakness." He had removed his eyes from the bent head and trembling hands which held tight the little shawl. "What can be done with this class?" he added gently—"except to fight and keep it at bay?"

The question so vital, carried the girl beyond herself. "O, what can be done?" she repeated eagerly, forgetting her caution and showing all her heart at that moment.

"Believe me, nothing—by such as you," he replied earnestly—so earnestly that she could not fail to comprehend his meaning. "Association is contamination; and think of the inequality: it is one against a thousand. For they are banded together like an army."

A strange light shone in Katey's face, as though the sun had risen suddenly upon her. One against a thousand! But one and God could overcome a thousand.

He wondered what should cause the radiance in her countenance. Certainly not his words. He could not understand the girl.

The first mutterings of the distant gong reached their ears. Katey rose hastily and with a little obeisance slipped away, up the stairs behind her.

CHAPTER XX.

"AND ONE WAS FAR APART, AND ONE WAS NEAR."

THE Christmas holidays brought a change; many of the girls went home; Jack's wedding called Katey to Easton, where was Josie Durant's home. She was sitting in Josie's own room after the ceremony, in the midst of the confusion incident upon a wedding, a journey, and a final departure from home. The satin gown, fluffy with lace, the delicate veil and wreath of orange blossoms, prepared with such care, were thrown carelessly now upon the bed; the dainty slippers, in which the dainty little lady had stepped from familiar girl-land over the boundary into a strange and wonderful country, dropped where the little feet had left them. The bride was arrayed in her traveling costume, for the wedding breakfast was over, and the guests, with the exception of a few most familiar friends, had gone. She was putting the last touches to her toilet at this moment, settling the elegant little bonnet upon

her head, and fastening her gloves. "Please, Katey," she said, holding out her wrist.

"It brings back the first time I ever saw you, to know you at all;" Katey said, taking the little hand in her own. "I buttoned your glove then, do you remember? The night of Janie Home's party."

"How odd that you should have remembered such a little thing," Josie replied. "No, I don't recall it. But I remember Jack and you. Who ever would have thought then that Jack and I would grow up to marry each other?" Josie was little given to dreaming, but she fell into a reverie over this.

"It is all strange," said Katey, and there was a tone of sadness in her voice. Josie gave her a sharp, anxious glance.

"Are you quite well, dear?"

"O yes."

"I fancied you were thinner than you used to be." She crossed the room upon some pretext. When she returned she paused behind Katey's chair, and, leaning over, clasped the little gloved hands loosely about her neck. "There is something I have wanted to speak of ever since you came. But the house has been so full of company that we have never had a moment alone."

Katey made no reply. She had looked for this, and braced herself to meet it, every day since her arrival. She had ceased to expect it now, believing the whole matter to have slipped from the mind of her friend.

"You have heard of that bank-robbery, of course," Josie went on timidly, feeling her way, as it were. "And you know what is said of Dacre?"

"But it is not true," Katey burst out. "There is no truth in it. He was miles away when the bank was broken into," and freeing herself hastily, she rose up and walked away to the window.

"What do you mean?" Josie's face fairly paled with affright. "O Katey! You have not seen him?"

But Katey had made her denial, and would say no more. She had promised to keep his visit a secret. Had she not almost broken that promise in her eagerness to defend him? There was the rattle of wheels under the window. Jack tapped at the door. "The carriage, Josie. Are you ready?"

"Yes, in one moment."

She drew Katey's face down and kissed

her. "You will not trust me, but—tell Jack," she said.

Katey shook her head without speaking. Her eyes were full of tears.

"But you have seen him?" persisted Josie.

"Don't ask me; I can't tell you;" and yet was this not almost admitting the truth? "There is nothing to tell," she added hastily.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, indeed. But O, I wish I did!" she exclaimed, breaking down at last, and sobbing outright.

"O dear! what can I do?" Josie stared at her, troubled and helpless, as a chorus of voices from below called to her impatiently.

"There is nothing to do," Katey said, checking her sobs. "Don't think of it again."

"But I am afraid to go away. I don't know what may happen to you."

"Nothing dreadful, you may be sure," Katey replied, with a hysterical laugh. She was angry and ashamed at having thus betrayed her feelings. "I shall neither run away nor drown myself, you may be sure; nor do anything else unusual. I am only tired and nervous. Don't think about it," and she hastened to open the door.

Tears are by no means unusual at a wedding, and Katey's wet eyes passed unnoticed. Only Jack marked them and reproached himself for having almost forgotten her in his happiness. "Remember, you are to come and live with us," he said, leaning out from the carriage. "Delphine, do keep Katey; lock her in, if necessary, until we return." Then the carriage door closed with a bang, and in a gust of slippers the wedding party disappeared.

"It is absurd," Delphine said the next morning, as they sat alone over the early breakfast, prepared in anticipation of Katey's departure by the first train. "It is positively unreasonable for you to tie yourself to that horrid school. Think, if Robert and I go abroad next month, I shall not see you again. You might, at least, go home with me for a week." But Katey felt that to be impossible. The term would commence the next day, and she must be in her place. And then, how did she know what had occurred in her absence? What if Dacre had come again, or there might be at least a letter awaiting her. O no; she must go back at once.

"Dreadful, was it not, about Dacre Home?" Delphine remarked carelessly, when this question of Katey's return to school had been discussed and settled, as it had been every day since she came.

"Yes," Katey replied cautiously. She would be wiser than she had been with Josie.

"I was so glad to find you didn't care for him," Delphine went on in her pretty, hurried way. "I wouldn't own it in my letter, and I don't quite like to own it now; but I did half encourage his intimacy with you." She had made her confession at last.

"I know you did," Katey said quietly.

"And if you had learned to care for him, I should never have forgiven myself."

"How do you know that I didn't learn to care for him?" was on her lips to ask, but she held back the question. Why should she distress Delphine, who intended it all for good, and had only failed in judgment? Still, one word she must speak, or her tongue would utter it of itself. A dangerous word! Nevertheless, she would dare much to defend the innocent and the absent.

"He had nothing to do with that robbery, I know," she began. "He may have associated with these men—"

"Which is bad enough," said Mrs. Estemere, who had not only lost all confidence in Dacre, but felt herself personally ill-used by his making himself thus shamefully notorious after having visited at her house.

"It is, indeed," Katey was obliged to confess. "Still he had nothing to do with this, I am sure."

"About that, of course, we cannot judge; but it is all so thoroughly mortifying and disagreeable that we had better try to forget it and him;" and Mrs. Estemere rose from the table.

Mrs. Durant entered the room at the same moment, fortunately for Katey, whose prudence was fast deserting her; the carriage was announced, and further conversation was out of the question.

Delphine ran down the icy steps in her pink-bowed slippers for one more last word at the carriage door. "If I shouldn't see you again before we sail, you'll write often, and you'll take care of yourself, child? Don't do anything foolish away off there. There are no young men?"

"Only one," laughed Katey, remembering Mr. Milde.

"Ah, well, you are the pattern of dis-

cretion." She leaned in at the carriage window to kiss her warmly, then ran away up the steps again.

The pattern of discretion! If she only knew! thought Katey, lying back in the carriage as it rolled away to the station.

It was almost night when she reached La Fayette and the Female College. One of the little girls ran after her as she passed the study-hall, to put a letter into her hand. She had not been sufficiently brave to walk into the room and look upon the desk for herself; she was fairly sick with anxiety. She took the letter without glancing at it, and hastened on. But when she had run the gauntlet of teachers and scholars, and, shut into her own room, at last dared to turn it over and read its superscription, the second shock was greater than the first. It was not from Dacre at all; it was from Minna Hauser, she saw at once. Only a few lines written in haste to say they were in La Fayette for a couple of days, and hoped to see her. She looked at the date. It was three days before. She must seek them at once. It might now be too late. She hastened to retrace her steps through the house, ashamed of the indifference with which she had read Minna's announcement. But the disappointment had been bitter. She was dulled to everything save this: Where was Dacre? Why was it that she heard nothing from him? Even the warm greetings she met upon the way, as one group of girls after another was passed, brought no pleasure. She was ill, and cold, and despairing, and yet she went on to seek her friends. There is an instinct which takes the place of volition at times, and sets us in the way where we ought to walk, and makes us perform the acts expected of us, pulling the wires and holding a mask before our faces. But for this, how could the play go on?

She found the little hotel from which the letter had been written in one of the narrow streets of the town, down by the station. She was just in time; the well-worn trunks were strapped, and standing in the entrance hall. Wulf had already left the house, Christine and her father were coming down the stairs on their way to the street.

"Ah, is it possible?" cried the little old man. "We have sent twice to the school since Minna wrote, and each time they said you had not come back."

"I have but this moment returned." Katey replied, warmly kissing Christine, who seemed much brighter and stronger

than when they met last. After all it was pleasant to see them again. "I am sorry," the little old man went on, "but Christine has an errand she is obliged to do before we go, and we have no time to lose. However, Minna is here, and you will stay with her until we return."

"Ah, Katrine, is it you?" exclaimed Minna, flying down the dingy stairway to embrace her. She dragged her up the stairs to the stuffy little inn-parlor, chattering all the time, asking a hundred questions, and waiting for no one of them to be answered. "And Christine?" Katey said at last, when they had exhausted every other subject of mutual interest; when Minna had described their wanderings since she wrote a month or two before, and mentioned the Shepparts incidentally, but with a vivid blush over the intelligence that Hans had won his place in the orchestra, and was coming to meet them at their next stopping-place:—

"O, Christine is better. Don't you think so? And the young man, of whom I told you, has been to see her. I cannot understand it," Minna said thoughtfully, "nor him. Something evidently weighed upon his mind. I overheard him once reproaching himself to her. He wished he was dead, he said, he brought only misery and wretchedness to everybody. And now he has gone away South. I don't know for what. But he has written once or twice to Christine."

"Poor Christine!" Katey thought; "she too has her troubles."

"But, O Katey," Minna exclaimed, "I had almost forgotten what I wanted particularly to tell you." She went to the door and listened, then she came back and drew an envelope from her pocket, a worn, stained envelope, which had evidently passed through the mail. "Do you know, I feel as though he had deceived us all the time as to his name."

"Why?"

"Because I picked this up from the floor one day; it had fallen from his pocket, and it does not bear his name at all."

"Perhaps the letter was not addressed to him."

"But why should he have it, then? I don't know;" and she shook her head slowly. "The handwriting is like yours," she said, suddenly rousing herself. "See!" and, leaning forward, she put the envelope into Katey's hand.

"Like mine, is it?" Katey said, with a

little laugh, moving towards the window so that the faint, last rays of daylight might fall upon it.

But the laugh died in her throat. Like hers? It was the cover of her own letter! And the name she read, while everything whirled and danced around her, was—*Dacre Home!*

"Can't you make it out?" Minna called from her corner by the fire. "I ought to have rung for lights; but we were going so soon."

"It can't be. There is some mistake," gasped Katey, finding her voice at last.

Minna came forward slowly. "I don't know; it is very strange. But how hoarse you are! I did not notice it before. And your hands are like ice. You ought not to have come. Sit down here, and warm yourself."

But Katey began in a flurried, absent way to fasten her cloak. "No, no, I must go back." She must go while she could. Presently, when she realized it all, she should drop down where she stood. All at once she paused.

"Tell me about him. You have never described him to me." Perhaps she was mistaken after all.

"Christine has his picture. I wish you might see it. Who knows? You may meet him somewhere, and learn something about him. He is tall—taller than Wulf, and has a little stoop about the shoulders. His hair is dark and his face smooth. Then his eyes——"

"Yes," Katey said faintly, "I know; now I will go home."

"But not before father and Christine come back?"

Christine? Katey had forgotten her. Yes, she must get away. How could she meet her? Something like pity struggled up from the chaos in her mind,—or was it an instinct of caution made her say at the very last moment, when she left Minna down at the street door, "Don't tell Christine about the letter; or not now at least. Let us think about it first. It may all come right

yet;" though she knew already that it could never come right for her. And Minna promised, and suffered her to go, sure that she was ill; but not at all suspicious as to the truth.

The wind swirled through the tortuous streets, and held her back as she went on. The lowering clouds threw stinging showers of sleet down with the darkness; but she did not heed it. She was numb to sound, and sight, and feeling. It might have been a summer night for all she knew. She had but one desire, one purpose: to get back, to hide from every prying, curious eye, and then—ah, no matter what came then. She let herself in at the door. There were voices in the school-parlor; a laugh came from across the hall. She hurried on. The lights burned dim in the deserted library; in the music-room a group of girls hung about one of the pianos. "O, please come and play for us to dance," they said. To dance! She murmured something, and hastened on. The snow had fallen through the day, and drifted in upon the veranda. How cool and refreshing it was to her feet. For now she burned as with an inward fire. Some one had called after her that the door was fastened, she must go the other way; but she had not listened. The long window was unfastened. She would not go back; but, standing in the snow, made it slide up at her touch. "The long window opening upon the veranda was left unfastened last night, did you know it?" Dacre wrote once. She remembered it now as she turned the spring. The school-room was dark and silent. She felt her way swiftly down its length to the stairway at the end, which led up and up again to her door.

She took off her outside garments, and hung them in their place. She was strangely tired, and there was a weight upon her brain. Why did she not feel any more this which had so shocked and distressed her? She would think of it another time—in the morning; and so she crept to bed.

SYMBOLS.

ROSE LEAVES.

(HOPE.)

IF this were a night in June, love,
 And I were its fairest rose,
 I would clamber up to your casement
 And watch your calm repose;
 I would blush at my boldness, darling,
 And whisper, "No one knows."

The night, the dewy silence,
 The south wind wandering slow,
 And my watching face at your window,
 Would bring you dreams, I know;
 Would you murmur, "My climbing roses
 Are the sweetest flowers that grow?"

The deep blue slumberous heavens,
 The stars so far away,
 The nested birds all sleeping,
 The flitting moths at play,
 Would leave you free to whisper,
 Would leave me free to stay.

PANSIES.

(DOUBT.)

My hands cup-hollowed bear your beauty up,
 Crowned royal holders of unuttered thought!
 What did a weird wind whisper ye to-day?
 What messages unquiet have ye brought?

Ye dusky shadowy flowers! did ye not grow
 In strange dim lands beside the stream of sleep,
 Whereon my dream drives down with hurrying quest
 Toward that which I most long to win and keep?

The delicate aroma of your leaves
 Is faint and sad, like a half-uttered sigh;
 And vague and troubled thoughts in me arise,
 Of love that seemeth much, and yet can die.

TUBE ROSES.

(DESPAIR.)

Ring, silver bells, and say your honeyed breath
 Is not a foretaste of dear love complete,
 Only a bitter mockery of life
 Wed to the pulseless heart and winding sheet.

Say that its piercing sweetness like a sword
 Cuts through belief and calm security,
 And symbol only with your stainless leaves
 My heart's lost venture and its purity.

ADINA.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.

SAM SCROPE looked extremely annoyed when I began to tell him of my encounter with our friend, and I saw there was still a cantankerous something in the depths of his heart intensely hostile to fairness. It was characteristic of his peculiar temper that his happiness, as an accepted lover, had not disposed him to graceful concessions. He treated his bliss as his own private property, and was as little in the humor to diffuse its influence as he would have been to send out in charity a choice dish from an unfinished dinner. Nevertheless, I think he might have stiffly admitted that there was a grain of reason in Angelo's claim, if I had not been too indiscreetly accurate in my report of our interview. I had been impressed, indeed, with something picturesquely tragic in the poor boy's condition, and, to do perfect justice to the picture, I told him he had flung down his hat on the earth as a gauntlet of defiance and talked about his *vengeance*. Scrope hereupon looked fiercely disgusted and pronounced him a theatrical jackanapes; but he authorized me to drop him a line saying that he would speak with him a couple of days later. I was surprised at Scrope's consenting to see him, but I perceived that he was making a conscientious effort to shirk none of the disagreeables of the matter. "I won't have him stamping and shouting in the house here," he said. "I'll also meet him at the Coliseum." He named his hour and I despatched to Lariccia three lines of incorrect but courteous Italian.

It was better,—far better,—that they should not have met. What passed between them Scrope requested me on his return to excuse him from repeating; suffice it that Angelo was an impudent puppy, and that he hoped never to hear of him again. Had Angelo, at last, I asked, received any compensation? "Not a farthing!" cried Scrope, and walked out of the room. Evidently the two young men had been a source of immitigable offense to each other. Angelo had promised to speak to him fair, and I inclined to believe had done so; but the very change in his appearance, by seeming to challenge my companion's sympathy in too peremptory a fashion, had had the irritating effect of a menace. Scrope had been contemptuous,

and his awkward, ungracious Italian had doubtless made him seem more so. One can't handle Italians with contempt; those who know them have learned what may be done with a moderate amount of superficial concession. Angelo had replied in wrath, and, as I afterwards learned, had demanded, as a right, the restitution of the topaz in exchange for the sum received for it. Scrope had rejoined that if he took that tone he should get nothing at all, and the injured youth had retorted with reckless and insulting threats. What had prevented them from coming to blows, I know not, no sign of flinching, certainly, on my companion's part. Face to face, he had not seemed to Angelo so easy to strangle, and that saving grain of discretion which mingles with all Italian passion had whispered to the young man to postpone his revenge. Without taking a melodramatic view of things, it seemed to me that Scrope had an evil chance in waiting for him. I had, perhaps, no definite vision of a cloaked assassin lurking under a dark archway, but I thought it perfectly possible that Angelo might make himself intolerably disagreeable. His simply telling his story up and down Rome to whomsoever would listen to him, might be a grave annoyance; though indeed Scrope had the advantage that most people might refuse to believe in the existence of a gem of which its owner was so little inclined to boast. The whole situation, at all events, made me extremely nervous. I cursed my companion one day for a hungrier Jew than Shylock, and pitied him the next as the victim of a moral hallucination. If we gave him time, he *would* come to his senses; he would repay poor Angelo with interest. Meanwhile, however, I could do nothing, for I felt that it was worse than useless to suggest to Scrope that he was in danger. He would have scorned the idea of a ranting Italian making him swerve an inch from his chosen path.

I am unable to say whether Angelo's "imprudence" had seemed to relieve him, generally, from his vow to conceal the intaglio; a few words, at all events, from Miss Waddington, a couple of evenings later, reminded me of the original reservation he had made to the vow. Mrs.

Waddington was at the piano, deciphering a new piece of music, and Scrope, who was fond of a puzzle, as a puzzle, was pretending, half jocosely, to superintend and correct her. "I've seen it" Adina said to me, with grave, expanded eyes; "I've seen the wonderful topaz. He says you are in the secret. He won't tell me how he came by it. Honestly, I hope."

I tried to laugh. "You mustn't investigate too closely the honesty of hunters for antiquities. It's hardly dishonest in their code to treat loose cameos and snuff-boxes as pickpockets treat purses."

She looked at me in shy surprise, as if I had made a really cruel joke. "He says that I must wear it one of these days as a medallion," she went on. "But I shall not. The stone is beautiful, but I should feel most uncomfortable in carrying the Emperor Tiberius so near my heart. Wasn't he one of the bad Emperors—one of the worst? It is almost a pollution to have a thing that *he* had looked at and touched coming to one in such direct descent. His image almost spoils for me the beauty of the stone and I'm very glad Mr. Scrope keeps it out of sight." This seemed a very becoming state of mind in a blonde angel of New England origin.

The days passed by and Angelo's "revenge" still hung fire. Scrope never met his fate at a short turning of one of the dusky Roman streets; he came in punctually every evening at eleven o'clock. I wondered whether our brooding friend had already spent the sinister force of a nature formed to be lazily contented. I hoped so, but I was wrong. We had gone to walk one afternoon,—the ladies, Scrope and I,—in the charming Villa Borghese, and, to escape from the rattle of the fashionable world and its distraction, we had wandered away to an unfrequented corner where the old moldering wall and the slim black cypresses and the untrod-den grass made, beneath the splendid Roman sky, the most harmonious of pictures. Of course there was a mossy stone hemicycle not far off, and cracked benches with griffins' feet, where one might sit and gossip and watch the lizards scamper in the sun. We had done so for some half an hour when Adina espied the first violet of the year glimmering at the root of a cypress. She made haste to rise and gather it, and then wandered further, in the hope of giving it a few companions. Scrope sat and

watched her as she moved slowly away, trailing her long shadow on the grass and drooping her head from side to side in her charming quest. It was not, I know, that he felt no impulse to join her; but that he was in love, for the moment, with looking at her from where he sat. Her search carried her some distance and at last she passed out of sight behind a bend in the villa wall. Mrs. Waddington proposed in a few moments that we should overtake her, and we moved forward. We had not advanced many paces before she re-appeared, glancing over her shoulder as she came towards us with an air of suppressed perturbation. In an instant I saw she was being followed; a man was close behind her—a man in whom my second glance recognized Angelo Beati. Adina was pale; something had evidently passed between them. By the time she had met us, we were also face to face with Angelo. He was pale, as well, and, between these two pallors, Scrope had flushed crimson. I was afraid of an explosion and stepped toward Angelo to avert it. But to my surprise, he was evidently following another line. He turned the cloudy brightness of his eyes upon each of us and poised his hand in the air as if to say, in answer to my unspoken charge—"Leave me alone, I know what I am about." I exchanged a glance with Scrope, urging him to pass on with the ladies and let me deal with the intruder. Miss Waddington stopped; she was gazing at Angelo with soft intentness. Her lover, to lead her away, grasped her arm almost rudely, and as she went with him I saw her faintly flushing. Mrs. Waddington, unsuspecting of evil, saw nothing but a very handsome young man. "What a beautiful creature for a sketch!" I heard her exclaim, as she followed her step-daughter.

"I'm not going to make a noise," said Angelo, with a somber smile; "don't be frightened! I know what good manners are. These three weeks now that I've been hanging about Rome, I've learned to play the gentleman. Who is that young lady?"

"My dear young man, it's none of your business. I hope you had not the hardihood to speak to her."

He was silent a moment, looking after her as she retreated on her companion's arm. "Yes, I spoke to her—and she understood me. Keep quiet; I said nothing she mightn't hear. But such as it was,

she understood it. She's your friend's *amica*; I know that. I've been watching you for half an hour from behind those trees. She is wonderfully beautiful. Farewell; I wish you no harm, but tell your friend I've not forgotten *him*. I'm only awaiting my chance; I think it will come. I don't want to kill him; I want to give him some hurt that he'll survive and *feel*—forever!" He was turning away, but he paused and watched my companions till they disappeared. At last—"He has more than his share of good luck," he said, with a sort of forced coldness. "A topaz—and a pearl! both at once! Eh, farewell!" And he walked rapidly away, waving his hand. I let him go: I was unsatisfied, but his unexpected sobriety left me nothing to say.

When a startling event comes to pass, we are apt to waste a good deal of time in trying to recollect the correct signs and portents which preceded it, and when they seem fewer than they should be, we don't scruple to imagine them—we invent them after the fact. Therefore it is that I don't pretend to be sure that I was particularly struck, from this time forward, with something strange in our quiet Adina. She had always seemed to me vaguely, innocently strange; it was part of her charm that in the daily noiseless movement of her life a mystic undertone seemed to murmur—"You don't half know me!" Perhaps we three prosaic mortals were not quite worthy to know her: yet I believe that if a practised man of the world had whispered to me, one day, over his wine, after Miss Waddington had rustled away from the table, that *there* was a young lady who, sooner or later, would treat her friends to a first class surprise, I should have laid my finger on his sleeve and told him with a smile that he phrased my own thought. Was she more silent than usual, was she preoccupied, was she melancholy, was she restless? Picturesquely, she ought to have been all these things; but in fact, she was still to the unilluminated eye simply a very pretty blonde maiden, who smiled more than she spoke, and accepted her lover's devotion with a charming demureness which savored much more of humility than of condescension. It seemed to me useless to repeat to Scrope the young Italian's declaration that he had spoken to her, and poor Sam never intimated to me either that he had questioned her in suspicion of the fact, or that she

had offered him any account of it. I was sure, however, that something must have passed between the young girl and her lover in the way of question and answer, and I privately wondered what the deuce Angelo had meant by saying she had understood him. What had she understood? Surely not the story of Scrope's acquisition of the gem; for granting—what was unlikely—that Angelo had had time to impart it, it was unnatural that Adina should not have frankly demanded an explanation. At last I broke the ice and asked Scrope if he supposed Miss Waddington had reason to connect the great intaglio with the picturesque young man she had met in the Villa Borghese.

My question caused him visible discomfort. "Picturesque?" he growled. "Did she tell you she thought him picturesque?"

"By no means. But he is! You must at least allow him that."

"He hadn't brushed his hair for a week—if that's what you mean. But it's a charm which I doubt that Adina appreciates. But she has certainly taken," he added in a moment, "an unaccountable dislike to the topaz. She says the Emperor Tiberius spoils it for her. It's carrying historical antipathies rather far: I supposed nothing could spoil a fine gem for a pretty woman. It appears," he finally said, "that that rascal spoke to her."

"What did he say?"

"He asked her if she was engaged to me."

"And what did she answer?"

"Nothing."

"I suppose she was frightened."

"She might have been; but she says she was not. He begged her not to be; he told her he was a poor harmless fellow looking for justice. She left him, without speaking. I told her he was crazy—it's not a lie."

"Possibly!" I rejoined. Then, as a last attempt—"You know it wouldn't be quite a lie," I added, "to say that *you* are not absolutely sane. You're very erratic, about the topaz; obstinacy, pushed under certain circumstances beyond a certain point, bears a dangerous likeness to craziness."

I suppose that if one could reason with a mule it would make him rather more mulish to know one called him stubborn. Scrope gave me a chilling grin. "I deny your circumstances. If I'm mad, I claim

the madman's privilege of believing myself peculiarly sane. If you wish to preach to me, you must catch me in a lucid interval."

The breath of early spring in Rome, though magical, as, you know, in its visible influence on the dark old city, is often rather trying to the foreign constitution. After a fortnight of uninterrupted sirocco, Mrs. Waddington's fine spirits confessed to depression. She was afraid, of course, that she was going to have "the fever," and made haste to consult a physician. He reassured her, told her she simply needed change of air, and recommended a month at Albano. To Albano, accordingly, the two ladies repaired, under Scrope's escort. Mrs. Waddington kindly urged my going with them; but I was detained in Rome by the arrival of some relations of my own, for whom I was obliged to play *cicerone*. I could only promise to make an occasional visit to Albano. My uncle and his three daughters were magnificent sight-seers, and gave me plenty to do; nevertheless, at the end of a week I was able to redeem my promise. I found my friends lodging at the inn, and the two ladies doing their best to merge the sense of dirty stone floors and crumpled yellow table-cloth in ecstatic contemplation, from their windows, of the great misty sea-like level of the Campagna. The view apart, they were passing delightful days. You remember the loveliness of the place and its picturesque neighborhood of strange old mountain towns. The country was blooming with early flowers and foliage, and my friends lived in the open air. Mrs. Waddington sketched in water colors. Adina gathered wild nose-gays, and Scrope hovered contentedly between them—not without an occasional frank stricture on the elder lady's use of her pigments and Adina's combinations of narcissus and cyclamen. All seemed to me very happy and, without ill-nature, I felt almost tempted to wonder whether the most desirable gift of the gods is not a thick-and-thin conviction of one's own impeccability. Yet even a lover with a bad conscience might be cheated into a disbelief in retribution by the unbargained sweetness of such a presence in his life as Adina Waddington's.

I spent the night at Albano, but as I had pledged myself to go the next morning to a funzione with my fair cousins in Rome,—“fair” is for rhetoric; but they were excellent girls:—I was obliged to rise and start

at dawn. Scrope had offered to go with me part of the way, and walk back to the inn before breakfast; but I declined to accept so onerous a favor, and departed alone, in the early twilight. A rickety diligence made the transit across the Campagna, and I had a five minutes' walk to the post-office, while it stood waiting for its freight. I made my way through the little garden of the inn, as this saved me some steps. At the sound of my tread on the gravel, a figure rose slowly from a bench at the foot of a crippled grim statue, and I found myself staring at Angelo Beati. I greeted him with an exclamation, which was virtually a challenge of his right to be there. He stood and looked at me fixedly, with a strangely defiant, unembarrassed smile, and at last, in answer to my repeated inquiry as to what the deuce he was about, he said he supposed he had a right to take a stroll in a neighbor's garden.

“A neighbor?” said I. “How ——?”

“Eh, *per Dio!* don't I live at Lariccia?”

And he laughed in almost as simple a fashion as when we had awaked him from his dreamless sleep in the meadows.

I had had so many other demands on my attention during my friend's absence that it never occurred to me that Scrope had lodged himself in the very jaws of the enemy. But I began to believe that, after all, the enemy was very harmless. If Angelo confined his machinations to sitting about in damp gardens at malarial hours, Scrope would not be the first to suffer. I had fancied at first that his sense of injury had made a man of him; but there seemed still to hang about him a sort of a romantic ineffectiveness. His painful impulsion toward maturity had lasted but a day and he had become again an irresponsible loungeur in Arcady. But he must have had an Arcadian constitution to brave the Roman dews at that rate. “And you came here for a purpose,” I said. “It ought to be a very good one to warrant your spending your nights out of doors in this silly fashion. If you are not careful you'll get the fever and die, and that will be the end of everything.”

He seemed grateful for my interest in his health. “No, no, *Signorino mio*, I'll not get the fever. I've a fever here”—and he struck a blow on his breast—“that's a safeguard against the other. I've had a purpose in coming here, but you'll never guess it. Leave me alone; I shan't harm

you! But now, that day is beginning, I must go; I must not be seen."

I grasped him by the arm, looked at him hard and tried to penetrate his meaning. He met my eyes frankly and gave a little contented laugh. Whatever his secret was, he was not ashamed of it; I saw with some satisfaction that it was teaching him patience. Something in his face, in the impression it gave me of his nature, reassured me, at the same time, that it contradicted my hypothesis of a moment before. There was no evil in it and no malignity, but a deep, insistent, natural desire which seemed to be slumbering for the time in a mysterious prevision of success. He thought, apparently, that his face was telling too much. He gave another little laugh, and began to whistle softly. "You are meant for something better," I said, "than to skulk about here like a burglar. How would you like to go to America and do some honest work?" I had an absurd momentary vision of helping him on his way, and giving him a letter of introduction to my brother-in-law, who was in the hardware business.

He took off his hat and passed his hand through his hair. "You think, then, I am meant for something good?"

"If you will! If you'll give up your idle idea of 'revenge' and trust to time to right your wrong."

"Give it up?—Impossible!" he said, grimly. "Ask me rather to chop off my arm. This is the same thing. It's part of my life. I *have* trusted to time—I've waited four long months, and yet here I stand as poor and helpless as at the beginning. No, no, I'm not to be treated like a dog. If he had been just, I would have done anything for him. I'm not a bad fellow; I never had an unkind thought. Very likely I was too simple, too stupid, too contented with being poor and shabby. The Lord does with us as he pleases; he thought I needed a little shaking up. I've got it, surely! But did your friend take counsel of the Lord? No, no! He took counsel of his own selfishness, and he thought himself clever enough to steal the sweet and never taste the bitter. But the bitter will come; and it will be my sweet."

"That's fine talk! Tell me in three words what it means."

"*Aspetti!*—If you are going to Rome by the coach, as I suppose, you should be moving. You may lose your place. I have an idea we shall meet again." He

walked away, and in a moment I heard the great iron gate of the garden creaking on its iron hinges.

I was puzzled, and for a moment, I had a dozen minds to stop over with my friends. But on the one hand, I saw no definite way in which I could preserve them from annoyance; and on the other, I was confidently expected in Rome. Besides, might not the dusky cloud be the sooner dissipated by letting Angelo's project,—substance or shadow, whatever it was,—play itself out? To Rome accordingly I returned; but for several days I was haunted with a suspicion that something ugly, something sad, something strange, at any rate, was taking place at Albano. At last it became so oppressive that I hired a light carriage and drove back again. I reached the inn toward the close of the afternoon, and but half expected to find my friends at home. They had in fact gone out to walk, and the landlord had not noticed in what direction. I had nothing to do but to stroll about the dirty little town till their return. Do you remember the Capuchin convent at the edge of the Alban lake? I walked up to it and, seeing the door of the church still open, made my way in. The dusk had gathered in the corners, but the altar, for some pious reason, was glowing with an unusual number of candles. They twinkled picturesquely in the gloom; here and there a kneeling figure defined itself vaguely; it was a pretty piece of chiaroscuro, and I sat down to enjoy it. Presently I noticed the look of intense devotion of a young woman sitting near me. Her hands were clasped on her knees, her head thrown back and her eyes fixed in strange expansion on the shining altar. We make out pictures, you know, in the glow of the hearth at home; this young girl seemed to be reading an ecstatic vision in the light of the tapers. Her expression was so peculiar that for some moments it disguised her face and left me to perceive with a sudden shock that I was watching Adina Waddington. I looked round for her companions, but she was evidently alone. It seemed to me then that I had no right to watch her covertly, and yet I was indisposed either to disturb her or to retire and leave her. The evening was approaching; how came it that she was unaccompanied? I concluded that she was waiting for the others; Scrope, perhaps, had gone in to see the sunset from the terrace of the convent

garden—a privilege denied to ladies; and Mrs. Waddington was lingering outside the church to take memoranda for a sketch. I turned away, walked round the church and approached the young girl on the other side. This time my nearness aroused her. She removed her eyes from the altar, looked at me, let them rest on my face, and yet gave no sign of recognition. But at last she slowly rose and I saw that she knew me. Was she turning Catholic and preparing to give up her heretical friends? I greeted her, but she continued to look at me with intense gravity, as if her thoughts were urging her beyond frivolous civilities. She seemed not in the least flurried—as I had feared she would be—at having been observed; she was preoccupied, excited, in a deeper fashion. In suspecting that something strange was happening at Albano, apparently I was not far wrong—"What are you doing, my dear young lady," I asked brusquely, "in this lonely church?"

"I'm asking for light," she said.

"I hope you've found it!" I answered smiling.

"I think so!" and she moved toward the door. "I'm alone," she added, "will you take me home?" She accepted my arm and we passed out; but in front of the church she paused. "Tell me," she said suddenly, "are you a very intimate friend of Mr. Scrope's?"

"You must ask him," I answered, "if he considers me so. I at least aspire to the honor." The intensity of her manner embarrassed me, and I tried to take refuge in jocosity.

"Tell me then this: will he bear a disappointment—a keen disappointment?"

She seemed to appeal to me to say yes! But I felt that she had a project in hand, and I had no warrant to give her a license. I looked at her a moment; her solemn eyes seemed to grow and grow till they made her whole face a mute entreaty. "No," I said resolutely, "decidedly not!"

She gave a heavy sigh and we walked on. She seemed buried in her thoughts; she gave no heed to my attempts at conversation, and I had to wait till we reached the inn for an explanation of her solitary visit to Capuccini. Her companions had come in, and from them, after their welcome, I learned that the three had gone out together, but that Adina had presently complained of fatigue, and obtained leave to go home. "If I break down on the way,"

she had said, "I will go into a church to rest." They had been surprised at not finding her at the inn, and were grateful for my having met her. Evidently, they, too, had discovered that the young girl was in a singular mood. Mrs. Waddington had a forced smile, and Scrope had no smile at all. Adina quietly sat down to her needlework, and we confessed, even tacitly, to no suspicion of her being "nervous." Common nervousness it certainly was not; she bent her head calmly over her embroidery, and drew her stitches with a hand innocent of the slightest tremor. At last we had dinner; it passed somewhat oppressively, and I was thankful for Scrope's proposal, afterwards, to go and smoke a cigar in the garden. Poor Scrope was unhappy; I could see that, but I hardly ventured to hope that he would tell me off-hand what was the matter with Adina. It naturally occurred to me that she had shown a disposition to retract her engagement. I gave him a dozen chances to say so, but he evidently could not trust himself to utter his fears. To give an impetus to our conversation, I reminded him of his nearness to Lariccia, and asked whether he had had a glimpse of Angelo Beati.

"Several," he said. "He has passed me in the village, or on the roads, some half a dozen times. He gives me an impudent stare and goes his way. He takes it out in looking daggers from his dark eyes; you see how much there is to be feared from him!"

"He doesn't quite take it out," I presently said, "in looking daggers. He hangs about the inn at night; he roams about the garden while you're in bed, as if he thought that he might give you bad dreams by staring at your windows." And I described our recent interview at dawn.

Scrope stared in great surprise, then slowly flushed in rising anger. "Curse the meddling idiot!" he cried. "If he doesn't know where to stop, I'll show him."

"Buy him off!" I said sturdily.

"I'll buy him a horsewhip and give it to him over his broad back!"

I put my hands in my pockets, I believed, and strolled away, whistling. Come what might, I washed my hands of mediation! But it was not irritation, for I felt a strange, half-reasoned increase of pity for my friend's want of pliancy. He stood puffing his cigar gloomily, and by way of showing him that I didn't altogether give up, I ask-

ed him at last whether it had yet been settled when he should marry. He had told me shortly before that this was still an open question, and that Miss Waddington preferred to leave it so.

He made no immediate answer, but looked at me hard, "Why do you ask—just now?"

"Why, my dear fellow, friendly curiosity—" I began.

He tossed the end of his cigar nervously upon the ground. "No, no; it's not friendly curiosity!" he cried. "You've noticed something—you suspect something!"

Since he insisted, I confessed that I did. "That beautiful girl," I said, "seems to me agitated and preoccupied; I wondered whether you had been having a quarrel."

He seemed relieved at being pressed to speak.

"That beautiful girl is a puzzle. I don't know what's the matter with her; it's all very painful; she's a very strange creature. I never dreamed there was an obstacle to our happiness—to our union. She has never protested and promised; it's not her way, nor her nature; she is always humble, passive, gentle; but always extremely grateful for every sign of tenderness. Till within three or four days ago, she seemed to me more so than ever; her habitual gentleness took the form of a sort of shrinking, almost suffering, deprecation of my attentions, my *petits soins*, my lover's nonsense. It was as if they oppressed and mortified her—and she would have liked me to bear more lightly. I did not see directly that it was not the excess of my devotion, but my devotion itself—the very fact of my love and her engagement that pained her. When I did it was a blow in the face. I don't know what under heaven I've done! Women are fathomless creatures. And yet Adina is not capricious, in the common sense. Mrs. Waddington told me that it was a 'girl's mood,' that we must not seem to heed it—it would pass over. I've been waiting, but the situation don't mend; you've guessed at trouble without a hint. So these are *peines d'amour*?" he went on, after brooding a moment. "I didn't know how fiercely I was in love!"

I don't remember with what well-meaning foolishness I was going to attempt to console him; Mrs. Waddington suddenly appeared and drew him aside. After a moment's murmured talk with her, he went

rapidly into the house. She remained with me and, as she seemed greatly perplexed, and we had, moreover, often discussed our companion's situation and prospects, I immediately told her that Scrope had just been relating his present troubles. "They are very unexpected," she cried. "It's thunder in a clear sky. Just now Adina laid down her work and told me solemnly that she would like to see Mr. Scrope alone; would I kindly call him? Would she kindly tell me," I inquired, "what in common sense was the matter with her, and what she proposed to say to him." She looked at me a moment as if I were a child of five years old interrupting family prayers; then came up gently and kissed me, and said I would know everything in good time. Does she mean to stand there in that same ghostly fashion and tell him that, on the whole, she has decided not to marry him? What has the poor man done?"

"She has ceased to love him," I suggested.

"Why ceased, all of a sudden?"

"Perhaps it's not so sudden as you suppose. Such things have happened, in young women's hearts, as a gradual revision of a first impression."

"Yes, but not without a particular motive—another fancy. Adina is fanciful, that I know; with all respect be it said, it was fanciful to accept poor Sam to begin with. But her choice deliberately made, what has put her out of humor with it?—in a word the only possible explanation would be that our young lady has transferred her affections. But it's impossible!"

"Absolutely so?" I asked.

"Absolutely. Judge for yourself. To whom, pray? She hasn't seen another man in a month. Who could have so mysteriously charmed her? The little hunchback who brings us mandarin oranges every morning? Perhaps she has lost her heart to Prince Doria! I believe he has been staying at his villa yonder."

I found no smile for this mild sarcasm. I was wondering—wondering. "Has she literally seen no one else?" I asked when my wonderings left me breath.

"I can't answer for whom she may have seen; she's not blind. But she has spoken to no one else, nor been spoken to; that's very certain. Love at sight—at sight only—used to be common in the novels I devoured when I was fifteen;

but I doubt whether it exists anywhere else."

I had a question on my tongue's end, but I hesitated some time to risk it. I debated some time in silence and at last I uttered it, with a prefatory apology. "On which side of the house is Adina's room?"

"Pray, what are you coming to?" said my companion. "On this side."

"It looks into the garden?"

"There it is in the second story."

"Be so good —— which one?"

"The third window—the one with the shutters tied back with a handkerchief."

The shutters and the handkerchief suddenly acquired a mysterious fascination for me. I looked at them for some time, and when I glanced back at my companion our eyes met. I don't know what she thought—what she thought I thought. I thought it *might* be out of a novel—such a thing as love at sight; such a thing as an unspoken dialogue, between a handsome young Italian with a "wrong," in a starlit garden, and a fanciful western maid at a window. From her own sudden impression Mrs. Waddington seemed slowly to recoil. She gathered her shawl about her, shivered, and turned towards the house. "The thing to do," I said, offering her my arm, "is to leave Albano to-morrow."

On the inner staircase we paused; Mrs. Waddington was loth to interrupt Adina's interview with Scrope. While she was hesitating whither to turn, the door of her sitting-room opened, and the young girl passed out. Scrope stood behind her, very pale, his face distorted with an emotion he was determined to repress. She herself was pale, but her eyes were lighted up like two wind-blown torches. Meeting the elder lady, she stopped, stood for a moment, looking down and hesitating, and then took Mrs. Waddington's two hands and silently kissed her. She turned to me, put out her hand, and said "Good night!" I shook it, I imagine, with sensible ardor, for somehow, I was deeply impressed. There was a nameless force in the girl, before which one had to stand back. She lingered but an instant and rapidly disappeared towards her room, in the dusky corridor. Mrs. Waddington laid her hand kindly upon Scrope's arm and led him back into the parlor. He evidently was not going to be plaintive; his pride was rankling and burning, and it seasoned his self-control.

"Our engagement is at an end," he simply said.

Mrs. Waddington folded her hands. "And for what reason?"

"None."

It was cruel, certainly; but what could we say? Mrs. Waddington sank upon the sofa and gazed at the poor fellow in mute, motherly compassion. Her large, caressing pity irritated him; he took up a book and sat down with his back to her. I took up another, but I couldn't read; I sat noticing that he never turned his own page. Mrs. Waddington at last transferred her gaze uneasily, appealingly, to me; she moved about restlessly in her place; she was trying to shape my vague intimations in the garden into something palpable to common credulity. I could give her now no explanation that would not have been a gratuitous offense to Scrope. But I felt more and more nervous; my own vague previsions oppressed me. I flung down my book at last, and left the room. In the corridor Mrs. Waddington overtook me, and requested me to tell her what I meant by my extraordinary allusions to—"in plain English," she said, "to an intrigue."

"It would be needless, and it would be painful," I answered, "to tell you now and here. But promise me to return to Rome to-morrow. There we can take breath and talk."

"Oh, we shall bundle off, I promise!" she cried. And we separated. I mounted the stairs to go to my room; as I did so I heard her dress rustling in the corridor, undecidedly. Then came the sound of a knock; she had stopped at Adina's door. Involuntarily I paused and listened. There was a silence, and then another knock; another silence and a third knock; after this, despairing, apparently, of obtaining admission, she moved away, and I went to my room. It was useless going to bed; I knew I should not sleep. I stood a long time at my open window, wondering whether I had anything to say to Scrope. At the end of half an hour I wandered down into the garden again, and strolled through all the alleys. They were empty, and there was a light in Adina's window. No; it seemed to me that there was nothing I could bring myself to say to Scrope, but that he should leave Albano the next day, and Rome and Italy as soon after as possible, wait a year, and then try his fortune with Miss Waddington again. Towards morning, I *did* sleep.

Breakfast was served in Mrs. Waddington's parlor, and Scrope appeared punctu-

ally, as neatly shaved and brushed as if he were still under tribute to a pair of blue eyes. He really, of course, felt less serene than he looked. It can never be comfortable to meet at breakfast the young lady who has rejected you over night. Mrs. Waddington kept us waiting some time, but at last she entered with surprising energy. Her comely face was flushed from brow to chin, and in her hand she clasped a crumpled note. She flung herself upon the sofa and burst into tears; I had only time to turn the grinning *cameriera* out of the room. "She's gone, gone, gone!" she cried, among her sobs. "Oh the crazy, wicked, ungrateful girl!"

Scrope, of course, knew no more than a tea-pot what she meant; but I understood her more promptly—and yet I believe I gave a long whistle. Scrope stood staring at her as she thrust out the crumpled note: that she meant that Adina—that Adina had left us in the night—was too large a horror for his unprepared sense. His dumb amazement was an almost touching sign of the absence of a thought which could have injured the girl. He saw by my face that I knew something, and he let me draw the note from Mrs. Waddington's hand and read it aloud:

"Good-bye to everything! Think me crazy if you will. I could never explain. Only forget me and believe that I am happy, happy, happy! Adina Beati."

I laid my hand on his shoulder; even yet he seemed powerless to apprehend. "Angelo Beati," I said gravely, "has at last taken his revenge!"

"Angelo Beati!" he cried. "An Italian beggar! It's a lie!"

I shook my head and patted his shoulder. "He has insisted on payment. He's a clever fellow!"

He saw that I knew, and slowly, distractedly he answered with a burning blush!

It was a most extraordinary occurrence; we had ample time to say so, and to say so again, and yet never really to understand it. Neither of my companions ever saw the young girl again; Scrope never mentioned her but once. He went about for a week in absolute silence; when at last he spoke I saw that the fold was taken, that he was going to be a professional cynic for the rest of his days. Mrs. Waddington was a good-natured woman, as I have said, and, better still, she was a just woman. But I assure you, she never forgave her step-daughter. In after years, as I grew

older, I took an increasing satisfaction in having assisted, as they say, at this episode. As mere *action*, it seemed to me really superb, and in judging of human nature I often weighed it mentally against the perpetual spectacle of strong impulses frittered in weakness and perverted by prudence. There has been no prudence here, certainly, but there has been ardent, full-blown, positive passion. We see the one every day, the other once in five years. More than once I ventured to ventilate this heresy before the kindly widow, but she always stopped me short, "The thing was odious," she said; "I thank heaven the girl's father did not live to see it."

We didn't finish that dismal day at Albano, but returned in the evening to Rome. Before our departure I had an interview with the Padre Girolamo of Lariccia, who failed to strike me as the holy man whom his nephew had described. He was a swarthy, snuffy little old priest, with a dishonest eye—quite capable, I believed, of teaching his handsome nephew to play his cards. But I had no reproaches to waste upon him; I simply wished to know whither Angelo had taken the young girl. I obtained the information with difficulty and only after a solemn promise that if Adina should reiterate, *viva voce*, to a person delegated by her friends, the statement that she was happy, they would take no steps to recover possession of her. She was in Rome, and in that holy city they should leave her. "Remember," said the Padre, very softly, "that she is of age, and her own mistress, and can do what she likes with her money;—she has a good deal of it, eh?" She had less than he thought, but evidently the Padre knew his ground. It was he, he admitted, who had united the young couple in marriage, the day before; the ceremony had taken place in the little old circular church on the hill, at Albano, at five o'clock in the morning. "You see, Signor," he said, slowly rubbing his yellow hands, "she had taken a great fancy!" I gave him no chance, by any remark of my own, to remind me that Angelo had a grudge to satisfy, but he professed the assurance that his nephew was the sweetest fellow in the world. I heard and departed in silence; my curiosity, at least, had not yet done with Angelo.

Mrs. Waddington, also, had more of this sentiment than she confessed to; her kindness wondered, under protest of her indignation, how on earth the young girl was

living, and whether the smells on her staircase were very bad indeed. It was, therefore, at her tacit request that I repaired to the lodging of the young pair, in the neighborhood of the Piazza Barberini. The quarters were modest, but they looked into the quaint old gardens of the Capuchin Friars; and in the way of smells, I observed nothing worse than the heavy breath of a great bunch of pinks in a green jug on the window sill. Angelo stood there, pulling one of the pinks to pieces, and looking quite the proper hero of his romance. He eyed me shyly and a trifle coldly at first, as if he were prepared to stand firm against a possible blowing up; but when he saw that I chose to make no allusions whatever to the past, he suffered his dark brow to betray his serene contentment. I was no more disposed than I had been a week before, to call him a bad fellow; but he was a mystery,—his character was as great an enigma as the method of his courtship. That he was in love I don't pretend to say; but I think he had already forgotten how his happiness had come to him, and that he was basking in a sort of primitive natural, sensuous delight in being adored. It was like the warm sunshine, or like plenty of good wine. I don't believe his fortune in the least surprised him; at the bottom of every genuine Roman heart,—even if it beats beneath a beggar's rags,—you'll find an ineradicable belief that we are all barbarians, and made to pay them tribute. He was welcome to all his grotesque superstitions, but what sort of a future did they promise for Adina? I asked leave to speak with her; he shrugged his shoulders, said she was free to choose, and went into an adjoining room with my proposal. Her choice apparently was difficult; I waited sometime, wondering how she would look on the other side of the ugly chasm she had so audaciously leaped. She came in at last, and I immediately saw that she was vexed by my visit. She wished to utterly forget her past. She was pale and very grave; she seemed to wear a frigid mask of reserve. If she had seemed to me a singular creature before, it didn't help me to understand her to see her there, beside her extraordinary husband. My eyes went from one to the other and, I suppose, betrayed my reflections; she suddenly begged me to inform her of my errand.

"I have been asked," I said, "to enquire whether you are contented. Mrs. Wad-

dington is unwilling to leave Rome while there is a chance of your——" I hesitated for a word, and she interrupted me.

"Of my repentance, is what you mean to say?" She fixed her eyes on the ground for a moment, then suddenly raised them. "Mrs. Waddington may leave Rome," she said softly. I turned in silence, but waited a moment for some slight message of farewell. "I only ask to be forgotten!" she added, seeing me stand.

Love is said to be *par excellence* the egotistical passion; if so Adina was far gone. "I can't promise to forget you," I said; "you and my friend here deserve to be remembered!"

She turned away; Angelo seemed relieved at the cessation of our English. He opened the door for me, and stood for a moment with a significant, conscious smile.

"She's happy, eh?" he asked.

"So she says!"

He laid his hand on my arm, "So am I!—She's better than the topaz!"

"You're a queer fellow!" I cried; and, pushing past him, I hurried away.

Mrs. Waddington gave her step-daughter another chance to repent, for she lingered in Rome a fortnight more. She was disappointed at my being able to bring her no information as to how Adina had eluded observation—how she had played her game and kept her secret. My own belief was that there had been a very small amount of courtship, and that until she stole out of the house the morning before her flight, to meet the Padre Girolamo and his nephew at the church, she had barely heard the sound of her lover's voice. There had been signs, and glances, and other unspoken vows, two or three notes, perhaps. Exactly who Angelo was, and what had originally secured for us the honor of his attentions, Mrs. Waddington never learned; it was enough for her that he was a friendless, picturesque Italian. Where everything was a painful puzzle, a shade or two, more or less, of obscurity hardly mattered. Scrope, of course, never attempted to account for his own blindness, though to his silent thoughts it must have seemed bitterly strange. He spoke of Adina, as I said, but once.

He knew by instinct, by divination,—for I had not told him,—that I had been to see her, and late on the evening following my visit, he proposed to me to take a stroll through the streets. It was a soft, damp night, with vague, scattered cloud masses

through which the moon was slowly drifting. A warm south wind had found its way into the dusky heart of the city. "Let us go to St. Peter's," he said, "and see the fountains play in the fitful moonshine." When we reached the bridge of St. Angelo, he paused and leaned some time on the parapet, looking over into the Tiber. At last, suddenly raising himself—"You've seen her?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She said she was happy."

He was silent, and we walked on. Half-way over the bridge he stopped again and gazed at the river. Then he drew a small velvet case from his pocket, opened it, and

let something shine in the moonlight. It was the beautiful, the imperial, the baleful topaz. He looked at me and I knew what his look meant. It made my heart beat, but I did not say—no! It had been a curse, the golden gem, with its cruel emblems; let it return to the moldering underworld of the Roman past! I shook his hand firmly, he stretched out the other and, with a great flourish, tossed the glittering jewel into the dusky river. There it lies! Some day, I suppose, they will dredge the Tiber for treasures, and, possibly, disinter our topaz, and recognize it. But who will guess at this passionate human interlude to its burial of centuries?

A PICTURE.

WITHIN my room's serene seclusion,
Dwells evermore a pictured face,
Dream-haunted, like a rapt Carthusian,
With solemn eyes of tenderest grace,
Which seem to compass land and sea,
Yet never look on me.

Oh, eyes which gaze beyond and over,
Yet never meet and answer mine,
What may your steadfast quest discover
On the horizon's hazy line?
What charm in yonder distance lies,
Oh, sad and wistful eyes?

Hopeful despite their depth of grieving,
Still patiently they watch afar,
As though awaiting or perceiving
The dawn of some unrisen star—
The star which often and again
My own have sought in vain.

Sometimes methinks its growing splendor
Brightens and glows on brow and cheek,—
The eyes grow luminous and tender,
The lips half tremble as to speak,
And all the face transfigured seems
By sweet prophetic dreams.

Ah, if when years have told their story,
Those dreams shall come divinely true,
That dim dawn bloom to sudden glory—
This face will shine as angels' do,—
These eyes, more dear than angels' be,
Will look—at last—on me!

AU SABLE CHASM.

"THE GATE OF THE ADIRONDACKS."

"How shall we reach the Adirondacks?"

This was the topic of an open-air discussion by a sprightly circle of tourists upon the hurricane deck of a Champlain steamer. The mountains loomed up grandly overland in the distance; while the waters of the lake were tranquil. The air was ruffled only by human voices.

We were all at home in the Adirondacks, but had learned to find them by different routes. Quite naturally we each championed the line of travel of which we had experience. While discord reigned supreme, one of our ladies proposed a compromise, which, aided by its novelty, won instant approval. She eloquently advocated an avenue of approach hitherto untraveled by any of us. The bachelor of our Tourist Club, whose gift of speech was only equaled by his other supreme gift of good nature, suggested that imagination furnished our fair orator's facts, and tact her arguments; but she denied both impeachments, assuring us that the brief from which she argued was the experience of a friend, whose love for the picturesque was only equaled by his love for the truth. With female adroitness, however, pressing into service in a metaphorical way the popularly received aphorism that "figures never lie," she concluded her plea with a figure of speech, which won all hearts.

"We have heretofore approached the Adirondacks clandestinely," urged our fair Miranda, "I now propose that we enter them by Nature's highway. In the past we have crept in by stealth, making detours to avoid passing through the audience chamber of the genius who presides in the fastnesses of the mountains; but now let us approach them through Au Sable Chasm, 'the gate of the Adirondacks.'"

Just then the steamer neared Port Kent, and it was but the labor of a minute to order our luggage ashore. So quickly was the determination reached, and the transfer made, that almost before we realized our situation we were all upon the wharf, and embarked upon a different craft. It was an elegant four-horse stage, in which we were booked for a four miles' ride at ten cents a passenger.

The fresh mountain air, the open, eleva-

ted prospect enjoyed on top of the stage were all that could be desired; but the roadway was positively shocking. But plunging along as if upon a cantering steed, the driver of the coach continually cracking his whip, and we our jokes, in half an hour we reached Keeseville, crossed the Au Sable River (which hurried through the town) and rested at the Au Sable House.

Refreshed with supper, and gathered in the parlor of the inn, with one consent an attack was concerted upon Miranda.

The bachelor became our spokesman and asked: "Is the road over which we have just passed 'Nature's magnificent highway,' concerning which you recently grew so eloquent? If so, we prefer one of purely artistic construction. Let us have fine art rather than effete nature."

Miranda seized advantage of the comparison so unskillfully presented, and reminding him that his language embodied a confusion of terms. With eyes sparkling with the glow of advocacy she said: "You have not yet been introduced to Nature but are the victim of bad art. That rugged roadway was an insignificant preliminary to our tour, and no part of Nature's highway. You shall be introduced to it to-morrow. That road is simply worn out and is about to be re-laid. To-morrow will open all eyes and satisfy all desires. Let us retire from the realm of discussion to that of sleep, forget our ride, and dream only of the wonders to be revealed to-morrow."

The morrow came, we all saw, and Miranda conquered.

We were paired thus on leaving the hotel: bachelor and benedict, the artist and Miranda, our sage Nestor leading a school-girl in her teens, followed by the two married ladies of our Tourist Club—to whom, so far as traveling was concerned husbands appeared to be a luxury rather than a necessity. But, then, bachelor and benedict were so completely at their service, when service was needed, that I fear their busy husbands at home were for the time forgotten.

A ride of one mile brought us to the precincts of Au Sable Chasm, and the rustic lodge which guards its portal

Entering it, and arming ourselves with alpen-stocks, we were shown through to the opposite door, which opened upon a stair-way leading down the cliff, and informed that the freedom of the Chasm was ours. Miranda's eyes beamed with both faith and hope, while ours mirrored only skepticism; nevertheless, while descending and peering into that deep and shadowy gorge, we were unwittingly converted into impartial and even sympathetic observers. The moment we reached the bottom, Birmingham Falls, the Niagara of Au Sable Chasm, and a charming prelude to the grander panorama about to be unfolded, flashed upon our sight. The falls are twins, separated by a rocky tower, on either side of which the massive current pours down the abyss an amber sheet of water. Just as we neared the base of the cataract the sun painted a prismatic arc upon the up-leaping spray.

From this point the tour began. We stood upon the level adamantine shore of the Au Sable River, near the center of an immense amphitheater, with lofty vertical walls of rock on either side, and a rocky pavement beneath our feet. We were in the bowels of the earth, in a natural canal, threaded in the middle only by a stream which careered through it from end to end, no particle of soil adhering to either the bottom or side of the gorge. Every spring and autumn the swollen torrent sweeps through it, often rising fifty feet above the usual level, carrying everything movable in its path, and polishing the floor and walls of the Chasm as thoroughly as an army of stone-masons could do it. Nature was the builder, and is still the janatrix of Au Sable Chasm. Its cyclopean walls bear the impress of her architectural skill; she laid the tessellated floor with variegated stone; she dusts it with the wind, waters it with the rain, and cleans house always twice a year in good orthodox style; and woe be to him who has the temerity to linger within doors on either of these grand occasions.

Our Nestor, he over whose physical frame seventy-four winters had passed, but whose spirit seemed to have been basking



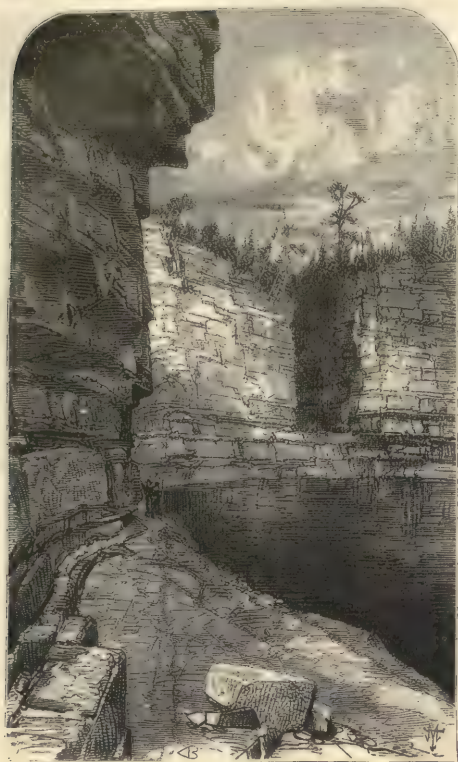
HORSE SHOE AND BIRMINGHAM FALLS.

only in the light and warmth of seventy-four summers, was quick to appreciate the smooth pavement over which we walked. It was faultless. Not a drop of water moistened it. Scarcely an inequality was apparent on its surface.

Miranda was an enthusiastic admirer of Watkin's Glen, and began to institute comparisons. But she compared herself with herself, rather than the Chasm with the Glen. She recalled how she had passed through the latter clad in rubbers and waterproof cloak, and under an umbrella, —all as a matter of necessity rather than of convenience,—while in Au Sable no protection was needed against ooze, drip or damp. Her delicate muslin dress swept the rocky pathway without gathering the least soil. We found this characteristic of the Chasm from end to end.

So far as a comparison of the scenery of these two wonders of nature was concerned, Miranda was the last to yield, as yet, any advantage to Au Sable. Watkin's was too old a favorite to be relegated from a first to a second place in her regard.

Our bachelor's enthusiasm, however,



THE BASIN.

had increased amazingly. He now surrendered at discretion; and in token of submission, as we came in view of Horse Shoe Falls and Leaning Tower, tendered his hand to Miranda, and hand in hand they stepped over a tiny rivulet which is an offshoot from the main stream, upon Rock Island, between which and the opposite shore are the falls. They are not lofty, but exceedingly beautiful. They pour a rapid torrent, which hurries over jagged rocks to form a series of foaming cascades. Pictorially this water-view is one of the gems of the Chasm. The Leaning Tower nearly opposite, a beetling cliff one hundred and fifty feet in height, overhangs the gorge, simultaneously threatening and protecting it, and adds materially to the grandeur of the scene.

Turning a sharp angle at this point we were face to face with a galaxy of wonders. Foremost was the battle of the waters, waged between the rival cascades,—the devil presumably viewing it from his Oven, opposite, and Jacob from his Ladder,—we together forming a mixed throng of beholders. The ceaseless conflict of those

watery foes, every wave-crest being a tongue and having a voice, I never can forget. One of our married ladies took a domestic view of it, and termed it a dancing caldron, while the other saw in the spray-sparkles a setting of diamonds. The scene, looking up the current from the foot of the Ladder, is inexpressibly lovely while that below, where the gorge contracts and assumes the appearance of embattled ramparts, the one side almost touching the other, is akin to the sublime. Jacob's Ladder scales the heights on the middle line between the two, and is well named, since it can only be climbed in one's dreams; while the Devil's Oven is a deep, dark hole, just like many another named for him the world over. Why is it that those who father these chasms and glens cannot name their offspring with some regard to originality as well as propriety? Go where he will, the traveler is met by the same stale nomenclature.

One evening there was a spell upon the Chasm, from Birmingham Falls to the Devil's Oven. Miranda suggested that that potent fairy, Fata Morgana, might have been the creator of its meteoric phenomena. Palisade walls, raging rapids, resounding waterfalls, were all ablaze with light. The marvels of nature were heightened by art. Flambeaux and mimic conflagrations deep down in the gorge produced a unique exhibition in pyrotechny. In the weird light the cascades danced with ghostly splendor, and the walls of the Chasm were crimsoned as with blood. The grand central fire was in the Devil's Oven, whence myriad tongues of flame crackled and shot forth. Stationary and shifting torches flared as far as the eye could see, while between and among them all the tide of humanity ebbled and flowed every face aglow with light and wonder. Neither verbal nor pictorial delineation can do more than faintly suggest the splendor of the pageant at the illumination of Au Sable Chasm.

A rustic bridge spans the river opposite the Devil's Oven; crossing by it, we scaled the heights beyond by an airy stairway. Proceeding along the cliff, we speedily came to a descending flight of steps where we were all charmed into a silence which was only broken by exclamations of surprise and wonder. The reach of view is stupendous, both in length and depth. Through a gigantic buttressed aisle, for nearly one thousand feet the flow

of water is as straight as an arrow, moving with such depth and calmness that its liquid pavement wears the similitude of solid glass. The towering walls, with their fragmentary edges all water-worn, exhibit plainly the action of freshet and flood.

From no point is the view grander than from the summit of this stairway. Cedars and pines brood over the gorge, overspreading its gulf with an evergreen canopy. Below, to the rear of the stairs, embosomed in a vast rocky fissure, unnumbered ferns are grouped, carpeting the cave with their delicate fronds, and completing this bower of greenery. If the fairies haunt this dell, this nook must be their presence-chamber. Turning from the enchanted spot, the vista to the right is as singularly picturesque. On a ledge below, not accessible to man, but readily so to the prince of darkness, is the Devil's Punch Bowl. The story goes that Satan, after cooking his daily meal in the Oven, resorts to the Punch Bowl to inaugurate his midnight debauch. To us the basin seemed to hold only pellucid water. If any other liquor is brewed in it, it is

done so mysteriously as to leave no after trace.

The origin of the Chasm is betrayed by the semi-circular excavations apparent in various parts of its walls. These rock hieroglyphics, which can be read by any geologist, are many feet above the present water-level, and were evidently chiseled by the water. Like the Niagara river, the Au Sable owes its formation to the persistent quarrying of the water, aided at the outset, probably, by a volcanic upheaval of nature, by which the rocks were partially riven. Ripple marks are visible throughout the chasm at every stage of its height, and geologists have found numerous specimens of bivalvular mollusks, termed *lingulæ*.

To adequately describe all of the freaks of nature here would require a book rather than the brief compass of a magazine article, and we must hurry on, merely naming Mystic Gorge, a deep lateral fissure extending on both sides of the river; Cape Eternity, a beetling promontory on the side opposite to the spectator; Hyde's Cave, another rift in the rocks forming a double cave; Castle Rock; Tarpeian Cliff, and Druid Rock.

The gallery of the Via Mala, however, merits especial mention, since it distinguishes Au Sable above every other glen in this country yet opened, and affiliates it to the famous Splügen Pass and Gorge du Trient in Switzerland. Until last year this portion of the Chasm was inaccessible to visitors, and could only be viewed from a distance, above or below; now it is easy of access, and as safe, even for a child, as any other section. At a height of fifty feet above the stream and for a distance of more than one hundred feet in length, a substantial gallery is firmly fixed by bolts into the perpendicular wall of the gorge. Here you view this *lusus naturæ* with unrivaled facilities for studying its rock revelations—the cliffs above, the water below, and the laminæ of the strata at their various stages up to the summit. Our bachelor had returned but a month prior to this time from the usual European tour, including a run through Switzerland and over the Alps into Italy, and he pronounced Au



THE SENTINEL AND TABLE ROCK.

Sable Chasm to be unparalleled this side of the cañons of the Yellowstone in America, and only equaled by them, and by the noted Alpine passes in Switzerland.

A host of grotesque natural curiosities discoverable from this point onward can be here merely named, such as Smugglers' Pass, Moorish Castle, the Alcove, the Study, and Decoy Ledge. The Reception Room is formed by a ledge of sandstone rock which overhangs the path, and in which there are numerous cavities, which visitors have utilized by making receptacles for their cards. I found autographs in the English, Japanese and Turkish languages, from which it is apparent that the fame of this Chasm has reached from the occident to the orient. These cavities are protected from both wind and weather, and their accumulations grow richer with each day's throng of visitors.

Descending the last stairway in the gorge we arrived at Old Point Comfort, opposite Sentinel, Table and Cathedral Rocks, and the point of embarkation for the boat-ride through the Flume. Here we gained an experience in navigation

which at first, from its perfect novelty, was bewildering, but once enjoyed, was sought after again and again.

The boat-ride was strange enough. The boat itself was of the most primitive pattern, flat-bottomed, square at both ends and with no pretensions to either grace or beauty. But when seated in it, we could see nothing except the colossal walls and peaks about us, and were lost in admiration, and in anticipation of the yet stranger scenes beyond. Our bachelor, intent upon gaining a first view of this subterranean highway, seated himself upon what we may politely term the bow of the boat. The boatman asked him to take the seat next removed from it, but he was so wrapped up in his proposed voyage of discovery that he failed to hear the request; and Miranda, who thought she saw sport foreshadowed, softly asked that it should not be repeated. In a moment the boat was loosed from its moorings, and, guided by the boatman, began to descend with the current through the cavernous fissure. It seemed like drifting through the nether world.

The walls arose perpendicularly on either side to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and gradually contracted until ten feet would measure the gap between them.

During this ride the voyager cannot realize his position. He glides for a distance of one thousand feet first over rapid and then placid waters, shut in by cyclopean walls which as he advances between them close upon him, the sky above reduced to a ribbon's breadth, and the water almost literally running upon its edge, being fourteen feet wide and forty feet in depth. It is the concluding and crowning feature of Au Sable Chasm, and one of the marvels of picturesque America.

The ride ends most gracefully. As the boat glides from between the narrow walls it sweeps out into a charming bay, termed the Basin, where the rock-architecture is imposing, the water as clear as crystal, and the rounded view one of romantic beauty. The origin of the name Au Sable became apparent here. Both the bed of the stream and the neigh-



CATHEDRAL ROCK.

boring shores are covered with sand. Au Sable river signifies "river of the sand." The flinty particles are all the results of erosion, the wearing away of the rocks by the water. At different points further down the stream there are numerous beautiful sandy bars.

The following stories connected with the glen are well authenticated. Until a few years ago a bridge spanned the Chasm at the point where it is narrowest. This bridge was suffered to decay, and was final-

When the horse's hoofs struck the single beam which remained of the bridge, the rider sought to penetrate the darkness, but could not. Dropping the reins upon the neck of his brave steed, he abandoned his thoughts to reverie. He was passing over the wild gorge of the Au Sable, with which he had been acquainted in youth and early manhood, and where he had indulged in many a perilous adventure, long before the Chasm had been prepared by art for the easy access of the timorous



ENTRANCE TO THE FLUME.

ly disused. There remained of it at last only a single squared girder. Over this a mad-cap boy would sometimes venture, for a freak, but none was known to cross by it except such as were possessed of the insanity of youth. One dark night a clergyman on horseback approached it. He had been absent abroad for several years. When he had been familiar with this section of country the Au Sable bridge was the usual avenue of approach to his home. He knew nothing of its subsequent ruin. Upon drawing near it in the darkness he confidently spurred his horse onward.

visitor. How many changes he might find upon his return—old faces buried, old landmarks removed, old houses fallen into decay. Before he had concluded this waking dream the hoofs of his trusty animal no longer echoed upon the bridge, but struck—the solid ground upon the other side. He was safely over, without an intimation that he had risked the smallest danger. Not until he had reached his home, and was told by what route he had come, did he learn of his tremendous peril. The next morning, when he reviewed, by the light of day, the thread-like pathway over



THE FLUME.

which he had gone, his knees smote together, and he uttered a prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance from a horrible death.

A good-for-nothing character in the neighborhood was once caught in the act of theft, near the bridge just described, in the days when it was the usual avenue of travel. It having been playfully suggested by some one that his morals might be improved by suspending him by the heels for a brief season from the bridge over Au Sable Chasm, the punishment was instantly inflicted. The cure proved effectual, but the thief's morals were reformed at the expense of his intellect; for he became a confirmed, though inoffensive, idiot.

A tragedy occurred not many years ago

in the Chasm opposite Table Rock. A large fallen tree, the upper face of which was perfectly planed, led to the rock from the opposite side, and was the usual approach to it until the event narrated. As a clergyman was in the act of leading a lady across on it, he suddenly lost his balance, and fell into the torrent below. Before aid could be rendered, his body disappeared beneath the current, and was not found for some days, and then far below in a shallow of the river.

In the way of description and adventure much more might be written of the Walled Banks of the Au Sable, as this Chasm was formerly named, but it is well to leave something to be discovered by the reader when he shall explore its wonders for himself.

THE BROOK AND THE MILL

HOW THE BROOK WENT TO MILL.

I.

A RIFTED rock in a wooded hill,
 A spring within like a looking-glass,
 A nameless rill like a skein of rain
 That showed as faint as a feeble vein.
 And crept away in the tangled grass
 With a voiceless flow and a wandering will,—
 The *wish-ton-wish* of a silken dress,
 The murmured tone of a maiden's "yes!"
 A thirsty ox could have quaffed it up,
 A boy dipped dry with a drinking cup!
 Broke in a brook the rill complete—
 Broke in a song the brook so fleet—
 Broke in a laugh the song so sweet!

II.

'Twas pebble, rubble, and fallen tree,
 'Twas babble, double, through every mile;
 It battled on with a shout and shock,
 And white with foam was the rugged rock,
 And dark were the hemlocks all the while,
 'Till the road grew broad, and the creek ran free.

It glassed along on the slippery slide,
 And shot away with an arrowy glide—
 It slipped its shoes and in stocking feet
 Under the bank and in from the street
 Whirled in a waltz about and out—
 Sprinkled with gold and put to rout,—
 And bright with the flash of the spotted
 trout!

III.

It floats a name and it bears
 a boat;
 'Tis Leonard's Creek and is
 bound for the mill,
 And makes you think, with
 its ripple and flow,—
 So light it trips to the stones
 below,—
 How *her* fingers go when
 they move by note
 Through measures fine, as
 she marches them o'er

The yielding plank of the ivory floor.

Beneath the bridge with a rasping rush,
 A bird takes toll,—'tis a thirsty thrush,—

It nears the Gulf of the hemlock night
 Where stars shine down in the mid-day light,

It verges the brink of the shadow's lair,

Stumbles and falls on the limestone stair!

Clings to the mute and motionless edge—

Tumbles and bounds from ledge to ledge—

And thunders and blunders down to the sedge!





THE MILLER AND THE MILL.

I.

THE roar came up in a misty cloak
 Whose skirt was trimmed with the swan's down
 foam,
 Beside the mill with its window'd wall
 Of rusty red as it loomed so tall.
 The wheel was still in its dank, dim room,
 The air as whist as a wreath of smoke,
 The tangled light through the cobwebs fell,
 The mill was as dumb as a heather-bell !
 The dusty miller was leaning o'er
 The lower half of the battered door,
 Thinking the things he *always* thought,
 Tolling the grists no man had brought,
 Counting the dreams that came to nought.

II.

He saw four butterflies winged in white
 That fluttered over the wayside pool,
 They looked like bits of an old love-note
 To Lucy Jones, and the first he wrote
 But never sent to the Flower of the school—
 'What if he had?' and 'Perhaps she might !'

He saw four butterflies wing'd in gold
 And thought of what things the 'perhaps' might
 fold—

A woman's foot on the powdered sill
 With arch enough for a running rill,
 To walk his world and—he thought again
 How blossoms show in the route of rain—
 Make summer time till the first snow-fall.
 Perhaps and Might ! How they puzzle all !
 Jogging along a horse came slow,
 Boy was aloft and bag below,
 Calliper legs and head of tow.

III.

The miller starts from the faded dream,
 A lever creaks and he lifts the gate.
 The rumbling flood in the frothy flume
 Is rolling through to the twilight room
 In whirls and swirls at a reckless rate—
 The rustic strength of the headlong stream.
 A storm of rain in the chamber dim !
 A mighty swing of a giant limb !
 The Wheel is washing his naked arms !
 The mill is alive with the strange alarms !

A lazy log has just turned over,
 The mill is full of a thousand things,
 They tramp with feet and they hum with wings—
 A troop has halted awhile to feed,
 Old Pan has come with his drowsy reed.
 Hark! Bees abroad from a field of clover!
 A flock of grouse with a frightened whirr!
 A Scotch brigade with a Tweedside burr!
 Two wheels lay hold with their iron teeth
 And turn a shaft that is hung beneath,
 With a jumbling thump of the tumbling bolt,
 Like the awkward trot of a bare-foot colt.
 In swaying glide are the leathern bands;
 The hoppers jar with their palsied hands,
 Forever spilling the grists of grain
 In rattling showers like frozen rain,
 While face to face with its gritty mate
 The mill-stone whirls with a grinding grate.
 What might be laid in a castle's wall
 Is twirled as light as a parasol!
 And out from the rock, as once of old,
 A streamlet flows in its white or gold!
 Busy as bees when the buckwheat blows
 Are the little buckets that run in rows
 Up stairs and down with a sparrow's weight,
 With a tiny drift of the dainty freight.

The place is thrilled with a rumbling tread,
 The air is gray with the ghost of bread!
 Dizzy and busy, above, below,
 Lydian river and flowery flow—
 Corn in the gold and wheat in the snow.

IV.

The old gray mill is yet murmuring on,
 The brook brawls down through the limestone street,
 The girls that blossomed around the door
 And hid and sought 'till the grist-snowed floor
 Was printed off with their merry feet
 Like notes of music—the girls are gone!
 The miller said that he always heard
 The slender song of the outside bird
 Through the grumbling roll of the whirling mill,
 He never heard when the wheels were still.
 Perhaps—why not?—through the anthem grand
 He helps to chant in the Better Land,
 The mill's old murmuring monotone
 May now steal up to his ear alone,
 Bringing a breath of the Savior's Prayer—
 Droning the base to the angels' air—
 Hum of the Mill in the golden choir!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WE must reckon that column small in which stand together the men and women who have written equally admirable prose and verse. Possibly not a few who have believed their verses immortal will be impatient that the world seems to prefer their prose. And we all know one or two men who can never cease repining at the perversity with which a generation of readers cling lovingly to their few precious poems, and let go a mass of story-writing that was very devoted to the soul which gave it birth.

Among the writers who have done much to refine and elevate American literature, Thomas Bailey Aldrich should have the brightest place of one who has wrought equally well in prose and poetry. Out of a considerable volume of his works posterity will rescue a few shining bits of verse, and a few charming stories. It is not ungracious to say that the rest will be forgotten. The world has a trick of forgetting things that seem worthy of perennial fame.

Born by the sea, at Portsmouth, N. H., Aldrich came fairly into a heritage of rich and quickening associations. The quaint old city is peopled with the shadowy shapes of many generations. Like all old towns

in New England, it has its queer people, its romantic and eccentric traditions, and that antique flavor of aristocratic "better days," in comparison with which the smug briskness of a modern town seems cheap and mean. Around lie the woody hills and emerald meadows, through which the broad river goes brimming to the sea. At the decaying wharves, now and then, rest the sea-worn hulks, which seem to bring with them the spicy odors of Ceylon, and all the charmed associations of the far-off regions beyond the tropic seas. Thither drift the song and story, tradition and adventure, terror and romance, of the men who "plough the raging main." And into the substantial homes of such a city by the shore come the magical airs and undefinable fascination that ever breathe up from the hollow-sounding and mysterious sea.

From such surroundings have always come imaginative writers. Those whose childhood has been passed near the sea, and under the influence of so much antique story as our new American life can boast, must needs have a sense of odor, atmosphere and wide venturousness, which is forever denied to those from whose less fortunate youth these associations were excluded. In his delightful autobiography

(for such we must consider it) Aldrich has told the story of his boyhood with unconscious grace and candor. It stands to reason that the author of *The Story of a Bad Boy* would be a poet and a charming writer of fiction. Portsmouth, duly celebrated as Rivermouth, is a bulky volume of good stories. Its legends, air, and landscape are all poetry.

Here young Aldrich grew up, fought his boyish fights, suffered his pangs of boyish and unrequited love, cut up his juvenile pranks, and absorbed, with the sea air and

than any other from the same pen. It may surprise the critic, who lately said that "Baby Bell" could have been written only by a father, to learn that the author was a clever young gentleman of nineteen when the poem first saw the light. It was the vision of a gentle and tender spirit, that brief life of Baby Bell; and many eyes unused to tears grew moist to read the delicate lines—

"She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair !



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

the mellow sunshine, the fancies and subtle influences which color life and literature. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, while preparing for college, an unexpected change in family affairs sent the boy to a New York banking house rather than to Harvard. During Aldrich's three years at the ledger and cash-book he found time to write many charming verses; of these early efforts "Baby Bell" will longest hold its place in poetry. To many people these perfect lines have a more enduring charm

We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers—
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours."

After three years in the banking-house, a proclivity towards literary work became too strong for young Aldrich, and he naturally gravitated into the hands of the publishers. Leaving the account-books, he went into the publishing-house of Derby & Jackson, where his fine taste and acute

literary perceptions found exercise in the position of "reader." From this work he gradually drifted into what we call "general literature," thereby meaning a great deal more than can be explained. Anybody who has earned his living with the precarious pen in a large city, knows what general literature is. Aldrich, a free citizen in the great republic of letters, produced everything which the demand of the hour and the promptings of fertile fancy led him to write. Poems, tales, sketches and the unremembered things that please and perish in the hour, flowed from his pen. After leaving Derby & Jackson, he took an editorial position on *The Home Journal*; next, he transferred his labors to *The Saturday Press*. And in these and other changes he kept himself busy with contributions to the pages of *Putnam's Magazine*, *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and divers new publications of less note and shorter life.

During this time, Aldrich published several volumes of prose and verse, the compilations of an industrious and fruitful career in general literature. The earliest of these was *The Bells*, a volume of somewhat adolescent verse, published by Derby & Jackson, in 1854. These poems were only remarkable for the promise which later works have so generously redeemed. *Daisy's Necklace*, a prose story, was published two years later; and in 1858 appeared two volumes—*Baby Bell and other Poems*, and *The Course of True Love*. The first-named book contained some verses which are still reckoned among the best American poetry. They met with something of the popular favor which they deserved. *Rampina and other Poems* was published in 1861. The volume contained a careful selection of the poetical works of the author; and when another edition of the book was published in the "Blue and Gold" series of Ticknor, Fields & Co. in 1865, the author's best poetical works were gathered in one shining sheaf.

Meantime, Aldrich had not neglected prose fiction, and the well-known story of *Out of his Head*, a tale told by a maniac who is almost sure he is crazy, attracted attention, and made for its author some reputation. This work was published in 1862.

In 1866, Aldrich went to Boston to take charge of *Every Saturday*, then published by Fields, Osgood & Co. Since that time he has been on the editorial staff of *The*

Atlantic Monthly, as well as the conductor of the above-mentioned journal. In *The Atlantic* have appeared some of his later and best-known stories; of these "Marjorie Daw" has enjoyed a wider popularity than any other, having been translated into French, Spanish, German and Danish. It is an ingenious trick in story-writing, and owes its charm to the deft grace with which the reader is beguiled into forgetting that the cunning artist may place a fiction inside a fiction. A more important and possibly more enduring work is *Prudence Palfrey*, just issued from the press, and originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. In this story Mr. Aldrich has employed some of his finest powers. In delicacy of humor, purity of atmosphere and absolute truthfulness, it far excels any previous work by the same pen. Two or three of the characters, notably the heroine and the Rev. Wibird Hawkins, are types which are perfect in their kind. The plot, as a plot, good as it is, has no special ingenuity, but the color and motive of the story are without stain or flaw. "Miss Mehetable's Son" is charged with local color, and is a delicious bit of humor. Two or three other sketches in the volume to which "Marjorie Daw" furnishes the title, turn on the same sort of whimsical caprice which made that story so attractive. Aldrich's prose is clear, vigorous and full of light. His pictures are all *genre*; they remind one of Eastman Johnson and A. F. Bellows together.

In poetry, Aldrich has spent too much time, perhaps, with subjects in which his public can have little sympathy. His oriental poems, though rich in color and luxurious with perfumes, pearl and gold, do not long arrest the fancy nor kindle the feelings. He is more at home, or he makes his reader feel that he is, with themes drawn from every-day life and natural scenery. What can be more charming than this simple picture?—

BEFORE THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Strunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

This is the genuine poetry that seems
not like art, it is so real in its imagery,
so imaginative in its close description.
Thus, in "Sea-drift," where—

"In shimmering lines, through the dripping pines,
The stealthy morn advances;
And the heavy sea-fog straggles back
Before those bristling lances!"

We do not need to be told that this is a
study from nature; the whole poem is per-
vaded with the half-tints and vague unrest of
the sea. Aldrich's muse essays no ambitious

flights. His verse contains no echoes of
the older schools. He charms most be-
cause his rhythm is not more perfect than
his naturalness and simplicity. His shorter
poems are of the rare sort which mature
men and women fold up and carry about
with them, to be read alone, as one plucks
and smiles into a simple blossom in a weary
landscape.

Mr. Aldrich lives at Elmwood, Cam-
bridge, in his own home. He is now about
thirty-eight years old, having been born
Nov. 11, 1836. Speaking after the manner
of men, therefore, we may say that he has
before him many happy and industrious
years, in which to enrich the literature of
his native land, and fulfill, even more amply,
the abundant promise of a vigorous youth.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER V.

PENCROFF's first care, after unloading the
raft, was to make the cave habitable by
stopping up all the holes which made it
draughty. Sand, stones, twisted branches,
wet clay, closed up the galleries open to
the south winds. One narrow and winding
opening at the side was kept to lead out
the smoke and to make the fire draw. The
cave was thus divided into three or four
rooms, if such dark dens, with which an
animal would scarcely be contented, de-
served the name. But they were dry, and
there was space to stand upright, at least
in the principal room, which occupied the
center. The floor was covered with fine
sand, and, taking it all in all, they were well
pleased with it for want of a better.

"Perhaps," said Harbert, while he and
Pencroff were working, "our companions
have found a superior place to ours."

"Very likely," replied the seaman; "but
as we don't know, we must work all the
same. Better to have two strings to one's
bow than no string at all!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Harbert, "how jolly
it would be if they found Captain Smith
and brought him back with them!"

"Yes, indeed!" said Pencroff, "that was
a man of the right sort."

"Was!" exclaimed, Harbert, "do you
despair of ever seeing him again?"

"God forbid!" replied the sailor.

Their work was soon done, and Pencroff
declared himself very well satisfied.

"Now," said he, "our friends can come
back when they like. They will find a
good-enough shelter."

They now had only to make a fire-place
and to prepare the supper—an easy task.
Large flat stones were placed on the ground
at the opening of the narrow passage which
had been kept. This, if the smoke did not
take the heat out with it, would be enough
to maintain an equal temperature inside.
Their wood was stowed away in one of the
rooms, and the sailor laid some logs and
brushwood in the fire-place. The seaman
was busy with this, when Harbert asked
him if he had any matches.

"Certainly," replied Pencroff, "and I
may say happily, for without matches or
tinder we should be in a fix."

"Still we might get fire as the savages
do," replied Harbert, "by rubbing two
bits of dry stick one against the other."

"All right; try, my boy, and let's see if
you can do anything besides breaking your
arms."

"Well, it's a very simple proceeding, and
very much used in the islands of the Pacific."



THE MOURNING GROUP.

"I don't deny it," replied Pencroff, "but the savages must know how to do it or employ a peculiar wood, for more than once I have tried to get fire in that way, but I could never manage it. I must say I prefer matches. By the bye, where are my matches?"

Pencroff searched in his waistcoat for the box, which was always there, for he was a confirmed smoker. He couldn't find it; he rummaged the pockets of his trousers, but, to his horror, he could nowhere find the box.

"Here's a go!" said he, looking at Harbert. "The box must have fallen out of my pocket and got lost! Surely, Harbert, you must have something,—a tinder-box,—anything that can possibly make fire!"

"No, I haven't, Pencroff."

The sailor rushed out, followed by the boy. On the sand, among the rocks, near the river's bank, they both searched carefully, but in vain. The box was of copper, and therefore would have been easily seen.

"Pencroff," asked Harbert, "didn't you throw it out of the car?"

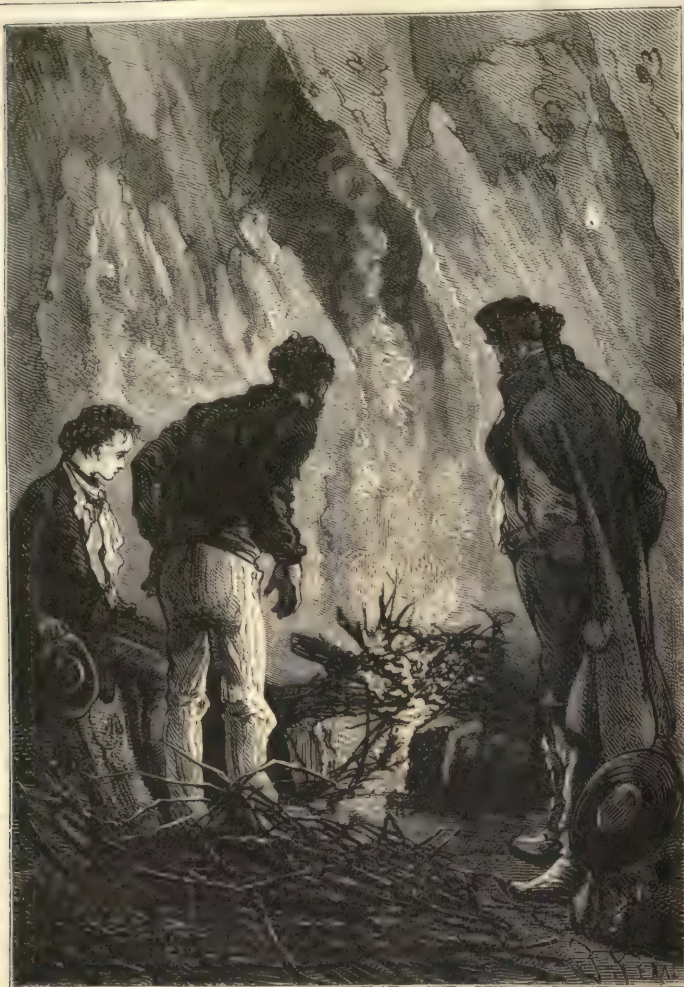
"I knew better than that," replied the sailor; "but such a small article could easily disappear in the tumbling about we have gone through. I would rather even have lost my pipe! Confound the box! Where can it be?"

"Look here, the tide is going down," said Harbert; "let's run to the place where we landed."

It was scarcely probable that they would find the box, which the waves had rolled about among the pebbles, at high tide, but it was as well to try. Harbert and Pencroff walked rapidly to the point where they had

landed the day before, about two hundred feet from the cave. They hunted there, along the shingle, in the clefts of the rocks, but found nothing. If the box had fallen at this place, it must have been swept away by the waves. As the sea went down, they searched every little crevice, with no result. It was a grave loss in their circumstances, and for the time irreparable. Pencroff could not hide his vexation; he looked very anxious, but said not a word. Harbert tried to console him by observing, that if they had found the matches, they would, very likely, have been wet by the sea and useless.

"No, my boy," replied the sailor; "they were in a copper box which shut very tightly; and now what are we to do?"



THE FIRST FIRE.

"We shall certainly find some way of making a fire," said Harbert. "Captain Smith or Mr. Spilett will not be without them."

"Yes," replied Pencroff, "but in the meantime we are without fire, and our companions will find but a sorry repast on their return."

"But," said Harbert quickly, "do you think it possible they will have no tinder or matches?"

"I doubt it," replied the sailor, shaking his head, "for neither Neb nor Captain Smith smokes, and I believe that Mr. Spilett would rather keep his note-book than his match-box."

Harbert did not reply. The loss of the box was certainly to be regretted, but the

boy was still sure of procuring fire in some way or other. Pencroff, more experienced, did not think so, although he was not a man to trouble himself about a small or great grievance. At any rate, there was only one thing to be done—to wait the return of Neb and the reporter; but they must give up the feast of hard eggs which they had meant to prepare, and a meal of raw flesh was not an agreeable prospect, either for themselves or for the others.

Before returning to the cave, the sailor and Harbert, in the event of fire being positively unattainable, collected some more shell-fish, and then silently retraced their steps to their dwelling.

Pencroff, his eyes fixed on the ground, still looked for his box. He even climbed up the left bank of the river from its mouth to the angle where the raft had been moored. He returned to the

plateau, went over it in every direction, searching along the high grass on the border of the forest,—all in vain.

It was five in the evening when he and Harbert re-entered the cave. It is useless to say that the darkest corners of the passages were ransacked before they were obliged to give it up in despair. Towards six o'clock, when the sun was disappearing behind the high lands of the west, Harbert, who was walking up and down on the strand, signalized the return of Neb and Spilett.

They were returning alone! . . . The boy's heart sank; the sailor had not been deceived in his forebodings; the engineer, Cyrus Smith, had not been found!

The reporter, on his arrival, sat down on a rock, without saying anything. Exhaust-

ed with fatigue, dying of hunger, he had not strength to utter a word.

As to Neb, his red eyes showed how he had cried, and the tears which he could not restrain, told too clearly that he had lost all hope.

The reporter recounted all that they had done in their attempt to recover Cyrus Smith. He and Neb had surveyed the coast for a distance of eight miles, and consequently much beyond the place where the balloon had fallen the last time but one, a fall which was followed by the disappearance of the engineer and the dog Top. The shore was solitary; not a vestige of a mark. Not even a pebble recently displaced; not a trace on the sand; not a human footstep on all that part of the beach. It was clear that that portion of the shore had never been visited by a human being. The sea was as deserted as the land, and it was there, a few hundred feet from the coast, that the engineer must have found a tomb.

As Spilett ended his account, Neb jumped up, exclaiming in a voice which showed how hope struggled within him: "No! he is not dead! he can't be dead! It might happen to any one else, but never to him! He could get out of anything!" Then, his strength forsaking him, "Oh! I can do no more!" he murmured.

"Neb," said Harbert, running to him; "we will find him! God will give him back to us! But in the meantime you are hungry and you must eat something."

So saying, he offered the poor negro a few handfuls of shell-fish, which was indeed wretched and insufficient food. Neb had not eaten anything for

several hours, but he refused them. He could not, would not, live without his master.

As to Gideon Spilett, he devoured the shell-fish, then he laid himself down on the sand, at the foot of a rock. He was very weak, but calm. Harbert went up to him, and taking his hand, "Sir," said he, "we have found a shelter which will be better than lying here. Night is advancing. Come and rest! To-morrow we will search further."

The reporter got up, and, guided by the boy, went towards the cave. On the way, Pencroff asked him in the most natural tone, if by chance he happened to have a match or two.

The reporter stopped, felt in his pockets, but, finding nothing, said, "I had some, but I must have thrown them away."



IN THE FOREST.

The seaman then put the same question to Neb and received the same answer.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the sailor.

The reporter heard him and, seizing his arm, "Have you no matches?" he asked.

"Not one, and no fire in consequence!"

"Ah!" cried Neb, "if my master were here, he would know what to do!"

The four castaways remained motionless, looking uneasily at each other. Herbert was the first to break the silence by saying: "Mr. Spilett, you are a smoker, and always have matches about you; perhaps you haven't looked well; try again, a single match will be enough!"

The reporter hunted again in the pockets of his trousers, waistcoat, and great-coat, and at last, to Pencroff's great joy, not less to his extreme surprise, he felt a tiny piece of wood entangled in the lining of his waistcoat. He seized it with his fingers through the stuff, but

could not get it out. If this was a match and a single one, it was of great importance not to rub off the phosphorus.

"Will you let me try?" said the boy, and very cleverly, without breaking it, he managed to draw out the wretched, yet precious, little bit of wood which was of such great importance to these poor men. It was unused.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff; "it is as good as having a whole cargo!" He took the match, and followed by his companions, entered the cave.

This small piece of wood, so many of which, in an inhabited country, are wasted with indifference and are of no value, must here be used with the greatest caution.

The sailor first made sure that it was quite dry; that done, "We must have some paper," said he.



FISHING FOR BIRDS.

"Here," replied Spilett, after some hesitation, tearing a leaf out of his note-book.

Pencroff took the piece of paper which the reporter held out to him, and knelt down before the fire-place. Some handfuls of grass, leaves, and dry moss were placed under the fagots, and disposed in such a way that the air could easily circulate, and the dry wood rapidly catch fire.

Pencroff then twisted the piece of paper into the shape of a cone, as smokers do in a high wind, and poked it in amid the moss. Taking a small, rough stone, he wiped it carefully, and with a beating heart, holding his breath, he gently rubbed the match. The first attempt did not produce any effect. Pencroff had not struck hard enough, fearing to rub off the phosphorus.

"No, I can't do it," said he, "my hand trembles, the match has missed fire; I cannot, I will not!" and rising, he told Harbert to take his place.

Certainly, the boy had never in all his life been so nervous. Prometheus going to steal the fire from heaven could not have been more anxious. He did not hesitate, however, but struck the match directly.

A little spluttering was heard and a tiny blue flame sprang up, making a choking smoke. Harbert quietly turned the match so as to augment the flame, and then slipped it into the paper cone, which, in a few seconds, too, caught fire, and then the moss.

A minute later the dry wood crackled, and a cheerful flame, assisted by the vigorous blowing of the sailor, sprang up in the midst of the darkness.

"At last!" cried Pencroff getting up; "I was never so nervous before in all my life!"

The flat stones made a capital fire-place. The smoke went quite easily out at the narrow passage, the chimney drew, and an agreeable warmth was not long in being felt.

They must now take great care not to let the fire go out, and always to keep some embers alight. It only needed care and attention, as they had plenty of wood and could renew their store at any time.

Pencroff's first thought was to use the fire in preparing a more nourishing supper than a dish of shell-fish. Two dozen eggs were brought by Harbert. The reporter, leaning up in a corner, watched these preparations without saying anything. A three-fold thought weighed on his mind. Was Cyrus still alive? If he was alive, where was he? If he had survived his fall, how was it that he had not found some means of making known his existence? As to Neb, he was roaming about the shore. He was like a body without a soul.

Pencroff knew fifty ways of cooking eggs, but this time he had no choice, and was obliged to content himself with roasting them under the hot cinders. In a few minutes the cooking was done and the seaman invited the reporter to take his share of the supper. Such was the first repast of the castaways on this unknown coast. The hard eggs were excellent, and as eggs contain everything indispensable to man's nourishment, these poor people thought themselves well off, and were much strengthened by them. Oh! if only one of them

had not been missing at this meal! If the five prisoners who escaped from Richmond had been all there, under the piled up rocks, before this clear, crackling fire on the dry sand, what thanksgivings must they have rendered to heaven! But the most ingenious, the most learned, he who was their unquestioned chief, Cyrus Smith, was, alas! missing, and his body had not even obtained a burial-place.

Thus passed the 25th of March. Night had come on. Outside could be heard the howling of the wind and the monotonous sound of the surf breaking on the shore. The waves rolled the shingle backwards and forwards with a deafening noise.

The reporter retired into a dark corner, after having shortly noted down the occurrences of the day; the first appearance of this new land, the loss of their leader, the exploration of the coast, the incident of the matches, etc.; and then, overcome by fatigue, he managed to forget his sorrow in sleep. Harbert went to sleep directly. As to the sailor, he passed the night with one eye on the fire, which he kept well supplied with fuel. But one of the castaways did not sleep in the cave. The inconsolable, despairing Neb, notwithstanding all that his companions could say to induce him to take some rest, wandered all night long on the shore, calling on his master.

CHAPTER VI.

THE inventory of the articles possessed by these castaways from the clouds, thrown upon a coast which appeared to be uninhabited, was soon made out. They had nothing, save the clothes which they were wearing at the time of the catastrophe. We must mention, however, a note-book and a watch which Gideon Spilett had kept, doubtless by inadvertence,—not a weapon, not a tool, not even a pocket-knife; for, while in the car, they had thrown out everything to lighten the balloon. The imaginary heroes of Daniel De Foe or of Wyss, as well as Selkirk and Raynal, shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez and on the Archipelago of the Auklands, were never in such absolute destitution. Either they had abundant resources from their stranded vessel, in grain, cattle, tools, ammunition, or else some things were thrown up on the coast which supplied them with all the first necessities of life. But here there was no instrument whatever, not a utensil. From

nothing they must supply themselves with everything.

And yet, if Cyrus Smith had been with them—if the engineer could have brought his practical science, his inventive mind, to bear on their situation, perhaps all hope would not have been lost. Alas! they must hope no longer to see Cyrus Smith again. The castaways could expect nothing except from themselves and from that Providence which never abandons those whose faith is sincere.

But ought they to establish themselves on this part of the coast, without trying to know to what continent it belonged, if it was inhabited, or if they were on the shore of a desert island?

It was an important question, and should be solved with the shortest possible delay. From its answer they would know what measures to take. However, according to Pencroff's advice, it appeared best to wait a few days before undertaking an exploration. They must, in fact, prepare some provisions, and procure more strengthening food than eggs and mollusks. The explorers, before undertaking new fatigues, must, first of all, recruit their strength.

The Chimneys offered a retreat sufficient for the present. The fire was lighted, and it was easy to preserve some embers. There were plenty of shell-fish and eggs among the rocks and on the beach. It would be easy to kill a few of the pigeons which were flying by hundreds at the summit of the plateau, either with sticks or stones. Perhaps the trees of the neighboring forest would supply them with eatable fruit. Lastly, the sweet water was there.

It was accordingly settled that for a few days they would remain at the Chimneys so as to prepare themselves for an expedition, either along the shore or into the interior of the country. This plan suited Neb particularly. As obstinate in his ideas as in his presentiments, he was in no haste to abandon this part of the coast, the scene of the catastrophe. He did not, he would not believe in the loss of Cyrus Smith. No! it did not seem to him possible that such a man had ended in this vulgar fashion—carried away by a wave, drowned in the floods, a few hundred feet from a shore. As long as the waves had not cast up the body of the engineer, as long as he, Neb, had not seen with his eyes, touched with his hands the corpse of his master, he would not believe in his death! And this idea rooted itself deeper than ever in his

determined heart! An illusion, perhaps; but still an illusion to be respected, and one which the sailor did not wish to destroy. As for him, he hoped no longer; but there was no use in arguing with Neb. He was like the dog who will not leave the place where his master is buried, and his grief was such that, most probably, he would not survive him.

This same morning, the 26th of March, at daybreak, Neb had set out on the shore in a northerly direction, and he had returned to the spot where the sea, no doubt, had closed over the unfortunate Smith.

That day's breakfast was composed solely of pigeons' eggs and lithodomes. Harbert had found some salt deposited by evaporation in the hollow of the rocks, and this mineral was very welcome.

The repast ended, Pencroff asked the reporter if he wished to accompany Harbert and himself to the forest where they were going to try to hunt. But on consideration it was thought necessary that some one should remain at home to keep in the fire, and to be there in the highly improbable event of Neb requiring aid. The reporter accordingly remained behind.

"To the chase, Harbert," said the sailor. "We shall find ammunition on our way, and cut our weapons in the forest." But at the moment of starting, Harbert observed that, since they had no tinder, it would, perhaps, be prudent to replace it by another substance.

"What?" asked Pencroff.

"Burnt linen," replied the boy. "That could, in case of need, serve for tinder."

The sailor thought it a very sensible advice. Only it had the inconvenience of necessitating the sacrifice of a piece of handkerchief. Notwithstanding, the thing was well worth while trying, and a part of Pencroff's large checked handkerchief was soon reduced to the state of a half-burnt rag. This inflammable material was placed in the central chamber at the bottom of a little cavity in the rock, sheltered from all wind and damp.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. The weather was threatening, and the breeze blew from the south-east. Harbert and Pencroff turned the angle of the Chimneys, not without having cast a look at the smoke which, just at that place, curled round a point of rock. They ascended the left bank of the river.

Arrived at the forest, Pencroff broke, from the first tree, two stout branches,

which he transformed into clubs, the ends of which Harbert rubbed smooth on a rock. Oh! what would they not have given for a knife!

The two hunters now advanced into the long grass, following the bank. From the turning which directed its course to the south-west, the river narrowed gradually, and the channel lay between high banks, over which the trees formed a double arch. Pencroff, lest they should lose themselves, resolved to follow the course of the stream, which would always lead them back to the point from which they started. But the bank was not without some obstacles; here, the flexible branches of the trees bent level with the current; there, were creepers and thorns which they had to break down with their sticks. Harbert often glided among the broken stumps with the agility of a young cat, and disappeared in the underwood. But Pencroff called him back directly, begging him not to wander away. Meanwhile, the sailor attentively observed the disposition and nature of the surrounding country. On the left bank, the ground, which was flat and marshy, rose imperceptibly towards the interior. It looked there like a network of liquid threads which, doubtless, reached the river by some underground drain. Sometimes a stream ran through the underwood, which they crossed without difficulty. The opposite shore appeared to be more uneven, and the valley through which the river flowed was more clearly visible. The hill, covered with trees disposed in terraces, intercepted the view. On the right bank walking would have been difficult, for the declivities fell suddenly, and the trees bending over the water were only sustained by the strength of their roots.

It is needless to add that this forest, as well as the coast already surveyed, was destitute of any sign of human life. Pencroff only saw traces of quadrupeds, fresh footprints of animals, the species of which he could not recognize. In all probability, and such was also Harbert's opinion, some had been left by formidable wild beasts, which, doubtless, would give them some trouble; but nowhere did they observe the mark of an axe on the trees, nor the ashes of a fire, nor the impression of a human foot. On this they might, probably, congratulate themselves, for on any land in the middle of the Pacific the presence of man was, perhaps, more to be feared than

desired. Harbert and Pencroff, speaking little, for the difficulties of the way were great, advanced very slowly, and, after walking for an hour, had scarcely gone more than a mile. As yet, the hunt had not been successful. However, some birds sang and fluttered in the foliage, and appeared very timid, as if man had inspired them with an instinctive fear. Among others, Harbert descried, in a marshy part of the forest, a bird with a long, pointed beak, closely resembling the king-fisher, but its plumage was not fine, though of a metallic brilliancy.

"That must be a jacamar," said Harbert, trying to get nearer.

"This will be a good opportunity to taste jacamar," replied the sailor, "if that fellow is in a humor to be roasted!"

Just then, a stone, cleverly thrown by the boy, struck the creature on the wing, but the blow did not disable it, and the jacamar ran off and disappeared in an instant.

"How clumsy I am!" cried Harbert.

"No, no, my boy!" replied the sailor. "The blow was well aimed; many a one would have missed it altogether. Come, don't be vexed with yourself. We shall catch it another day!"

In proportion as the hunters advanced, the trees, more scattered, became magnificent, but none bore eatable fruit. Pencroff searched in vain for some of those precious palm-trees which are employed in so many ways in domestic life, and which have been found as far as the fortieth parallel in the northern hemisphere, and to the thirty-fifth only in the southern hemisphere. But this forest was only composed of coniferæ, such as deodaras, already recognized by Harbert, the Douglas pine, similar to those which grow on the north-west coast of America, and splendid firs, measuring a hundred and fifty feet in height.

At this moment a flock of birds, of a small size and pretty plumage, with long, glancing tails, dispersed themselves among the branches, strewing their feathers, which covered the ground as with fine down. Harbert picked up a few of these feathers, and after examining them said, "These are couroucous."

"I should prefer a moor-cock or guinea-fowl," replied Pencroff; "still, if they are good to eat——"

"They are good to eat, and indeed their flesh is very delicate," replied Harbert.

"Besides, if I don't mistake, it is easy to approach and kill them with a stick."

The sailor and the lad, creeping along the grass, arrived at the foot of a tree, whose lower branches were covered with little birds. The couroucous were waiting the passage of insects which served for their nourishment. Their feathery feet could be seen clasping the slender twigs which supported them.

The hunters then rose, and using their sticks like scythes, mowed down whole rows of these couroucous, who never thought of flying away, and stupidly allowed themselves to be knocked off. A hundred were already heaped on the ground, before the others made up their minds to fly.

"Well," said Pencroff, "here is game which is quite within the reach of hunters like us. We have only to put out our hands and take it."

The sailor strung the couroucous, like larks, on flexible twigs, and they continued their exploration. The stream here made a bend towards the south, but this *détour* was, probably, not prolonged, for the river must have its source in the mountain, and be supplied by the melting of the snow which covered the sides of the central cone.

The particular object of their expedition was, as has been said, to procure the greatest possible quantity of game for the inhabitants of the Chimneys. It must be acknowledged that as yet this object had not been obtained. So the sailor actively pursued his researches. Once, when some animal, which he had not even time to recognize, fled into the long grass, he exclaimed, "If we only had the dog Top!" But Top had disappeared at the same time as his master, and had probably perished with him.

Towards three o'clock, new flocks of birds were seen through certain trees, at whose aromatic berries they were pecking, those of the juniper-tree among others. Suddenly a loud trumpet-call resounded through the forest. This strange and sonorous call was produced by the ruffed grouse, or the "téra," of the United States. They soon saw several couples, whose plumage was a rich chestnut brown, mottled with dark brown, and tail of the same color. Harbert recognized the males by the two wing-like appendages raised on the neck. Pencroff determined to get hold of at least one of these gallinacæ, which

are as large as fowls, and whose flesh is better than that of a pullet. But it was difficult, for they would not allow themselves to be approached. After several fruitless attempts, which resulted in nothing but scaring the tétras, the sailor said to the lad:

"Decidedly, since we can't kill them on the wing, we must try to take them with a line."

"Like a fish?" cried Harbert, much surprised at the proposal.

"Like a fish," replied the sailor, quite seriously. Pencroff had found in the grass half a dozen tétras' nests, each having three or four eggs. He took great care not to touch these nests, to which their proprietors would not fail to return. It was around these that he meant to stretch his lines,—not snares, but real fishing lines. He took Harbert some distance from the nests and there prepared his singular apparatus with all the care which a disciple of Izaak Walton would have used. Harbert watched the work with great interest, though rather doubting its success. The lines were made of fine creepers, fastened one to the other, of the length of fifteen or twenty feet. Thick, strong thorns, the points bent back, which were supplied from a dwarf acacia bush, were fastened to the ends of the creepers, by way of hooks. Large red worms, which were crawling on the ground, furnished bait.

This done, Pencroff, passing into the grass, and concealing himself skillfully, placed the end of the lines, armed with hooks, near the tétras' nests; then he returned, took the other ends, and hid with Harbert behind a large tree. There they both waited patiently; though it must be said, that Harbert did not reckon much on the success of the inventive Pencroff.

A whole half-hour passed; then, as the sailor had surmised, several couples of tétras returned to their nests. They walked along, pecking the ground, and not suspecting in any way the presence of the hunters, who, besides, had taken care to place themselves to leeward of the gallinacæ.

The lad felt at this moment highly interested. He held his breath, and Pencroff, his eyes staring, his mouth open, his lips advanced, as if about to taste a piece of tétra, scarcely breathed.

Meanwhile, the birds walked about among the hooks, without taking any notice of them. Pencroff then gave little

tugs, which moved the bait as if the worms had been still alive.

The sailor undoubtedly felt much greater anxiety than does the fisherman, for he does not see his prey coming through the water. The jerks attracted the attention of the gallinaceæ, and they attacked the hooks with their beaks. Three voracious tétas swallowed at the same moment bait and hook. Suddenly, with a smart jerk, Pencroff "struck" his line, and flapping of wings showed that the birds were taken.

"Hurrah!" he cried, rushing towards the game, of which he made himself master in an instant.

Harbert clapped his hands. It was the first time that he had ever seen birds taken

with a line, but the sailor modestly confessed that it was not his first attempt, and that, besides, he could not claim the merit of invention.

"And at any rate," added he, "situated as we are, we must hope to hit upon many other contrivances."

The tétas were fastened by their claws, and Pencroff, delighted at not having to appear before their companions with empty hands, and observing that the day had begun to decline, judged it best to return to their dwelling.

The direction was indicated by the river, whose course they had only to follow, and towards six o'clock, tired enough with their excursion, they arrived at the Chimneys.

(To be continued.)

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

PART I.

SERGEANT KARL REUTNER had never found a four-leaved clover. He had often looked for them—at home in Bavaria, in the green meadows at the foot of the stern giant, Watzman; and in America, on the sunny prairies of Illinois. But he had never found one. "It is luck; I shall not have luck before I find the four leaf of clover," he had said, half jesting, many a time, to himself or to gay comrades. And in his secret heart he was not without a shadow of superstition about it. It had again and again happened that some one by his side had stooped and picked a four-leaved clover, upon which he was just on the point of treading, while his eyes were searching eagerly for it. It did seem as if Karl could never see the magic little leaf, and why should this not mean something? Where came the world wide belief in the spell, if it be merely an idle fancy?

But now Karl Reutner was to find his four-leaved clover. There it was, gently waving in the wind, not two feet away from his eyes. Karl was lying low on the ground. He was not looking for four-leaved clover; he was listening with every faculty sharply concentrated, waiting for a sound which seemed to him inexplicably delayed. He was lying in a trench before

Gettysburg, and he was impatient for the order to fire.

The gentle summer breeze stirred the grass blades on the upper edge of the trench, and parting them, showed one tall four-leaved clover. With an exclamation of delight, Karl dropped his musket, picked the clover, fastened it in the band of his cap, and lifting up the cap, imprudently waved it to the right and left, calling down the line: "Good luck, boys! The four leaf of clover!"

The next Karl knew, it was night—dark, starless, chilly night. He was alone; a dreadful silence, broken now and then by more dreadful groans, reigned all around. He was naked; he could not move; terrible pains were racking his breast. Something was firmly clutched in his right hand, but he could not lift his arm to see what it was; neither could he unclasp his hand.

The battle of Gettysburg was over, and Karl was shot through the lungs. "Good luck, boys! The four leaf of clover!" had been his last words, hardly spoken before the waving cap had proved a mark for a rebel sharp-shooter, and Karl had fallen back apparently dead.

No time then for one comrade to help another. In a few moments more his

company had gone, leaving behind many of its brave fellows wounded, dying, dead. In the night Karl had been stripped by rebel prowlers, and left for dead. Only his cap remained; that was so firmly clutched in his right hand, they could not take it from him. Withered, drooping above the tarnished gilt wreath on the band, hung the four-leaved clover; but Karl could not see it. He remembered it, however, and as he struggled in his feverish half delirium to recall the last moments before he fell, he muttered to himself: "The four leaf of clover brought this of luck; bad luck to begin."

The feeble sounds caught the ear of another party of rebels, searching for their wounded. As the dark lantern flashed its slender ray of light upon Karl's figure, and the rebel officer saw the United States badge on the cap, he turned away. But at Karl's voice and the broken English: "Water! For God's love, one water!" he turned back. The blue eyes and the yellow hair had a spell in them for the dark-haired Southerner. There had been a Gretchen once with whom he had roamed many a moonlight night, in Heidelberg. Her eyes and her hair, and the pretty broken English she had learned from him, were like these.

"Pick him up, boys; he'll count for one, damn him!" were the words under which he hid his sudden sympathy from the angry and resentful men who obeyed his orders. But afterward he went many times secretly to the ambulance to see if that yellow-haired German boy were still alive, and were covered by blankets.

Of the terrible journey to Libby Prison Karl knew nothing. A few days after it he came again, slowly and painfully, to his consciousness, as he had that first night on the battle-field, like one awakening from a frightful and confused dream. He was on the damp dungeon floor; a pretense of a pallet beneath him. When he tried to speak, a strange, gurgling sound filled his throat.

"Better not try to talk," said the surgeon, who happened to be standing near.

"Am I dying?" said Karl.

"No, not just yet," laughed the brutal surgeon; "but you won't last long. Our boys haven't left you any lungs."

It was too true. The bullet had gone through both lungs. In one there was a hole into which a man might put his fist. Karl shut his eyes and again the vision of

the waving clover leaf floated before them. He fell asleep, and dreamed that he was lying in a field filled with four-leaved clovers, and that a beautiful, dark-haired girl was gathering them and bringing them to him by handfuls. When he waked he saw a kind face bending over him, and felt something pressed between his lips. One of his fellow prisoners was trying to feed him with bread soaked in wine. Ah, the heroes of Libby Prison! Almost all those who came out alive from that hell of tortures, did so because other men had freely spent their lives for them.

All Karl's fellow prisoners loved him. His fair face, beautiful blue eyes, and golden-brown hair, his broken English, and his pathetic patience, appealed to every heart. Every man saved the soft part of his bread for him; and on this, with occasionally a few drops of wine, he lived—that is, he did not die, but he did not gain; the wound did not heal, and each day his strength grew less and less, long after it had seemed that he could not be weaker and live. But hope never forsook him. The four-leaved clover, folded in a bit of paper, was hid in the lining of his cap. Sometimes he took it out, showed it to the prisoners, and told them the story.

"It has brought to me such bad luck, you see; but I think it shall bring one luck better; it is a true sign; there is time yet."

The men shrugged their shoulders. They thought Karl a little weakened in intellect by his sufferings; but they did not contradict him.

Three months later Karl was again lying on the ground at midnight, alone, helpless. An exchange of prisoners had been arranged, and he, with most of his friends, had been carried to City Point. They arrived there at five in the afternoon. The sun was still high and hot, and Karl being one of the feeblest of the prisoners was laid behind an old hogshead, for shade. Boat load after boat load pushed off from the wharf; but he was not taken. He could not speak except in the faintest whisper; he could not move; there he lay, utterly helpless, hearing all the stir and bustle of the loading of the boats, then the plashing of the oars, then the silence, then the return of the boats, more bustle, more departures, and then the dreadful silence again.

He had been laid in such a position

that he could see nothing but the planks of the hoghead. It was old and decayed, and rats were crawling in and out of it. They crawled and ran over Karl and he could not stir. The sun went down; the twilight deepened into darkness. The last boat had gone; in an agony almost maddening Karl lay listening for the oars, and trying to persuade himself that it was not yet too late for one more boat to come back.

A cold wind blew off the water; he had nothing over him but a bit of ragged carpet; under his head an old army coat rolled up for a pillow.

A rebel soldier came by and tried to take this away. Karl spoke no word, but lifted his eyes and looked him full in the face. The man dropped his hold of the overcoat, and walked away. Eight o'clock,—nine,—ten,—no sound on the deserted wharf except the dull thud of the waves against its sides, and the occasional splash of a fierce rat, swimming away. But Karl heard nothing. He had swooned. The fatigue of the trip, the exposure to the air, the long day without food, and still more the utter loss of hope, had drained his last strength. However, in after days, recalling this terrible night, he always said "I not once my four leaf of clover forget. I say to myself, it is the luck to go to Heaven that it have bring me; and yet all the time, I know in my heart that I am not to die; that I have luck in the over world yet."

Karl was right. By one of those inexplicable but uncontrollable impulses, on which the life and the death of man have so often hung, the young officer who had had charge of moving the prisoners from the wharf to the transport, was led to return once more to make sure that no man had been left behind.

Karl was not the only one. There were two others who had been laid, as he was, in the shade, and out of sight, and who had been too weak to call for help. It was nearly midnight when these three unconscious and apparently dying men were carried on board the ship. The other two soon revived, but Karl knew nothing until he had been for two days tenderly nursed in one of the Philadelphia hospitals. Even there he had only a half consciousness of himself, or his surroundings. Fever had set in; he was delirious a great part of the time, for two months; even when he was not, his broken English, and his frequent

reference to the "four leaf of clover," prevented the nurses from believing him fully sane.

At last one blessed Sunday, there came to the hospital a young lady who spoke German. At the first sound of the broken syllables, she went quickly to his bedside, and saying to the nurse, "I can speak to this poor fellow in his own language;" she said a few words to Karl in German. The effect was magical.

He lifted himself up suddenly in bed, and exclaiming "Ach mein Gott," poured out such a flood of incoherent, grateful, bewildered German that the best of scholars need not have been ashamed at failing to comprehend him. Karl had found a friend. Every day she went to see him—carried him the food he needed, found out from him the names of his friends, and wrote letters to them in German.

One day he said to her. "You cannot be my girl of the four leaf of clover. You have eyes like the heaven, like mine; but her eyes were like eyes of a deer that is afraid."

Then he told the story of the clover, and showed her the creased and faded leaf.

It seemed almost a miracle that the fragile, crumbling little thing should not have been lost, in all these months. But no Roman Catholic devotee ever clung more superstitiously to a relic than did Karl Reutner to his "four leaf of clover."

Often in his delirious attacks he would call for it, and not be pacified, until the nurses, who had learnt to humor the whim, would put the paper into his hand. Now that he was better, he kept it carefully in the inner compartment of his pocket-book, and rarely took it out. It was enough to look in and see that it was safe.

Karl's only relatives in this country were a brother and sister who lived in Chicago. The brother was a manufacturer of fringes, buttons, and small trimmings, and the sister had married an engraver, also a German. They were industrious working people, preserving in their new homes all the simple-hearted ways of their life in the old world. When Karl was drafted for the war, they had tried in vain to induce him to let them put their little savings together to buy a substitute for him. "No, no, I will not have it," he said, "my life is no more than another man's life that it should be saved. There are brothers and sisters to all. I have no wife; it is the men with-

out wives that must go to fight." On these two simple households the news from Gettysburg fell with crushing weight.

"Karl Reutner, killed;" only three words, and there were long columns of names with the same bitter word following them. But into few houses was carried greater sorrow than into these. Wilhelm Reutner and Karl were twins. From their babyhood they had never been separated, had never disagreed. Together they had come to the new world to seek their fortunes; together they had slowly built up the business which their father had followed in Berlin; they lived together; and Wilhelm's babies knew no difference in love and care between their uncle Karl and their father. The sister was much younger; Wilhelm and Karl had laid by their first earnings, to bring her out to join them, and for some years they had all lived in one family in such peace and happiness as are not often seen among laboring people of American birth. No thought of discontent, no dream of ambition for a higher position, entered their heads. Home love, comfort, industry, and honesty—these were the watchwords of their lives, the key-notes of all their actions. When Wilhelm and Annette were married, there was no change in this atmosphere of content and industry, except an immeasurable increase of happiness as child after child came, bringing the ineffable sunshine of babyhood into the two households.

Just before this sad news of Karl's death, a new and very great element of enjoyment had been introduced into Wilhelm's family. Margaret Warren had come to live in his house.

Margaret Warren was the daughter of a Congregationalist minister. Her life had been passed in small country villages in the Western States. She had known privations, hardships, discomforts of all sorts; her father was a gentleman and a scholar, and wretchedly out of place in the pioneer western life; he did not understand the people; the people misinterpreted him; his heart was full of love for their souls, and a burning desire to bring them to Christ; but he wounded their self love, and they offended his instincts, at every step; the consequence was that he found himself at middle age with an invalid wife and six children, a disappointed, unsuccessful man. Margaret was the eldest daughter, and for the first fourteen years of her life, her father's constant companion. The only

unalloyed pleasure he had was in the careful training of her mind. Margaret Warren was, at sixteen, a rare girl; she was far better fitted than most boys are, to enter college. But all this learning did not in the least unfit her for practical duties. She was her mother's stay as well as her father's delight; she understood housekeeping as well as she did Greek, and found as true a pleasure in contriving how to make a garment out of slender material, as in demonstrating a problem in Euclid. Until her seventeenth year she had been unflaggingly brave, hopeful, content, in this hard life. But as she saw the years slowly making all the burdens heavier; her mother growing feebler, the family growing larger, she began to ask herself what the end would be; and she found no answer to the question. A vague feeling, that she herself ought to find some way of making her mother and her five little brothers and sisters more comfortable, haunted her thoughts by night and day. She saw the secret of her father's failure more clearly than the most discontented of his parishioners ever saw it. She knew things could never be any better. "Oh why did papa ever undertake to preach," she said to herself, over and over; her affectionate reverence for him made her feel guilty in the thought. Yet it pressed upon her more and more heavily.

"Each place we go to is a little poorer than the one before it," she repeated, "and yet, each year we need a little more money instead of less; and mamma is growing weaker and more tired every day. If I could only get a good school I could earn as much money as papa does by preaching. I know I could teach well; and then I could learn too," unconsciously to herself, the desire for a wider knowledge and experience of life entered largely into Margaret's desire to be a teacher. She had uncommon executive ability, and without knowing it, was beginning to be cramped by her limited sphere.

Through the help of a clergyman in Chicago, an old class-mate of Mr. Warren's Margaret realized her dream. It was a bitter day for the little household in the parsonage when she left them. With tears streaming down their cheeks the children clung to her, and her mother was pale and speechless with grief; but Margaret bravely kept back all traces of her own sorrow, and went away with a smiling face. The next day she wrote to her mother:

"Dear, precious, tired Mamma, it would

break my heart to think of you working away without me to help you, and when I recall your face on the door-step yesterday, if I were not borne up by an instinct that I shall very soon help you much more than I could at home. Only think I can already send you seventy-five or a hundred dollars every quarter—half as much as papa's salary; and I know I shall very soon save a great deal more."

Margaret was right. Such a teacher as she had only to be known to be recognized. Her text-book training had been singularly thorough and accurate, but this was the least of her qualifications as a teacher. In the first place she loved children with all her heart; in the second place, she loved nature and truth with the passion of a devotee. That life could be dull to a human being was a mystery to her; every new discovery in art or science was a stimulus and delight to her; the simplest every day fact had significance and beauty to her; her own existence was rich, full, harmonious, and out of her abundance she gave unconsciously far more than she dreamed to every being that came in contact with her. There was not a pupil in her school who was not more or less electrified by her enthusiasm and love. The standard of scholarship was rapidly raised; but this was a less test of her power than the elevation and stimulus given to the whole moral tone of the school in which she taught. Teachers as well as pupils were lifted to a higher plane by intercourse with her. Strangers meeting her in the street went about asking "who is that girl with the radiant face? She always looks as if she had just heard some good news."

At the end of two years Margaret was the principal of the highest school in the city, at a salary nearly twice as large as her father's. But her ambition was not yet satisfied. She longed to be at the head of a school of her own, where she should be untrammelled in all respects, and free to carry out her own theories. This was her one air-castle, and, with a view to this, she planned all her life. Three hours every day she spent in hard study or reading. Only the best of constitutions could have borne such a strain, but Margaret had come, on her mother's side, of an indomitable New England stock. It was in carrying out this scheme of educating herself more perfectly that Margaret had come to live in Wilhelm Reutner's house. Wilhelm's two little daughters had been in her first

school. They were singularly gentle and well-bred children, and held themselves always a little aloof from their companions. One day Margaret discovered accidentally that they spoke both German and French fluently. "How is this, little ones," she said; "who taught you so many languages?"

"Oh, papa always speaks to us in German, and mamma in French," said they.

"And uncle Karl, too," added the youngest, with a sad face. "Uncle Karl that has gone to the war."

That afternoon Margaret walked home with the children from school. As they drew near a block of small two-story wooden houses, Margaret's eye was attracted by two balconies full of flowers. "Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed.

"That's our house. Those are Uncle Karl's flowers," cried both the children in a breath; "we take all the care of them now he has gone. He said we might."

The front of the little house was like a terraced garden. Margaret had never seen anything like it. Every window-sill had its box of flowers, and above the door was a balcony full to overflowing of geraniums, nasturtiums, fuchsias, and white phlox. Margaret stood for so long a time looking at them that the children grew impatient, and pulled her with gentle force into the house.

Annette came forward with a shy, sweet courtesy to meet the unexpected guest.

"We talk your name very much, Mademoiselle," she said; "to see you will be to the father a happiness." Then Wilhelm thanked her with warm fervor for her goodness to the children, and before he had finished speaking, the children, who had disappeared upon entering the house, came running back with their hands full of scarlet, yellow and white blossoms, and showered them upon Margaret's lap.

"But my children, my children!" remonstrated their mother.

"Uncle Karl said we might pick always some for a pretty lady," cried they, "and is not the teacher pretty? Did we not tell you she looked like the Madonna?"

It was not the first time that Margaret's face had been compared to that of the Sistine Madonna; always, however, with a qualification, for that calm and placid Madonna has far less joy in her face than was in Margaret Warren's bright countenance.

"Yes, the children say rightly, young lady. They have done well to bring you

the flowers as our far away Karl would have done," said Wilhelm gravely, still standing before Margaret.

Margaret felt as if she were in a dream. She had come expecting to find two plain, honest working people, to whom she could without difficulty say that she would like to come and board in their family for the sake of learning to speak German and French. Instead, she felt as if she had been received by a prince and princess in disguise; so subtle a power have noble thoughts, simplicity of heart, and love of beauty to invest men and women with a dignity greater than splendor can give.

Margaret made stammering work of her request. It was received with great surprise, but with the same dignified simplicity of demeanor and speech.

"We have never thought that a stranger could come under our roof, and pay for the food," said Annette, with a shade of pride in her voice; "and it might be that our living would displease you."

"But the teacher is not as a stranger, when Annettechen and Mariska so love her," said Wilhelm, who was on Margaret's side from the beginning. "But do you remember, young lady, that you have never known such ways as are our ways? It would be a great shame to my heart if you were not at ease in my house; and we cannot change."

With every word that Wilhelm and Annette spoke, Margaret grew more and more anxious to carry her point.

"It is you who do not know," she said, "how very simply and plainly I have always lived at home, and it is so that I would wish to live, even if I had much money. My father is a poor minister; my mother has never, in all her life, had so pretty a home as this."

And Margaret sighed, as she looked around at the picturesque little sitting-room; its white porcelain stove was now converted into a sort of altar, holding two high candlesticks, made out of the polished horns of antelopes—a crimson candle in one, and a yellow one in the other, and between the two a square stone jar of dark, blue and gray Flemish ware, filled with white amaranths. Low oaken chests, simply but quaintly carved, stood on each side the stove, and a row of tiles, maroon colored and white, with pictures of storks, and herons, and edelweiss flowers, and pine trees on them, was above each chest. The furniture was all of oak, old and dark.

It had belonged to Annette's mother, in Lorraine. The floor was of yellow pine, white and shining, and gay braided rugs with borders of tufted worsted balls, covered the greater part of it. Flowers filled every window, and on the walls were prints of Albert Durer, of Teniers, of Holbein, Raphael—cheap prints, but rendering the masters' works truthfully. In one corner stood a large violoncello, and in another above a shelf filled with music, hung a violin case wreathed with evergreens. This was Karl's. In the other two corners were odd oaken cabinets with glass doors, and a figure of St. Nicholas on the top. On these shelves were wax and glass and wooden toys. These were the Christmas gifts of many years. The whole room was like a bit of the quiet German Tyrol set in the center of the bustling and breathless American city; but Margaret did not know this. She only felt a bewildered sense of repose and delight and wonder mixed with a yearning recognition of the beautiful life which must be lived in this simple home.

When Annette heard that Margaret's father was a poor pastor, her face lighted up. "My mother also was the daughter of a pastor," she said; "and is it then that the good pastors are poor in this country also?" Annette had thus far known only rich and prosperous ones in the rich and prosperous city.

Wilhelm, too, felt that a barrier was removed between him and the "teacher" when he heard that she had lived as a daughter lives, in the home of a poor country pastor. He no longer feared that she could not be content in his house; and his heart had been strangely warm towards Margaret from the first moment.

"There is Karl's room, which would be sunny and warm, if it were not too small," he said inquiringly, turning to Annette.

"And the big closet with a window—would it not be that the teacher could use when she would study?" said Annette, who remembered the little room in which her grandfather had kept his few books, and sat when he was writing, and must not be interrupted.

Margaret's face flushed with pleasure. The matter was evidently settled. It was already beginning to be a matter of hospitality in these kindly hearts, and the only question was how they could make her happiest and most comfortable. The children danced with joy, and taking Mar-

garet's hands in theirs, they drew her towards the stairway, saying:

"Come, see Uncle Karl's room; it is the nicest in the house."

It was, indeed, a lovely room, with its one window looking out on the great blue lake.

"It is too small," said Annette, as she stood with Margaret on the threshold; "but there is also this closet," and she threw open a door into a second, still smaller room, also with one window to the east.

"Oh!" exclaimed Margaret. "Can you spare them both? That will be perfect. My good friends, I cannot thank you enough."

Wilhelm looked at Margaret with a steadfast, half-dreamy gaze. The German nature is a strangely magnetic one, under all its phlegmatic and prosaic exterior.

"I have a belief that it is I and my house who are laid under debt by you, teacher," he said, with singular earnestness.

So it was settled that Margaret should come to live with the Reutners, and should have Karl's room till he returned from the war.

She wished to come at once, but Wilhelm insisted on a week's interval. Annette looked puzzled; she knew of no reason for the delay; but Wilhelm was firm, and Margaret did not press the matter.

Seven days later, when Margaret went home again, with Annetechen and Mariska,—this time really going home,—she hardly knew the little rooms. Wilhelm had painted the walls of a soft gray; he had taken away the closet door, made the doorway into an arch, and hung it with curtains of plain gray cloth, of the same shade as the walls. A narrow strip of plain crimson paper bordered the rooms; a set of plain book shelves on the wall were edged with the same crimson paper. A small table, with a crimson cloth, and a comfortable arm chair, also of crimson, stood in the room which had been called the closet. Under each window he had put a larger balcony shelf, and filled it with gay flowers, such as were on the shelves below.

Margaret's eyes filled with tears. She turned, and saw Wilhelm and Annette standing behind her, their faces glowing with welcome and hope that she would be pleased.

"Do not try to say that you like it, teacher," said Wilhelm; "we see in your eyes that you are more glad than we had

hoped we could make you." And with a delicacy which touched Margaret even more deeply than she had been touched by the adorning of her rooms, he drew Annette away, and left her alone.

One month from this day, Wilhelm, Annette and Margaret were sitting alone in the little sitting-room. The children had gone to bed. It was a sultry evening. Annette had put out the large lamp, and Wilhelm was reading the newspaper by the light of a candle in one of the Tyrolean candlesticks. Suddenly he groaned aloud, dropped the candlestick, and fell back in his chair. The candle was extinguished, and they were left in darkness. Helplessly the two women groped for another light, Wilhelm's heavy breathing terrifying them more and more every moment, and poor Annette crying:

"Wilhelm, oh, my Wilhelm! He is dead! He is dead!"

Wilhelm Reutner was a strong and robust man. It was the first time in his life that he had ever lost his consciousness. But the fatal words, "Karl Reutner—killed," had flashed upon his eyes with an indescribable shock of surprise and anguish. He had not even known that Karl's regiment was at Gettysburg. He was reading the accounts of the battle with no especial interest, and it was by accident that he had glanced at the lists of killed and wounded. When he came to himself he gasped out, "Karl, Karl!" and then fainted again.

"Oh! our Karl is killed!" cried Annette; "it will kill my Wilhelm, too;" and she fell on her knees, clasping her husband's head to her bosom, and calling: "But, Wilhelm, thou hast the little ones, and thou hast me. Oh, do not die, darling!"

He soon revived, but could not speak. He turned most piteous looks first at Annette, then at Margaret.

"Yes, Mr. Reutner," said Margaret, who had taken up the paper, and saw the name, "we know it, too. It is your dear brother's name. But you must remember that these lists are often wrong. A great many people have been reported killed who have been only taken prisoners. I do not believe your brother is dead."

Wilhelm groaned. Hope could find no place in his heart. "Oh why did I not compel him to stay at home?" he said. "What is this cursed country to us that we should die for it?"

"Oh! yes," sobbed Annette, "we all knelt to Karl! Wilhelm had tears like the rain on his face, to beseech that he would let us pay that another man should go; but he said that the man with no wife should go to the fight, and he was angry at the last, even with Wilhelm."

"I think your brother was very right," said Margaret quietly, taking Wilhelm's hand in hers; "if he were my own brother, even if he had been killed, I should still rejoice that he had been noble enough to give his life for the right."

"For the Fatherland, yes," said Wilhelm, "but not for this land we need not to love. It is not anything to us, except that we must live. We are Germans; we are not of your blood," and Wilhelm looked almost fiercely at Margaret.

"All men are of one blood, when the fight is that all men may be free, my friend," said Margaret, still more quietly, with a voice trembling with sympathy, and yet firm with enthusiasm. "Whatever land it had been which first began the fight for freedom to all, I would send my brothers to die under its banners—I would go myself! But I do not believe your Karl is dead. I cannot tell why I have so strong a feeling that he is still alive, but I have no doubt of it—none!"

Margaret's hopefulness was not shared by Wilhelm. He refused to listen to any of her suggestions. Weeks later a letter came from Karl's friend, Gustave Boehmer, who was in the same company, and was lying in the trench, next to Karl, when he was shot. Wilhelm read the letter aloud, without a tear or a sob, and said, turning to Margaret, "You see the brother's knowledge was more sure than the stranger's. I know in that first second that my Karl was gone."

A black ribbon was twined in the evergreen wreath on Karl's violin, a wreath of white immortelles put around Karl's picture on the wall; and the little, grief-stricken household went on with its daily life, brave and resigned. But Wilhelm Reutner's face was altered from that day; night after night, the little children gazed wistfully into his eyes, missing the joyous look from his smile and the merry ring from his voice. Night after night, poor Annette had cried as she had cried on the night when the sad news came, "Liebling, thou hast the little ones and thou hast me: do not die for the love of Karl." And Wilhelm answered, "Be patient, I had not thought

it could be so hard. The good God will make it easier, in time. It must be that the twin bond is strong after death as it is before birth. I feel my Karl all the while more near than when he was alive."

On the wall of Karl's room, now Margaret's, there hung an oval picture of the beautiful Königsee Lake in Bavaria. On the margin of the print was drawn in rough crayon, a girl's head. It was a spirited drawing, and the head had great beauty. Around the picture was a wreath of edelweiss. Annette had told Margaret that this head was the portrait of a young girl in Ischl whom Karl had loved when they were little more than children. She had died just before Karl and Wilhelm had set out for America, and this rough, and unfinished sketch, drawn by Karl one day, half in sport, when they were sailing on the Königsee, was the only memento he had of her. The edelweiss flowers Karl had gathered on the very glacier of the Watzman, the day before he bade good-bye to his home.

Ever since Margaret had occupied the room, she had found a special fascination in this picture; but now she was conscious of a new magnetism in it. Every morning the first rays of the rising sun slanted across this picture, bringing out into full relief each line of the girl's head, and still more, every fine, velvety fiber of the snowy petals of the edelweiss. The picture hung at the foot of the bed, and sometimes when Margaret first opened her eyes and saw this golden light on the lake and the girl's face, and the edelweiss wreath, she fancied that there were rhythmic sounds in the light; that she heard voices fainter than faintest whispers, and yet clear and distinct as flute notes in the air, speaking words she did not understand. She grew almost afraid of the picture; it seemed a link between her and the unseen world. Yet she never believed that the link was with Karl. It was with the unknown maiden of Ischl; the immortal Love Blossoms seemed to bind it, to symbolize it, and in the tremulous sunlight to utter it. Margaret was not superstitious, and she had not a touch of sentimentalism in her nature; but it was out of her power to shake off the influence of this picture. "Königsee, Königsee," floated through her brain, even in school hours, like the refrain of a song; when she looked off into the sky, the clouds took shapes like the shape of the sides of the Königsee, and whenever she gazed on the blue lake, she found her fancy walling

it in with mountains, like those which wall-ed Königsee. By night she dreamed of sailing in shadowy boats, with the shadowy maiden, on Königsee; and she waked from these dreams, only to find the sunbeams on her wall lighting up the shadowy maiden's head, and making golden bars across the water of Königsee. The young maiden of Ischl had loved Karl Reutner very much; she loved him still; else, whence came this thrilling personality in the mute picture record of her and of the sunny day when she and her lover had sailed on Königsee! Had Karl gone to her? Had her love drawn and lifted him up, past the stars, and over the golden wall of Heaven? Were they together now?

Constantly Margaret asked herself these questions, and constantly one answer came. "No! Karl is alive." Ah, well must the shadowy maiden of Ischl have loved Karl! Well does she love him still. Else, how does she always and ever through the mute picture record of that summer day on Königsee say to Margaret, "Karl is not dead; Karl will come home?"

Six months had passed. Karl's name was oftener spoken now in his home. Wilhelm could bear the sound. The faithful little children still called their geraniums and fuchsias and roses "Uncle Karl's flowers," and laid the fairest buds and blossoms by the "teacher's" plate at breakfast. Margaret was as thoroughly at home in the family as she could have been in her own father's house, and yet there was a shade of reverential deference in Wilhelm's and Annette's manner towards her, and in their regard for her. They loved her as a sister, but it was as they would love a sister who had become a princess. To their simple and unlearned souls her acquirements seemed greater than they really were, and a certain unconscious reticence of nature which Margaret had in spite of all her overflowing enthusiasm and frankness, surrounded her with a barrier of personal dignity which every one felt, and which no one ventured to disregard.

On New Year's night Margaret returned home late from a party. As she drew near the house she saw to her surprise a bright light burning in the sitting-room. Fearing that some one was ill, she opened the door of the room quickly; a strange sight met her eyes. Wilhelm was on his knees, his face uplifted, and tears streaming down his cheeks. Annette stood opposite him, with her hands clasped, looking at him with an

expression of unspeakable rapture. Neither of them spoke as Margaret approached.

"Oh, what is it? What has happened?" exclaimed Margaret, too terrified by their strange attitudes to see that their expression was one of great joy, and not of grief.

Wilhelm stretched one hand towards the table, and his lips moved, but no sound came from them. Annette turned to the table, took up a letter, and gave it to Margaret, saying, "Karl! Karl! He is alive. He comes home."

Margaret sank into a chair. Strong as her instinct had been that Karl was not dead, the certainty came to her with almost as great a shock of surprise as it had come to his brother and sister.

The letter was from Karl's friend, the young lady in the Philadelphia Hospital. It was long and full, giving an account of all that Karl had suffered in the months in Libby Prison; of his almost miraculous preservation at City Point, and of his present convalescence. At the close she said:

"The surgeon says that if Karl has no drawbacks he will be well enough to come home in a month. He most earnestly advises that you do not come here. Karl is absolutely comfortable, and wants for nothing; the excitement of talking would do him great harm. He himself begs that you will not come. I will see him every day, and write to you every week."

At the bottom of the sheet Karl had written:

"Beloveds, do not come to me. I will the sooner come to you. God be praised.

"KARL."

Grief has no tears like joy. A stranger would have supposed for the next few days that the whole household was in sorrow. Everybody's face was red with weeping. Nobody could speak in a steady voice. Wilhelm sat silent, by the hour, looking into the fire, and wiping his eyes.

"Oh, Miss Margaret," he said, "oh teacher, taught of some angel, why did I not believe you? Why is it that you, who have not known our Karl, should be the one to be told, and not I?"

Margaret was on the point of telling him that the maiden of Ischl had told her, because she found her sleeping in Karl's room. But a vague shame sealed her lips. She need not have hesitated. It would not have seemed a strange or an incredible thing to Wilhelm Reutner.

The next letters were not so cheering. The excitement of hearing, even by letter,

from his friends, had caused a slight relapse of Karl's fever, and the physician now thought that it might be six weeks before he could safely travel. It was a hard thing for Wilhelm to sit quietly at home and wait for so many days. Only Margaret's influence withheld him from going to Philadelphia at once.

"I need not to see him," he said, "I could go each day to the door and ask if he is better. No hurt could be to him in that; it would not be so hard for me as is this to stay here; and the doctors do not always know the right; no one can do for my Karl so as I can do."

"But Mr. Reutner," urged Margaret, "you do not dream how much harder it would be for you to bear not seeing him, there; it is almost more than you can bear here, three day's journey from him; if he were in the next room, nobody could keep you out; and then if he were to have another fever from the excitement of seeing you, you would never forgive yourself; and it might kill him. He must be very weak."

This last fear restrained Wilhelm. "Yes, if it were to hurt him. That would not be love!" he said over and over to himself, and tried to keep his heart and hands busy in making preparations for Karl's comfort after his return; but the days seemed longer and longer to him; and his face again grew worn and haggard almost as much as it had in the first few weeks after the news of Karl's death.

One night he sprang up from the tea-table, saying, "Annette, come to the theater! I cannot sit in this room, thinking how it will be when Karl is again in his corner with the violin. I wish we could live in another house till he is here. It will never be done, these two months!"

After they had gone, Margaret drew her chair in front of the fire, and fell into a long reverie, a strange thing for her to do. She reviewed her whole life; first as the eldest daughter in the poor minister's household; then as the unknown teacher in the great city; now the successful instructress, highly esteemed, sought after by people of position and culture, conscious of influence and power, having in a great measure realized her early dreams. But the early dreams had been succeeded by later ones no less vivid, no less alluring. Margaret Warren had in her nature a vein of intense ambition. It was not a vulgar craving for power as power; it was rather that a con-

sciousness of power craved room, craved action. Her studies, her reading, had opened to her new worlds, and made life seem to her more and more a vista, upon which she had as yet barely entered.

Her æsthetic sense was fast developing into a passion which must have food, beauty in little things, beauty in great things, beauty perpetually she was learning to demand. A verse of Keats could so stimulate her, so lift her into a delight at once sensuous and ideal, that she would find jarring and offense in things which her practical good sense told her were as true, as harmonious in their way as the color and rhythm of Keats's peerless lines. She recalled herself constantly; she reproached herself constantly; she said sternly to herself many a time, "Dignity and truth are the same, in all ages. This Wilhelm here, is great; and Annette, and the children, they are representative. Socrates knew no more than they live, each year, each hour, in their simplicity. If I dwelt in a court, the king could be, after all, only a man. All knowledge is open to me. I have but to take it. What do I want?" But that she did want, Margaret knew very well. She wanted the delights of the companionship of the very wisest, and highest men, the delight of the sight and sound and sense of utmost beauty, and still more, the delight of feeling in herself the wisdom, the beauty, the elevation. It was partly a noble, and partly an ignoble craving; partly selfish and partly pure; but stirred, and kindled, and fed by such lofty enthusiasms and purposes, that Margaret must be called a noble woman even in her discontent.

She was roused from her reverie by sounds of strange voices in the hall. As she laid her hand on the door to open it, it was thrown violently open, and she had barely time to spring back, when she found herself clasped in the arms of a tall man, and kissed on cheeks, forehead, eyes, lips, neck.

She was so stunned, so bewildered, she could not speak; also, strong arms held her so tightly that she had no breath, and the first words came from the servant, who ran into the room, calling vociferously, "Howly Vargin, but it's not the misthress, at all, at all, that yee's kissin'. It's the tacher, sir—och, Miss Margaret, it's the misthress he is a takin' ye for."

That was a moment not to be forgotten. In the dim fire-light, Karl and Margaret

having disentangled themselves, stood for a second looking blankly in each other's faces: Karl, the picture of inexpressible chagrin and confusion; Margaret, scarlet with excitement. But her strong sense of the ludicrous soon conquered every other feeling, and, with laughing eyes, she said, "Never mind, Mr. Karl, I will give them all to Annette as soon as she comes home, and I am very glad to see you back, indeed I am," she added, stretching out both her hands to him; "we did not look for you for weeks yet."

As she took his hands in hers she felt that they were cold as ice, and saw that his face was turning white. His strength of a moment before was only the passing strength of a great excitement. He had set out against the advice of his physicians and nurses, had journeyed day and night, and now the false strength given by the desire to be at home was fast ebbing away.

"Oh, pray lie down, Mr. Reutner, you

look very ill," exclaimed Margaret, and she led him like a little child, to the lounge. Like a little child he lay down upon it, and looked up in her face, while with the servant's help, she took off his heavy wrappings. Then he shut his eyes, and murmured, "The four leaf of clover."

Margaret was terrified. She thought he was delirious; she dared not be left alone with him, and yet she felt that she ought to send for a physician. She bathed his forehead;—she chafed his hands; she looked helplessly into the servant's face, saying, "Oh Mary, what shall we do?" At the sound of her voice Karl opened his eyes, and said, feebly, "Do not have fear. I will rest. That is all, and if there is wine, it will make me strong." Then he looked long into Margaret's face with a strange, unseeing gaze, and murmured again, as he shut his eyes:

"The four leaf of clover. It have come true."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE JULY NUMBER.)

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

I RECEIVED an order on the 25th of April to accompany the Regent Chow-Phya-Sury-Wongse-Somdetch to Ajuthia, the ancient capital, where an elephant hunt was to take place. I was very much gratified at receiving the order, for not only is an elephant hunt one of the rarest and most curious sports in the world, but on this occasion orders had been given three months beforehand to find out the largest herd and entice them into the traps. The elephants of Siam have, moreover, a great reputation in India, and I knew that especial pains would be taken to make the hunt as splendid as possible, and thus give a mark of recognition to the numerous *Nais-Daps-Falangs* (European officers) who had come to attend the cremation ceremonies of the old king Somdetch-Phra-Paramendr-Mâhá-Mongkut, supreme king of Siam, who died Oct. 1st, 1868, and was burned March 9th, 1870.

The present young king Somdetch-Phra-Paramendr-Mâhá-Chulalong-Korn, being in mourning, could not attend, and had deputed the Regent to represent him on

the occasion. Among the Europeans who were present at the hunt, I noticed the American Consul, General Partridge, and the legation, the English Consul, Thomas Knox, Esq., accompanied by the naval officers from Singapore, the Vice-Consul of France, with the French naval officers from Saigon, the Spanish embassy, represented by the Chevalier Paxtoy Chaval, the Prussian Consul, with the officers of the *Medusa*, then lying at Bangkok, before pursuing her voyage round the world. There were also present the Portuguese Consul, M. Viallat, who so unfortunately perished in this excursion, the Danish Consul, and several American and English missionaries, both men and women, with some European and American merchants and their families. The Siamese were represented by the second king of Siam, with the Court, the Regent, the principal officers of the crown, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and the Interior;—the grand mandarin of the elephants and the writer were masters of the ceremonies.

Three steamers of the Royal fleet left

on the 24th of April with the guests on board. They started at ten o'clock. Every possible attention was paid to the comfort of the party, a band of music was on board each steamer, and a perfect army of boys in blue and white fanned the guests, while the air was fragrant with flowers strewn upon the decks. As I had received an order to bring the Portuguese Consul in a small pleasure yacht, I set out two hours later. M. Viallat was not ready, but promised to leave as soon as possible. We ascended the magnificent river called Me-Nam (mother of waters,) keeping along the banks, which were fringed with fig, palm, banana, guava, citron and other trees. The air was heavy with perfumes, unknown in Europe, and to add oddity to the scene, little monkeys of various species gambolled and leaped from branch to branch with perplexed look and startled cry.

As the sun began to set, we took the middle of the river, with the double view of avoiding the mosquitoes, and making up for lost time. As the last red ray of the sun died away behind the mountains, the clash of gongs, summoning the *talapoints* or priests to prayer, was heard from the pagodas, that fled away behind us in the twilight. Then myriads of insects began to *sizzee*, as the Siamese anomatopoetically express it, and as soon as the moon rose a milky kind of light seemed shed over the earth, while innumerable fire-flies illumined the trees.

We arrived at Ajuthia at half past twelve, where we found the steamers lying at anchor, but the music and joyous sounds on board testified that few of their inmates had any desire for sleep. I went immediately to the Regent, and informed him of M. Viallat's unexpected delay; the Regent seemed annoyed, and feared that his men might lead him astray, as they were but imperfectly acquainted with the road.

I was wakened next morning early by one of my men, and set out to explore the neighborhood. Behind me, towards the east, extended a vast forest to the very horizon; it was through this forest the elephants were to arrive. At my feet the Menam rolled majestically along. On the other side of the river was a vast arena built of masonry, which I found out was the trap. I jumped into a pirogue, manned by a few *Khones-Rhûa* (rowers) and landed on the other bank, at the very spot where the elephants were to pass. The trap soon showed itself to be two hedges

about twenty feet in height, and gradually growing narrower as they approached the entrance to a large construction, which looked like a pagoda in ruins. An incredible luxuriance of vegetation formed two thick walls of a verdure as shining as green porcelain. The curiously shaped trees were so leafy, so thick, and so intertwined from root to top, that it appeared impossible for the smallest quadruped to pass through them. A thousand birds found shade in the foliage, and saluted the delightful morning with their warblings; red and green parrots climbed to the tree-tops with the aid of their hooked beaks. Among the trees I distinguished the acacia rose, the ginger tree, the stephanotis, the gardenia, the tamarind, the laurel rose, the guava, the papaw, the kadanga, &c., and all these trunks and branches were interlaced together by young bamboos. With every gust of air they loaded the atmosphere with their penetrating aroma. *Maina-Mainous*, large birds of a lapis blue, their breasts and long tails shot with shades of brownish gold, chased velvet, black, and orange-colored orioles through the trees; green and blue doves, and others of an iridescent violet were cooing among birds of Paradise whose brilliant plumage combined the prismatic lights of the emerald and the ruby, the topaz and the sapphire.

I was awakened from my contemplation by my guide, who informed me that what I was looking at constituted the trap—that in the middle of this luxuriant vegetation, which appeared virgin to my eyes, were on each side four alleys of trees of iron-wood, about three feet in diameter. They were imbedded in masonry to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and such is the luxuriant nature of this climate, that the enormous black stakes were surrounded and hid in two years in the manner just described. Left bare, the stakes would have warned these intelligent animals of their danger. It is necessary to lead them into the defile without distrust, so as to avoid their terrible and dangerous anger. On entering the door, which was just wide enough for the passage of an elephant, we found ourselves in a large square inclosure, built of granite, about eight hundred square yards in area, but without an arched roofing. The walls were about fifteen feet thick, and thirty feet in height, and the top coped with rose and green colored granite so as to form an esplanade, which was interrupted however on the east and

west, by the passages which were to be the entrance and outlet, and over which a hanging bridge was thrown. The Court and foreign guests could thus view the sport from this esplanade as from a balcony, as balustrades were chiselled in the stone all round the edifice.

Along the walls inside were stakes of iron-wood, placed about fifteen feet from the wall, and at such a distance from each other that a man could just pass between them sideways. On the north and south sides were staircases cut into the walls. The panorama from the platform was one of the most beautiful it is possible to conceive. To the south lay the ruins of Ajuthia, the Beautiful,—a few grayish blocks alone marking the site of this city, which bravely withstood several sieges, but which was overthrown at last. Other forests stretched out to the west, while on the north, the river lost itself at the foot of Mount Phrā-Bhāt in the distance. At the gate, my guide pointed out four stakes which were only three feet high, but which were sunk in the ground to the depth of fifteen feet; these were to fix the ropes used for tying the elephants; further on was a large pond for the animals to bathe in, and towards the south were two large *sālas* or sheds intended for the captives.

After walking about an hour over the ground, which was full of ruins,—stones of every size and color,—we arrived at Khrun-Khau, before which we found the three steamers lying at anchor. The guests were just sitting down to dinner, and I needed no pressing to accept the invitation which was given me to join them. It was a curious dinner party, with many strange faces and odd costumes. But I must confess that beside the rich dress of the Siamese princes and grand mandarins, the uniforms of the Americans and Europeans looked frightfully plain and out of place.

We had scarcely sat down when a mandarin came and whispered in the ear of Chow-Phya-Bannhu-Wongse, minister of Foreign Affairs. From the expression which passed over the good-humored face of the minister, I could see that something terrible had happened. He was about rising from table when, catching sight of me, he beckoned, and directed me in Siamese to accompany Lhuang-Vicet, the mandarin, and to use every effort to avert the catastrophe which threatened, and at the same time inform the Regent. I started at once,

and, overtaking Lhuang-Vicet, I was informed by him that the men who were along with the Portuguese Consul had just arrived with the news that their Phô (master) had insisted on taking a bath, despite their warning, and that he had not appeared again on the surface.

With difficulty we at last recovered the body. It was black from the head to the waist, and from what I could judge, he must have dived head foremost, as Europeans generally do, and, striking a shoal or body of electric eels, been at once asphyxiated, for as soon as a body comes into contact with one of the *noue-triks*, it immediately becomes as heavy as lead, and the slightest movement is impossible. The corpse must have floated down the river in a perpendicular position, with the head downward; the eels had twined themselves around it in large numbers. I sent back the body to Bangkok, and putting Lhuang-Vicet on board his steamer, I set out to acquaint the Regent with the result of my mission; after having done so, I returned, wet and tired, to my hut, where after reposing a few hours, I felt perfectly recovered.

It was just four o'clock, and I had only time to jump on a horse, which was standing, saddled, before my door, and join the Regent's escort, which had gone to meet the elephants. We reached a little rising ground from which we would have a view as they defiled before us. The Regent bade me observe a black cloud which was advancing with great rapidity above the forest. The cloud was raised by the dust, which these animals throw over their heads and shoulders during the warm season, when they can find no water or young plants. Soon a strange noise reached our ears, and we could distinctly hear how the animals tore up and broke the trees in their way; the earth trembled, while a thousand hunting horns resounded to inform us of their approach.

The largest elephant of the royal stables opened the march. This gigantic animal was no less than twenty-seven feet high. On both sides were files of domesticated male elephants, easily recognizable from their magnificent tusks and the drivers astride their necks. There were no less than three hundred of these domesticated animals. Twenty-five, marching abreast, closed the rear, and drove on the laggards. It was a curious spectacle to see these three hundred tame animals marching so

silently and gravely, and keeping time, as they conducted the four hundred wild ones to the trap. The latter set up a horrible din when they perceived us; nothing could give an idea of the four hundred roars with which they greeted us. They had now reached the river, and their joy at finding the water was expressed by various grunts and snorts. Only their heads and the ends of their trunks were visible as they took their cooling bath.

The drivers had never left their posts for a moment, so that the lines were preserved unbroken. We now left our positions, and crossed over to the other side of the river, and ascended to the platform of the trap, where we found the guests waiting to see the capture. His Majesty Wà-Nhà the Second King, had already arrived with his court. Fine mats had been placed on the top of the structure, and on these the Siamese sat down in Oriental fashion, according to their rank. The Europeans were provided with rich stools of Chinese and Thibetian stuffs, while a large tent of green silk, with flowers worked on it, protected us from the rays of the sun.

The eastern gate, formed of two moveable trees, now opened, and the decoy, —the large elephant,—entered, followed by his wild companions, while the other tame elephants remained between the bank of the river and the alley, so as to prevent any from escaping or falling behind. The branches and shoots were broken off and rooted up and eaten, and it was wonderful to see the care these animals took to clean them from the clay and dirt which adhered to them. If, after striking them together, there still remained any dust, they would place the branch under their feet and clean it with the greatest precision. The gourmands of the herd completely destroyed those splendid lanes which I described above. The keepers did not disturb their enjoyment, so that it was nearly three hours before all the herd had entered the structure. I had gone down in the meantime into the space between the iron-wood stakes and the interior of the wall. I was astonished at the height of these gigantic animals, which, as soon as they had entered, began their horrible din again, turning round and round the immense pit, with their trunks held aloft in the air—in tragic deprecation, I fancied, of the treachery of their domesticated brothers. Five or six, in a fit of

rage, attacked an enormous-sized stake in the middle of the structure, on which was a wooden pagoda, and shook it with such force that the pagoda and the little Buddha of plaster, which was inside, soon tumbled down—to their great satisfaction. The whole night they never ceased the hideous noise, which could be heard five miles around. The Regent had returned to his camp and the guests to their steamers. The next day three of the finest elephants were to be captured, to replace three domesticated ones which had died in the course of the year.

After a few hours' sleep we returned to the trap about ten o'clock in the morning and found in place of the green and tufted alleys of the preceding day, nothing but a range of black trees, and even five or six of these had been all bent under the tremendous pressure of these enormous creatures. We had not been long on the terrace when the guests arrived, and the capture of the animals was begun.

One of the elephants was three feet taller than any of his companions; he was one of those who showed such rancor against the little pagoda, the preceding evening, and the Regent had designated him as the first one to be caught.

Two of the tame elephants now advanced with two armed drivers on each, the front driver having a strong bent hook in his hand, the other man in a crouching posture and holding a pole about eight yards long; this pole was flattened at the end and around it was rolled a strong rope forty yards long, made of thongs of rhinoceros and elephant hide.

One animal entered by the eastern, the other by the western gate. The intelligence of these animals was something extraordinary. A word, a sign was enough for them. They had now arrived behind the animal they wanted to catch, and making him walk, the men took advantage of the moment when he lifted his hind feet to pass a running knot round his hams, by means of their spear. Having done this the coil of the rope was thrown to the Siamese in the alleys and made fast to one of the trees. When this was accomplished the western gate was opened once more and all the elephants went out of the trap to bathe in the pond, and to feed on whatever young plants they could find around it. A circle of their treacherous companions at every ten paces remained as silent and immovable as veritable sphinxes, and

hindered them from going outside the allotted boundary.

The wild herd was, for the most part, composed of females, a bull elephant having generally from fifteen to twenty—a fact which will explain why it was impossible for four hundred of these animals to revolt against three hundred bull elephants chosen from the royal Siamese stables, which always contain five thousand of these animals ready to take the field. Besides, the hunt never takes place during the pairing season, as it would be impossible for the elephant hunters to succeed.

When the pit was entirely empty and the captive saw himself cut off from his companions and his little ones, he set up a terrible cry, and made a rush for the door through which the last elephant had just disappeared. The rope tightened, his legs were pulled different ways, and he fell on his fore knees heavily to the ground; three times did he try the same experiment with the same result. He bellowed and ploughed up the ground with his tusks, but no force can break these thongs which are made of elephant skins.

When he realized his position he turned all his rage against the stakes, but had to rest at the end of a quarter of an hour. After an hour and a half the ropes were loosened from the stakes, and the eastern gate opened. He then made a rush for it, thinking he was free, but only dragged his chains with him, for beyond the door were two elephants on each side, like two policemen, each having an enormous collar of rattans, while a third stood right in front, and prevented any further movement on the captive's part.

While he tried to overcome these new obstacles, the keepers put a similar collar round his neck, and another on his back, and then tied him to his two companions; the third one cleared the way, and, taking a position behind, shoved on the poor captive, while the other two dragged him towards the southern shed, or *sála*, prepared for the occasion. It was exactly like three policemen conducting a troublesome prisoner to the station. In the shed he was tied to a strong stake, his fore feet fettered, and then given into the charge of his keeper. The whole proceeding occupied about three hours. Two other elephants were taken in the same manner, but one of them had a desperate fight with his antagonists before he was captured. Every time one of the tame elephants would approach, he

would rush at him with his tusks; he was received in the same savage fashion, and they came together with a dull thud. Four domesticated elephants were worsted in the fight, and had to be taken off the field; with the fifth, the struggling animal lost one of his tusks, and, being thus unfit for use, was allowed to regain his liberty. He was not long in plunging into the water, and, having washed off the blood with which he was covered, he rejoined his companions. The third elephant did not give so much trouble, and at five o'clock we went to the sheds where they were to be tamed by hunger. The first animal was twenty-three feet high, the second, twenty, the third, nineteen, and the one we lost twenty-two. In these countries the elephants are of the greatest service, and it would be difficult for man to have any of the luxuries of life without their intelligent aid.

The foreign guests started the same night for Bangkok, extremely well pleased with what they had seen, and the Regent returned to his camp. I was very desirous of having a young elephant, and the mandarin of the elephants was kind enough to place four men at my disposal. We set out and lay for the herd along the road it had to follow to the forests. I was so fortunate as to capture a young bull elephant about eight months old, which I named Joseph, and brought with me to Bangkok, where the King was kind enough to give me a nurse for it, as it could not do without one for a couple of years.

Many an evening I would amuse myself by taking out the foster-mother with little Joseph, and watch his gambols as he would set out on a gallop and then return between his mother's legs. At other times when he would see me stretched on the mat before my door, he would run to me and dirty my face with the end of his trunk, and if I would not rise up and run and play with him, he would endeavor to roll over me, and I was then obliged to rise, or I would have been crushed by the young colossus. Joseph is at present in a beautiful *sála* of the royal palace of Bangkok, as one enters the court through the fourth western gate, which is called the Gate of the Lhuangs-Phâtoût-Lhuang.

It is remarkable what precision characterized this hunt. The animals had been gathered from several hundred leagues distant; three months had been occupied in forming the herd and driving it on. The

26th of April, at four o'clock, was the time appointed, and on that day, at exactly ten

minutes past four, the elephants passed before us.

MONSIEUR LE BARON.

ONE afternoon in the early spring a woman was sitting alone on one of the seats bordering a winding walk in the Champs Elysées. The air was moist and warm, and the brilliant sunlight poured a flood of golden beauty over her shabby garments, and worn, tired face. She was evidently waiting for some one, for she watched the passers-by with eager interest, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves restlessly. Two young men strolling by looked curiously at her, but she was not young enough to interest them much, and they passed on with a shrug and half pitying smile. Their careless laughter floated back, and hurt her. How the brilliant equipages flashed and glittered! Bright eyes were sparkling, jewels flashing in the sun. The spring wind laughed and frolicked with the leaves, but she saw none of this, and as the shadows grew longer she sighed a little.

Suddenly her eyes brightened, as a tall figure came down the walk—a soldierly man with gray whiskers, and keen blue eyes. He was also looking for some one, for he walked slowly, glancing from right to left. The woman watched him anxiously, and, as he seemed about to address a pretty girl, who was leading two children by the hand, she placed herself in his way.

"Monsieur le Baron!"

"Celeste!"

They stood facing each other, the woman with her eyes cast down, the man with a strange look of doubt and surprised recognition on his face. He spoke with a German accent.

"I did not know you. I thought—" and his eyes followed the good-looking *bonne*. Celeste looked up surprised. It had been ten, fifteen years since they had met, and yet she knew *him* at once. The silence had been awkward. A carriage passed, from which looked a lady resplendent in satin and lace. Celeste became painfully conscious of her old dress, the faded ribbon on her bonnet, the rent in her poor little shoe. She drew back her foot so as to hide it. Monsieur le Baron pulled his whiskers nervously.

"What are you doing now, Celeste?"

The tone was cold, Celeste felt it, and her voice faltered.

"Teaching, Monsieur. Sewing sometimes."

"Ah!"

Had he nothing more to say, this man of whom she had dreamed by day and night since they parted? Was it for this that she refused Armand, the notary, when he asked her five years ago to be his wife? What good was it that since she had got his brief letter she had turned her best dress, and even afforded herself new gloves? Despair made her bold.

"So you did not know me, Monsieur?"

"I? How could I?" he said, with a sort of exasperation in his tone. "When I left you, you were young and pretty." He quite forgets his own gray hairs!

With a low cry she shrank back as if he had struck her.

"You had better sit down, Celeste," he said, more kindly.

She sat down, for she could stand no longer. She had gone without breakfast that she might buy the little bunch of flowers to put in her dress. It made her look bright, she thought, and hid an unsightly darn as well. The tears were washing off the *rouge* with which she had tried to hide the hollows sorrow and want had made in the once dimpled cheeks. She sobbed weakly to herself.

The Baron watched her with a slow impatience kindling in his eyes.

"Are you very poor, Celeste?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I had no idea of this," he said, with an aggrieved air. "Your uncle, the *cure*, told me before I left that you were provided for. Your father had sisters—why did they not do something?"

"They are dead, Monsieur."

"If I had married you then," he went on, disregarding the interruption, "I could not have supported you. My father hated your nation, and would not have given me a thaler. He is dead now, and I came

back to look for you." He found it hard to go on. How could he tell her that now that he has found her he does not know what to do with her?

Celeste bowed her head humbly. She is very sorry that her relatives have been so unreasonable in the way of dying. Sorry too that her poverty troubles 'Monsieur'; it has become so old a story with her that she scarcely thinks of it. She was wondering if she could be the same foolish Celeste who came smiling and happy to the sunny gardens. "But it was wrong to expect so much," she said to herself. "I always had so little sense."

Celeste was a lady, and finding that the Baron had really and truly nothing more to say, she would not force herself upon him. Rising, she said steadily, "I must return, Monsieur. I am glad to have seen you."

He walked with her till they reached the busy, noisy streets; then she stopped.

"Have you far to go, Celeste? Shall I accompany you?"

"No, Monsieur," she said quietly.

He watched her till the throng hid her from his sight; then, with a sigh of relief, he turned away. Pity him a little; his disappointment was very great. All these years he had thought of the pretty French girl, with her sparkling eyes and merry laugh, who had crept into his cold, unimpressible heart, he scarcely knew how. He had lived happily enough without her, it is true, but when his father's death left him master of his own fortune, his thoughts had turned tenderly to his early love.

How different this wan-faced woman in her poor attire, from the Celeste he had pictured. This was not the woman he had meant to make his wife. His heart did not throb one beat the faster at her voice. He would be very glad to help her, to give her money, but that she would not take—only his *love*, which was beyond his control. He had only that day arrived in Paris; he was lonely and miserable. Hailing a passing *cabriolet*, he got in. "Take me to some place where I can lodge and be quiet."

The driver looked surprised.

"Anywhere!" And the Baron slammed the door, and, throwing himself back on the cushions, gave way to his moody meditations. The Baron made no objection when his *cabriolet* stopped before one of the oldest houses in a street—fashionable once, respectable now, and much frequented by people who, like himself, were fond of rest and retirement.

The house was let in *appartements*, and, fortunately, the first floor was vacant. The Baron was easily pleased, and hired the rooms without delay, despatching a man for his servant and luggage; and Celeste, coming home some hours later, learned, to her dismay, who was the occupant of the empty rooms.

"Promise me, good Piçot, promise me that you will not tell him that I am here," she said, earnestly.

"Who, Mademoiselle? The Baron?" and the old man gazed at her in unfeigned surprise.

"Oh! any one, I mean, Piçot. I would not be known." Then, seeing a look of suspicion dawning on his face, she added: "I have seen better days, Piçot, and now——"

"I see, Mademoiselle, I see; one does not want remembrance when one is poor. No one shall know, I promise."

Celeste breathed freely again, for the old man was faithful, she knew. Once in her own room, she sat down to think over the marvelous chance, which, in all this great city, could find but one house wherein to place the Baron and herself.

Change after change flitted over her face. In fancy she again wandered with him along the shady walks in her uncle's garden; again his low words of love trembled in her ear; then came the parting, and the tears fell once more at the remembrance, and she smiled a little as she recalled his promise of a speedy return. Celeste read few romances; her own was quite sufficient. On these memories she had lived through all the long years of loneliness. The past was her reality; what had but just occurred, the dream. Lost in her reverie, she sat idly gazing into the court-yard. Suddenly a voice she knew but too well reached her. Springing to her feet, with her heart beating so that she could scarcely hear, she opened her door and listened.

"Hansel! Hansel!" called the voice, impatiently.

"Coming, Herr Baron, coming."

Then the door was shut, and Celeste shrank back, with the look one sometimes sees on the face of a child, when from the outside he sees the joy of those within.

The Baron's windows looked upon the garden, so that he did not see the figure that darted quickly through the gate, in the early morning, nor the gray shadow that stole swiftly across the court-yard in the

dusk, pausing a moment in the hall to listen, then flitting up the stairs, like some poor ghost returning fearfully to watch beside the extinguished embers of its forsaken hearth.

Safe in the shelter of her own room, Celeste bolted and barred the door securely. Her dread of discovery grew day by day; she need not have feared; the Herr Baron would never have dreamed of ascending those long stairs to visit the attic lodger.

The Baron began to find Paris more endurable; and Celeste, seeing him occasionally erect and self-satisfied, with a smile on his proud lips, said to herself with a pitiful moan: "He has forgotten me already—and I—I love him." Then she sank on her knees before her little crucifix, and prayed as only hearts in such sorrow can pray. And by and by peace came again to the pinched, worn face, and, rising, she said, humbly: "It was wrong; I should not have hoped."

But the Baron had not forgotten her, though often he was tempted to wish he might do so. Her face had a trick of rising before him suddenly in the theater, in the brilliant *salon*, not as he once knew it,—fresh and blooming,—but faded and haggard, as he saw it in the Champs Elysées, and then he returned absent answers to his friends, or,—if he was alone,—he drank rather more than was quite good for him. He wrote to her once, to the address she had given him long ago, asking her to let him help her, offering her, as delicately as might be, an enclosed draft "for the sake of the days that are past."

The draft was returned with the words: "I thank you, 'for the sake of the days that are past;' it is impossible, Monsieur le Baron."

The Baron shrugged his shoulders, and wished that women were not so difficult to manage.

"What would she have?" he said, impatiently. He knew very well what she would have, and the thought troubled him.

One evening in summer the Baron had a headache, and refusing all invitations, told Hansel to deny him to any chance visitors. The house was quite still, and Celeste, thinking that, as usual, he would be absent, left her door open to catch the faint breeze that whispered through the corridor, and, as she sat at her embroidery, sang softly to herself. She had had an exquisite voice once, and it was still true and sweet. The Baron was passionately fond of

music, and as the first notes fell on his ear, he opened his door wider to listen. It was a hymn to the Virgin,—one which in days gone by Celeste was fond of singing. He remembered it now, and as the notes rose higher and higher, like some freed spirit exulting in its flight, and then sank into a plaintive minor, as if the soul grew suddenly conscious of its earthly chains, the tears started to his eyes. "Hansel!" he calls softly, and Celeste, hearing him, hastily barred her door, and dropped, trembling and anxious, into her chair.

The next evening Piçot stopped her as she flitted past him in the early dusk.

"I had a hard time to keep your secret, last night, Mademoiselle Celeste; but a promise, you know—"

"Yes, yes, good Piçot, tell me quickly, for I must not wait long."

"Well, the Baron he sent for me, and he said: 'Good Master Piçot'—it is always *good* Piçot when one wants anything—ha! ha!—"will you tell me who it is here that sings so sweetly?" I knew at once that it was you, Mademoiselle, for you have sung for my wife, so I thought—ha! ha!—"good" Piçot, you must be careful. 'Well, Monsieur,' I answered, 'it may be the English lady or her aunt; they have the next floor.'

"No, it was the floor above that,—quite up in the roof," answered the Baron.

"Ah! it may have been the artist who—*pauvre diable*—sells no pictures."

"Then he would scarcely feel like singing," said Monsieur; 'besides, it was a woman's voice.'

"Well, well, it must have been the other lodger, then, who sits and sews all night sometimes.'

"Sews all night!" said the Baron, 'she must be very poor. What is her name?'

"Then, Mademoiselle, I was frightened, but I pretended there was some one calling me, and excused myself. 'Wait, Piçot, you have not told me the name,' called the Baron. 'Oh, the name, Monsieur, I have forgotten.' And I ran down the stair as fast as my feet could carry me. This morning the Baron stopped at the gate. 'So you will not tell me the name of the bird that sings under the roof, Piçot?'

"Will not, Monsieur!" I said, reproachfully. 'It is that I can not.'

"Ah, Piçot, don't tell that to me. However, I will not disturb your little mystery; but you may give my thanks to the unknown for the very great pleasure she has given me.'

"There! Mademoiselle, you must give me no more secrets to keep, or I will tell them all to the Baron."

Celeste smiled brightly, thanking him for his discretion; then hurried up the stairs, that she might enjoy her happiness alone, for it was happiness to this faithful heart to know that from out the shadows of her own dull life she had been able to send an added ray of brightness into the sunshine of his.

After that, when the vesper bells were ringing, Celeste always sat in her attic room and sang. She left her door open, that the Baron might hear; and to him the song of "the bird under the roof," as he still called her, grew daily more dear. The Baron's character was changed; he thought oftener of Celeste than was at all pleasant; he wrote to her again, but the letter was returned after some time with the words "not called for" in pencil, on the back.

"Where could she be? Dead, perhaps, of starvation; he had heard of such things. With an eagerness that surprised himself he plunged into the vortex of pleasure that seethes and whirls in the gay capital. There he found forgetfulness. Still, when he heard that clear voice singing, tender thoughts would come, and, strangely enough, he cherished them. The human heart is terribly contradictory. When Celeste stood before him only waiting for his love, that love it seemed impossible to give, and the probabilities are, that should she so stand again, he would again turn from her. Many people wish that they might 'live their lives over again;' in nine cases out of ten they would only repeat them.

But now that Celeste was gone,—forever, it appears,—he yearned after her love, and his heart stirred strangely at the old remembrances. His new friends urged a more fashionable residence, but the Baron shook his head. He could not tell them that the vesper hymn, associated as it was with Celeste's memory, kept him where he was.

Once there was a gay party at dinner. The Baron was the life of the assembly—when, hark!—above the clatter of tongues and the click of the glasses, came the sound of a woman's voice singing a hymn to the Virgin. He ceased speaking, and the guests looked at one another.

"Baron, are you ill?" asks one, anxiously.

"No, no!" and he laughed lightly. "What was it you were saying, my friend? Han-

sel, more wine." But ever and anon his voice faltered a little, and he wished to himself that his good friends would not talk quite so loud; he could not hear a note. Then the song ended, and the Baron breathed more freely, but he was *distracted*, and unlike himself, and his guests left early. The next day was his birthday. No one knew it. He scarcely remembered it himself till old Piçot came stumbling along the corridor with some flowers in his hand—beautiful violets, white and blue, the Baron's favorite flowers.

"They were left at the gate. It is Monsieur's birthday, is it not?"

"Who left them, good Piçot?"

The old man chuckled softly.

"There was no name, Monsieur."

"Strange!" murmured the Baron, and Piçot made haste to retire before more questions should be asked. But a few days later he stopped Celeste as she passed him.

"I will have no more secrets, Mademoiselle," he said, pettishly. "Monsieur has done nothing but pester me with questions all these days. I will do nothing more for you. No, no, do not talk; you will 'good Piçot' me into more trouble." And he turned his back on her with an air of great resolution.

Celeste laughed a little. She was much happier. Lately she could often hear the Baron's voice; once in a long while she saw him; she could not speak to him, to be sure; but if she could, what had she to say? It is well to be content.

One evening, one of the Baron's countrymen was with him. They had been neighbors in their youth; their lands joined; altogether he was more nearly a friend than any of those around him. To him he complained of his fits of depression, his loneliness.

"My dear Baron, you should marry. Here am I not yet your age, and my Adolf is already betrothed. One must take interest in something; it is well when one has children."

The Baron made no reply. His gaze rested unconsciously on the violets, fading in their glass, and his thoughts went back to Celeste. Nonsense; how could he marry a woman who was dead, for all he knew to the contrary. Rising, he pulled the bell impatiently. "Hansel, the carriage. Come, my friend, let us go to the opera?"

But again and again his friend's advice recurred to him. Why should he not marry? He thought of the women he knew; most

of them were frivolous, and too gay for his quiet German home. There was the English widow up stairs; she was young and pretty. He had met her once or twice. Once he had called, but her aunt was tiresome to the last degree, and he had vowed never to go again; but one day he broke his resolution, and once more entered their pretty drawing-room.

His call was a long one; and the pretty widow confided to him how wearisome this living in lodgings was to her. "I have such a pretty home, but we are living in this tiresome Paris on account of Fred, my aunt's son, who is here."

"Why, my dear, I was quite willing to stay in England;" and her aunt looked up from her knitting with languid surprise.

The niece blushed, and changed the subject. The Baron took some pains to become acquainted with this "Fred," and soon spent many of his hours with the pretty widow, besides being the invariable fourth in all their parties for pleasure.

* * * *

"Ah, Mademoiselle, the Baron will take a wife with him in the spring. The English lady has put off her mourning already."

Piçot looked reprovingly at his wife; then from her to the figure standing in the door.

"One must not listen to all Jeanette's gossip, Mademoiselle," he said, noting the look of blank despair that had settled on the pale, tired face.

"Come in, Mademoiselle; you are ill;" and Jeanette bustled about, placing a chair.

But Celeste shook her head. "No, I am only tired; I will go up to my room."

As she walked swiftly and noiselessly along the hall she heard voices talking: the Baron's deep full tones, and, mingled with them, the sweet treble of the English widow. Then she heard the clatter of plates, and, speeding up the stairs, she threw herself on the floor by the window with a low sob. "He is at dinner there with them, and I am hungry," and the tears flowed freely at the thought of her long fast, for which in reality she scarcely cared, so common was it.

A carriage rattled up the street, and presently the Baron appeared in full evening dress. He handed the two ladies into the carriage, and then sprang in himself. They waited a moment, and Celeste had time to notice how carefully the Baron wrapped the younger lady's cloak about her white shoulders, and how sweetly she smiled her thanks. Then her cousin hurried out with

her fan, and entering the carriage they drove quickly off.

"I will wait till they come back, perhaps he has gone to marry her," and poor Celeste smiled bitterly. But long before they returned she had sobbed herself to sleep. The moonbeams stole in at the window, and shone softly on her wet eyelashes, but their light touch did not wake her. Stir not the leaves, oh sighing wind! she is dreaming of her lover as he was long years ago. His arm is around her—his blue eyes shine upon her face—she cannot speak. She tries to tell him of her long sorrowful waiting, but she can only sob out her thankfulness that it has past.

Many a night Celeste knelt at the window, and watched and waited for the Baron. Sometimes she fell asleep at her post, but oftener she saw him coming home handsome, happy, with a smile on his grave face. She heard the gay "good-nights" in the hall, and then with a sigh she threw herself upon her couch to dream fitful, troubled dreams, till the gray dawn stole in and woke her to the duties of the day. Once tired by her long watch for the Baron, who had, this time, gone out alone, she fell asleep in her chair. She dreamed of the firing of guns; a procession passed—soldiers; behind a bier a riderless horse was led. They uncovered the bier, and she saw the face of the Baron; she drew her breath sobbingly. Then she heard some one knocking; the noise grew louder.

"Mademoiselle Celeste, it is I, Jeanette."

She sprang up. How long she had slept! The sun was shining brightly.

"Mademoiselle, do wake up."

She unbolted the door. Jeanette entered, crying, "We are all going to die, Mademoiselle, and lose our lodgers too," she said in answer to Celeste's eager questions. "No one will stay, and Piçot says I must tell you to go, and who is going to take care of the lady, I should like to know."

"Jeanette, be quiet, and tell me what is the matter," and Celeste laid her hand firmly on the woman's shoulder.

"Well, Mademoiselle, the English lady has been 'tired, oh, so tired' for days, she says, but she would go out. Last night she was worse. She was ill all night, and now her cousin, the young doctor, says he is afraid it is small-pox she is to have. Her maid has gone this morning. The artist is going—hark!—and Piçot tells you to go. They will put barricades in the street, and no one will come near us, and

we will all die. And the other lady does nothing but cry, and there are two doctors in the house." Jeanette was continuing her lamentations, when Celeste stopped her. "Who is with the lady now?"

"No one, Monsieur le Baron says," but Celeste was half way down the stairs before she finished. At the foot she met the young doctor. "Monsieur," she said humbly, "I have seen much sickness, will you let me take care of the lady?"

His face brightened. "Have you had the disease?"

"No, but I am not afraid."

He looked doubtfully at her. "I will see the other physician."

They came back together.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you here?" and the elder of the two held out his hand. "You were in the hospital of the convent for some time, were you not? My friend, you cannot do better," he said, turning to the young man. "You are not afraid, Mademoiselle? that is right, come then."

So Celeste entered the sick room, which for many long days and nights she was destined not to leave. She bestowed the most unwearied care upon her patient. "I am saving her for *him*," she would say to herself.

The doctor was loud in his praises, and one day the Baron stopped her as she crossed the hall. "Celeste"—

"I will not speak to you, Monsieur, it may be death," she said decidedly, and, eluding his extended hand, she passed quickly by him.

The doctor watched her closely, and one day he said, "Mademoiselle, you must go and rest, your patient is out of danger, and I have provided a nurse to relieve you."

"Will she live?" and Celeste lifted her great hollow eyes to his face.

"Yes, thanks to your nursing. I think there is no fear now."

So Celeste went slowly up to her room, and lay down on the bed, from which she did not rise again for many weeks, for while down stairs the life she had saved grew daily stronger and stronger, she lay moaning and tossing in the wildest delirium of fever. Jeanette, forgetting her fears, nursed her tenderly, and even when the dreaded disease appeared, she indignantly refused to leave her post, and often she would sit wiping the tears from her eyes as she listened to the ravings in which were revealed all the sufferings of the past months. There was another listener too, one who would

stand outside the door, his head bent, and hands clasped closely together as if in prayer, and sometimes when she would cry piercingly, "Rudolf! Rudolf!" and then say plaintively, "He has forgotten me," and sometimes, "He does not care that I am hungry," he would turn away with a groan.

At last the fight was fought, and Pigot coming out of the darkened room touched the Baron's arm: "She will live, Monsieur," he said tremulously.

"Thank God!"

One day when the sunshine was shining brightly in at the window, and Celeste, white and frail as the lilies in her hand, leaned wearily back among the cushions of her chair, Jeanette came in, her face shining with some great secret.

"The Baron wishes to see you, Mademoiselle."

"Oh! I cannot," and Celeste's lips trembled.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, and he has brought you flowers every day, and would stand all night sometimes at the door to hear of you, Pigot says."

"But my face, Jeanette."

"It is all gone, Mademoiselle. You have been ill so long you have a right to look pale."

"Bring me a mirror, Jeanette."

"Not now, Mademoiselle, wait till after."

"*Now*," said Celeste decidedly, "or I will not see the Baron."

With a sigh Jeanette placed a glass before her. Celeste looked at herself long and earnestly. The flush was gone from her face, but it was terribly, hopelessly, disfigured.

"I had lost my beauty before, but now I am frightful," she said. "Take it, Jeanette, and call the Baron. I will see him."

The old woman turned away sobbing. Celeste smiled strangely.

A few moments after the door opened, and the Baron came swiftly towards her. Dropping on his knees by her chair he took her hand fondly in his.

"My own Celeste!" he said tenderly.

She trembled and withdrew her hand.

"Have I transgressed beyond forgiveness?" he said sadly. "I was blind, fool that I was; but I have suffered bitterly. Celeste, will you not pardon me, and let me shield you now from all want and sorrow—"

"Stop, Monsieur," and Celeste laid her hand on his, "you do not know what you are saying."

"Perhaps not, Celeste. I am so happy at seeing you that I may not speak quite clearly, but you know surely how much I love you, and—"

Again she interrupted him.

"Monsieur, you forget. The English lady."

He looked puzzled, then a light broke over his face. "The English lady is only waiting for you to be well enough to be present, to marry her cousin, to whom she has been engaged six months."

Celeste uttered a low cry. "I thought—"

The Baron clasped her in his arms.

"Rudolf," she said presently, "look at me, you were disappointed in me when you saw me first, I was old and plain, but I am much worse now."

He looked at her fondly, reverently.

"Hush! forget that if you can, Celeste. I was a fool then, and saw only with eyes blinded by pride and arrogance; forgive me, suffering has made me fitter to receive the blessing that may still be mine. *Now* I see with the eyes of the soul, and, Celeste, your face is to me the most beautiful the sun shines on to-day."

DECORATION.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

MID the flower-wreath'd tombs I stand
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine;
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm,

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory,
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feign'd distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfill,
Here lie buried; here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.

THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD.

I OUGHT to apologize for bringing in an old acquaintance with such a flourish: for all of you know the Major, and have very likely, helped or been helped by him. You may see him any day just now on Broadway. He always walks as though a crowd of people were waiting for him just at the end of the block. His clothes, however, thin or patched, sit on him well and jauntily; a broad-brimmed felt hat shades his white hair and moustache, and ruddy, beaming face; but he is perpetually jerking it off with an eager, gallant flourish. It is amazing, the number of women that man knows! You may have met this best fellow in the world in any part of this country; though he belongs less to New England than to the South and West. Yet he has a keen sympathy for Concord mysticism and hardihood of thought; he even went there once to found a community who were to live on potatoes and fruit, and to dress in grass linen; but since he grew fat and scant of breath, he pooh-poohs your Great Primal Ideas; and he does not like the spare diet of Massachusetts. He can put his finger for you on the two or three restaurants in this country where a porter-house steak can be properly broiled, and has a masonic intelligence with their cooks. His keen palate and eye for horse-flesh are due, I suppose, to the liberal dash of Irish blood in his veins. He is not a kinsman of the high-seasoned California hero who dirks, drinks, and dies heroically through our recent literature; though his grandfather may have been such a one. The Major is hampered, toned down by town-life, and by an early marriage.

His congener, the good fellow who did *not* marry early, became a brilliant young fellow on the town. Old ladies shook their heads when his cheeks grew red and his lips thick. But the girls liked his bright eyes, and a queer pathetic laugh he had at times; and when, (after a year or two, of which we need not talk now,) the outraged world refused longer to give him room, and they lowered him, deaf and silent, by a grating rope, out of sight forever into the pebbles and the clay, the memory of him was kept longer alive than that of better men. His pious steady-going broth-

ers mourned for him secretly as they will never do for each other.

Our comrade the Major, (everybody's comrade, I might say,) seldom touches liquor and more rarely gambles; he is too fond of his wife and children for that. He is perpetually on the verge of making a gigantic fortune for them. He thinks, and it is true, that he would literally give his blood, drop by drop, if it would make them any happier. Whether they have enough to eat or not in the meanwhile, depends wholly on what money comes to them from outside.

It is a curious fact in physiology that the wife of one of these genial whole-souled fellows, the very ring of whose voices inspires all who hear it with courage and enthusiasm, whatever she may have been before marriage, always becomes afterwards sallow as to skin, dogmatic as to religion, narrow and scrimped in her opinions as in her petticoats. She is instant in season and out of season in all manner of small and severe virtues, striving as for life and death—the loving, sour-tempered creature!—to fill up somebody's empty measure of duty. She is apt to condemn any amusement simply because her husband enters into it with headlong zest: she sniffs critically at all his friends, and turns her back downright on the whole of the rosebud garden of girls among whom he wanders delighted, though he be three-score, buzzing and sipping sweets like an ancient bee. Impartial lookers-on may say that she has not lost a whit of her rights; that the man's daily-life, work, planning, thinking, dreaming, is a great and hard-burning flame, which must have fuel, be it friendship, flirtation, travel or amusement. Now every wife is apt to think her own stock of burning material quite sufficient for any well conditioned man. History tells us of one of our friend's clan, a poet, whom all the fine world delighted to dandle and humor. London drawing-rooms and Parisian salons were open for him to flutter through, and titled and untitled dames crowded about him quite willing that he should make love to any lips that were near. Yet, like the rest, he had his Bessy in her neglected cottage, growing jealous and sharp-nosed into an ugly little

shadow, which faded out of his life at last. Another of them, an author, we can all remember, who drew the tears and laughter of the world at will over the history and graves of people who never lived but in his brain. It was only yesterday he went posting over land and sea, tediously gusty in his breathless energy, acting, reading to packed audiences, plunging into all kinds of mad excitement, pouring down liquor like water, demanding unlimited flattery; all needful as fuel—fuel. And there was the inevitable wife in the background, waiting for him to take all his sustenance of life through the circle of that ring she wore. Could anything, argued he, be more psychologically impossible? But the wives of good fellows seldom study psychology; and one wonders, after all, with what fuel they are to keep their own poor little fires burning?

The Major, too, has written both books and poems. Their rhetoric and white heat of emotion were very popular for awhile. Whatever he does is popular; clapping of hands follows him all through life. There are thousands of people who speak of him with grateful tears in their eyes. Luck, they will tell you, went against him even in his benevolence, but he always meant well! There was the Working Men's Home, a village which he laid out in the suburbs of New York, and into which so many mill-men put their earnings. To be sure, the ground was swampy; half the cellars tumbled in, and the babies died of malaria by the score; but how could he foresee that? The poor fellow was ruined himself by it, as everybody knows. He used to go about for months afterwards with his coat out at elbows and unblackened shoes, although he had decent clothes at home. No half-way measures for him! He drank even the cup of misery to the dregs with gusto.

About that time he was appointed agent of a building firm, his chief business being to collect their rents. The houses were let to a lot of poor devils, whose monthly appeals for mercy tore his heart, and brought tears to his eyes. He used to advance their rent out of his own pocket. He lived, too, on the strength of his salary, in a large, liberal way, in Bergen, filled the house to overflowing with all his own or his wife's needy kinsfolk. While he had a dollar he would share it with friend or foe. But his grocer's and butcher's bills were never paid; and they brought suit,

mortgaged the house, and finally sold it "there being no limit," as he said, "to the rapacity and greed of such people when they begin to hoard money."

His wife gave music lessons, and so kept them alive, until one day, when seeing poor family in distress, he sold the piano to relieve them. Since that, times have been rough. Now and then he has had windfall, through some of those queer uses of their wits which men find place for in a city, but which are unknown outside of it. A certain railroad company converted him to a belief in their stock, and sent him out to sell shares. He has gone to Albany to lobby, and to Congress to engineer different measures in which he had faith. There is a certain force and magnetism about the enthusiastic old fellow, with his high-bred manner, eager eyes and genuine voice, that carries everybody with him in his projects, except, indeed, his wife and children. No price would bring him to advocate any measure in which he did not himself believe. Nobody could doubt his keen sense of honor. He is handsomely paid for his advocacy in a delicate way—by presents usually, a few shares of stock, a diamond ring for his wife. By these means, and a chronic antipathy to paying small bills, he kept his head above water until a year or two ago. He had been so often mistaken that his judgment began to rate below par. Corporations found that for him to support a cause was to damn it. His old friends are cordial when they run against him on the street (he never seeks them in their offices), urge him to come around to Delmonico's or the Lotos Club to lunch, but never give him any commissions. His wife has rented a little truck farm in Jersey, where she and the children barely manage to live, owing nobody a penny. His sons, as the sons of all good fellows are apt to be, are hard-working, just, sour-natured men. His daughters are moody, morbid girls, who despise all enthusiasm and fervor, and pass their days in drudging and thinking what they would have done had they been so lucky as to be men. Now and then comes a letter from their father, detailing a new vast philanthropic or money-making scheme, in which he means to gain renown or wealth for them—never for himself. The old man cares for little in the world outside of his children. The letters are thrust into the dusty pigeon-hole of the secretary; nobody reads them to the end. They are full of

tender love and delicate fancies. The Major has the sensitiveness of a woman. Yet he takes a keen delight in dodging the creditors, boarding-house-keepers, &c., to whom he owes money. He understands honor, but not honesty. But there are natures so constructed as not to find room for the coarser virtues; one need not look in a bit of old Dresden for the qualities of an iron pot.

The Major is an old man now, well nigh sixty-five; but his blood flows as hotly, his brain is as full of subtle, far-reaching plans, and he is just as sure of success in them, as when he was twenty. If he meet you this afternoon, he will almost compel you to go in as partner, and be as zealous in one of them as he. You will find a certain originality in the idea—a sound sub-stratum of common sense; but when he comes to put it into practice, it will fail.

Men with one tithe of the Major's mental power or business tact are famous and wealthy. With none of his generosity or affection, they are surrounded by a loving woman and children. He is unknown, poor and alone.

Some of the thousand ships he has sent out with such vigorous cheers from shore may come back even yet, bringing the treasure which he has lacked so long, and give him, for a brief space, his own footing in the world. If they should not, doubtless the old man will bear himself gallantly to the last. When old age, or disease, or his creditors press him quite to the wall, he will find some quiet corner in which to die, where Susan and the children will never be hurt by seeing how hungry he is, or how alone.

Perhaps in those wider lives beyond the coffin and grave-stone, the right work may be waiting for this perpetually hopeful, perpetually defeated old creature, and some use be found at last for the large, clear-burning fire which never warmed anybody here. At all events, the Major at the last hour will be perfectly sure that such is the case. He will, in all likelihood, confidently cross the dark river full of some promising new plan, to be carried out on the other side, and be ready to take old Death confidentially by the elbow, and persuade him to go in as partner of his success in it.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Late Brooklyn Council.

"NOT Guilty, but he must not do so again," is the reported verdict of a western jury. "Guilty, but it is not of vital or practical consequence," seems to have been the verdict of the Council concerning the irregularities of Plymouth Church—that is, the Church has been guilty of irregularities, but not such as should cut it off from the fellowship of its sister churches. The Council coincided with Drs. Storrs and Budington in a matter of opinion; but the fact that Mr. Beecher differs is not sufficiently serious to cause his excision from the fellowship of the body. No body of men could have done more wisely under the circumstances. Whether so much trouble and excitement and hard feeling among Christian men and women, is not a high price to pay for such a decision, is a question that men will settle for themselves. We should be sorry to believe that the verdict will have much influence in the policy of the Congregational churches, or that it will work a change in what has been for many years the general practice.

If Congregationalism is to become a cast iron system of government and discipline, as it formerly was in New England, it will rapidly lose its hold

upon the people. As in the family, so in the church, there is a class of cases that are best handled and settled at home, according to the indications in each case. If there is anything that is abominable, it is the parading before the world of a case of scandal; and every church must have, and will assume, the right to dispose of such cases as, in its Christian common sense, it thinks best. The case in Mr. Beecher's church is only one of a thousand. It was hardly exceptional in any aspect. There is hardly a church in New England, with a history of fifty years, that has not had a case almost identical with this. A member lapses into some form of offense against Christian virtue. He ceases attending church, absents himself from the communion table, and practically cuts himself off from the Christian body. His offense is one which cannot be publicly stirred without stench. Nobody would gain by it; it would reclaim no one; it would wound the sensibilities of friends; it would give a new theme of gossip to a prurient world. The church, knowing all the circumstances of the case, knowing only what personal effort has been used to reclaim the wanderer, quietly drops his name from the rolls, and there an end. This we say has been done again and again, and will be done again, notwithstanding

the decision of the Brooklyn Council. It is right that it should be. To restore the rigid inquisitions of the old colonial days, when every case of the kind was paraded and definitely dealt with, would be to take a step towards barbarism.

No matter what the wise decision of Councils may be, every church will assume, and ought to assume, the privilege of treating the delicate cases occurring in its own body, according to its own discretionary judgment. When a member practically dissolves his connection with a church, whether he publicly advertise the fact or not, he will be quietly dropped or practically dealt with, according to circumstances, of which the church is, or ought to be, the best judge. The treatment of all such cases should be left to the individual churches by courtesy. Whether the case which called this Council together was one of this character, we do not pretend to decide. Every man will form his own judgment; but that Plymouth church thought it had a case of this kind, its action in the premises proves. We are not aware that the decision of the Council has changed or modified its opinion.

Whether it was a good thing that the Council was called, remains to be proved. If it has alienated the intimate Christian friendship that formerly prevailed between the pastors and the three great churches more immediately concerned, its effect has been undeniably bad. What the world wishes now to see is the restoration of the old *entente cordiale* between these pastors and these churches. If nominal fellowship is to remain, it should be something more than nominal: it should be genuine. If there is to be a feud which will last while these much beloved pastors last; if motives are to be mistrusted or maligned, and character suspected, and policies harshly judged; if sensibilities have been wounded beyond healing, and Christian forbearance has been banished by partizanship, then the Council has been in vain, and worse than in vain. If wounded pride cannot be crushed so that a broad charity shall spread its blessed mantle over all these differences, and Christian forgiveness and forgetfulness cannot be extended to all on both sides from whom the other has suffered real or fancied wrong, then, not only the wisdom of the policy which summoned a Council is impugned, but the religion on whose behalf—nominally, at least—all this commotion has been raised, receives a cruel wound in the house of its friends.

The Moral Power of Women.

NOTHING in American history has more nobly illustrated the moral power of women, than the past and current crusade against the vice of drinking, and the traffic upon which it feeds. The exhibition and demonstration of this power are so full of suggestion and instruction, both to men and women, that they demand more than a passing consideration, especial-

ly in their bearing upon some of the most stirring questions of the time.

Why is it that the hardened rum-seller who, behind his bar, has dealt out the liquid death to his victims for years, quails before a band of praying beseeching women—women who, coming from the comfortable retirement, brave wind and storm and mud—brave obloquy and misrepresentation and curses, and all the harsh obstacles that brutality can throw in their path, to compass a reform that shall keep their natural supporters and protectors pure and prosperous? Why is it that men looking on form new resolutions of sobriety, and reform the vicious habits of their lives? Why is it that changes which involve the destruction of a brutish business, and of habits to which hundreds of thousands are wedded with all the power of a burning appetite, awake no more violence than they do? Why is it that so many good men, whose souls protest against the sacrifice of ease and privacy which these women make, bow to the movement as something supremely Christian, and, therefore, veritable?

First, of course, because there is no man, however brutal, who does not know that the women are right—that whisky is a curse, not only to those who drink it, but to the unoffending who do not drink it. Every man feels that the action of the women is an embodiment and expression of the dictates of his own conscience. Approached in a way which disarms all violent opposition, with an appeal to God and to all the manliness which he possesses, the vilest panderer to a debased appetite trembles not only before the pure embodied conscience without, but before the answering conscience within. He hears God's voice in the souls which approach him, and the same voice in his own soul. There is something terrible in this. A mob which would tear his house down, a descent of the officers of the law, the threats of outraged fathers and brothers, would only stimulate his opposition, and give him an apology for continuing his crime; but this quiet appeal to his conscience, by those whose consciences he knows to be pure, is awful to him.

Second, the mind of man is so constituted as to feel most sensitively the praise and the blame of women. It is hard for any man to feel that he rests under the censure of all the good women by whom he is surrounded. The harshest words that have been spoken against the crusaders have been spoken by the women whom they have found behind the bars they have visited; and these poor creatures were speaking to win the approval of the brutal men they loved. A man who has not some woman somewhere, who believes in him, trusts him and loves him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone. All men, who deserve the name of men, desire the respect of women; and when a man finds himself in a business which fixes upon him the disapproval of a whole community of women, a power

is brought to bear upon him which he certainly cannot ignore, and which he finds it difficult to resist. The power of woman, simply as woman, has had too many illustrations in history to need further discussion here. A man's self-respect can only be nursed to its best estate in the approval of the finer sense and quicker conscience of the women who know him.

The third reason is that the end which these women seek is purely and beneficently a moral one. They are not after money, they do not pursue revenge, they do not seek political power or preference, they work in the interest of no party. All they desire, and all they labor for, is the reform and safety of their husbands, brothers, fathers and sons, and the extinction of those temptations and sources of temptation which endanger them. They bear no ill will to the dram-seller, but the moment he relinquishes his traffic, they cover him with their kindness and sympathy. They not only do not have the sympathy of party men, as such, but they are denied the sympathy of portions of the Christian Church. They pursue a much desired moral end by purely moral means. They seek nothing for themselves, but everything for the men they love, and for the men that other women love. The element of self-sacrifice is in it all. They go from peaceful home pursuits, from the retirement which is most congenial to them, from prayers, where they have begged for the blessing of heaven upon their enterprise, into the street, into foul dens of debauchery, into private expostulations with brutal men, into atmospheres reeking with ribaldry, and all to save others. No man with a spark of manliness in him—which, after all, is only godliness expressed in human character—can regard such a spectacle as this without being moved to admiration and reverence.

And now for the lesson which this crusade teaches us. It will be a hard one for some women to learn, but a desire for the conservation of the best forces of society demands that it shall not only be stated, but heeded. The ballot, even when exercised in the right direction, has not yet, in any state, proved a cure for drunkenness. No law that has been enacted for the suppression of dram-selling, even in states where special constabulary machinery has been instituted for executing it, has done so much for the end sought as this crusade has done. In Massachusetts, the necessity of reform is as urgent as in New York. Does any one suppose that the moral power which the women wield to-day would be in their hands to wield if they held the ballot? Not a bit of it. They are strong because they are not political. They are strong because they have no party to serve, no personal ambitions to push, no selfish ends to seek. If women had the ballot, how long is it to be supposed that this crusade would be without political leadership and political perversion? If these women were the representatives of political power, how much toleration would they receive at

the hands of those whose interests they imperil or destroy? What kind of treatment would an office-holder have in their ranks? Would an office-holder dare to be seen in their ranks at all? If women had the ballot, such a crusade as this would simply be impossible. To respond that it would be unnecessary, is to trifle with the subject. Men would be obliged to execute whatever laws women might pass, under any circumstances, and they would execute the laws passed through the votes of women no better than they do their own.

Further, let it be witnessed, that the women who are doing the most of the work in this crusade never have asked for the ballot, and never will do so. They would regard the conferment of political suffrage upon them as a calamity, and it would undoubtedly be a calamity. It would rob them of their peculiar power—a power which all experience proves cannot be preserved too carefully. Woman cannot afford the ballot. It would tie her hands, weaken her influence, destroy her disinterestedness in the treatment of all public questions, and open into the beautiful realms of her moral power ten thousand streams of weakness and corruption. The woman who recently said that this crusade "means the ballot," proved only by that speech how poorly qualified she was to use a ballot. She ought to have seen in the crusade something greater than the ballot—something almost infinitely above the poor machinery of politics—something by the side of which the ballot is only a toy. This crusade does not mean the ballot; it means that woman does not need the ballot, cannot afford to take the ballot, will not have the ballot; and with this conviction let all American society gratefully felicitate itself.

The Good Fellow.

WE wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfishly dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptations of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favor, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any in-

dulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be short-ened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honorable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh over his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drink, and say, "after all, he was a Good Fellow."

The feature of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he is a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways, atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of honor, and the honor and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness, quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character; he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break

around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in his home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description, in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE are moments in the life of every simple and discreet soul when he wants to kill his grandmother. I say grandmother, but merely in a generic sense. The desire is for murder; and grandmother stands for butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, the world at large, or any one in particular. The desire is for something to break the monotony of this weary conventional life; to forget broad-cloth, and remember only the brute,—in a word, to smash things. When a human being puts off his roundabout and puts on his coat, he becomes a slave. In his more rational moments he may acknowledge that what he loses in freedom he gains in culture; that though he cannot climb a tree or a lamp-post, he can soar into the infinities; that if he cannot throw brick-bats at windows and tie tin-pans to dogs' tails, he can, at least, edit a daily, nineteenth-century newspaper. Still the time will come when his boyish savagery will re-assert itself, when, it may be,—

"If that hypothesis of theirs be sound,"—

a more ancient and primeval savagery will in him wake and cry.

This human tendency, or phase of reminiscence, has various developments. The commonest is mere anger; a stupid, every-day, household experience, about which little need be said, and the less said the better. Then there is that mild mania,—perplexing to so many of its victims,—the sudden-springing desire to jump over the precipice, pitch the baby out of the window, laugh at the funeral, or throw the hymn-book at the head of the parson. And the parson himself; who shall say that it is not sometimes this same impulse that prompts him at times to throw fire and brimstone at the heads of the good people sitting so patiently beneath him?

I do confess I have read nothing lately with such keen relish as the story of the late Sandwich Island mob, who, when they heard, outside of the Court House, that Kalakaua was elected sovereign of the nation over their favorite, Queen Emma, set up a true Hawaiian yell, fell upon the honorable represen-

tatives, both inside and outside of the hall, cut them up, so to speak, into kindling wood, and for two mortal hours raged and ramped, slashed, crashed, screamed and roared through the building like so many lions and hyenas. At the end of two hours the main room looked as if it had been the scene of a railroad accident.

They do that kind of thing very well in Paris, but there they mix a little French ingenuity with the destruction, and, besides, the thing there is *raisonné*. There is some sense in it. The *petroleuse* has a certain vague apprehension of Nemesis. But this Hawaiian outburst apparently began and ended in foolishness. It was not a Cause, or even a Movement. It was quelled,—my friend, who was there that very day, tells me,—by a big U. S. marine, who himself carried a large part of the mob to the lock-up, six at a time—three in each hand. The King was quietly installed very soon after, and the insurrectionists seem to make as loyal subjects as Kalakaua could wish.

You need not tell me that it was a grand hatred for the new king that made them go on like wild beasts. No. They had a better provocation than that. For generation after generation they had been, to use Mrs. Muffin's expression, "sat upon" by civilized clothes, civilized customs, civilized governments, civilized laws, civilized proprieties, and civilization generally. The time had come when those in whom the old blood was hottest could stand it no longer. They arose, and in the names of their ancestors, smashed things. They had two happy

hours, while we may have a certain sympathetic understanding of the barbaric element in art, literature, and religion, that is very far from being able to endure it there. It is a thing which every man knows how to repress in his own bosom, and he sees no reason why the poet, for instance, should not do the same when it comes to a matter of artistic expression. If the ordinary civilized man easily conquers any possible desire to run howling and naked through the streets of the small village where he may happen to reside, why should a poet be permitted to send his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world?

If in art savagery is out of place, how much more in religion. It is not merely in rant that the tendency shows itself, but in that late and unlovely form of city evangelism, which has all the vulgarity of the backwoods ministry, but none of its alleviations. An ignorant, half-savage, but terribly sincere border camp-meeting preacher may season his discourse with such phrase and illustration as are native to himself, and to his rough congregation. But when a preacher, out of whom much of the brute should have been eliminated by contact with the decencies of life, mixes the Gospel with garbage, and spreads the stuff before his hearers, he is a shame and a nuisance. It will not do to hush up protest by saying that he "does good" to the class to whom he appeals. He should not approach the low on the level of their vulgarity. It is the Jesuit who does ill that good may come. Cleanliness and Christliness are one. Bad taste is bad morals the world over.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A New System in City Churches.

We are not at all sure that the absurdities of social life are pushed to their most criminal length in the great cities. The shopkeeper's wife in the country town who stints her children's future, that she may follow "the fashion," is just as guilty as her spendthrift sister on Murray Hill, who squanders thousands instead of single dollars. Certainly, it is from the cities that all well-grounded plans of social reform have come: they are more apt to be forced into existence by the friction of masses of human beings upon each other, and besides they are much more apt to have a fair trial, and easy adoption in larger, than in smaller towns. A man in a metropolis expects to change, to grow, in both his habits and opinions. But for unreasoning conservatism, for worship of worn-out precedent, for incurable caste distinctions, give us your village or country town!

Now, there is a system which has been adopted during the last two years in some of the large city churches, which seems to us to touch upon every relation of home or society, and to touch healthfully, too, with a meaning and vitality in it of sound common sense and Christian feeling. We mean the union of all the members or habitual attendants in a church into a club, for mutual benefit and aid. It is, primarily, a Beneficiary Society, where each member pays his monthly quota, and each, in case of illness or death, (no matter how wealthy he may be) receives a stated allowance. This plan seems to us to contain the idea of Christian Brotherhood much more truly than the usual uncertain almsgiving system of most churches, where the man who has fallen upon evil days, is placed upon the pauper list, and receives his dole as charity. In such a case, as well-to-do people should remember, it is a much easier exercise of Christian feeling to give than to receive. Supplementing this fund for sick-

ness, there is a coal and provision club, a library and reading-room, in which concerts and exhibitions are occasionally given, and an employment bureau, intended to secure situations for men and women. So far, the effort has been successful to keep these associations free from that marked religious character which would repel outsiders, and so defeat their object. It is to supplant the charms of the grog-shops and low theater in the eyes of the workman or homeless lad about town that the reading-room or library is intended, and not as a disguised lay-church. These clubs, of course, must be modified to suit the needs of each locality, but in any manufacturing town or place where large bodies of workmen or women are unemployed in the evenings, their success has been exceptionally rapid and permanent.

Coffee and reading-rooms on a smaller scale (the idea is English, we believe,) have proved as fortunate and healthful in their influence. These are not necessarily under a special church influence. One or two energetic men or women, with but a small outlay of time or money, hire a room, where books, magazines and the daily papers are to be found in the evening, with the addition, sometimes, of tea or coffee. The admission to the room is put at a nominal price. The refreshment is furnished at cost, by which the strong and praiseworthy prejudice among the working classes against a charity is avoided.

It really seems to us, that if our gently-bred women would use some of these rational practical modes of lifting their less fortunate brothers and sisters nearer to their level of life, their own homes and lives would be sunnier and stronger. Whether successful or not, they would at least bring into both the vitality of a noble purpose.

Archery.

AMONG the out-door amusements that England has sent us recently is archery. It is hardly a game, though it is more pleasant in company than alone, and is usually the recreation of a club having regular meetings and matches. The outfit for each archer is a bow, arrows for practice, and arrows of a better quality for matches, bow-strings, belt and pouch for carrying the arrows, grease-box, tassel, bracer, shooting-glove or tips,—merely a protection for the ends of the fingers,—targets, stands, scoring-cards, and a pricker with which to tally the match. There are two kinds of bows: backed bows made of several strips of wood glued together lengthwise, and pressed so tight as to avoid any danger of splitting; and self-yew bows, made of a single piece of yew, or of two pieces dove-tailed at the handle, so called, because it is the point over which the left hand closes in holding the bow in position to shoot. Authorities differ as to the best kind of bow; but, so far as can be judged, the majority favor the self-yew. The weight of the bows, of course, varies

widely; but one should be chosen that can be held firmly and steadily while taking aim; since a much better shot can be made with a light bow and arrow in an unflinching hand, than with a heavier one which makes the fingers tremble. The bow should be perfectly smooth, and no knot or pins allowed to break the surface. The slightest inequality will destroy the straightest aim. It is well, if possible, to have a bit of ivory or mother-of-pearl let in, where the arrow rests upon the bow, in order to prevent the wearing away of the wood. A bow should be well cared for, as it spoils easily. Little cracks called chrysls are the most dangerous; but the harm of these can be avoided, if observed in time. When noticed, they should be tightly bound with fine cord or thread dipped in glue, and then varnished. A bow should be thoroughly wiped after using, and kept perfectly dry.

There are two kinds, as well as several forms of arrows. The two kinds are self-formed, of one piece of wood; and footed, having a hard wood tip. The latter is considered the better kind, and the straight the better form; therefore the straight, footed arrow is the one to procure. An arrow with rather a dull point is thought to be the best for all purposes, and the notch to fit the string should be deep and perfectly smooth. The danger of splitting the arrow with the string is avoided, if a bit of horn is inserted in the end of the notch. The arrow must be carefully wiped every time it is picked up from the ground; for the slightest particle of earth clinging to it will spoil its flight the next time. It is for this purpose that the tassel, before mentioned, is kept. A woollen cloth or chamois leather would probably answer as well; but it looks prettier to have this large, full worsted tassel hanging from the belt, and so custom has adopted it.

The bow-string should not be too thin; it should be lapped with waxed thread, and this again with floss silk at the place where it is to fit the arrow notch. The string should fill the notch; but should not stuff it, lest it split the arrow. A string slightly worn should be at once removed; for it is likely to snap the bow.

The belt and pouch, sold expressly for archers of both sexes, are generally worn only at matches or club meetings; the pouch which will hold but four arrows not being large enough to contain the number needed for common practice. Besides the tassel and pouch, there are attached to the belt, the grease-box, scoring-card and pricker. The grease-box is any pretty little box,—frequently made of ivory, in the shape of an acorn,—which can readily be suspended from the belt. The grease is used by many archers to anoint the string and their shooting-glove with, that the arrow may fly more freely. It is not, however, necessary, and some of the best authorities do not recommend its use. If applied too liberally to the string, the latter will be likely to unravel. The scoring-card sold in the stores is a round piece

of card-board, painted in colors and circles to match the target, divided into three segments for three distances, and leaving the other side properly printed to mark the score. These cards, about the size of watches, are held in ivory frames. The frame, however, isn't at all needful; for by purchasing a single card for a pattern, any number may easily be made like it at home. The pricker is simply a pin or bodkin of ivory to prick the score with; though anything else would answer as well. It is perfectly practicable, though a little more trouble, to count the game—to call it such—in a book.

The bracer is a shield of leather, with three straps to fasten it round the left arm; partly to prevent the arm from being abraded by the recoil of the string, and partly to prevent the sleeve from getting in the way of the string. The shooting-gloves or tips are worn to protect the hands from accidental cuts by the string. Several kinds may be purchased; those consisting of a separate covering or tip for each finger being preferred. There is no apparent reason why any well, but not tight fitting chamois or castor glove, will not answer every purpose.

The usual targets are composed of a straw rope, twisted upon itself, till it is four feet in diameter. This is covered with canvas, and painted in five concentric circles of exactly the same width. The inner circle is painted gilt; the second red; the third blue; the fourth black; the fifth, and outer ring, white. In scoring the game, the gold counts nine, red seven, blue five, black three, and white one. When the arrow hits the edge of two rings, the higher one is counted, unless otherwise agreed. Two targets are needed, one at each end of the ground; and a person shoots but three arrows from one end. This involves walking back and forth, and gives much exercise in addition to that caused by the use of the bow. The target-stands, made of iron or wood, much resemble the legs of a photographic camera. The legs should be padded in some way to prevent injury to the arrows in case of striking.

The standing distance from the target is between fifty and sixty yards for a lady, and eighty and a hundred for a gentleman. It is always wisest for each club to make its own rules respecting distance, number of rounds, the number of shots constituting a turn, and, in fact, everything which shall have to do with the governing of the company. And when the rules are agreed upon, let every member obey them strictly, as only in obeying the rules can disagreement and unpleasantness be avoided. In England a captain is chosen, but any other name will serve for the leader. Published handbooks of archery furnish all the minor details and directions for the formation of clubs and their conduct, and it is well to have one for reference.

As yet archery is little known, and still less appreciated, in this country. But when it is more widely understood, it cannot fail to be popular. No

amusement exercises the muscles more thoroughly; it trains the eye, moreover, to clearness and range, exactness of observation, and measurement of distance, and is beneficial in many other ways.

Seasonable Food.

THE wholesomeness of food depends nearly as much on the time it is taken as on the quantity. We have grown so luxurious in our physical as well as mental tastes, that we are constantly tempted to eat things out of season. Yielding to the temptation, as we often do, we pay the penalty, soon or late, in temporary or chronic derangement of our health. The meat which is excellent in cold, may not be desirable in warm weather; fish is best during Spring and early Summer; vegetables and fruit are nutritious when they are fully ripened by sun and season, and not artificially stimulated. Nature knows what she is doing; she furnishes for every latitude the productions fittest for such latitude. We need variety, not so much at one time, as from time to time. The delicacies of the season will not hurt us; but the delicacies out of season certainly will, if long continued. The appetite so jaded as to crave oysters in July, or strawberries in December, needs careful correction by the adoption of the simplest habits. The palate naturally relishes what Nature has near at hand. As a rule, not only is the simplest food the best food, but the most seasonable is, in the long run, the most appetizing. There is no difficulty in determining what we should eat, since the products of our climate show us plainly month by month. Fish, flesh and fruit, by their plumpness, tenderness and ripeness, themselves denote when they are ready to be eaten. A sound stomach will profit by what ever an unspoiled palate enjoys.

Flowers.

THE sole fashion which should never change is the fashion set by good taste. A fashion that is not so set is the fashion of using artificial flowers where natural ones can be substituted. On hats or bonnets the former are, of course, indispensable; but they should never be worn in any other way upon the person, or employed in the decoration of rooms.

Ice-Water.

ONE of the most fruitful causes of dyspepsia,—our national disease,—is, unquestionably, traceable to the excessive drinking of ice-water. We use far more ice in this country than is used in all the world beside. While we are inclined to boast of this as a luxury, we forget that, like many other luxuries, it does a deal of harm. The temperature of the stomach at which digestion takes place, is from 98° to 100° (Fahrenheit). Consequently, the effect of swallowing ice-water, which must for a

while reduce the temperature from 30° to 40° at least, cannot fail to be hurtful, and if habitually indulged in, to insure the disorder so widely prevalent and so distressing in character. In cities and large towns we are perpetually drinking ice-water in winter as well as summer. We drink it before our meals, with our meals, after our meals, on going to bed and on getting up. In fact, there is no hour when we are awake that we do not drink it. If you ring the bell at any American hotel, the servant who answers it brings you a pitcher of ice-water, supposing that you want that anyhow, and that you must swallow a certain quantity before you are prepared to make your other wishes known. If you go to breakfast on a bitter cold morning, the first thing the waiter places before you is a goblet of ice-water; and the chief energy he displays is in keeping the goblet full to the rim. Although he may not get you anything you order, you can depend on him for a bounteous supply of the freezing liquid.

Immoderate drinking of any kind is almost entirely due to habit. This is particularly true of ice-water, which, by spontaneous reaction, has the effect of exciting, rather than allaying thirst. The more we take of it, the more we want. The man who begins with a pint a day, will, before a great while, crave half a gallon, and imagine that he cannot do with less.

Meanwhile, his food will have no chance to digest, and temporary indigestion will, in due time, become chronic. His deranged stomach will affect his head, and the indulgence of a foolish habit finally result in unhealthy action of the brain, and possible disturbance of his mental and moral faculties.

The objection is not to water in any reasonable quantities, but to the ice that is put into it. Water that is allowed to run for a while through pipes, or drawn from a well, is as cool, even in summer, as is consistent with perfect health. After drinking it for a time the palate will not ask for ice. It is advisable to vary water with cold tea, coffee, milk or lemonade, since the interchange of these has a tendency to diminish the amount of liquid wanted; and health generally is better preserved by little than by large drinking of any kind.

The Right or Left Arm?

THE question, whether a gentlemen walking with a lady should give her his right or left arm, is frequently discussed. Custom and written etiquette are rather in favor of the right, although there are excellent reasons in behalf of the left arm. Either one or the other, permanently retained, is vastly better than the awkward and absurd habit of changing arms, so as to place the lady on the inside of the promenade. One advantage of giving the left arm is that the person on the right naturally takes the lead, so that, in the country or city, in the street

or park, he thus readily directs the way, instead of waiting to consult with his companion, or causing a jostling by each of them trying to move to opposite points. Another advantage is, that in a crowded thoroughfare, such as Broadway, for example, where the sidewalk is invariably encumbered with merchandise and thronged with people, a gentleman needs his right arm to remove obstructions and keep rude or careless folks out of the way.

Accomplishments.

SO-CALLED accomplishments are a sort of mansard roof clapped on the sounder structure of the average English education. Why they are thus denominated, when in the possession of them so little is really accomplished, it is difficult to determine. Their material is generally as unsubstantial as that of the thing to which they have been compared, and, subjected to the fiery tests of life and experience, they are almost as readily destroyed. The acquirement of a little knowledge of music, certain rules of drawing, the process of mixing colors, and a few foreign phrases, are oftentimes the result of much misapplied industry. If music, drawing, and painting were studied and cultivated as arts, with the intent of becoming thoroughly proficient in them, that they might stand, if need be, in good, practical stead, then the time devoted to them would not be wasted. Instead of being mental folios in which to deck their ill-clothed minds in public, these attainments would be of deep and lasting satisfaction to their possessors, even though not put to any severer trial.

Few girls care enough for music and drawing to pursue them after being freed from the restraint of masters, and many would never begin such study were it not for the ambition of parents, guided by a society that demands all girls to be molded after one model. This idea is so obviously impossible as to be absurd. Countless good gardeners, milliners, dress-makers, housekeepers, have been spoiled in poor piano-players, simply because knowledge of the piano was considered an elegant acquisition; while an understanding of the other things was regarded as something that only necessity should require. The hours of strumming on unresponsive instruments, (unresponsive because touched by no sympathetic fingers,) which, otherwise employed, might have made capital cooks, are incalculable.

The original design was good—to enable women to impart pleasure and improvement to themselves and others; but it signally fails. Seldom are girls willing to play, or exhibit the work of their pencil to critical ears and eyes; and when good nature impels them to, what have they to offer? Ordinarily the merest smattering—more repellent to ripe judgment than total ignorance would be.

It is evident that an acquaintance with the alphabet of many branches is not so great an aid to intellectual improvement, as being thoroughly

versed in one. In this short life, it is much to know even one thing well. If thoroughly understood, everything from steak-broiling to oratorio-composing, should be considered an accomplishment. Pupils apt at figures should be taught book-keeping in place of minims and semi-breves; and

natural nurses given an insight into bottles and bandages, in lieu of curved lines and neutral tint. Thus the training of the mind in a direction at once natural and useful contributes to its healthiest growth, and redounds to individual advancement and general advantage.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Academy Exhibition.

AT last, after long waiting, there has come a day when one can leave the Academy of Design, and turn back to look at the pretty building without muttering—"Oh, what a goodly outside Falsehood hath!" The present exhibition, the forty-ninth, shows that something has waked up the artists, if not to a sense of their duty to the public, then to a sense of their duty to themselves. Prosperity had long ago packed up her things, and given notice of her intention not to renew the lease of the building, and had driven round to nearly all the studios, and left her card with the warning P. P. C. written in the corner. It was plain that something must be done; and it is plain that something has been done. Prosperity has thought the matter over, and concluded to give her landlord a little more grace; she's a woman, and has a right to change her mind. We have neither space nor the wish to go over the reasons why the Academy was in a bad way. But we will say this: that it always seemed to us childish in the artists to show such zeal in hunting up outside reasons for their want of success, in charging their decline and fall upon the ravages of those barbarians, the critics; or, upon the flood of foreign competitors; or, upon the wily tricks of picture dealers at home; or, upon the clubs. It was innocent lambs such as these that the wolf angrily charged with having muddied his water, not perceiving that the trouble came from his churning up the mud with his own feet as he stamped about in his excitement. There never was but one good, solid reason why the artists did not succeed, and that was because they painted poor pictures; and only one reason why the Academy went under, and that was, because the artists sent their poor pictures to the exhibition. People wouldn't pay to go see pictures that they wouldn't pay to own.

If any proof were wanted that this is the solution, we assert that every American artist who has striven for excellence in an earnest and devoted spirit, has not only deserved success, but has had it. We have hardly a single artist, let us loyally confess it, who can rightly be allowed genius; hardly one who has any gifts of poetical conception, or masterly execution, that command the suffrages of the world.

But we have a considerable number of men who love their art, and know its difficulties, and labor to perfect themselves in it, working in as unselfish, conscientious a spirit as any artists have ever done anywhere. The trouble has been that these artists are unambitious; they have not only no love of notoriety, which is well, but no desire for publicity of any kind, and they have kept away from the exhibitions, and thus, by not exerting their proper influence, have exerted an influence that has been injurious to the public welfare.

This year, thanks to a new spirit in the official direction, nearly all discords have been settled, old enemies have become friends, the indifferent have been stirred to activity, and a sincere effort has been made to produce an exhibition that should, in some adequate way, represent what the New York artists are doing.

The public agrees (see the newspapers *passim*) that the exhibition is the best we have had for a long time, and so it is; but yet it is too evident that the past few years have had a damaging effect upon our native art. The general effect is encouraging; there are so many more pictures than we have been accustomed to see, and so many men who have not exhibited for a long time are come back, that, at the first pleased survey, we get the impression of quality to match the quantity, and this is hardly borne out by a closer examination. Still, there are enough good pictures on the Academy walls to justify our reasonable hopes, and no one ought to be discouraged who studies carefully the pictures sent by C. C. Coleman, W. T. Richards, G. L. Lambdin, Fidelia Bridges, W. Whittredge, John La Farge, Geo. H. Boughton, and Jervis McEntee; and, no less, some by younger artists less known to the public—Oliver J. Lay, R. E. Emslie, Charles H. Miller; with some, above the average, to which ladies' names are signed: Miss M. R. Oakey, Miss MacDonald, Miss L. A. Poë, and Miss Virginia Granberry.

Music.

OUR summary for this spring must be, like Love's young dream, short but sweet. Rarely have we had to chronicle a season so crowded with interesting "events" as that of the past winter. The

mass of sporadic concerts and recitals of every grade has shown little or no falling off from previous winters. The Church Musical, the Mendelssohn, the Vocal Society, and other private associations have given their usual entertainments with the usual success. New associations for oratorio, have been formed or planned. In the one regard of piano-forte music, to be sure, a great gap has been noticed—we have had no Rubinstein, and no lesser light has arisen to take his place. Even at the moment of this writing, Mr. Mills's usual short series of recitals is reserved as a pleasant possibility for the warmer season. There has been almost absolutely nothing of chamber music properly so-called. But the main departments of the musical field have been amply, and more than amply, filled. Of Italian opera there has been such a sufficiency as we have hardly enjoyed in New York at any preceding time. Of the two opposed camps the fortunes have been, as might have been expected, widely different. In Tamberlik, M. Maretzek has given us, as Strakosch did with Mario, an operatic relique of the past, with precisely the same success, a little stir of sympathetic curiosity, and then—oblivion. Mme. di Murska has obtained the applause she deserves as one of the most marvelous *floriturists* of the modern stage—but that is all. Of real breadth of method, or intensity of dramatic feeling she shows little traces, and never, probably, could take any firm hold of the public sympathy. As to Mme. Lucca, we decline, for lack of space, to open by a hasty criticism a way to that discussion, which the mention of the name in connection with Nilsson inevitably calls up. Suffice it that the two great singers have, by a queer turn of Fate's wheel, been brought into the same camp, and by the time this notice is printed, will have been heard, if not together, yet, at least, on alternate nights, at the Academy. For M. Strakosch has been true to his old principle—to secure for the public the best material which money and labor will obtain, and trust the results to the operation of natural laws. With an enterprise which, in the autumn times of punic seemed likely to ruin him, but which later success has justified, he has given us, probably, the most thoroughly well-organized troupe yet heard in America—Nilsson, Cary, Torriani, Capoul, Maurel, Campanini and Nannetti; a make up—an artistic total, which has enabled the manager to produce any opera he has pleased. And he has pleased to give us, with all the accustomed good things, the two operatic novelties of the time, *Aida*, a *tendential* opera, strongly imbued with the modern German spirit, and *Lohengrin*, mystic, difficult, craggy, revolutionary, and sometimes almost tedious, but passionate, strong, imaginative and noble to a degree which we had hardly thought possible for any work of the lyric stage. For the moment, we have no time for further criticism, but are fain to pass on to the active and enterprising spirit which has made *Lohengrin* possible—we mean Theodore Thomas.

For without Thomas, and the musical education he has so nobly promoted—nay, without the specific attention he has so pertinaciously drawn to Wagner's music, it is fair to presume that *Lohengrin* would not have been given, or, being given, would have found a public too little trained for its proper appreciation or genial reception. Thomas has become an institution of our city. The more his splendid orchestra is heard,—and we have never heard it so much as this year,—the more indispensable does he seem to our culture, as the testimonials redoubled upon him this spring have in some sense indicated. It is pleasant to look forward once more to the cheery garden concerts, and still further to hope that by another year he may have put in operation his cherished plan of remaining throughout the winter in New York, and giving here a series of popular concerts in essentials like those of the Central Park Garden. Of English opera it is only necessary to say that Miss Kellogg in this, as in other fields, has been entirely successful. If English opera has a mission in America, it is likely to be accomplished.

Oriental Exploration.

BESIDES several societies in the old world now engaged in oriental exploration, there are two prominent ones in America: The Oriental Topographical Corps and the Palestine Exploration Society. These two organizations are entirely separate, both in their structure and their methods of work. The Corps is friendly to the objects of the Society however, and willing to coöperate with it when practicable.

The Corps has its second expedition in the east. It is led by Prof. James Strong, and has just completed important work in the valley of the Nile. The Professor is aided by an able staff of engineers, scientists and artists. This expedition is now following the route of the Israelites from the Red Sea to Sinai, and will pass from there, by way of the wild fastnesses of Arabia Petrea, to Southern Palestine; thence by way of Gaza and the Mediterranean coast line to Mount Carmel, and from there, east, to Bethshean, and northward through the regions of the Sea of Galilee to Damascus, returning southward through Bashan and Moab, and by the Dead Sea and the River Jordan to Jerusalem. Turning north again, it will pass through Central Palestine, and by way of Tyre and Sidon to Mount Lebanon. The expedition will then make a line of observations through Asia Minor and Greece, on its way home, late in the season.

Soon this organization will send other similar expeditions to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and to Ararat for thorough outline surveys of these regions with a view of following them, after finishing Palestine, with more minute work as soon as the way has thus been prepared to do so with economy of time and money.

These outline surveys are being made with sufficient triangulation to render them mathematically reliable as a permanent framework for future operations; sufficiently so, in fact, to construct from them far more minute maps of most of these regions than any now in existence. A nucleus for a museum of the stones, shells and birds, plants and flowers of Bible lands was secured by the pioneer expedition of the Oriental Topographical Corps which went out in 1873 under George May Powell. The pioneer expedition also made important observations relative to the location of Mount Calvary, and to the question of the "early and latter rain." It brought back valuable "squeezes" from written stones lately found far away in Upper Egypt, and secured and organized a corps of correspondents, composed of scientific men, who reside in Egypt, Syria and Northern Africa. Through these correspondents work is now being accomplished by an insignificant expenditure of money, which would cost many thousands of dollars if done otherwise.

Training Schools for Nurses.

THE good women of New York City may claim the credit of having first established "Training Schools for Nurses" in America, and that within the last year, though something had been done before, in a small way, at some of the smaller hospitals of this and other cities. The "State Charities Aid Association" having seen the ill condition of the great Bellevue Hospital in respect to nursing, and having more than twelve months ago obtained the consent of the Medical Board at Bellevue, and of the City Commissioners of Charities, actually opened a school for nurses in a few wards of the hospital in May, 1873. About a year ago the Committee on the New York Training School obtained their Home for the nurse-pupils at 314 East Twenty-sixth Street, close by the Bellevue Hospital, and have there received, since the 24th of May, 1873, between thirty and forty nurse-pupils, about half of whom still remain; the effective force of pupils now in the School being some twenty-five. They are all women, and they do the nursing in five or six wards of the Hospital. The number of applicants for admission to the School has been more than 100, and they were from all parts of the United States,—some even from California. The course of training is one year, during which the pupils perform the duties of nurse in the selected wards of the Hospital; for another year they bind themselves to be at the service, for wages, of the Committee of the School, and at the end of two years they are to receive diplomas as professional nurses. During their year in the School they receive their board at the Home, and are paid \$10 a month after a month of probation. Lectures are given them by experienced physicians, and they are constantly under the direction of a trained nurse, who is called "Superintendent" of the School. This lady has been Miss Helen Bowden, an English-

woman, who acquired her own experience in an English training school, there being several such in England, some of them long established. There are also good training schools in Germany.

From New York the germ of a training school for nurses was soon transplanted to Boston, Philadelphia and New Haven,—perhaps to other cities. The Boston school began to be organized in the summer and autumn of 1873, and was opened at the Massachusetts General Hospital on the 1st of November, some six months after the Bellevue School began. The number of pupils at first was eight, and is now fifteen; the whole number of nurse-pupils has been about twenty-five, selected from some sixty applicants. The present superintendent is Mrs. Mary Von Ollenhausen, a Massachusetts woman by birth, but by marriage a German baroness, who, after her husband's death, served as a volunteer nurse in the Union army during our war, and in the German army during the Franco-Prussian war. She has charge of three or four wards in the old Boston Hospital on McLean Street, and her pupils live in a Home just outside the hospital gate. Lectures are given weekly at the Home by eminent physicians of Boston, among them one or two women-physicians, who are on duty at the New England Hospital for Women and Children. From Philadelphia we have no report; in New Haven there is a small school connected with the New State Hospital there, in which, at present, there are eight or nine pupils. It was opened about the same time as the Boston School, and has gone on with much success.

These Schools have been established under many difficulties, to meet a great and increasing need in this country—that of skilled nurses for hospital, alms-house, and farm service. They have under training at present not more than fifty pupils, perhaps; but, if successful, they will soon be opened in all our cities, and will count their pupils by thousands. The profession of nurse is as important, and should be as honorable, as that of teacher, and it requires a discipline no less strict and careful. There are several hundred thousand women training in the United States to be teachers; there is need of almost as many nurses. It will be one of the best practical applications of Social Science if only a few thousand of the young women who annually fail as teachers shall be turned aside into the profession of nursing, for which they are better fitted; and if as many more, who might succeed in teaching, or any other good work, shall also take up this occupation.

The Last Fabulist.*

LORD LYTTON is a man of talent, as his father was, but he does not seem to know what to do with it. He has attempted many things, and has suc-

* *Fables in Song*. By Robert Lord Lytton, author of "Poems by 'Owen Meredith,'" "Lucile," etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

ceeded fairly in a few ; the supreme success which characterizes the great poet has always escaped him. His first appearance in the world of letters as "Owen Meredith" was so promising that the critics were deceived, as in the case of Alexander Smith. They recognized his faults, the chief of which was a marked imitation of Tennyson and Browning, but they said substantially that imitation was common to all young poets, and they were sure that he would speedily outgrow it ; his second volume would be more original. In due time this second volume appeared, and was not more original. The traces of imitation were fainter than before ; or to put it more accurately, there was less imitation of the letter of his favorite poets, and a greater reproduction of their spirit. For what it was, the work was not bad ; its inherent defect was that it was not genuine. One could not detect the true note of "Owen Meredith," if there was one, in the whole volume. There was no doubt that it was clever ; what was in doubt was sincerity of thought and feeling—the something which stamps a book as well as a man with honesty. There was a voice, but, like that of Pyramus, it came through a wall, What manner of man this Pyramus was—who could say ?

"Owen Meredith" melted into Robert Bulwer Lytton, and there was no change. Robert Bulwer Lytton is now Lord Lytton, and still there is no change. He is as clever as ever, perhaps, but a little more tedious. He grows prosier as he grows older, and he grows more and more ambitious. His most ambitious effort is his last, which can be read, as a matter of duty, but is not likely to be read otherwise. The task which he set himself when he proposed to write these "Fables in Song" was as much beyond his powers as it is beyond the literature of the age. There was a time when the writing of fables was a natural way of writing, but it has long been past. It was then, it would seem, the most certain method of conveying truth to the minds of the uneducated. They could not retain, much less understand, truth in the abstract, but they could both understand, and retain it, in its concrete form. A barbarian would remember a story, when he could not remember a maxim. Not Plato, but Æsop, was his best teacher.

It is difficult to classify these "Fables" of Lord Lytton, and, indeed, to guess why he wrote them, except to kill the time, and to keep his name before the public. They are unlike all the fables that we have ever read, either in prose or verse, beginning with those attributed to Æsop and Locman, and ending, say, with those of La Fontaine, Merrick and Langhorne. There are sixty of them, six or seven of which may be considered legitimate fables, in that their actors and speakers belong to the animal kingdom. The remainder are occupied with the inanimate objects of nature, one being a fable of a thistle, another a fable of a rain-pool, a third a fable of a shaving, and so on. It was possible once, and it

might have been again, to have interested a certain class of minds with dialogues the speakers whereof were animals, which, the imagination is willing to believe, are but one remove from men ; but when it comes to stones and leaves, winds and waters, the imagination refuses credence.

Shakespeare found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks ;" but he found no fables there. Nor has Lord Lytton. We hardly know what he has found, but it is certainly no addition to the poetic literature of the period. Regarded as verse merely, it is dull, thin-spun, wandering. No one poem is entirely satisfactory. Everything appears to have been written too easily, and without any regard to melody ; we are frequently disconcerted by the harshness of the measures, and their abrupt and singular changes. We are still reminded of other poets,—the "Introductory" poem is Browning all over,—and are still in doubt as to the style, the personality of Lord Lytton.

Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three."

BUFFON'S saying, "style is the man," meets its exception when applied to Victor Hugo. As he creates effects by combining situations to the verge of the impossible, so he strains expression up to and beyond the limit of nonsense for the sake of startling picturesqueness. In modest imitation of himself we might call him a fuliginous colossus, an immense incongruity of tender audacities. But penetrating through his cumulative iterations that weary, and his paroxysms of paradox that disgust, we find at the core sound belief, and warm sympathy, and passionate love of mankind. Waiving all consideration of that hot contest between the classic and the romantic schools, which will revive under other names as long as human nature lasts, and admits opposition between severe taste and careless ardor, when we touch the man we must acknowledge him to be large in heart, and mighty in thought. Great as he is, his subject, the French Revolution, exceeds his powers, even when he lashes them into convulsions. To exhaust it would demand not a dramatic trilogy, such as sufficed for the tragic themes of antiquity, but a series of prose epics, which he is unfortunately too old to complete. In this romance he seizes upon its culminating year and its bloodiest war, and leading the story from Paris, the scene of its civic crimes and grandeur, to La Vendée, the theater of its barbarism and heroism in arms, he paints its monstrous features with the mingled colors of thunderstorm and sunrise.

There is very little personality in the novel—no love, no individual ambition. Against the prodigious background the figures efface themselves, or are projected upon it only as incarnations of certain of

* *Quatre Vingt Treize*. By Victor Hugo. Librairie du Courier des Etats Unis, New York, 1874.

Ninety-Three. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Frank Lee Benedict. Harper and Brothers, New York.

the crude primal passions that rose in their naked reality out of the chaos, and ruled it. The courage bred of gentle blood, and the courtesy and generosity that vanished with the falling monarchy are embodied in Lantenac, the Vendean Marquis. His ruder followers and their enemies represent egotism turned patriotism; on one side in brute revolt against wrong, and on the other in blind devotion to tradition. Then two idealists appear, such as only that cataclysm could have called into being. Gauvain, the Republican military chief, dreaming a coming paradise on earth, while wreaking carnage and ruin in the present, and yielding his life by a noble breach of duty, is the idealism of glowing youth. Cimourdain, the omnipotent delegate in his camp of the Committee of Public Safety, a purer priest of good works as a renegade than he was when he wore the robes, looking forward with the light of dawn on his stern brow, relentlessly crushing all smaller virtues and mercies under zeal for his visionary republic, is the cooler, more fanatical idealism of maturity. The romancer must make him die in order to make him possible—for had such a being lived he would, by the sheer force of his truth, have overthrown the triumvirs, yet prevented the empire. The only woman-figure introduced is an embodiment of the animal instinct of motherhood,—nothing more, neither in color, nor form, nor feeling, than that mysterious goad of maternity,—and painfully, in some passages of the story shockingly real.

These personations of some passion or principle are bound together by a very slight plot, giving room for several of those episodes of highly-wrought description and realistic detail, in which Hugo is at his best. One of these occurs in the cruise of an English corvette, conveying Lantenac to Brittany, from which he escapes, avoiding her fate when, shattered by tempest, she is cannonaded to pieces by a French squadron. The scene is full of powerful effects of sea and storm pictures, crowned by the extravaganza, astonishing for its vigor and variety, of a gun breaking loose on board the cruiser. Another episode is a dialogue between Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, every word of which breathes murder. Again, there is a magnificent full length of the Convention, crammed with grotesque epithets, and piled high with citations, *mots*, and personal traits. The wonderful description of the burrowing multitudes crowding the Vendean forests we feel must be true, in spite of its unnaturalness. And we pardon the violent contrast that places three child-figures in the mid fury of siege and conflagration, and fills a pause in the tumult with their sweet voices of sport and wonder, for the sake of the exquisite touches lavished on the miniature. The frame of the story is jointed, or disjointed rather, out of such startling contrasts. Utter peril shifts to serene security, sudden ruin meets unhopd rescue, life and death stare each other in the face over and again. As in all his romances, we must consent to breathe the air of the region of the incredible, and submit to the fantasies

of a ghastly Arabian Nights. The style corresponds with this frantic medley of situations. Ideas of wholly diverse orders are plastered together by an epithet, and vague suggestions forced into the shape of a comparison. What translator will not despair of such phrases as "a pink soul," or such flights as "the mysterious relation between a priest and a centaur, each being one-half a man?" Translation is, in fact, impossible. The words may be rendered, but withdrawn from the ethereal atmosphere of the French tongue, the sense vanishes, untransfused into homely English speech. It cannot even be said of Hugo that he may be rendered out of Hugo into French, and then into English, as it can be said of Richter, that one may turn his Richter-esque into German, and then translate it. Still the spell of genius is over the book, even though most of its pages shudder with a delirium tremens of thought, flung out in an epilepsy of expression.

"A Princess of Thule."*

ITS grand descriptions of rocky shores and broad waters would, of themselves, make this book worth reading. Its pictures of the Hebrides under the changeful skies of their short summer are full of breeze and color, relieved by the few graver touches given to the poverty of soil and vegetation that barely nourish their rude, hardy people of fishermen. The manner in which the slight plot of the story is treated is in keeping with that large and simple nature. Of course the figures need a background of social life, and this is shifted from the islands to London, and seems to grow wider and stronger as it is brought northward again. But this life in either sphere is very skillfully sketched only in mass and outline, without wearisome details distracting interest from the few persons of the story. The most winning of these, the lady of the islands herself, is a rare and delicate conception, finished with the fewest and firmest strokes. A dozen sentences tell all her history and character, and still scantier description is bestowed on her looks and ways, and yet, slight as these hints are, they leave a distinct and lovely figure of her personality—an image of perfect truth and tenderness meeting in exquisite womanhood. "The girl was somehow the product of all the beautiful aspects of nature around her." It was the sea that was in her eyes, it was the fair sunlight that shone in her face, the breath of her life was the breath of the moorland winds." Lavender, the careless, pleasure-loving artist, transplants this delicate northern flower to the hot-house air of London, where she pines and withers until his unbearable neglect drives her to escape into the freedom of her natural life, only to find its content and brightness gone. Her loss startles Lavender back to the knowledge of his better nature, and after due

* *A Princess of Thule*. A novel. By William Black. New York: Harper Brothers, 1874.

penitence, and the discipline of hard work which wins him fame while making him worthier of her, they meet again in a reconciliation which is very pathetically and charmingly told. Old Mackenzie, Sheila's father, is a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, whose intense love for his daughter gives him real dignity of character among his rough Gaelic surroundings. What he wants in worldly wisdom finds itself amply supplied by the hero's aunt, Mrs. Lavender, who serves the young people as a kind of grim providence, and is amusing in her novel eccentricities. It is not more opportunely for her nephew that she departs than for the author, who would have been puzzled to carry her extraordinary career to any other end than the sudden death that relieves him of her. The attention drawn to Mr. Black by his *Daughter of Heth* will be increased by the more artistic construction and clearer characterization that mark this later novel, leading into a new field of description, both of nature and manners, which we hope is yet far from being exhausted.

The First of the "Bric-a-Brac" Series.

THE contents of the first volume of the Bric-a-Brac books (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) accords, fortunately, with its title. From the three books by and concerning Chorley, musical critic, Planché, dramatist, and Young, actor, Mr. Stoddard has selected some of the brightest bits of biography and reminiscence which have appeared of late years; curious stories and odd sayings of quaint, old-fashioned folk, whose names are more or less familiar to us: "Horace Walpole's Miss Berrys," George III., Sir Lumley Skeffington, L. E. L., Billy Dunn, Theodore Hook, Lady Morgan;—besides anecdotes of Thackeray, Louis Napoleon, Rachel, Hawthorne, Malibran, Sydney Smith, Lord Lytton, Count d'Orsay, Kemble, Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge;—it is like spending an hour in an old curiosity shop, rich with relics of the days that are no more.

"The Heiress of Washington."

6 Lafayette square, Washington, D. C., 25th Feb., 1874.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & CO.—*Gentlemen*: My attention was called yesterday to an article in the March number of your magazine, entitled "The Heiress of Washington."

I write to you as one of the heirs and representatives of the late General John P. Van Ness, and representing a large portion of the estate.

With the general statements, descriptive and otherwise, of the article referred to, I make no complaint, as it is well written and reasonably accurate in the general statements of the facts of which it purports to treat.

That portion of the article, however, to which not only myself, but the other members of the family, take great exception is the conclusion, which refers to the removal of the family mausoleum. The writer of the article, while just to the memory of the dead, does gross injustice to the actions and motives of the living.

I assume it was unintentional, and that the writer was led into error through ignorance of the facts and the want of specific information—which, however, he could have readily obtained from the proper sources.

The concluding portion of the article, commencing with the words: "What should have been her last abode?" to the close asserts:

1st. That the place set apart by Mrs. Van Ness, who was formerly *Marcia* (not *Maria*) Burns, as a place of sepulture should have been permanently retained for that purpose, and, hence, that the structure thereon should never have been removed.

2d. That for forty years the remains had there reposed without a friend or relative to guard the sacred dust; and the tomb was left in such neglect, that its removal was demanded for sanitary reasons.

3d. That *land* had so much increased in value that the place could not be spared for the original purpose.

4th. That the bodies were exhumed by *strangers* and carried to Georgetown, and the mausoleum removed with them, (probably by the same considerate strangers).

5th. That the "stranger heirs" loved the *place* of her grave so much better than they did her memory or her wishes, that they sacrificed them both without scruple, in order to obtain the pecuniary value of her last resting place.

These are the statements and charges loosely made by our worthy historian.

In this immediate vicinity, where the facts are well known, no answer or refutation would be necessary, and no notice would be taken of the statements; but your journal is too widely read and too influential for us to allow, for a moment, such imputations as these, so wholly gratuitous, uncalculated for, and unfounded in fact, to pass unnoticed or uncontradicted. They are absolutely groundless.

The simple facts are, that the family mausoleum erected by General John P. Van Ness was situated on an original lot in a square formerly belonging to the Burns family. It was entirely surrounded and protected by a substantial wall, and "guarded" by a church on one side and an asylum on the other, and was never in a state of neglect. It is true no policeman stood perpetual guard; neither did friend or relative think it incumbent upon them to perform that personal service; but it never was without all proper care and supervision on the part of those whom it most concerned.

The location was in the center of a rapidly growing city, and the large enclosure interfered with recent sub-divisions. By municipal enactment an alley-way was condemned, which would have destroyed a portion of the original enclosure and a portion of the mausoleum itself. The church adjacent is about to remove to another location, and the orphan asylum, founded by Mrs. Van Ness, has already done so.

No outside parties or strangers instigated, recommended, or, as far as I am aware, advised the removal. It was the voluntary act of the heirs and representatives of General Van Ness, for the sole purpose and object of placing the honored remains, as well as the beautiful structure itself which contained them, in a more eligible, secure and commanding situation, and under the perpetual guard of a corporation which never dies. The solid vaults beneath the surface and the solid stone structure above were carefully removed to one of the finest and most commanding sites in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown. It was done under the able professional supervision of Edward Clark, Esq., architect of the U. S. Capitol, and the personal supervision of myself and Charles W. Van Ness, representing the heirs of General Van Ness. It was done at their sole cost and expense. The cost attending the removal and transfer to Georgetown (about ten thousand dollars) considerably exceeded the pecuniary value of the lot, the proceeds of which were wholly devoted to that purpose.

It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to conjecture how any "stranger heirs" could have greatly profited by the transaction.

These are the essential *facts*, and you can readily see how wide of the mark are the imputations and charges made in this connection.

You will allow me to say that the heirs and relations of General Van Ness do not require any advice or admonition from any source to revere the memory of *Marcia* Van Ness. Her virtues and her memory are a precious legacy which

will be guarded by them with the same jealous care they have recently shown in the removal and adornment of her tomb.

I will only say, in conclusion, that the very print of the tomb, which forms one of the illustrations of the article in your magazine, and which is a very correct representation of the mausoleum, as it now appears, in the beautiful cemetery of Oak Hill, should, of itself, be a sufficient answer to the imputation that the removal and reconstruction was carried out by strangers or stranger heirs, "who loved the place of her grave better than her memory or wishes."

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM H. PHILIP.

Note from Author.

THE author of "The Heiress of Washington" sees no occasion, with one exception, to modify his statements. His assertion that the property passed to stranger heirs, is proved by the letter of Mr. Philip, who writes "representing a large portion of the estate," he having no connection with the Burns family, and with the Van Nesses only by marriage. The collateral heirs of Gen. Van Ness claim that the property once belonging to the Burns family.

That the mausoleum was left in neglect is evident from a statement, published as long ago as January, 1870, that "neglect, and time, and wandering cows are rapidly robbing it of its beauty."

That Mrs. Van Ness supposed that the church and the asylum would forever guard her dust, seems evident, from this: that when the trustees of the asylum offered it for sale, it was always understood that the heirs claimed that its use for any purpose but that of an orphan asylum, would cause its reversion to the heirs. It was, therefore, sold to the Catholics for the orphans, and an orphan asylum exists there at this day.

Mr. Philip asserts that the cost attending the removal to Georgetown was about ten thousand dollars exceeding the proceeds from the sale of the lot. If so, and his statement renders it certain that it is so, the imputation that the heirs were influenced by pecuniary motives was unfounded and unjust. But no one could ever have dreamed that the cost of a lot in a cemetery, and the removal of an existing monument, not one cent to be expended in alteration or improvement, would ever have reached a large portion of that sum.

Books Received.

Philosophy of English Literature. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hampton and its Students. By Mary F. Armstrong and Helen W. Ludlow. With plantation songs, arranged by Thomas P. Fenner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Westminster Sermons. By Charles Kingsley. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Animal Locomotion; or, Walking, Swimming and Flying. By J. Bell Pettigrew. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Pyrenees. By H. A. Taine. (Unillustrated Edition.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Rockbourne. By Marion Eliza Weir. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The National Temperance Orator. Edited by Miss L. Penney. New York: National Temperance Society, and Publication House.

Life of Charles Dickens, Vol. III. By John Forster. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Thorpe Regis. By the author of "The Rose Garden." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Record of Mr. Alcott's School; Exemplifying the Principles and Methods of Moral Culture. Third Edition, revised. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Education of American Girls, Considered in a Series of Essays. Edited by Anna C. Brackett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

No Sex in Education. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Phila.: J. M. Stoddard & Co.

First Lessons in the Principles of Cooking. By Lady Barker. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Lincoln and Seward. By Gideon Welles. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Hubert Freeth's Prosperity. By Mrs. Newton Crosland. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Maggie's Mistake. By L. Fralich. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The Structure of Animal Life. Six lectures delivered at Brooklyn Academy of Music in January and February, 1862. By Louis Agassiz. (Third Edition.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

On Missions. A lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey on December 3, 1873. By F. Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. With an introductory sermon by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The Bible Commentary. Vol. IV. Job—Psalms—Proverbs—Ecclesiastes—The Song of Solomon. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The Minor Prophets: Exegetically, Theologically, and Homiletically Expounded, by Paul Kleinert, Otto Schmoller, George R. Bliss, Talbot W. Chambers, Charles Elliott, John Forsyth, J. Frederick McCurdy, and Joseph Packard. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D. (Lange's Commentary, Vol. XVI.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Agricultural Experiments.

As the result of thirty years' experiments on the farm at Rothamsted, Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert find that nitrogenous manures are of primary importance if luxuriant cereal crops are to be raised. As nitrogenized manures are very expensive, it is a matter of great importance to employ them in the most economical manner. Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, knowing the composition of the manure that has gone on to their fields, and the composition of the crops that have been carted off, can tell exactly what proportion of the nitrogen applied has been assimilated by the plant. They find, on an average of twenty years,

that wheat assimilates about forty-five per cent. of the nitrogen in a spring dressing of nitrate of soda; about thirty-three per cent. in the case of an autumn dressing of sulphate of ammonia; and only fourteen and a half per cent. of the nitrogen supplied by farm-yard manure. With barley the proportion assimilated is rather greater, being forty-nine per cent. for a spring dressing of ammonium salts. A considerable portion of the missing nitrogen is found by analysis to be still present in the soil, but in some state of combination unsuitable for the use of plants. A still larger portion is conveyed away in the drainage-waters, and in the case of the ammonium salts and of nitrate of soda, the chief

loss is through this channel. It plainly appears from these results that ammonia, when applied to the soil, is quickly converted into nitric acid, and in heavy rains may be easily washed out. During autumn and winter there is little evaporation from the soil, and no consumption of water by a growing crop. As soon, therefore, as the surface soil is saturated, most of the subsequent rain-fall will pass into the subsoil, or find its exit through the drains. It is evident, among other conclusions from these important facts, that ammonia should only be applied to the land in the spring, when the crop is able to make immediate use of it. It may also be found that on gravelly and sandy soils, which have little power of holding water, organic forms of nitrogen, as rape cake and farm-yard manure, may be more certain in their effects than ammonia or nitrates. (*Nature*.)

Temperature in Men and Women.

DR. J. STOCKTON publishes in the *Philadelphia Medical Times* the following results of an investigation into this subject: 1st. Males have, as a rule, from the beginning to the end of life, a higher temperature, and a less frequent pulsation of the heart, than females, varying, nevertheless, according to temperament, constitution, age and condition of health. 2d. Children have a higher temperature at birth, and for a short time subsequently, which, though slightly lower than that of an adult, nevertheless slowly declines to a certain point until about the sixth year of age, after which it gradually increases until maturity is reached, when it gradually and slowly declines again as old age advances. The pulsation of the heart follows just the opposite course, being most frequent when the temperature is lowest and less frequent when it is highest. 3d. Males have a greater variation in temperature than females, thus agreeing with their greater variation in stature and many other peculiarities. 4th. From these results the author concludes that the woman approaches more nearly to the condition of a child than the man does, and is, consequently, less highly developed. The male he regards as a secondary evolution from the female.

Solar Heat.

RECENT researches with the spectroscope, chiefly by Mr. Norman Lockyer, have thrown much light upon this question. It is now clearly made out that the sun consists, near the surface, if not throughout its entire mass, of gaseous elementary bodies, and, in a great measure, of hydrogen gas, which cannot combine with the oxygen present, owing to an excessive elevation of temperature, which has been estimated at from 20,000° to 22,000° Fahr. This chemically inert and comparatively dark mass of the sun is surrounded by the photosphere, where its gaseous constituents rush into combustion, owing to reduction of temperature, in consequence of their expansion and of radiation of heat into space.

This photosphere is surrounded, in its turn, by the cromosphere, consisting of the products of combustion, which, after being cooled down through loss of heat by radiation, sink back, owing to their acquired density, towards the center of the sun, where they become again intensely heated through compression, and are "dissociated" or split up in their elements at the expense of internal solar heat. Great convulsions are thus continually produced upon the solar surface, resulting frequently in explosive actions of extraordinary magnitude, when masses of living fire are projected thousands of miles upward, giving rise to the phenomena of sun spots and of the corona which is visible during total eclipses of the sun. The sun may, therefore, be looked upon in the light of a gigantic gas furnace, in which the same materials of combustion are used over and over again.

Photographing in Colors.

IN 1839, Sir John Herschel noticed that paper that had been made sensitive by chloride of silver, and then exposed to light until it had darkened, was in a condition to reproduce various colors when again exposed to the action of light, under strongly colored pieces of glass. The processes which have in recent times given the most satisfactory results are based upon this original observation of Herschel. Among these, that of M. Poitevin consists in taking paper that has been imbued with subchloride of silver, and floating it on a mixture, in equal portions, of saturated solution of bichromate of potash, a twenty-grain solution of chloride of potassium and a saturated solution of sulphate of copper. The paper is then dried in a dark room, when it is ready for exposure. The order of action of the spectrum is the reverse of the course in ordinary photography, the red appearing first, while the more refrangible rays or violet require a prolonged exposure. The prints are finally fixed by successive immersions in water acidulated with chromic acid and a weak solution of nitrate of lead in distilled water.

Birds as Architects.

IN an article on "House Martins as Builders," Henry J. Slack remarks: "If it is said that birds are accustomed to do the same things in the same way, over and over again, for years and generations, it should be remembered that this is also true of many races of men. After any building creature has formed a habit of constructing its abode in a particular way, it will most likely continue it until some change of circumstances renders it impracticable or inconvenient, and then whatever powers of reason and observation it possesses will be exerted to get over the difficulty by some alteration in the material or plan." The writer then describes how this has been done by the martins frequenting the eaves of his house, and adds: "I may be fortunate in having my house frequented by a more experimental race of martins than is common and there may be an advanced thinker among them, analogous

to the reformers, who sometimes spring up among stagnant tribes of men. I cannot, however, venture to flatter myself that this is the true explanation, until I hear the result of careful inquiries in other quarters. All I can say is, that the martins' nests round my roofs exhibit nearly as much variety in form as the houses of the human folks in the village below, and a reason can usually be seen for the variations they display. Open-topped nests have been found in the most sheltered places. When the birds' abodes have been built in couples, like the semi-detached villas in the outskirts of towns, the entrances have been arranged so as not to come too close together. The distances are sufficient to render collisions of out-going and in-going birds improbable, and I notice other adaptations of means to ends.

Circular Compass Needles.

M. E. DUCHEMER claims the following advantages for this form of needle:

1st. The magnetic power for a given diameter is double that of a needle whose length is equal to this diameter. 2d. The existence of two neutral points has the effect of making the poles more constant, and it is so well preserved that the strongest sparks of a Holtz machine produce no displacement. 3d. When well mounted and balanced by a plate of agate, it moves to perfection. 4th. An increase of sensibility in the magnet in proportion to its diameter. 5th. The possibility of neutralizing the magnetism of the vessel by means of a second magnetic circle, and so permitting the compensation of the compass before sailing.

Memoranda.

The Lancet says that the purposeless manner in which several horrid murders have lately been committed in England almost justifies the belief that some secret society for the destruction of human life has been formed. In the case of a young Frenchman, who was stabbed while walking near the Victoria Docks, the attempt was made to preserve life by the transfusion of blood from the arm

of one of the hospital dressers. Though success was not attained, the attempt deserves a repetition.

Silliman's Journal for December contains a fine photograph of the diffraction spectrum by Prof. Henry Draper. In the discussion of the same, the Professor arrives at the conclusion that "the exact composition of even a part of the spectrum of a metal will not be known until we have obtained photographs of it on a large scale."

Dr. Vogel, in a letter to *The Photographic News*, states that he has discovered that bodies which absorb the yellow ray of the spectrum render the bromide of silver sensitive to yellow light. The addition of corallin, for example, to a bromide of silver film, makes it as sensitive to yellow as to blue light. In like manner bodies that absorb red light render the bromide of silver film sensitive to the red rays.

In an address before the Chemical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dr. Lunge, the President, says: You find in all chemical works on the Continent, I may say, without exception, one, sometimes several, chemists of thoroughly scientific training, who have acquired their theoretical basis by three or four years' study at a University or Polytechnic Institution. One establishment keeps something like half a dozen such chemists (not practical managers), with salaries varying from £300 to £400, and it retains the services of an accomplished chemist, of scientific reputation, at a salary of £2,000 per annum, exclusively for theoretical work in the laboratory.

The Technologist enters into a discussion of the possibility of employing electricity as a motor, and arrives at the conclusion that when electricity can be produced as cheaply as steam, the application in question will be feasible. For certain purposes, however, electricity can never be supplanted or driven from the position it has attained, as for example in the operation of telegraphing, or in any operation where it is desired to transmit power or motion to a distance without serious loss.

ETCHINGS.

Diogenes in America.

THERE was an old man, in the days of old,
(You may make them as old as ever you please.)
Of whom some very queer stories are told.

His heathen name was Diogenes;
For he was a heathen, as you will see,
And lived at a place called Sinope,
Which was somewhere in Pontus, (where that may be,
I haven't the most remote idee!)
Now this old man, when he was a lad,
Was, like most other children, the son of his dad,
Whose reputation was rather bad,

On account of a swindling way he had
Of passing bad greenbacks—No, I forget,
The limitless greenback was not yet—
But whatever was current money then—
A proceeding that riled his fellow men,
Who started a Vigilance Committee,

That went for him straight,
But arrived too late,
For, guessing their game, he had fled from the city,—
Getting away with the greatest ease.
As easy as Field, or Harry Genet,
Never stopping to pay a debt,—
He, and his son Diogenes.

Such was my hero, and such his sire,
 Into whose after-fate we will not inquire:
 My story concerns him not, but his son,
 Who, missing the stamps that he used to get,
 Was at first a little inclined to fret,
 But, finding that something must be done,
 Wisely refrained from weeping his loss over,
 And went to Athens, and turned philosopher!—
 A kind of man that was tolerated,
 Generally laughed at, seldom hated,—
 Though few his pretensions would allow,
 And very much like the Bummer now!
 Diogenes being the latest comer
 Was the laziest and most shiftless bummer:
 He had no garments, or next to none,
 A cloak for his back, and a shirt, perhaps,—
 A greasy wallet, to hold his scraps,
 For they gave him victuals, and he got on.
 How could he fail, when he lived rent free,
 Munching his grub
 In a sort of tub

That belonged to the temple of Cybele?
 (It is not so stated, but I opine,
 It was used before him by other swine!)
 No house-rent to pay (more happy than I!)
 No clothes, to speak of, to wash and dry,
 He sat and railed at the passers-by:
 Against rich and poor, and young and old,
 He wagged his tongue. And we are told
 That when Alexander came one day
 To see him where he sat, or lay,
 And asked him what he should do, he said,
 “Nothing,—but just get out of my way,”—
 And the Conqueror—didn’t punch his head!



As the years went by he hit on a plan
 To concentrate his contempt for man,
 Which was, whenever the humor seized him,
 To wander about, wherever it pleased him,
 In city or town, by day or night,
 And carry a lantern, which he would light,

And swing about as he walked, or ran,
 Pretending to look for an honest man!

A pretty one, he,—

But that was his plea:—

But I think, on thinking, you'll think with me,
 It's far more likely that he went round

To get, as they say, the lay of the ground,—

Where the strong box was,—and the dog was
 kept,—

In short—for it's better the truth to speak—

To put up a job on some rich Greek,

And to crack his crib that night while he slept!

It was little, eccentric pranks like these,

Which were no great strain on his mental powers.

That have handed the name of Diogenes

Down from his distant day to ours.

He lived, as I've told you he died, they say;

But there I venture to disagree:

If he ever lived, he's alive to-day,—

Or was until lately, as you shall see,—

For I saw him myself, and none but he!

My theory is, that what was sport,

Became dead earnest with him at last;

That from town to town, and from port to port,

And from world to world, he passed and passed.

Condemned like the Wandering Jew to go,

Under some deathless heathen ban,

To and fro, and no rest to know,

Until he had found his honest man!

However this be, you may take my word

That I have seen, and that I have heard

Diogenes, sirs, as you shall hear,

If you'll lend me, as Shakespeare says, an ear.

I was sitting alone in my room one day,

Reading the news of the day before,

When I heard a thundering rap at the door.

I rose in a rage (I think I swore),

And flung it wide open, and stood at bay

Against whoever was standing there:

'Twas a dirty old man, with whitish hair,

Clad in a rusty suit of black,

And munching a bit of bread and cheese

The greasy wallet, the cloak on his back,—

I saw it was poor Diogenes!

I hailed him at once in the choicest Greek,

A language he could no longer speak,

That he had forgotten—he shook his head,

“Are you,” in English, he straightway said,

“Are you the honest man that I seek?”

“Not much,” I answered, “not any at all,

Indeed, I cannot afford to be;

This is the Age of Dishonesty;

We are all of us guilty, great and small.”

“That is certainly honest,” he replied:

And then, with a deprecating air,

“Would you mind, kind sir, if I take a chair?

I've asthma, and twenty complaints beside.”

“Not in the least, sit down, old bloke.”

When he could recover his breath he spoke:

"You are a scholar, I see, and know
What happened to me so long ago;
What has happened since, you may know some day,
At present I've something else to say,
And that, in brief, is that I am here

On my old, old errand. Up and down
The noisy streets of this nasty town,
(Do they sweep it as often as once a year?)
I have wandered—ending as I began,
For I haven't yet found my honest man!"
"Who have you called upon?" And he:
"People of high and low degree,—
I go for every man that I see,
And the moment I mention Honesty,
They do as you did—they laugh at me!
I questioned an eminent merchant once,
Who stared at me hard, and muttered, 'Dunce!
If you were not ignorant of Trade,
You'd know how fortunes are lost and made.
Honest? Of course, we are all of us that.'
And then, to his scribe, sir, 'What a Flat!'
'Old fellow,' to me, 'in the scramble for pelf,
I have met but one honest man—*myself*.'
I left him rejoicing, and heard the next day
That he'd broken a bank, and ran away:
And, to console him, while he kept shady,
Had taken another gentleman's lady!

When I speak of a bank, sir,
I'm reminded of "Hank," sir,
Whom your people buried with so much display;
Cleaning the snow for him,
That the soldiers might go for him,—
It was rather expensive,—pray, who has to pay?
And there was another man—what was his name?
"Cullender?" "Callender." "Yes, the same:
I wonder if I could obtain his place?
I should like to borrow some thousands on these:"
The fool unfolded, and stuck in my face
Some stock of the days of Pericles,—
Scrip for a future chariot race,—
And a note of the scamp Alcibiades!
"But as I was saying"—(he wasn't at all,)
"I went to the street that is called after Wall,
Where I found a stone temple—it wasn't a beauty—
Dedicated, they said, to the goddess of Duty:
I went in with my lantern, and, strange to behold,
The goddess accepted no offering but Gold!
I spoke to a person, who appeared a director,
(He was chewing a straw, and he smelt rather
turfy.)
'If you're looking for Honesty, see the Collector.'
And then, to a messenger, 'Show him to Murphy.'
Mr. Murphy was out, so they took me to Jayne.
A man to remember, sir." "So I am told."
"I thought I remembered his fingers of old,—
They gripped me so tight that I winced with the
pain.
He locked the door after me. 'State me the case.'
The light of my lantern I flashed in his face,
'I have come—Put it out!—or somebody'll—hark!

I don't work in that way, I work in the dark.
What house is it now?" "Mr. Jayne," I began,
'You've heard, sir, of me.'
'Very likely,' said he.
'I'm Diogenes, looking for one honest man.'



'Have you found him?' 'Not yet—so they sent me
to you.'

He started—looked queer,
And then grew severe,
For he showed me a handcuff! 'Old man, it wont
do:

Some men are all ears, but I am all eyes;
I have hosts of officials, informers and spies:
They are looking, like you '—'For an honest man?'
'No—

For the scoundrel importers who cheat in their
duties,
Rob the Government—Dash them!—and me of
my booties—

I mean, my just moities.' 'Yes, sir, just so.'
'I like you, old fellow, and some day you'll find—
Were you ever in business? Where do you lodge?
I'm up to all dodges, and down upon Dodge.

You understand now;
Give me your hand now.'—

I thought I had left half my fingers behind!"
"I see that you've hitherto failed," I said,
"In finding the mythical man that you seek.

Have you seen our lawyers, and heard them speak?
You have a sort of legal head
That would soon detect them in honesty."
"Young man," said the cynic, "you're chaffing me.
If I should tell you one-half that I saw,—
(But it's still too recent to be described.)

How juries are packed, and judges are bribed,—
You'd stop to reflect, not joke at the Law."
"Well, the Pulpit, then." "They call me 'A Flat,'
But I'm too wise to meddle with that;
For I am a heathen, sir, as you see,
And like to continue long to be,

If what has been told me, and what I have known,
Of popular preachers throughout your land—

I pass no judgment, you understand,
But, sir, by your leave, I'll leave 'em alone.
But I was going—" the sage went on,
(He was always going, and not yet gone !)

"I was going, I say, to name one more,
Whom I was advised at once to see,—
And who was as honest as he could be.
What was the name now on the door?"
"Was it 'Tweed,' or 'Connolly'?" "Who are they?"

"Two honest men of the present time."
"Whoever it was, he was out that day."

"Yes, one has gone to a sunnier clime,
(For his health, I suppose,
Though nobody knows :)

While the other—the poor, old man is sick,
Think of it,—old, and sick, and alone !—
Has exchanged his modest mansion of brick,
And gone, for a time, to a palace of stone,
Built on a nice little Island near,
Expressly for such choice spirits as he.
Could you see him? He doesn't receive, I hear :
You must look elsewhere, then, for Honesty !
But the man you mentioned?" "I am told
Of an honest man that I ought to behold,
I am told of a man—I see you are weary—
Who used to be something or other in Erie.

(What Erie may be
Is Greek to me,)

Who might have made millions—perhaps, who did—
But took the back track,
And handed them back,

With an Opera House, that his partner had hid—
O, where is this great man's Pyramid?"

"You silly old dolt," I said, "you're fooled ;
That isn't your Honest Man,—that's Jay Gould !"

"What shall I do, then? Where shall I go?

This is *your* country : tell me, please."

I looked at him sternly, and sadly—No—
A tear in the eye of Diogenes !

"Go to Washington next," said I. "Go now."

He rose up sadly, and made me a bow.

"Your kindness I shall never forget :
You're the honestest man that I've met yet.

Not all honest, eh?" I answered then,

"You must look in Congress for honest men."

He went with a sigh, and I slammed the door,

(For, to tell the truth, he was getting a Bore,)

And fell to reading the news, as before :—

Reading of Sanborn, and of Jayne,—

Reading of Sanborn over again,—

Reading of Richardson, and routine,—

Reading of Butler, so serene,—

Reading of Sanborn, and of Sawyer,—

Reading of Congressmen, reading of lawyer,—

Reading of jury, reading of judge,—

Reading—Fudge !

Ten days from that day, in the Washington news,

I read an Item, which gave me the blues.

As follows : "A very old man was found

Dead on the steps of the Capitol.

He had been for a week past wandering round,

With a lantern, making call after call,

On members, Senators, judges,—all

Who would see him. One didn't take long to find

That the poor old creature was out of his mind.



He was dressed in a suit of rusty black,

That was out at the elbows, and out at the knees ;

He had a ragged cloak on his back,

And an empty wallet, that smelt of cheese.

Who the man was, there wasn't a token,

Except the lantern, and that was broken."

And so was your heart, Diogenes !

The Two Williams.

"WHAT has William Shakespeare, pray,

Ever done to William Page,

Now, or in a former day,

That year by year, in his old age,

He libels his face and person,

(In spite of the dreadful curse on

Whoever disturbs his dust,)

In a manner so unjust,

Making our 'pleasant Willy'

Appear uncommonly silly?

That Shakespeare standing there !

With such a ridiculous look,

Pretending to read a book,—

And his legs,—an impossible pair—

I wonder the body don't fall !

Art ! Do you call that Art?

It must be of the primary school,

For pupils of tender years !"

"Keep cool, my friend, keep cool :

That isn't Shakespeare at all—

It's Bottom, learning his part—

And playing it without ears !"

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No. 3.

THE GREAT SOUTH.



ST. LOUIS—VIEW FROM THE INSURANCE BUILDING.

SOME NOTES ON MISSOURI: THE HEART OF THE REPUBLIC.

MISSOURI is the child of a compromise whose epitaph was written in letters of blood. Its chief city was founded more than a century ago, by a colony of adventurous Frenchmen; and for many years, during whose lapse the title to its soil was savagely disputed by Gaul and Indian, was a fur-trading post. When

Laclede Liguist and the brave band of men who followed him set out from New Orleans, in 1763, to explore the country whose exclusive trade had been accorded them by charter from the hands of the governor of the province of Louisiana, the lands west of the Mississippi were unexplored and unknown. Beyond the mouth



THE OLD CHOUTEAU MANSION.
(AS IT WAS.)

of the Missouri the bateau of no prying New Orleans trader had ever penetrated. The song of the *voyageur* was as yet unheard by the savage; and the inhabitants of the little post of Sainte Genevieve looked with amazement and reverence upon the trappers, hunters and merchants who started from their fort, one autumn morning, to explore the turbid current of the Missouri. Laclede Liguist and his men did not long remain in the mysterious region adjacent to the junction of the two great rivers, but speedily returned to the site of the present city, and there, early in 1764, a few humble cabins were erected, and the new settlement was christened St. Louis, in honor of the dissolute and feeble Louis XV., of France. A hardy and fearless youth named Auguste Chouteau was left in command of the few men protecting the infant town, and at once began diplomatizing with the Missouri Indians, who came in large bodies to visit the strangers, and to learn their intentions. The treaty by which all the French territory on the Mississippi's eastern bank, save New Orleans, had been ceded to the English, had just been made; and scarlet-coated soldiers were daily expected at the forts in the immediate vicinity of St. Louis. Laclede Liguist did not dream that another cession, embracing all lands west of the Mississippi, had been made to the King of Spain, and that his pet town was actually upon Spanish soil; he was happy in the belief that the banner of France would flaunt in the very eyes of the hated English, and was delighted to find that the Indians who

surrounded him were resolved to fight the soldiers of Great Britain to the death. So he merrily extended the limits of his colony; but had been at work hardly a year before he received orders from the governor of Louisiana to surrender to Spain. The governor himself was so chagrined at the orders he was compelled to communicate, that he died of a broken heart soon after; and Laclede Liguist, mute with rage at the pusillanimous conduct of the home government, remained stubbornly at his post, ignoring Spanish claims. The French from all the stations east

of the Mississippi took refuge with him when the English came to their homes, and St. Louis grew more and more Gallic until 1768, when the Spanish came in, and after several unsuccessful attempts to gain the confidence of the early settlers, finally quite disregarded their feelings, and in 1770 pulled down the French flag. In that year the French had consecrated their little log church, built on the land where now stands the great stone cathedral, and in that humble edifice they assembled to mourn the loss of their nationality, and to listen to the counsels of peace given them by their priests. The Spanish commanders finally succeeded in making themselves beloved, and cordially joined with the French in hating the English. Laclede Liguist died during a voyage down the Mississippi, and was buried in the wild solitudes at the mouth of the Arkansas river. His immense properties in St. Louis were sold to strangers. His valiant lieutenant, Auguste Chouteau, became his administrator, and a few years afterwards the Chouteau mansion was built in the field where now stands a mammoth hotel, around which there is a continual roar of traffic.

Thenceforward, through the bloody days of the colonial revolution, St. Louis experienced many vicissitudes. It underwent Indian massacres; suffered from the terrorism of the banditti haunting the Mississippi; began gradually to get acquainted with the gaunt American pioneers who had appeared on the eastern bank of the Father of Waters; and in 1788 had more

than a thousand inhabitants. In those days it was scoffingly called "*Pain Court*" (short bread), because grain was expensive, and the hunters who came to the "metropolis" to replenish their stock of provisions got but scant allowance of bread for their money. The Osages were forever hanging upon the outskirts of the settlement, and many an unfortunate hunter was burned at the stake, impaled, or tortured slowly to death by them. Towards the close of the last century, however, the inhabitants pushed forward into the wilderness, and the fur trade increased rapidly. Hosts of neat, one-story cottages, surrounded by pretty gardens, sprang up in St. Louis; France once more recovered her possessions west of the Mississippi; and in 1804 the settlement which Laclede Liguist had so carefully founded, hoping that it might forever remain French, came under the domination of the United States. A formal surrender of Upper Louisiana was made to the newly enfranchised American colonies; the stars and stripes floated from the "government house" of St. Louis; and the Anglo-Saxon came to the front, with one hand extended for a land grant, and the other grasping a rifle, with which to exterminate Indian, Spaniard or demon, if they dared to stand in his way.

Looking down upon the St. Louis of to-day, from the high roof of the superb temple which the Missourians have built to the mercurial god of insurance, one can hardly believe that the vast metropolis spread out before him represents the growth of only three-quarters of a century. The town seems as old as London. The smoke from the Illinois coal has tinged the walls a venerable brown, and the grouping of buildings is as picturesque and varied as that of a continental city. From the water side, on ridge after ridge, rise acres of solidly built houses, vast manufactories, magazines of commerce, long avenues bordered with splendid residences; a labyrinth of railways bewilders the eye; and the clang of machinery and the whirl of a myriad wagon-wheels rise to the ear. The levee is thronged with busy and uncouth laborers; dozens of white steamers are shrieking their notes of arrival and departure; the ferries are choked with traffic; a gigantic and grotesque scramble for the almost limitless West beyond is spread out before the vision. The town has leaped into a new life since the war; has doubled its population, its manufactures and its

ambition, until it stands so fully abreast of its wonderful neighbor, Chicago, that the traditional acerbity of the reciprocal criticism for which both cities have so long been famous is latterly much enhanced. The city, which now stretches twelve miles along the ridges, branching from the watershed between the Missouri, the Meramec and the Mississippi rivers, flanked by rolling prairies richly studded with groves and vineyards; which has many railroad lines pointed to its central depots, and a mile and a half of steamboats at its levee, a thousand miles from the sea; whose population has increased from 8,000, in 1835, to 450,000, in 1873; which has a banking capital of nineteen millions; which receives hundreds of thousands of tons of iron ore monthly; has bridged the Father of Waters, and talks of controlling the cotton trade of Arkansas and Texas,—is but little like the St. Louis of the days when Col. Stoddard had his headquarters in a rude cottage, and the United States, in his person, had just adopted the infant city. In those days the houses were nearly all built of hewn logs, set upon end, and covered with coarsely shingled roofs. The town extended along the line of what are now known as Main and Second streets; a little south of the square called the *Place d'Armes*, Fort St. Charles was held by a



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

tiny garrison, and in the old stone tower which the Spaniards had built, debtors and criminals were confined together. French customs and French gaiety prevailed; there were two diminutive taverns, whose rafters nightly rang to the tales of hair-breadth escapes told by the boatmen of the Mississippi. The Chouteaus, the Lisas,

and the Labbadies were the principal merchants; French and English schools flourished; peltry, lead and whisky were used for currency, and negroes were to be purchased for them; the semi-Indian garb of the trapper was seen at every street corner; and thousands of furs, stripped from the buffalo and the beaver, were exported to New Orleans. The mineral wealth lying within a hundred miles of St. Louis had hardly been dreamed of; the colonists were too busy in killing Indians and keeping order in the town, to think of iron, lead, coal and zinc.

The compromise which gave the domain of Missouri to slavery checked the growth of the state until after it had passed through the ordeal of the war. How then it sprang up, like a young giant, confident in the plenitude of its strength, all the world knows! St. Louis, under free institutions, has won more prosperity in ten years than under the old *régime* it would have attained in fifty. It is now a cosmopolitan capital, rich in social life and energy, active in commerce, and acute in the struggle for the supremacy of trade in the South-west. The ante-bellum spirit is rarely manifested now-a-days; progress is the motto even of those men of the old school who prayed that they might die when they first saw that "bleeding Kansas" had indeed bled to some purpose, and that a new era of trade and labor had arrived. The term "conservative" is one of reproach in St. Louis to-day; and the unjust slur of the Chicagoan, to the effect that the Missou-

rian metropolis is "slow," puts new fire into the blood of her every inhabitant. After the ravages of the war, both state and city found themselves free from the major evils attendant upon reconstruction, and entered unimpeded upon a prosperous career. The one hundred thousand freed men have never constituted a troublesome element in the state; no political exigencies have impeded immigration or checked the investment of capital; and the commonwealth, with an area of more than 67,000 square miles of fertile lands, with two millions of inhabitants, and eleven hundred millions of dollars worth of taxable property; with a thousand miles of navigable rivers within and upon her boundaries, and with vast numbers of frugal Germans constantly coming to turn her untilled acres into rich farms, can safely carry and in due time throw off the various heavy obligations incurred in the building of the railway lines now traversing it in every direction. The present actual indebtedness of the state is nearly nineteen millions, for more than half of which sunbonds have been issued.

The approaches to St. Louis from the Illinois side of the Mississippi are not especially fascinating, and give but a poor idea of the extent of the city. Alighting from some one of the many trains which enter East St. Louis from almost every direction, one sees before him a steep bank, paved with "murderous stones," and the broad, deep, resistless current of the great river, flowing swiftly, and bearing on its bosom tree trunks and branches from far away forests. East St. Louis stands upon famous ground; its alluvial acres, which the capricious stream in past days covered every year with its waters, have been the scene of many fierce contests under the requirements of the so called code of honor, and its sobriquet was once "Bloody Island." It is now a prosperous town; hotels, warehouses and depots stand on the ancient duelling spot; immense grain elevators and wharves have been erected on the ground which the river once claimed as its own. Huge ferry-boats ply constantly across the river; but the railway omnibuses and the ferry-boats are soon to be but memories of the past, for the graceful arches of the new bridge are completed, and trains can cross the Mississippi to a grand union depot in the center of St. Louis. The crowd awaiting transportation across the stream has always



COURT HOUSE—ST. LOUIS.



THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE, (NOW BUILDING.)

been of the most cosmopolitan and motley character. There may be seen the German emigrant, flat-capped and dressed in coarse black, with his quaintly-attired wife and rosy children clinging to him; the tall and angular Texan drover, with his defiant glance at the primly-dressed cockneys around him; the "poor white" from some far southern state, with his rifle grasped in his lean hand, and his astonished stare at the extent of brick and stone walls beyond the river; the excursion party from the east, with its maps and guide books, and its mountains of baggage; the little groups of English tourists, with their mysterious hampers and packets, bound toward Denver or Omaha; the tired and ill-uniformed company of troops "on transfer" to some remote frontier fortress; the smart merchant in his carriage, with his elegantly dressed negro driver standing by the restive horses; the hordes of over-clothed young commercial men from the Northern and Western cities, with their mouths distended by Havana cigars, and filled with the slang of half a dozen capitals; and the hundreds of negroes, who throng the levees in summer, but in winter depart like the swallows, feeling even the slightest hint of snow, or of the fog which from time to time heightens the resemblance of the Missourian city to London. The levee on each side of the river; in days before the bridge was built, was a kind of pandemonium. An unending procession of wagons loaded with coal, was always forcing its way from

the ferry boats up the bank to the streets of St. Louis, the tatterdemalion drivers urging on the plunging and kicking mules with frantic shouts of "Look at ye!" "You dar!" These wagons, in busy days, were constantly surrounded by the in-coming droves of stock, wild Texan cattle, who with great leaps and flourish of horns objected to entering the gangways of the ferry, and now and then tossed their tormentors high in the air; and troops of swine, bespattered with mud, and dabbled with blood drawn from them by the thrusts of the enraged horsemen pursuing them. Added to this indescribable tumult were the lumbering wagon trains laden with iron or copper, wearily making

their way to the boats; the loungers about the curbstones, singing rude plantation songs, or scuffling boisterously; the nameless ebb-tide of immigration scattered through a host of low and villainous bar-rooms and saloons, whose very entrances seemed suspicious; and the gangs of roustabouts rolling boxes, barrels, hogsheads and bales, from morning to night, from wagon to wharf, and from wharf to wagon. Below the bridge, the river, gradually broadening out, was covered with coal barges and steam tugs, and above it, along the banks, one saw, as now one still sees, dark masses of homely buildings, elevators, iron foundries, and hosts of manufactories; while along the shore thousands of logs, fastened together in rafts, are moored.

The old French quarter of the town is now entirely given up to business, and but little of the Gallic element is left in St. Louis. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families are of French descent, and retain the language and manners of their ancestors; but in the exterior there are few traces of the domination of the French. Some souvenirs yet remain; streets, both English and American in aspect, bear the names of the vanished Gauls. Laclede has a monument in the form of a mammoth hotel; and the principal outlying ward of the city, crowded with vast rolling mills, and iron and zinc furnaces, is called Carondelet. On the Illinois side of the river the village of Cahokia still lingers, a moss-grown relic of a decayed civilization, and



VIEW IN SHAW'S GARDEN.

its venerable church, Notre Dame des Kahokias, is the most ancient building in the West. But from the young metropolis all visible memorials have vanished. Not one of the great circular stone towers, erected in early times as defences against the Indians, remain; block houses and bastions have been replaced by massive residences, in which live the merchant princes of the day. "The Hill" is traversed in every direction by horse railroads; and a few minutes' ride will take one from the roar of business into a quiet and elegant section, where there are miles of beautiful and costly dwelling-houses. As the ridges rise from the river, so rise the grades of the social status. Mingled with the wholesale establishments, and the offices of mining and railway companies in Main and Second Streets, parallel with the river, are hundreds of dirty and unhealthy tenement houses; on Fourth, and Fifth, and Sixth Streets, and those running at right angles with them, are the principal hotels, the more elegant of the shops and stores, the fashionable restaurants, and the few places of amusement which the city boasts; beyond, on the upper ridges, stretching back to Grand Avenue, which extends along the summit of the hill, are the homes of the wealthy. The passion for suburban residences is fast taking possession of the citizens of St. Louis, and

several beautiful towns have sprung up within a few miles of the city, all of which are crowded with charming country houses. Lucas Place is the Fifth Avenue of St. Louis, and is very rich in costly homes, surrounded by noble gardens. The houses there have not been touched by the almost omnipresent smoke which seems to hover over the lower portion of the town. In Lucas Place lived the noted Benton, and there he foamed, fretted, planned his duels, nourished his feuds, and matured his magnificent ideas. The avenues which bear the names of Washington, Franklin, Lindell, McPherson, Baker, Laclede and Chouteau all give promise of future magnificence. St. Louis is not rich in public buildings, although many of the recent structures devoted to business are grand and imposing. The hotels partake of the grandeur which distinguishes their counterparts of other cities; on Fourth and Fifth Streets there are many elegant blocks. The street life is varied and attractive, as in most southern towns; and the auction store is one of the salient features which surprise a stranger. The doors of these establishments are wide open from sunrise until midnight, and the jargon of the auctioneer can be heard ringing loudly above the rattle of wheels. The genius who presides behind the counter is

usually some graduate of the commerce of the far South. Accustomed to dealing with the ignorant and unsuspecting, his eloquence is a curious compound of insolence and pleading. He has a quaint stock of phrases, made up of the slang of the river, and the slums of cities, and he begins by placing an extravagant price upon the article which he wishes to sell, and then decreasing its value until he brings it down to the range of his customers. On Saturday evenings the street life is as animated as that of an European city. In the populous quarters the Irish and Germans throng the sidewalks, marketing and amusing themselves until midnight; and in the fashionable sections the ladies, seated in the porches and on the front doorsteps of their mansions, receive the visits of their friends. A drive through dozens of streets in the upper portion of the city discloses hundreds of groups of ladies and gentlemen thus seated in the open air, whither they have transferred the etiquette of the parlor. A far more delightful and agreeable social freedom prevails in the city than in any eastern community. The stranger is heartily welcome, and the fact that most of the ladies have been educated both in the East and the West, acquiring the culture of the former, and the frankness and cordiality of the latter, adds a charm both to their conversation and their beauty. At the more aristocratic and elegant of the German beer gardens, such as "Uhlig's" and "Schneider's," the representatives of many prominent American families may be seen on the concert evenings, drinking the amber fluid, and listening to the music of Strauss, of Gungl, or Meyerbeer. Groups of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen resort to the gardens in the same manner as do the denizens of Dresden and Berlin, and no longer regard the custom as a dangerous German innovation. The German element in St. Louis is powerful, and has for the last thirty years been merging in the American, giving to it many of the hearty features and graces of European life, which have been emphatically rejected by the native population of the more austere Eastern States. In like manner the German has borrowed many traits from his American fellow-citizens, and in another generation the fusion of races will be pretty thoroughly accomplished.

There are more than fifty thousand native Germans, from beyond the Atlantic,

now in St. Louis, and the whole Teutonic population, including the children born in the city of German parents, probably exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand. The original emigration from Germany to Missouri was from the thinking classes—professional men, politicians condemned to exile, writers, musicians and philosophers, and these have aided immensely in the development of the State. The emigration began in 1830, but after a few hundreds had come out it fell off again, and was not revived until 1848, when the revolution sent us a new crop of patriots and statesmen whose mother country was afraid of them. Always a loyal and industrious element, believing in the whole country, and in the principles of freedom, they kept Missouri, in the troublous times preceding and during the war, from many excesses. The working people are a treasure to the State. Arriving, as a rule, with little or nothing, they hoard every penny until they have enough with which to purchase an acre or two of land, and in a few years become well-to-do citizens, orderly and contented. The whole country for miles around St. Louis is dotted with German settlements; the market gardens are mainly controlled by them; and their farms are models of thorough cultivation. In commerce they have mingled liberally with the Americans; names of both nationalities are allied in



THE CATHEDRAL—ST. LOUIS.

banking and in all the great wholesale businesses; and the older German residents speak their adopted as well as their native tongue. At the time of my visit, a German was president of the city council, and bank presidents, directors of companies, and men highly distinguished in business and society, who boast German descent, are counted by hundreds.

German journalism in St. Louis is noteworthy. Carl Schurz and his life-long friend and present partner, Mr. Pretorius, are known throughout the country as distinguished journalists, and have even, as we have seen in these later days, played no small role upon the stage of national politics. The failure of the Liberal movement rather astonished the masses of the Germans in Missouri, who had the most unwavering confidence in the ability of Schurz to accomplish whatever he chose; and has left them somewhat undecided as to what future course to pursue. There are four daily German newspapers in St. Louis, one of which has been recently planted there by the Catholics, who have also started a clever weekly, in the hope of aiding in the fight against the new principles put in force by the Prussian Government—principles, of course, largely reflected among the Germans in America. The sturdy intellectual life of the Teuton is well set forth in these papers, which are of excellent ability. The uselessness of the attempt to maintain a separate national feeling was shown in the case of the famous "Germania" Club, which, in starting, had for its cardinal principle the non-admission



THE HIGH SCHOOL—ST. LOUIS.

of Americans; but at the present time there are two hundred American names upon its list of membership. The assimilation goes on even more rapidly than the Germans themselves suppose; it is apparent in the manners of the children, and in the speech of the elders.

German social and home-life has, of course, kept much of its original flavor. There are whole sections of the city where the Teuton predominates, and takes his ease at evening in the beer garden and the arbor in his own yard. At the summer-opera one sees him in his glory. Entering a modest doorway on Fourth street, one is ushered through a long room, in which ladies, with their children, and groups of elegantly dressed men are chatting and drinking beer, into the opera-house, a cheery little hall, where very fashionable audiences assemble to hear the new and old operas throughout a long season. The singing is usually exceedingly good, and the *mise en scène* quite satisfactory. Between the acts the audience refreshes itself with beer and soda-water, and the hum of conversation lasts until the



THE FOUR COURTS—ST. LOUIS.

first notes of the orchestra announce the resumption of the opera. On Sunday evenings the opera-house is crowded, and at the long windows of the hall, which descend to the ground, one can see the German population of half a dozen adjacent blocks, tiptoe with delight at the whiff of stolen harmony. The "breweries" scattered through the city are gigantic establishments, for the making of beer ranks third in the productive industries of St. Louis. Iron and flour precede it, but a capital of nearly four millions of dollars is invested in the manufacture, and the annual productive yield from the twenty-five breweries is about the same amount. Attached to many of these breweries are concert gardens, which are scrupulously respectable in all their attributes, and are frequented by thousands weekly. The Germania and Harmony Clubs, and a hundred musical and literary organizations use up the time of the city Germans who are well-to-do, while their poor brethren delve at market gardens, and are one of the chief elements in the commerce of the huge and picturesque St. James Market, whither St. Louis goes to be fed. The Hibernian is also prominent in St. Louis; he has crept into the hotel service, and the negro has sought another field of occupation.

The operation of the German mind upon the American has been admirably exemplified in St. Louis by the upspringing in the new and thoroughly commercial capital of a real and noteworthy school of speculative philosophy, at whose head, and by virtue of his distinguished preëminence as a thinker, stands William T. Harris, the present superintendent of the city public schools. Mr. Harris, during his stay at Yale, in 1856, met the venerable Alcott, of Concord, and was much stimulated by various conversations with him. At that time he had studied Kant a little, and was beginning to think upon Goethe. The hints given him by Mr. Alcott were valuable, and sometime afterwards, when he settled in St. Louis, and came into contact with Germans of culture and originality, his desire for philosophical study was greatly increased and strengthened. In 1858 he became engaged in teaching, for eight years conducting one of the graded schools. The first year of his stay in St. Louis he studied Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," without, as he says, understanding it at all. He had been solicited and encouraged to

these studies by Henry C. Brockmeyer, a remarkable and brilliant German, and so enthusiastic for Kantian study that he awoke a genuine fervor in Mr. Harris. They arranged a Kant class, which Mr. Alcott on one occasion visited, and in a short time the love for philosophical study became almost fanaticism. A number of highly cultured Germans and Americans composed the circle, whose members had a supreme contempt for the needs of the flesh, and who, after long days of laborious and exhaustive teaching, would spend the night hours in threading the mysteries of Kant. In 1858 Mr. Harris claims that they mastered Kant, and between that period and 1863 they analyzed, or, as he phrases it, obtained the keys to Leibnitz



WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
SUPERINTENDENT ST. LOUIS CITY SCHOOLS.

and Spinoza. The result of this long study is written out in what Mr. Harris calls his "Introduction to Philosophy," in which he deals with "speculative insights." Every one, he claims, will have the same insight into Kant, Leibnitz and Spinoza as he did, by reading his "Introduction." He already has a large number of followers, many of whom apply his theories, according to his confession, better than he does himself: and his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, started boldly in the face of many obstacles, has won a permanent establishment and gratifying success. Among the most prominent members of the Philosophical Society, which was definitely organized in 1864, were Mr. Brockmeyer, J. G. Werner, now a probate judge, Mr. Kroeger (a stern, unrelenting philosopher,

enamored of Fichte, translator of the *Science of Knowledge*, and author of a *History of the Minnesingers*, George H. Howison, now in the Boston Institute of Technology, and Mr. Thomas Davidson, one of the most effective students of Aristotle in this country. Mr. Brockmeyer is the accomplished translator of Hegel's *Logic*. The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* was prompted in this wise: Mr. Harris wrote a "Critique upon Herbert Spencer's First Principles," which was offered to *The North American Review*, but the editors failed to discover anything in it, save that it was very audacious, and returned it to the author. Mr. Harris thereupon valiantly started his own journal in April of 1867. The publication is gaining ground in this country, and has won a very wide and hearty recognition in Germany and among thinking men throughout Europe.

The Germans have, as a rule, frankly joined hands with the Americans in the public schools, and have imparted to them many excellent features. The composite system differs largely from that in vogue in other cities. There is, of course, a very large Catholic population in St. Louis, but it is pretty evenly balanced by German skepticism. The city public schools are utterly secular in their teaching, but, notwithstanding that fact, the priesthood makes constant and successful efforts to keep Catholic children from them, and wherever a new public school building is erected, Holy Church speedily buys ground and sets up an institution of her own. The Catholic laity of St. Louis, however, are, perhaps, if they spoke their real sentiments, in favor of the public schools; and there has been a vast advance towards liberalism on their part within the last few years. The Catholics have eight or nine out of the twenty-four members of the school board, and of course have much to say. It is wonderful that in a capital where the population is so little gregarious, and where, up to last year, it has been so comparatively indifferent to lecture courses, such an earnest interest should be taken in the schools by all classes. All the powers relating to the management of the schools are vested in a corporate body called "the Board of President and Directors of the St. Louis Public Schools," the members of the board to be elected by the people for terms of three years. The school revenue is derived from rents of

property originally donated by the general government, from the State school fund and from taxes of four mills on the dollar on city property, and the yearly income from these sources averages perhaps \$700,000. The school board has unlimited authority to tax to any amount. Between the district and the high schools there is a period of seven years, during which the pupil acquires a symmetrical development admirably fitting him for the solid instruction which the finishing school can offer. But out of forty thousand children enrolled upon the public school list, only about two and a half per cent. enters the high school. The feature of German-English instruction has become exceedingly popular, and the number of pupils belonging to the classes increased from 450, in 1864-5, to 10,246, in 1871-2. The phonetic system of learning to read was introduced in the primary schools in 1866, and has been attended with the most gratifying results. The city acted wisely in introducing the study of German, as otherwise the Teutonic citizen would doubtless have been tempted to send his child to a private school during his early years. Now native American children take up German reading and oral lessons at the same time as their little German fellow-scholars; and in the high school special stress is laid upon German instruction in the higher grades, that the pupils may be fitted for a thorough examination of German science and literature. The growth of St. Louis is so rapid that the school board is compelled annually to build several large new school buildings, each capable of containing from seven to eight hundred pupils. The introduction of natural science into the district schools is indicative of liberal progress. Normal schools in St. Louis and at Kirksville and Warrensburg are annually equipping a splendid corps of teachers. The public school system throughout the State is exceedingly popular, judging from the fact that a quarter of a million of children attend the schools during the sessions. The State fund appropriated to school purposes is usually large, and although there have been objections to local taxation for school support in some of the counties, the taxes have generally been promptly paid. The largest and finest edifices in such flourishing cities as St. Joseph, Kansas City, Sedalia, Clinton, Springfield, Mexico, Louisiana and Booneville are usually the "school-houses;" and in

Kansas City, which was without railroad communication in 1865, the school buildings are now as complete, elegant and large as any in Boston or Chicago. The School of Design in St. Louis, conducted by Mr. Conrad Diehl, is rapidly growing, and has already won enviable praise in the most cultured art circles of the East.

The Catholic population within the archdiocese of St. Louis is certainly very large, probably numbering two hundred thousand persons; and from this population at least twenty-five thousand children are furnished to the one hundred parish schools attached to the various churches in the diocese. None of these schools receive any aid from the common school fund, and the pupils are in every way removed from the influences of secular education, and made a class by themselves. It is estimated that the Catholics now own more than four millions of dollars worth of church and school property in Missouri, and in their various colleges, convents, seminaries and academies in St. Louis and the other large cities of the State they have at least fifteen hundred students. They have kept well abreast of the tide of secular education, and bid it open defiance on all occasions, while the sceptical and easy-going German laughs at their zealotry, and the American closes his eyes to their growing power. Vast as is the growth of colleges and schools of various other denominations, such as the Baptist, the Methodist, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Catholics keep even with them all. Ever since old Gribault, the first pastor in St. Louis, led his little flock of five hundred Frenchmen to the altar, Mother Church has been bold, dominant, defiant in the young capital of the West.

I was especially interested in "Washington University" at St. Louis, conducted by Rev. Dr. Eliot, so long pastor of the First Unitarian Church in that city. The institution has had a superb growth since its founding in 1853-4, despite the unfortunate intervention of the war, and now has more than eight hundred students in its various branches. Nourished by generous gifts from the East, it has made great progress in its departments of civil and mechanical engineering, mining and metallurgy, and architecture, and its law department is ably supported. To that section of the University devoted to the special



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY—ST. LOUIS.

education of women, known as "Mary Institute," the flower of Missourian girlhood annually repairs. The University seems to have had an almost mushroom growth; yet its culture is solid and substantial, and its preparatory schools are crowded with ambitious and aspiring students. The State University is located at Columbia, and has also been characterized by a remarkable growth since the war. During the struggle its buildings were occupied by United States troops, and its sessions were entirely broken up; the library was dispersed, the warrants of the institution were afloat at a discount, and various prejudices had nearly ruined it. At last Rev. Dr. Daniel Read took the presidency; and the re-organized University comprises a Normal college, an agricultural and mechanical college, opened in 1870, law and medical schools, and a department of chemistry, and now has attached to it a "school of mines and metallurgy," established at Rolla, in South-eastern Missouri. Into this mining school students will flock from all directions, and turn their attention towards a scientific development of the mineral resources of the State. Women have finally been admitted to the University, and at the commencement of 1872, a young lady was advanced to the baccalaureate grade in science.

The midsummer heats, during which I visited the Exchange of St. Louis, seem to make but little difference with the ardor and energy of its members. The typical

July day in the Missourian capital is the acme of oppressive heat; before business hours have begun the sun pours down bewildering beams on the current of the great river, on the toiling masses at the levee, and along the airless streets rising from the water side. The ladies have done their shopping at an early hour, and gone their ways; paterfamilias seeks his Avernus of an office, clad only in thinnest of linen, and with a palm-leaf fan in his hand; a misty aroma of the cool-scented ices of Hellery or Gregory floats before him as he seats himself at his desk, and turns over the voluminous correspondence from far Texas, from the vexed Indian Territory, from the great Northwest, from Arkansas, or from the hosts of river towns with which the metropolis does business. At eleven the sun has become withering to the unaccustomed Easterners, but the St. Louis paterfamilias coolly dons his broad straw hat, and, proceeding to the "Merchants' Exchange," a huge circular room into which the thirteen hundred members vainly try each day to cram themselves, he makes his way to the corner allotted to his branch of trade, and patiently swelters there until nearly one o'clock. In this single room every species of business is transacted; one corner is devoted to flour, a second to grain, a third to provisions, a fourth to cotton, etc. A whirlwind of fans astonishes the stranger spectator; people mop their foreheads and swing their palm-leaves hysterically as they conclude bargains; and, as they saunter away together to lunch, still

vigorously fan and mop. The tumult and shouting is not so great as in other large cities, but the activity is the same; and from time to time the laborers go to refresh themselves at great cans filled with sulphur water. But in a few years the magnificent new Exchange building, which will in many respects, be the finest on the continent, will rise, and trade will not only be classified, but will have far greater facilities for public transactions than at present.

St. Louis has determined to become a leading cotton market, and, in view of the new railroad development ministering directly to her, it seems probable that she will take position among the cotton marts of the world. The opening of Northern Texas, and of the whole of Arkansas to immediate connection by rail with the Missourian capital, and the probability—alas, for the faithlessness of nations!—of white settlement and increase of cotton culture in the Indian Territory, will give a back country capable of producing millions of bales annually for St. Louis to draw upon. She will eventually become a competitor with Houston, Galveston, and New Orleans for the distribution of the crop of the Southwest, and has already, as she believes, received sufficient encouragement to justify the building of large storehouses along the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad. A good deal of the cotton once handled in New Orleans has lately been going to New York by rail, and the St. Louis merchants and factors are now using a new "compress," by means of which 24,000 pounds of cotton can be placed in a single freight car. The city is now receiving only forty to sixty thousand bales annually, but confidently counts on several hundred thousand as soon as it has perfected its arrangements for transportation. It will, without doubt, control the cotton in certain sections of Arkansas, and the southern portions of Missouri, and can make very seductive bids for the crops of many sections of Texas. To draw the attention of cotton-growers towards the St. Louis market, the Agricultural Association recently offered premiums of \$10,000 for the best specimens of various grades of cotton. The Atlantic and Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the St. Louis and South-eastern, the Cairo and Fulton, the Mobile and Ohio, and the Iron Mountain roads will probably bring large quantities of cotton to St. Louis in the future. The testimony of



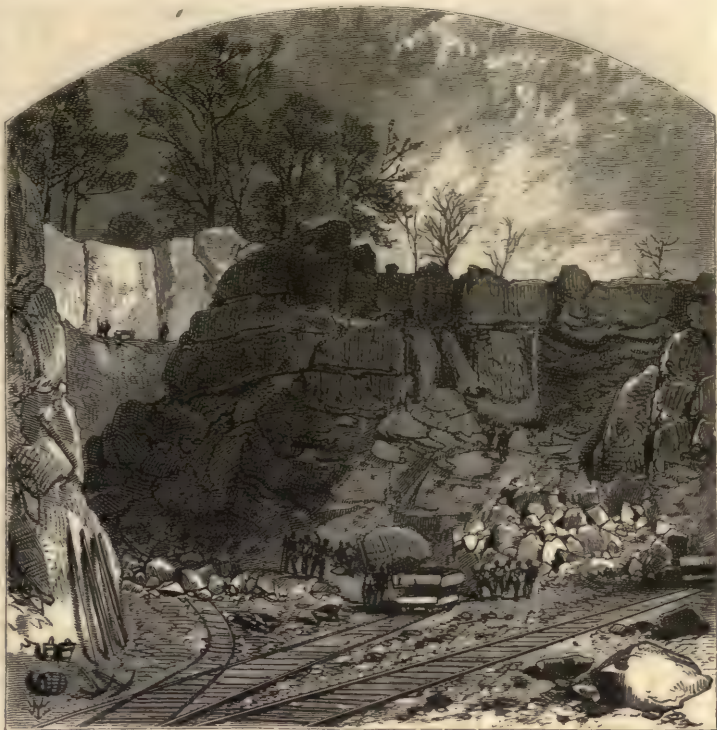
"THE TRACKS"—PILOT KNOB.

many of the planters of Northern Texas is that their shipments to St. Louis have been far more satisfactory than those to Galveston.

St. Louis is emphatically the railroad center of the Mississippi Valley, and is the actual terminus of no less than fourteen important railroads, while at least thirty are pointed at her gates. By all the railroads and by river routes she received, in 1872, nearly four millions of tons of freight, being a vast increase over her receipts of 1871, and shipped 2,009,941 tons. In 1872 the railroads alone brought her nearly 800,000 tons of coal. In 1872 she expended \$7,000,000 in new buildings, and in 1873 about \$8,000,000.

Through her vast elevators, four of which are located along the banks of the Mississippi, and one of which has a capacity of two millions of bushels, passed more than twenty-eight millions of bushels of grain in 1872; and in 1873 the receipts and exports were largely increased over this figure. She contributed \$2,500,000 in duties from her custom-house in 1872: manufactured in 1873 1,384,180 barrels of flour, and received nearly that number by various rail and river routes; received 279,678 cattle, and shipped 188,306; imported and exported more than a million swine; took nearly thirty thousand bales of hemp into market; handled hundreds of millions of feet of lumber, shingles and lathes, drifted down from the Upper Mississippi, the Black and the Wisconsin rivers; and consummated vast bargains in wool, hides and tobacco.

The river trade has many peculiar features, and is subject to a thousand fluctuations and adversities which make it, at all times, hazardous. For many years past the steamboat men have had unprofitable sea-



IN THE CUT AT IRON MOUNTAIN.

sons to bewail. Their especial enemies have been low water and railroad competition. It would seem from a glance at published statistics, that the railways are gradually absorbing the carrying trade of the Mississippi Valley; but such is not the case. The rivers still remain the principal arteries of commerce; and the moment that low water is reached, or ice closes navigation, the greatest depression is visible in St. Louis; trade is at an absolute standstill. The Mississippi is the main outlet possessed by the city for her supplies for southern consumers. In view of this fact, it is of the greatest importance that the Mississippi should receive the improvements so much needed between the mouths of the Missouri and the Ohio. A formidable system of dykes and dams, it is confidently believed, would make open navigation throughout the year feasible.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the picturesqueness and vivacity of the river trade; it must be seen. One learns to appreciate the real volume of the current of the "Father of Waters" only after he learns something of the multitude of boats, barges and rafts found on its



"THE DUMPS"—IRON MOUNTAIN.

ample breast. Every conceivable variety of river boat grates its keel against the St. Louis levee: the floating palace, the "Great Republic;" the "Natchez," or the "Robert E. Lee;" the strong, flat bottomed Red River packet; the cruisers of the Upper Mississippi and of the turbid Missouri: the great processions of barges, laden with coal and iron and lead and copper ore; the huge arks of the Transportation Company, each capable of concealing a hundred thousand bushels of grain within its capacious bosom; and rafts of every size and shape are scattered along the giant stream, yet seem but like chips and straws on a mountain brook. Nearly three thousand steamboat arrivals are annually registered at the port of St. Louis. Drifting down on the logs come a rude and hardy class of men, who chafe under city restraint and now and then require stern management. Sometimes one of these figures, suddenly arriving from the ancient forests on the rivers above, creates a sensation by striding through a fashionable street, his long hair falling about his wrinkled and weather-beaten face, and his trusty rifle slung at his shoulder.

When the "ice gorges" come, the steamboatmen on these upper waters of the Mississippi suffer. Faces are dark with anxiety every day, black with fear at the news of each fresh disaster. Even the dreaded "low water," with all the dangers of "snags" and sunken wrecks, is not so much to be feared as one of the great ice sweeps which, with its glittering teeth, will in a few moments grind hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property to atoms. In December the Mississippi at St. Louis is sometimes closed by ice, and hundreds of teams cross to and from the Illinois shore upon the natural bridge over

the stream; suddenly there is the breaking up, —a gorge,—and dozens of boats, with their cargoes, are swept away and annihilated. Then come the stories of romantic and hairbreadth escapes; the population along the banks are mad with excitement over the pending fate of some unfortunate family swept out into the current when the

ice breaks up, and steamboat owners hardly dare look in a newspaper. But the record of the disasters even is not without its grim humor. In 1872 there were over five hundred and fifty disasters on the Mississippi river and her tributaries—by few of which, however, was there any loss of life. But the destruction of property is annually enormous. It occurs in almost every conceivable manner. One can hardly repress a smile at the announcements, in the terse, expressive language of the river, that "Phil. Sheridan broke loose at St. Louis," "Hyena broke her engine," "Lake Erie ran through herself," "Mud Hen blew up at Bellevue," "Enterprise broke a wrist at Cairo," "Andy Johnson blew out a joint near Alton," "Wild Cat sunk a barge at Rising Sun," "Humming Bird smashed a shaft," "St. Francis broke her doctor," "Daniel Boone crowded on shore by ice," or "John Kilgour, trying to land at Evansville, broke nine arms." The rivermen have not been satisfied to confer upon their beloved craft the names of heroes and saints; but they rake up all fantastic cognomens which the romance of the centuries, or the slang of the period can afford, and bestow them upon clumsy and beautiful crafts alike, while they pay but little regard to incongruities of gender or class; the "Naiad" may be a coal barge, and the "Dry Docks" a palace steamer. The ice makes short work of even the largest cargoes; the river will swallow up several hundred thousand bushels of coal or grain as if it were the merest bagatelle, while the gorges gape for more.

Hundreds of barges annually leave St. Louis for Pittsburg, carrying loads of iron ore *via* the Ohio river. It is a long and wild journey, moving slowly upon the treacherous currents of the two great rivers, the men on the barges sometimes living for

nearly a month without going upon shore, feeding upon rude fare, and cuddling with their families in little cabins in the boat's great sides, like the Belgian canal-men. About Carondelet dozens of these barges are always moored, waiting the freights which pour into them from the mines in the south-east of the State. As soon as river navigation throughout the Mississippi Valley has been properly improved, the river trade of St. Louis will be quadrupled, and it can no longer be said, as it was in 1873, that the blockade at the Mississippi's mouth was so great that New Orleans alone had tobacco enough awaiting transportation to its purchasers in Europe to freight at one time twenty of the largest merchant ships which ever crossed the Atlantic ocean.

I have spoken of Carondelet; let us peer into the busy suburban ward which still clings so fondly to its old French name. The drive thither from the city carries you past the Arsenal, where government now and then has a few troops, and past many a pretty mansion, into the dusty street of a prosaic manufacturing town, near the bank of the Mississippi. Descending toward the water side from the street you find every available space crowded with mammoth iron and zinc furnaces, with immense uncouth structures of iron, wood, and glass, in which half-naked men, their bodies smeared with perspiration and coal dust, are wheeling about blazing masses of metal, or guiding the pliant iron bars through rollers and moulds, or cooling their heated faces and arms in buckets of

water brought up fresh from the stream. Here, in a zinc furnace, half a dozen Irishmen wrestle with the long puddling rods which they thrust into the seventy-times-seven heated furnaces; the green and yellowish flames from the metal are reflected on their pale and withered features, and give them an almost unearthly expression. Farther on, the masons are toiling at the brick work of a new blast furnace, which already rears its tall towers a hundred feet above the Mississippi shore; not far thence you may see the flaming chimney of the quaint old Carondelet furnace—the first built in all that section; or may linger for hours in such immense establishments as the South St. Louis or Vulcan Iron Works, fancying them the growth of half a century of patient upbuilding, until you are told that nearly every establishment has been created since the war. The Vulcan Iron Works, which now employs twelve hundred men in its blast furnaces and rolling mills, overspreads seventeen acres, boasts \$600,000 worth of machinery, and has two furnaces smelting twenty-five thousand tons of ore annually, while its rolling mill can turn out 45,000 tons of rail in a year, was not in existence in 1870, indeed there was not a brick laid on the premises. There is nothing else so wonderful as this in the South or South-west; Kansas City, in the north-western part of the State, is the only other place in Missouri which can show such material progress. The little *Rivière des Pères*, where the holy Catholic fathers once had a mission among the Osage Indians, empties into the Mississippi, close

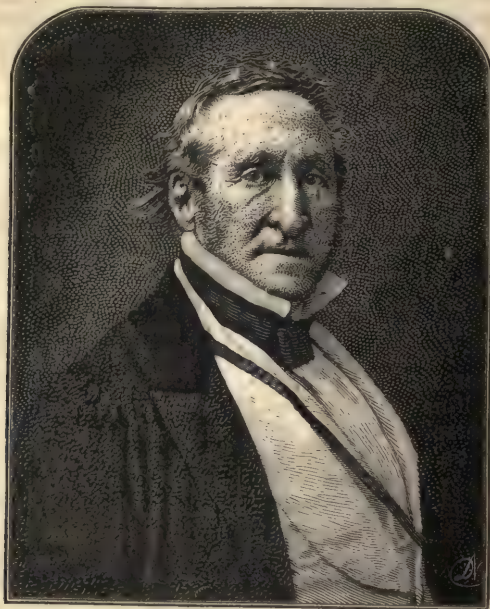
beside the Vulcan Iron Works; its banks are piled high with coal and refuse. The fathers would know it no more. They would stare aghast at the great thousand horse-power pump; at the myriads of fiery snakes crawling about on the floors of the rolling mill; at the regiments of Irish laborers, the cautious groups about the doors of the sputtering blast furnace, and the molten streams pouring into the sandbeds to form into "pigs" of iron; and could hardly credit the statement that Carondelet furnaces alone can manufacture 140,000 tons of iron yearly.



THE SUMMIT OF PILOT KNOB.

This sudden and marked progress at Carondelet is significant. Such amazing growth is indicative of a splendid future. The heart of the republic, the great commonwealth of Missouri, is to be the England of to-morrow. The elder England is fading out; her iron-fields are exhausted; and her producers growl because American iron-masters can at last undersell those of England. Missouri's stores are inexhaustible. There are a thousand railroads locked up in the great coffers of the Iron Mountain. A thousand iron ships lie dormant in the ore pockets scattered along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway; a million fortunes await the hun-

than it is in the cheapest furnaces in Wales. The four or five millions which St. Louis now has invested in the manufacture of pig-iron will, in a few years, become forty or fifty, and the furnaces in South-eastern Missouri, and the ore sent from them and smelted in the Pennsylvania furnaces will girdle the world. The aggregate production of pig-iron in Missouri furnaces in 1870 was 54,000 tons; in 1880 it will be ten times that amount, for the capacity of Carondelet alone in 1873 was nearly three times as much as that of the whole State three years ago.* If St. Louis, unaided by any special interest, could increase the value of her manufactured products from



THOMAS H. BENTON.

ters who shall come and take them. Missouri is one of the future great foundries of the world; the coal-fields of Indiana and Illinois are near at hand; the earth is stored with hematites; the hills are seamed with speculars; the work has already begun in earnest. Enough good iron ought to be produced from Missouri ores and Illinois coal to supply the wants of the United States henceforth, and at the rate at which furnaces are at present multiplying throughout the State, this consummation will be reached. All the conditions for a favorable competition with England have at last been arrived at, for the cost of labor in Missouri furnaces to-day is but a trifle more

\$27,000,000 in 1860 to more than \$100,000,000 in 1870, what may she not be expected to accomplish with the Iron Mountain at her back in the decade at whose very beginning she has demonstrated such wonderful capacity for progress?

How long, before, with proper investment of capital, St. Louis may be the center of a region producing as many millions of tons of pig iron annually as are now produced in England? As she has begun

* The coal used at Carondelet comes from the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and a new bridge across the stream at that point is contemplated, that the high prices charged during the icy season may be avoided.

—less than twenty years would allow her to arrive at that pinnacle of commercial glory; and at that epoch, even the good Reavis, the enthusiast of Missouri, the apostle of St. Louis, would be willing to receive his *nunc dimittis*.

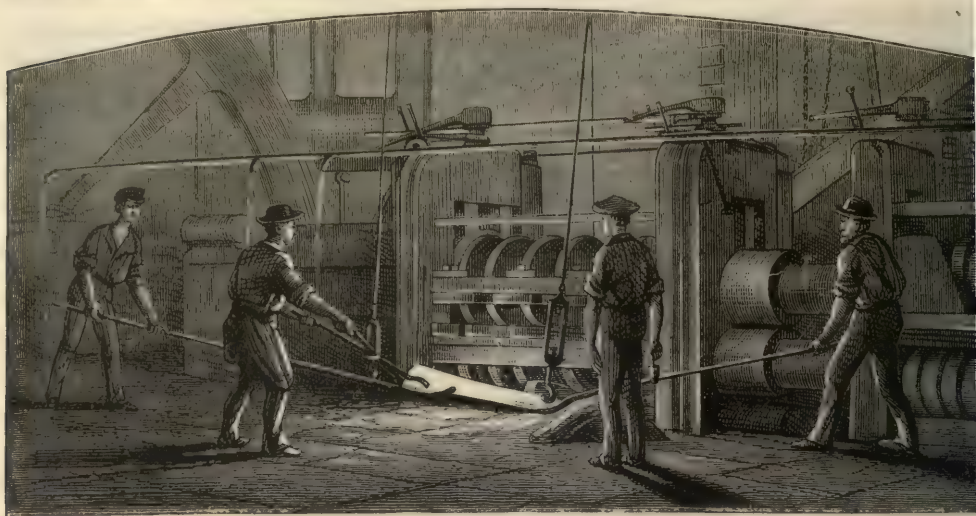
I will not take for my model the ingenious individuals who have lightened the *ennui* of their leisure by computing, upon a highly speculative basis, the exact number of tons of ore contained in the famous Iron Mountain. But there is no doubt that the term inexhaustible can with justice be applied to its stores. Certain acute English witnesses have recently, after a careful survey, declared that the coal and iron deposits of Alabama are now the most deeply interesting material facts on the American continent. Whether or not this statement is at all influenced by the knowledge that numerous investments in Alabama's iron fields have been made by Englishmen, or by ignorance of the quantity and quality of the ore in Missouri, I do not know; but there is no doubt that the latter state may certainly claim an equal share in the interest which her wealthy sister of the South has awakened, so far as the value of her deposits is concerned. It is said that the hematites of Alabama, which yield fifty-six per cent. of metallic iron, will compare favorably with the best ores of Cumberland and the North of Spain; what shall we say, then, of the ores of Missouri, which in many cases boast a proven yield of sixty-six per cent.? The main iron region of Missouri is situated in the south-east and southern portions of the state, and the greater portion of it is adjacent and directly tributary to St. Louis. The hundreds of thousands of tons of ore annually sent out of the state to be smelted all pass through or near the great city.

My visit to the Iron Mountain had been resolved upon before I entered Missouri; but my wildest ideas of its importance were none too exaggerated for the reality. The "mountain" is situated eighty-one miles south-west of St. Louis, on the Arkansas branch of the Iron Mountain railroad. The route thither in summer time is charming. The railroad runs so near to the banks of



THE CAPITOL AT JEFFERSON CITY.

the Mississippi (there high and rugged), that nervous people, not fascinated by the grand outlook over the current, may confess to a tremor now and then. But the exquisite shapes of the foliage on the one bank, and the great expanse of the "bot-toms" on the other, made a pleasing picture, to which the dazzling sheen of the broad sheet of smoothly flowing water, bearing lightly forward the white steamers and the dark, flat barges, lent a strange charm. From Bismarck, a pretty little station among pleasant fields, it was but a brief ride to Iron Mountain station, the town which has grown up out of the mining interests managed and owned in these later years by Chouteau, Harrison and Vallé. Three of the wealthiest families in Missouri are represented in the ownership of this and the adjacent region, and each has been much interested in the material development of the State. The "mountain," which rises rather abruptly from a beautiful valley, land-locked and filled with delicious fields, was originally rather more than two hundred feet high, and its base covers an area of five hundred acres. All the country round about is still crowded with reminiscences of Spanish domination. The names of some of the counties and towns call up French and Spanish souvenirs; and the "King's Highway," running through St. François county, is still often called by its original name. The people in the vicinity are quiet and usually well-to-do farmer folk, and look upon the mountain as the most wonderful of natural phenomena. The French and Spaniards seem never to



AT THE VULCAN IRON WORKS—CARONDELET.

have suspected the rich nature of the queerly shaped elevation and its surroundings; for the original possessor, Joseph Pratte, who obtained it by a grant from Zenon Trudeau, the Spanish governor, in September of 1797, mentions in his petition for a grant that the land is sterile, and only fit for grazing. Pratte's grant composed some twenty thousand arpents, or seventeen thousand English acres, and from his hands it became the property of Van Doren, Pease & Co., who were recognized as the Iron Mountain Company in 1837. Congress had meantime confirmed the Spanish grants. In 1843 the American Iron Mountain Company took the place of the above-mentioned firm. August Belmont, of New York, was among the subscribers to the capital stock, which was \$273,000; and James Harrison, of St. Louis, one of the most energetic iron workers of the West, was its first president. For many years the investments of the original companies did not pay, and the investors were sneered at as guilty of an act of folly. In those days the Iron Mountain Railroad was not, and all the ore dug out was hauled painfully forty-five miles in carts to the ancient town of St. Genevieve. But when pig iron became worth \$85 per ton, there was no lack of energy in examining the real resources of the mountain, and since 1862 the company has taken millions of tons of ore from the surface and from the deep incisions made in the hill-sides. The ores there, as throughout the section, are mainly rich specular oxides, and were originally

pronounced too rich to work. Even to this day the surface specimens are plentiful, and one could readily pick up a cart-load of lumps all ready for the furnace. In the deep cuts and along the mountain sides more than one thousand men were at work; Irishmen, Swedes and Germans predominated. The mountain is composed almost exclusively of iron in its purest form, and the regiment of laborers mine ore enough to load one hundred and twenty-five cars, carrying ten tons each, daily, and to supply two furnaces of large capacity, established at the base of the mountain. A century of hammering at the hill's sides will not bring it level with the valley, and the ore is so intermingled even with the earth, that I found a number of stout Swedes washing it very much as gold is washed for, and extracting tons which, in more careless days, had been thrown away. Iron Mountain is a typical Missouri mining town. It was mainly built up by Hon. John G. Scott, of St. Louis, an ex-Congressman, and largely identified with all the iron interests of that section. Mr. Edwin Harrison, the present president, and one of the principal owners, is an accomplished metallurgist, one of the most active business men in the South-west, and interested in a dozen large and successful enterprises connected with the development of metal. Both at Iron Mountain and at Irondale, as well as at other mining towns which I visited, the workmen have built handsome cottages, and liquor and the other debasing influences

sometimes found at mines are beyond their reach.

There was a subtle charm about the roar and ominous hum of the great furnaces after dark, when the clink of the hammers and the noise of the blasting on the mountain had ceased, and darkness had shrouded the little valley. The chimneys of the "blasts" glowed like dragons' eyes; the semi-nude figures flitting in the huge, open sheds, before the doors of the furnaces, looked like demons. When the blast was ready to be drawn off, and the masses of broken and carefully selected ore, together with the requisite charcoal and limestone, had been transfused in the fearful heat, the workmen gathered half timorously about the aperture whence the molten iron was to flow, and gave it vent. Then first sprang out a white current—the slag, looking like gypsum, and hardening as it touched the sand. Finally came the deep fiery glow of the iron itself, as it flowed resistlessly down the channels cut in the sand to receive it, from time to time fiercely hissing, and lighting up the great stone vault of the furnace with an unearthly glare, then "dying into sullen darkness," and forming the cold, hard, homely bars which are one day rolled into the rails by means of which we annihilate distance, and build cities like St. Louis.

The whole region round about is rich in mines and minerals. A few miles below Iron Mountain rises Pilot Knob, a stately peak, towering far above the lovely Ozark range, which surrounds it in every direction; and from the porphyry there and on Shepherd Mountain great quantities of ore are extracted. It is the boast of the people of the section that Iron County, in which lie Shepherd, Arcadia and Boggy mountains and the Knob, contains more iron than any other equal area known on the globe. From this valley more than one hundred thousand tons of iron have been shipped since the formation of the Pilot Knob Iron Company. The works there and elsewhere in this section were much injured, and some of them were burned, during the war, by Price's raiders. The silicious and magnetic and specular oxides found in the Pilot Knob and Shepherd Mountain region are abundant and pure. The specular oxides abound in Dent, Crawford, Phillips and Pulaski counties. The beds of bog ore extend for miles among the swamps and cypresses in South-eastern Missouri; and hematite ores are

found in almost every county in the south of the state. Throughout the coal measures of the commonwealth there are vast beds of spathic ore, which will serve even when the more available deposits have been exhausted.

And this is not all. For miles and miles along the Missouri river iron crops out from the bold and picturesque bluffs, and it is estimated that it can be easily mined and placed in barges for less than a dollar per ton. On the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad also, vast deposits of blue specular are gradually being unearthed. At Scotia, at Sullivan, at Jamestown, at Salem, the treasures of iron are astonishing. Missouri should take care to keep the furnaces for smelting these ores within her borders, for pig iron and Bessemer steel can to-day be made cheaper there, at the present prices of labor and coal, than in Pennsylvania. The policy of transporting the ores from these fresh fields to the furnaces in the Quaker State, whose occupation is gone, seems neither wise nor economical, if America desires or intends to one day supply Europe with the ore which she is beginning to clamor for. The stores of coal match those of iron; it was long



STATUE OF BENTON IN LAFAYETTE PARK, ST. LOUIS.

ago estimated that Missouri had an area of twenty-six thousand square miles of coal beds between the mouth of the Des Moines River and the Indian Territory; and along all the railroads in Northern Missouri, and beside the Missouri Pacific, coal veins have proved very extensive.

The development of the lead mines of Missouri is full of romance. More than three hundred years ago De Soto carelessly passed them by, disdaining any thing save gold. One hundred and fifty years ago Renault and La Motte hunted in the Ozark hills for the precious metal, but only found lead, and to-day La Motte's mine is still called by his name. As early as 1819 the annual yield of the lead mines in the State was three millions of pounds; in 1870 the annual production amounted to nearly fourteen millions; and in 1872 it had risen to over 20,000,000. The revival of the lead mining interest, in 1872, created almost as much excitement in certain sections as if gold had been in question. The largest investments were made in South-western and Central Missouri: old mines were reopened, new machinery was hurried in, and in Jasper County, a wild section on the borders of Kansas and the Indian Territory, a new town sprang up as by magic in the midst of a section where lead lay near the surface. There was genuine Californian excitement: furnaces, stores, shops, hotels, and churches arose on Joplin Creek,

and the town of "Joplin" was born. An impulse was there given to the lead production of Missouri, which will not be deadened until the imports of lead from Europe to this country have been vastly reduced. The area of the lead region comprises nearly seven thousand square miles. In the neighborhood of Jasper and Newton counties are large stores of zinc ores, supposed to extend into the Indian Territory. In the counties of St. Francois and Madison there is a fine vein of lead of great length, thrown broadcast through limestone strata. Upon this vein are the splendid properties of the Mine la Motte Company. Most of the lead in that vicinity and in Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Crawford, Phelps, Dent, and other counties, carries cobalt and nickel in abundance, and not far away, brown hematite iron ores are found in profusion. The extension of the Iron Mountain and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroads through the mineral regions has done more for the future development of the State than all other efforts put together. In a few years both roads will be lined with furnaces and mines of all descriptions, and will extend branches in every direction. Several varieties of copper are found in the State, and the mines in Shannon, Madison, and Franklin counties have been worked successfully. New discoveries of zinc ore are daily made in all sections: cobalt, nickel, manganese, tin, and marble are also found. The Ozark marbles of Missouri are already famous; they aid in the adornment of the national capital. Excellent building limestones—coarse reddish granite, which answers very well for large buildings, and various shades of sandstones—are to be found in all quarters.

But the iron and coal interests tributary to St. Louis dominate all others, and give the finest promise. It is evident that Missouri is about to enter in earnest upon one of the greatest industrial fields in the world as a formidable competitor. She has cheap food in a strong new country rapidly receiving emigration; ores of surpassing richness lying close to the surface; coal in vast areas, and easily mined—coal, too, which does not require coking before it aids in the smelting of iron ore; an economical system of inter-communication by river and rail; and plenty of money lying in the strong boxes of the fathers of St. Louis. The time is coming when the capital, which has so long lain dormant



THE GRATIOT STREET PRISON—ST. LOUIS.



THE FURNACE—IRON MOUNTAIN.

will be awakened, and turned into the service of the industry that is to make St. Louis a city with a million inhabitants in less than a generation.

Here we are again at Carondelet—passing the long ore trains hourly arriving from the Iron Mountain. What crowding, what noise and clang of machinery, what smoke and stench of coal! Here the workmen, with thick leather aprons about their waists, and gloves on their hands, are bringing the bars of pig-iron from some blast furnace, and cording them up by hundreds. Here is a crowd of perturbed Irish laborers, shrieking and dancing around a prostrate man, whose limbs have been scarred and seared by a sudden spurt of hot iron from the furnace. Some comrades are bending over him, cutting away his garments with their knives, while the iron consumes his flesh. Then they roll his limbs in ashes and water, and send for the doctor.

From Carondelet let us return cityward by another route, climbing the hill which leads to Grand Avenue, and then wandering up a country road to a vineyard, and a "garden-close" among beautiful shrubbery. The country round about is covered with vineyards, or rich corn and other grain fields. Returning to Grand Avenue, you may drive through the new "Tower Grove Park," with its pretty arbors, rustic houses, and bosquets of trees; past La-

fayette Park, much like one of the great squares in the West End of London, and, rattling through street after street, lined with elegant houses, at last descend towards the banks of the river, and the business section of the town. Although the suburbs of St. Louis are not remarkable, there are many attractive parks and parklets near at hand. The superb botanical garden known as "Shaw's," adjoining the "Tower Grove Park," is the especial pride of Missouri. The Forest Park, containing fourteen hundred acres, clothed in delicious foliage, dotted with elms, oak, ash and sycamores, festooned with grape vines, and watered by the capricious little *Rivière des Pères*, is not as yet improved, but will doubtless be the principal recreation ground of the city in time. Lindell, Belmont, and the Park of Fruits are all beautiful; and the park upon which the famous St. Louis fair is annually held, has many lovely winding walks, garden-spots, and knots of shrubbery. To this fair-ground every October hundreds of thousands of visitors flock from the whole Mississippi Valley; and the vast amphitheater, which will seat twenty-five thousand people, is daily crowded by a constantly changing audience. St. Louis worships annually one day at the shrine of this fair, which is mechanical as well as agricultural in its scope. All business is suspended; schools are closed, and a spe-

cies of high carnival is inaugurated at the fair grounds. Inside the amphitheater there is a huge procession of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, at which the good burghers look on something after the fashion of ancient Romans at the Coliseum.

After you have wandered the whole city over—dined at Porcher's and loitered in the pleasant parlors of the "University Club;" been to concerts at Uhrig's and to mass in the old Cathedral; inspected the plafonds and other gorgeous splendors of the palace in which the St. Louis Life Insurance Company transacts its business; seen Benton on his pedestal in Lafayette Park; visited the burial grounds of beautiful Bellefontaine; dived into the great vaults of the Imperial Wine Company, where a million bottles of native champagne lie always cooling; done reverence to the Water Works, where two powerful engines each force the Mississippi river to contribute seventeen millions of gallons daily to supply the wants of the city; had a peep at the prisons of the "Four Courts," and even been a looker-on at the morning matinee, locally known as "The Terrible Court," where a police judge dispenses justice, sends vagrants to the workhouse for a thousand days, and suspicious characters across the river in twenty minutes; explored the score of mammoth foundries, where iron is manufactured in every form, from gas-piping to architectural work for houses; noted the dome of the imposing Court House,—a kind of miniature "St. Paul's,"—and climbed the hill at the city's back, on which the ungainly Lunatic Asylum stands;—after all this, you may look about you for amusement, and be surprised to find that a city of four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants cannot boast a first-class theater,* and is compelled to have its opera season in a second-rate variety hall. If you insist on being amused, however, you can read the editorial columns of the leading newspapers, and note the playful animosity which evidently guides the editorial pens. But you may also get a lesson or two in journalism, for St. Louis is as rich in journals as it is poor in theaters, and *The Democrat*, *The Republican*, *The Globe*, and *The Times* can all show admirably equipped establishments. *The Republican* building is one of the most elegant and complete



ST. LOUIS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

newspaper offices in the world; there is but one in the country which equals it, and that is in New York. *The Democrat* is a Republican journal, and *The Republican* is Democratic. The first number of *The Republican* was issued in 1808, as *The Gazette*, printed on a rude press of Western manufacture. It has twice arisen, an untiring phoenix, from the ruins of great fires. Mr. Knapp, its editor, was always an opponent of secession, and his paper might now be strictly classed as an opposition sheet. *The Democrat* was an early advocate of free soil principles, and a stout defender of the new Republican party in the troublesome times following the election of Buchanan. It is now ably managed by George W. Fishback, one of the leading journalists of the West. *The Globe* grew out of a division of interests in *The Democrat*; both it and *The Times* have grown up handsomely. *The Dispatch* and *The Journal* are evening papers, respectively Democratic and Republican. The religious and literary press of the city numbers several able periodicals, among which is *The Southern Review*, a quarterly of national reputation.

The higher intellectual life in St. Louis is not apparently as vigorous as that of many of the Eastern cities. The nature of its population prevents a large and symmetrical growth at present in that direction. The great mass of the population is either foreign born, or in the transition from the old to the new nationality; and the material growth of the city and country round

* There are several theatrical buildings, but there is no regularly organized theater.

about is so "fierce and vast"* that people have little time for abstractions, or for the graces and culture which come with literature and art. There are one or two promising artists, and Mr. Diehl and Mr. Pattison have done some good work. Some one has told me that no course of lectures has ever paid in St. Louis; this seems astonishing, if indeed, it be the fact. The libraries are numerous and good. The Mercantile is the largest, and its spacious rooms are adorned with statues by Miss Hosmer and other sculptors of note. Of course, the city boasts many splendid interiors and almost princely establishments. It could hardly fail to produce them, with a dry goods trade which, in 1872, aggregated fifty millions of dollars, and is steadily increasing at the rate of thirty per cent. yearly. Before the war the dry goods business engaged but from ten to twelve millions. The retail trade of one dry goods establishment in St. Louis now amounts to more than six million dollars annually, and there are two which boast a million, and four half-a-million each. The trade in groceries spreads over an immense section, and in this business there are three firms whose transactions amount to two millions each annually, and no less than seven which claim a million each. The sales of sugar by one of the principal sugar refinery companies amounted to 32,000,000 pounds in 1872, and yielded the Government nearly \$1,000,000 of revenue. The wholesale trade in hardware counts up several millions, and in 1871 seven wholesale firms reported sales varying from \$600,000 to \$150,000. More than one hundred million feet of lumber are usually on hand in the St. Louis markets. From five to seven million dollars are invested in leather manufactures, and the annual sales exceed fifteen millions. Three-fourths of all the sheetings sold in St. Louis are now manufactured in cotton mills in the Mississippi Valley, and St. Louis herself has invested capital in manufacturing textile fabrics for her own market. The gain that the city has made since the war is shown by the statement that in 1860 the capital invested in manufactures there was about \$13,000,000, while it is now nearly fifty millions. Fine churches, hospitals and many worthy charities show that much of

the profit from these immense businesses is properly employed. In the local and municipal politics there are but few excitements. The Germans are not so readily welcomed in official positions as they once were, because a pretty liberal exercise of power had revived their feeling of nationality rather too strongly, and they were making German blood an overweening qualification for office.

The present value of the property within the limits of St. Louis city is \$300,000,000. The bonded debt of the metropolis is a little over \$14,000,000; the floating debt is \$543,669; the amount of cash and assets now in the sinking fund, \$805,744. It is impossible in the limits of a paper of this description to give an exact statement of the amount of trade, and increase in wealth and manufactures. I have endeavored merely to show how vigorous and substantial that increase has been. New industries are constantly locating at St. Louis, or in its immediate vicinity; and a persistence is shown in their establishment which augurs grand results. The history of glass manufacture there has been one of disaster for many years; it is said that a million dollars has been sunk in unsuccessful efforts to establish it, but at last St. Louis has the credit of an establishment which can produce plate glass, said to be equal to the best of European manufacture.

St. Louis is, I believe, the only city in the United States which has adopted the Continental method of licensing the social evil, and there has been a great battle re-



CHRIST CHURCH—ST. LOUIS.

* See Gen. Walker's preface to last Census Report.



VIEW IN LAFAYETTE PARK—ST. LOUIS.

cently fought over it, in which church, society and the legislature have taken active parts. Mayor Brown, who is progressive and liberal in municipal matters, has sided with the license system, maintaining that it is the only means to the much desired end—reform and control of the fallen. The money received from license fees is devoted purely to the furthering of reformatory measures. The legislature has been induced to consider the matter seriously, and St. Louis may be compelled to relinquish a system which has been so much debated. At this writing, no decision has been made. Missouri maintains a State lottery, and that too has been somewhat discussed. It is honestly administered, but seems poor business for a State to lend its sanction to.

The Missouri river practically divides the State into northern and southern portions, flowing from west to east through the commonwealth; and north of the muddy, lazy stream lie the rich agricultural lands of which Missourians are so proud. Where the river first touches the Kansas line there is another instance of marvelous growth, still more wonderful, perhaps, than the progress of St. Louis. Kansas City, the young colossus bestriding the bold and irregular bluffs on the southern bank of the Missouri just below the mouth of the Kansas, was, in 1850, a shabby town, vainly

struggling upon the flats by the river side; it had once been a station for the wild "bullwhackers," who came to load their "prairie schooners" from the Missouri river boats; and even several years afterwards it was graceless enough to be thus touchingly classified by one of the rude men of the frontier: "There's no railroad west of Junction City, no law west of Kansas City, and no God west of Hay's City." During the war the forlorn and remote town suffered all kinds of evils; but in 1865 the Missouri Pacific railroad reached it. Then it sprang up!

Kansas City is now the terminus of nine splendid railroads, which stretch out their long arms over Kansas, Missouri, across the great desert to Colorado, give direct connection with Omaha, Chicago and the north, and tap Texas and her newly developed fields. The city seems to have sprung out of the ground by magic. Upon its scraggy bluffs, pierced in all directions by railroad tracks, more than forty thousand people have settled, and built miles of elegant streets, lined with fine warehouses, school and church edifices. They have bridged the Missouri, erected massive depots and stock-yards, fine hotels and many princely residences, and have two of the best newspapers in the Northwest. They control the market from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, have a valuation of \$42,000,000, instead of the one million which they boasted twelve years ago. The jobbing trade of the city alone amounts to \$17,000,000. The aggre-



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—ST. LOUIS.

gate deposits in the banking institutions in 1872 reached \$72,000,000. Eighty railway trains arrive and depart from the crowded depots daily. During the last seven months of 1871 two hundred thousand cattle were received in the stock-yards of the city. More beef is packed in Kansas City than in any other city in the United States. In the lower town, which lies down close to the Kansas line, a portion of it indeed being in Kansas, one sees throngs of drovers and cattle dealers; clouds of dust arise in the wake of the bellowing and plunging herds in transit; there is a lively stock market, where hundreds of persons are buzzing about from sunrise until sunset; and the railway lines ramify in so many directions, that a stranger's life is constantly in danger. Four great packing houses have facilities for taking the lives of two thousand cattle daily; their vast interiors, with hundreds of grimy and bloody butchers rending the vitals of the animals, and dexterously converting their flesh into carefully cured and packed provisions, is a spectacle as imposing as disagreeable. In 1872 more than twenty thousand cattle and one hundred and twenty thousand swine met their death at the hands of Kansas City butchers. As the eastern terminus of the great Texan cattle roads of the West alone, Kansas City can become one of the largest cities in the west. It is a busy, bustling town, in whose streets the elegantly dressed business man jostles against the slouching unkempt farmer from the back country; where the hearty currents of frontier rudeness meet and mingle with the smoothly flowing and resistless streams of business civilization. Energy is necessary—for, when a new street is to be laid out, a bluff has to be leveled; the town has only been fastened to its place by sheer audacity and tremendous pluck. Thousands of Germans and Jews have settled in all the region round about. The typical hard riding, hard drinking, 'blustering Missourian, who carries bowie-knife and revolver—the type of those adventurous knights who used to amuse themselves by crusading into Kansas, and committing "border-ruffian" outrages, is rarely to be seen; and when one turns up he feels so out of place in the roaring, trafficking town, that he turns his horse's head towards the open country again. Where in 1860 there was nothing to be seen but a desolate moor, now stands a depot through which a million

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI AT ST. LOUIS.



people annually pass. Kansas City will become, in twenty years, one of the great manufacturing centers of the country.

The influence and mark of Southern manners have vanished from the north-western sections of Missouri. A new type has arisen, and swept out of sight those who prevailed "befo' the waw." The same remark may be made of St. Louis. Once a thoroughly southern city in all its attributes, it is now cosmopolitan. In the northern and north-western portions of the State there are vast numbers of New England people; the tone of society and manners is a curious mixture of Colorado and Maine. In some of the counties there is wild life, and the enforcement of law is rather difficult; but such counties are the exceptions. The Missouri farmers can never allow a court to try a horse-thief; they always give him short shrift. Popular justice is very healthful in many instances, and keeps down future rascality.

Population is the prime need of Missouri. The agricultural resources of the State are immense. The river bottoms along the Missouri are as rich as the Valley of the Nile. In journeying beside them on the Missouri Pacific Railroad one sees immense spaces but recently cleared from the forests, in which there are hosts of log-cabins, and barns, with the omnipresent appendages of hog-yards, filled with dozens of swine; yellow corn-fields, acres on acres, extending as far as the eye can reach among the girdled trees; men and women cantering to market on bareback horses, grimy children staring at one from the zig-zag fences. The life is like the products of the soil, dusty and coarse; there is a flavor of corn and pork about it, but it is full of vigor. The country north of the Missouri river is rich, undulating prairie, watered by abundant streams. The Platte country is famous for hemp, grain, and superb stock, and, indeed, there is no section of Missouri which is not well adapted to stock raising. The climate is so mild that there is rarely any necessity of shelter for stock in the winter; the State is covered with a network of small streams; the grasses everywhere are rich, and grain-crops are un-failing. Millions of swine, sheep and cattle now roam over the vast swelling prairies. And the swine, I am sorry to say, roam with equal freedom in the streets of most of the towns. Millions of acres of good land south of the Osage river—a grand section for vineyards, sheep farms, and

fruit—can be had for from fifty cents to five dollars per acre. The bottom lands along the Mississippi river are all capable of cultivation, and are very rich. The staple products of the State, Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, tobacco, hay, grapes, wool and hemp,* grow luxuriantly, and yield largely.†

The foliage of the Missouri forests is exquisitely beautiful. The timber lines along the creeks, and the great woods, covering hundreds of acres, are alike charming. Even in sections where there has been no cultivation, one finds delicious lawns shaded by trees, as graceful and luxuriant as if the product of the care of centuries. The sycamores and oaks are of marvelous height, sometimes measuring 130 or 140 feet, and on all the forest monarchs hang graceful festoons of wild grape-vines, the trumpet-flower, and many pretty winding parasites. But the woodman's axe is rapidly annihilating these beautiful sylvan retreats. In the southeast of the state are enormous groves of yellow pine, in whose aisles wild animals still stalk fearlessly.

In journeying across the state along the line of the Kansas City and Northern railroad, I found dozens of little towns of the same unsubstantial outward appearance as those I had seen in Southwestern Missouri during our journey Texas-ward. The little villages seemed like those toy ones we play with in childhood, and were all of one general plan. "Saloon—Wines and Liquors" is always a conspicuous sign; and the hum and bustle of the town centers about the depot. These towns are the outgrowth of the railway; the older ones are more substantial and interesting. Lexington, Moberly and Mexico, are flourishing communities in the midst of fertile regions. St. Joseph is perhaps the most attractive, as it is the largest, in North-western Missouri. It is, in aspect, a New England town, and is built on hills along the Missouri river, hills which slope gently away until they reach rich prairies extending over thousands of acres. The sum total of its wholesale and retail trade averages twenty-five millions annually; it has costly hotels, theaters, churches, residences, a

* In 1870 Missouri produced nearly four million pounds of wool; more than a million pounds of honey; sorghum to the amount of 1,731,000 gallons, and a million gallons of wine.

† There are at present more than one hundred and fifty thousand farms in Missouri, and there is ample room for five times as many more.

mammoth bridge across the great river, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. From St. Joseph a railroad stretches across the state to Hannibal, another thriving city.

But this is a digression. These cities properly belong to the North-west, whose spirit they manifest, and whose manners and energy they represent. St. Louis and the country tributary to it, however, are Southern in interest, and must so remain. St. Louis will become one of the greatest clearing houses of the South. Its interests are allied with those of Texas, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and the Mississippi Valley. Its rolling mills must make rails with which to lay Southern railroads, and its capital must build mills in which to manufacture Southern cotton. Along the Atlantic and Pacific Railway line must come a trade which will build St. Louis marvelously fast. Pierce City, Joplin, and dozens of other small towns, will become wealthy and important. Springfield, now pioneering in cotton manufacture, will be a great spindle center, like Lowell or Lawrence.

St. Charles, the little town nestled at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, looks charmingly picturesque seen from the high bridge over the Missouri. The houses are nearly all German in architecture, and their low, broad, sloping roofs are huddled into artistic groups. A few steamers lie at the levee, others drift lazily along the broad sheeny tide, between the rich green banks. The pretty town is really older than St. Louis, for as "*Village des Cotes*" it was settled two years before Laclede visited the site of St. Louis, and was once the seat of the State government, before the legislators betook themselves to the rather prosaic town of Jefferson City. Sainte Genevieve is another romantic old town, and a few venerable Frenchmen, lingering on the edge of these moving times, give many stories of the good old days when the trappers and *voyageurs* made the town a rendezvous, and the people of St. Louis came there to buy provisions. They cannot comprehend the grand movement which has made St. Louis a metropolis, and left their village to its primitive quiet. They see hundreds of steamers and barges slip down the broad current, and it seems to them all a dream.

There are many pretty, and some prosperous towns along the Mississippi, on the Missouri shore, between St. Louis and the

section opposite the Ohio's mouth. St. Mary's, Wittenberg, Cape Girardeau, are thriving settlements, indicating a vigorous growth in the back country, whence come dozens of rough farmers, mounted on tough horses, to see the boats come in, to get the mails and, mayhap, a little whisky. Southward of Cape Girardeau begins the "Great Swamp,"—a magnificent wilderness, extending southward to the mouth of the St. Francis river, a region picturesque enough in its wildness and desolation, as I saw it, when the giant stream had overflowed all the lowlands, and left nothing visible but a half-submerged forest. Cape Girardeau lies on a solid bed of marble, and is called the Marble City. New Madrid, a small and unimposing town in the south-eastern portion of the state, and on the river, is the scene of the colossal earthquake in 1811, when the whole land was moved and swayed like the ocean, and the tallest oaks were bent like reeds.

There are but four States in the Union which outrank Missouri in the amount of manufacturing done within their limits. Those States are New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio. It is true that Missouri and Illinois are so closely abreast that the supremacy is savagely disputed. The rate per cent. of increase in Missouri has, however, been 394 since the war, while that in Illinois has been but 257. There is an earnestness in the manner in which the Missourian declares his determination to place his State at the head of all others, which almost convinces one that he will do it. The cash value of the farm lands in the State is fully four hundred millions of dollars, and is steadily increasing. In 1872 the State produced almost one hundred million bushels of corn, nearly eight million bushels of wheat, and 17,000,000 bushels of oats. So uniting agriculture and the rapid development of manufactures, Missouri has a wonderful future before her. It is almost impossible to say exactly what the growth of any one section within her limits is. St. Louis certainly has considerably more than four hundred thousand inhabitants; the citizens claim 450,000 and, indeed, it is not improbable, judging from the rapidity with which the currents of immigration pour into it and through it. The people of Missouri have wisely left their capital in a small town, never entrusting it to the influences of a large metropolis, and at Jefferson City a legislature assembles, which is

usually, though not always, up to the level of the State's progress. Jefferson City itself is a prosperous town of seven thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Missouri river, 125 miles west of St. Louis. It has been the capital since 1828, the seat of government having previously been rather peripatetic, making visits to St. Louis, St. Charles and Marion. The State House occupies a bluff, over-hanging the river; the handsome residence of the Governor, a crowded penitentiary, the Lincoln Institute, and the Court House are the other public buildings. There is abundant and admirable lime-stone in the vicinity, and this alone, so well adapted to the construction of serviceable public buildings, may induce the Missourians to locate the capital permanently at "Jefferson." The Democrats

have been for some time in power, and have distinguished themselves rather by a lack of progressive legislation than by any tendency to undo the advance already made. The State withheld itself from the cause of secession, and the memorable phrase of Gov. Stewart, in his valedictory in 1861, shows the independence and good sense of the masses in the commonwealth: "Missouri will hold to the Union so long as it is worth the effort to preserve it. She cannot be frightened by the past unfriendly legislation of the North, nor dragooned into secession by the restrictive legislation of the extreme South." To-day the best spirit prevails; old enemies work side by side in the upbuilding, and the animosities of the past are buried under the impressive and fascinating opportunities of the present.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VII.

GIDEON SPILETT was standing motionless on the shore, his arms crossed, gazing over the sea, the horizon of which was lost in the east with a thick black cloud which was spreading rapidly toward the zenith. The wind was already strong, and increased with the decline of day. All the sky was of a threatening aspect, and the first symptoms of a violent storm were clearly visible.

Harbert entered the Chimneys, and Pencroff went towards the reporter. The latter, deeply absorbed, did not see him approach.

"We are going to have a dirty night, Mr. Spilett!" said the sailor: "Petrels delight in wind and rain."

The reporter, turning at the moment, saw Pencroff, and his first words were:—

"At what distance, from the coast, would you say the car was, when the waves carried off our companion?"

The sailor had not expected this question. He reflected an instant, and replied,—

"Two cables' lengths, at the most."

"But what is a cable's length?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"About a hundred and twenty fathoms, or 600 feet."

"Then," said the reporter, "Cyrus Smith must have disappeared twelve hundred feet at the most from the shore?"

"About that," replied Pencroff.

"And his dog also?"

"Yes."

"What astonishes me," rejoined the reporter, "while admitting that our companion has perished, is that Top has also met his death, and that neither the body of the dog nor of his master has been cast on the shore!"

"It is not astonishing, with such a heavy sea," replied the sailor. "Besides, it is possible that currents have carried them further down the coast."

"Then, it is your opinion that our friend has perished in the waves?" again asked the reporter.

"That is my opinion."

"My own opinion," said Gideon Spilett, "with due deference to your experience, Pencroff, is that in the double fact of the absolute disappearance of Cyrus and Top,

living or dead, there is something unaccountable and unlikely."

"I wish I could think like you, Mr. Spilett," replied Pencroff; "unhappily, my mind is made up on this point."

Having said this, the sailor returned to the Chimneys. A good fire crackled on the hearth. Harbert had just thrown on an armful of dry wood and the flame threw a bright light into the darkest parts of the passage.

Pencroff immediately began to prepare the dinner. It appeared best to introduce something solid in the bill of fare, for all needed to recruit their strength. The strings of couroucous were kept for the next day, but they plucked a couple of tétras, which were soon spitted on a stick, and roasting before a blazing fire.

At seven in the evening Neb had not returned. The prolonged absence of the negro made Pencroff very uneasy. It was to be feared that he had met with an accident on this unknown land, or that the unhappy fellow had been driven to some act of desperation. But Harbert drew very different conclusions from this absence. According to him, Neb's delay was caused by some new circumstances which had induced him to prolong his search. Also, everything new must be to the advantage of Cyrus Smith. Why had Neb not returned unless hope still detained him? Perhaps he had found some mark, a footstep, a trace which had put him in the right path. Perhaps he was at this moment on a certain track. Perhaps, even, he was near his master.

Thus the lad reasoned. Thus he spoke. His companions let him talk. The reporter alone approved with a gesture. But what Pencroff thought most probable was,



SHELTERED FROM THE STORM.

that Neb had pushed his researches on the shore further than the day before, and that he had not yet had time to return.

However Harbert, agitated by vague presentiments, several times manifested an intention to go to meet Neb; but Pencroff assured him that that would be a useless course; that in the darkness and deplorable weather he could not find any traces of Neb, and that it would be much better to wait. If Neb did not make his appearance by the next day, Pencroff would not hesitate to join him in his search.

Gideon Spilett coincided in the sailor's opinion that it was best not to divide, and Harbert was obliged to give up his project; but the sailor noticed that his eyes were filled with tears.



"ALL THREE RUSHED TOWARDS THE OPENING OF THE CHIMNEYS."

The reporter could not refrain from embracing the generous boy.

Bad weather now set in. A furious gale from the south-east passed over the coast. The sea roared as it beat over the reef. Heavy rain was dashed by the storm into particles like dust. Ragged masses of vapor drove along the beach, on which the tormented shingles sounded as if poured out in cart-loads, while the sand raised by the wind added, as it were, mineral dust to that which was liquid, and rendered the united attack insupportable. Between the river's mouth and the end of the cliff, eddies of wind whirled and gusts from this maelstrom lashed the water which ran through the narrow valley. The smoke from the fire-place was also driven back

through the opening, filling the passages and rendering them uninhabitable.

Therefore, since the tétas were cooked, Pencroff let the fire die away, and only preserved a few embers buried under the ashes.

At eight o'clock Neb had not appeared, but there was no doubt that the frightful weather alone hindered his return, and that he must have taken refuge in some cave to await the end of the storm or at least the return of day. As to going to meet him, or attempting to find him, it was impossible.

The game constituted the only dish at supper; the meat was excellent, and Pencroff and Harbert, whose long excursion had rendered them very hungry, devoured it with intense satisfaction.

Their meal concluded, each retired to the corner in which he had rested the preceding night, and Harbert was not long in going to sleep near the sailor, who had stretched himself beside the fire-place.

Outside, as the night advanced, the tempest also increased in strength, until it was equal to that which had carried the prisoners from Richmond to this land in the Pacific. The tempests, which are frequent during these seasons of the equinox, and which are so prolific in catastrophes, are especially terrible over this immense extent, which opposes no obstacle to their fury. No description can give an idea of the terrific violence of the gale as it beat upon this unprotected coast.

Happily the pile of rocks which formed the Chimneys was solid. It was composed of enormous blocks of granite, a few of which, insecurely balanced, seemed to tremble on their foundation, and Pencroff could feel rapid quiverings under his hand

as it rested on the side. But he repeated to himself, and rightly, that there was nothing to fear, and that their retreat would not give way. Still he heard the noise of stones torn from the summit of the plateau by the wind, falling down to the beach. A few even rolled on to the upper part of the Chimneys, or flew off in fragments when they were projected perpendicularly. Twice the sailor rose and entrenched himself at the opening of the passage, so as to take a look in safety at the outside. But there was nothing to be feared from these showers, which were not considerable, and he returned to his place before the fire where the embers glowed beneath the ashes.

Notwithstanding the fury of the hurricane, the uproar of the tempest, the thunder and the tumult, Harbert slept profoundly. Sleep at last took possession of Pencroff, whom a sea-faring life had habituated to anything. Gideon Spilett alone was kept awake by anxiety. He approached himself with not having accompanied Neb. It was evident that he had not abandoned all hope. The presentiments which had troubled Harbert did not cease to agitate him also. His thoughts were concentrated on Neb. Why had Neb not returned? He tossed about on his sandy couch, scarcely giving a thought to the struggle of the elements.

Now and then, his eyes, heavy with fatigue, closed for an instant, but some rapid thought re-opened them almost immediately.

Meanwhile the night advanced, and it was perhaps two hours from morning when Pencroff, then sound asleep, was vigorously shaken.

"What's the matter?"

he cried, rousing himself, and collecting his ideas with the promptitude usual to seamen.

The reporter was leaning over him, and saying,—

"Listen, Pencroff, listen!"

The sailor strained his ears but could hear no noise beyond that caused by the storm.

"It is the wind," said he.

"No," replied Gideon Spilett, listening again, "I thought I heard—"

"What?"

"The barking of a dog!"

"A dog?" cried Pencroff, springing up.

"Yes—barking—"

"It's not possible!" replied the sailor. "Besides, how in the roaring of the storm—"

"Stop—listen—" said the reporter.

Pencroff listened more attentively, and



"NEB WAS THERE, KNEELING BESIDE A BODY."



BACK TO THE CHIMNEYS.

really thought he heard, during a lull, a distant barking.

"Well!" said the reporter, pressing the sailor's hand.

"Yes—yes!" replied Pencroff.

"It's Top! It's Top!" cried Harbert, who had just awoke, and all three rushed towards the opening of the Chimneys. They had great difficulty in getting out. The wind drove them back. But at last they succeeded, and could only remain standing by leaning against the rocks. They looked about, but could not speak. The darkness was intense. The sea, the sky, the land were all mingled in one black mass. Not a speck of light was visible.

The reporter and his companions remained thus for a few minutes, over-

whelmed by the wind, drenched by the rain, and blinded by the sand.

Then, in a pause of the tumult, they again heard the barking which they found must be at some distance.

It could only be Top! But was he alone or accompanied? He was most probably alone, for, if Neb had been with him, he would have made his way more directly towards the Chimneys. The sailor squeezed the reporter's hand, for he could not make himself heard, in a way that signified "Wait!" Then he re-entered the passage.

An instant after he issued with a lighted fagot, which he threw into the darkness, whistling shrilly.

It appeared as if this signal had been waited for; the barking immediately came nearer, and soon a dog bounded into the passage. Pencroff, Harbert and Spilett entered after him.

An armful of dry wood was thrown on the embers. The

passage was lighted up with a bright flame.

"It's Top!" cried Harbert.

It was indeed Top, a magnificent Anglo-Norman, who derived from these two races crossed, the swiftness of foot and acuteness of smell which are the preëminent qualities of coursing dogs. It was the dog of the engineer, Cyrus Smith. But he was alone! Neither Neb nor his master accompanied him.

How was it that his instinct had guided him straight to the Chimneys, which he did not know? It appeared inexplicable, above all, in the midst of this black night, and in such a tempest! But what was more inexplicable was, that Top was neither tired, nor exhausted, nor even soiled with mud

or sand! Harbert had drawn him towards him, and was patting his head, the dog rubbing his neck against the lad's hands.

"If the dog is found, the master will be found also!" said the reporter.

"God grant it!" responded Harbert. "Let us set off! Top will guide us!"

Pencroff did not make any objection. He felt that Top's arrival contradicted his conjectures. "Come along then!" said he.

Pencroff carefully covered the embers on the hearth. He placed a few pieces of wood amongst them, so as to keep in the fire until their return. Then, preceded by the dog, who seemed to invite them by short barks to come with him, and followed by the reporter and the boy, he dashed out, after having placed in his handkerchief the remains of the supper.

The storm was then in all its violence, and, perhaps, at its height. Not a single ray of light from the moon pierced through the clouds. To follow a straight course was difficult. It was best to rely on Top's instinct. They did so. The reporter and Harbert walked behind the dog, and the sailor brought up the rear. It was impossible to exchange a word. The rain was not very heavy, but the wind was terrific.

However, one circumstance favored the seaman and his two companions. The wind being south-east, consequently blew on their backs. The clouds of sand, which otherwise would have been insupportable, were then received from behind, and therefore did not impede their progress. Indeed, they sometimes went faster than they liked, and had some difficulty in keeping their feet; but hope gave them strength, for it was not at random this time that they climbed the shore. They had no doubt that Neb had found his master, and that he had sent them the faithful dog. But was the engineer living, or had Neb only sent for his companions that they might render the last duties to the corpse of the unfortunate Smith?

After having passed the precipice, Harbert, the reporter, and Pencroff prudently stepped aside to stop and take breath. The turn of the rocks sheltered them from the wind, and they could breathe after this walk, or rather run, of a quarter of an hour.

They could now hear and reply to each other, and the lad having pronounced the name of Cyrus Smith, Top gave a few short barks, as much as to say that his master was saved.

"Saved, isn't he?" repeated Harbert; "saved, Top?"

And the dog barked in reply.

They once more set out. The tide began to rise, and urged by the wind, it threatened to be unusually high, as it was a spring tide. Great billows thundered against the reef with such violence that they probably passed entirely over the islet, then quite invisible. This mole did not protect the coast, which was directly exposed to the attacks of the open sea.

As soon as the sailor and his companions left the precipice, the wind struck them again with renewed fury. Though bent under the gale, they walked very quickly, following Top, who did not hesitate as to what direction to take.

They ascended towards the north, having on their left an interminable extent of billows, which broke with a deafening noise, and on their right a dark country, the aspect of which it was impossible to guess. But they felt that it was comparatively flat, for the wind passed completely over them, without being driven back, as it was when it came in contact with the cliff.

At four o'clock in the morning they reckoned that they had cleared about five miles. The clouds were slightly raised, and the wind, though less damp, was very sharp and cold. Insufficiently protected by their clothing, Pencroff, Harbert and Spilett, suffered severely, but not a complaint escaped their lips. They were determined to follow Top, wherever that intelligent animal wished to lead them.

Towards five o'clock day began to break. At the zenith, where the fog was less thick, gray shades bordered the clouds; and under an opaque belt, a luminous line clearly traced the horizon. The crests of the billows were tipped with a wild light, and the foam regained its whiteness. At the same time, on the left, the hilly parts of the coast could be seen, though very indistinctly.

At six o'clock day had broken. The clouds rapidly lifted. The seaman and his companions were then about six miles from the Chimneys. They were following a very flat shore, bounded by a reef of rocks, whose heads scarcely emerged from the sea, for they were in deep water. On the left, the country appeared to be one vast extent of sandy downs, bristling with thistles. There was no cliff, and the shore offered no resistance to the ocean but a

chain of irregular hillocks. Here and there grew two or three trees, inclined towards the west, their branches projecting in that direction. Quite behind, in the south-west, extended the border of the forest.

At this moment, Top became very excited. He ran forward, returned, and then seemed to entreat them to hasten their steps. He then left the beach, and guided by his wonderful instinct, without showing the least hesitation, went straight in amongst the downs. The three followed him. The country appeared an absolute desert. Not a living creature was to be seen.

The downs, the extent of which was large, were composed of hillocks and even of hills, very irregularly distributed. They resembled a Switzerland modeled in sand, and only an amazing instinct could have possibly recognized the way.

Five minutes after having left the beach, the reporter and his two companions arrived at a sort of excavation, hollowed out at the back of a high mound. There Top stopped, and gave a loud, clear bark. Spilett, Harbert and Pencroff dashed into the cave.

Neb was there, kneeling beside a body extended on a bed of grass.

The body was that of the engineer, Cyrus Smith!

CHAPTER VIII.

NEB did not move. Pencroff only uttered one word.

"Living?" he cried.

Neb did not reply. Spilett and the sailor turned pale. Harbert clasped his hands, and remained motionless. The poor negro, absorbed in his grief, evidently had neither seen his companions, nor heard the sailor speak.

The reporter knelt down beside the motionless body, and placed his ear to the engineer's chest, having first torn open his clothes.

A minute — an age! — passed, during which he endeavored to catch the faintest throb of the heart.

Neb had raised himself a little and gazed without seeing. Despair had completely changed his countenance. He could scarcely be recognized. Exhausted with fatigue, broken with grief, he believed his master was dead.

After a long and attentive examination Gideon Spilett at last rose.

"He is alive!" said he.

Pencroff knelt in his turn before the engineer, and also heard a throbbing, and even felt a slight breath on his cheek.

Harbert, at a word from the reporter, ran out to look for water. He found, a hundred feet off, a limpid stream, which seemed to have been greatly increased by the rains, and which filtered through the sand; but nothing in which to put the water, not even a shell, amongst the downs. The lad was obliged to content himself with dipping his handkerchief into the stream, and hastened back with it to the grotto.

Happily the wet handkerchief was enough for Gideon Spilett, who only wished to wet the engineer's lips. The cold water produced an almost immediate effect. His chest heaved, and he seemed to try to speak.

"We will save him!" exclaimed the reporter.

At these words, hope revived in Neb's heart. He undressed his master to see if he was wounded, but not so much as a bruise was to be found, either on the head, body, or limbs, which was surprising, as he must have been dashed against the rocks; even the hands were uninjured, and it was difficult to explain how the engineer showed no traces of the efforts which he must have made to get out of reach of the breakers.

But the explanation would come later. When Cyrus was able to speak he would say what had happened. For the present the question was, how to recall him to life, and it appeared likely that rubbing would bring this about; so they set to work with the sailor's jersey.

The engineer, revived by this rude shampooing, moved his arm slightly, and began to breathe more regularly. He was sinking from exhaustion, and certainly, had not the reporter and his companions arrived, it would have been all over with Cyrus Smith.

"You thought your master was dead, didn't you?" said the seaman to Neb.

"Yes, quite dead!" replied Neb, "and if Top had not found you, and brought you here, I should have buried my master and then laid down on his grave to die!"

It had indeed been a narrow escape for Cyrus Smith!

Neb then recounted what had happened. The day before, after having left the Chim-

neys at day-break, he had ascended the coast in a northerly direction, and had reached that part of the shore which he had visited before.

There, without any hope, he acknowledged, Neb had searched along the beach and among the rocks for the smallest trace to guide him. He examined particularly that part of the beach which was not covered by the high tide, for near the sea the water would have obliterated all marks. Neb did not expect to find his master living. It was for a corpse that he searched, a corpse which he wished to bury with his own hands!

He sought long in vain. This desert coast appeared never to have been visited by a human creature. The shells, those which the sea had not reached, and which might be met with by millions above high water mark, were untouched. Not a shell was broken.

Neb then resolved to walk along the beach for some miles. It was possible that the waves had carried the body to quite a distant point. When a corpse floats a little distance from a low shore, it rarely happens that the tide does not throw it up, sooner or later. This Neb knew, and he wished to see his master again for the last time.

"I went along the coast for another two miles, carefully examining the beach, both at high and low water, and I had despaired of finding anything, when yesterday, about five in the evening, I saw foot-prints on the sand."

"Foot-prints?" exclaimed Pencroff.

"Yes!" replied Neb.

"Did these foot-prints begin at the water's edge?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Neb, "only above high water mark, for the others must have been washed out by the tide."

"Go on, Neb," said Spilett.

"I went half crazy when I saw these foot-prints. They were very clear, and went towards the downs. I followed them for a quarter of a mile, running, but taking care not to destroy them. Five minutes after, as it was getting dark, I heard the barking of a dog. It was Top, and Top brought me here, to my master!"

Neb ended his account by saying what had been his grief at finding the inanimate body, in which he vainly sought for the least sign of life. Now that he had found him dead he longed for him to be alive. All his efforts were useless! Nothing re-

mained to be done but to render the last duties to the one whom he had loved so much! Neb then thought of his companions. They, no doubt, would wish to see the unfortunate man again. Top was there. Could he not rely on the sagacity of the faithful animal? Neb several times pronounced the name of the reporter, the one among his companions whom Top knew best. Then he pointed to the south, and the dog bounded off in the direction indicated to him.

We have heard how, guided by an instinct which might be looked upon almost as supernatural, Top had found them.

Neb's companions had listened with great attention to this account.

It was unaccountable to them how Cyrus Smith, after the efforts which he must have made to escape from the waves by crossing the rocks, had not received even a scratch. And what could not be explained either, was how the engineer had managed to get to this cave in the downs, more than a mile from the shore.

"So, Neb," said the reporter, "it was not you who brought your master to this place?"

"No, it was not I," replied the negro.

"It's very clear that the Captain came by himself," said Pencroff.

"It is clear in reality," observed Spilett, "but it is not credible!"

The explanation of this fact could only be procured from the engineer's own lips, and they must wait for that till speech returned. Rubbing had re-established the circulation of the blood. Cyrus Smith moved his arm again, then his head, and a few incomprehensible words escaped him.

Neb, who was bending over him, spoke, but the engineer did not appear to hear, and his eyes remained closed. Life was only exhibited in him by movement; the senses had not yet recovered.

Pencroff much regretted not having either fire, or the means of procuring it, for he had, unfortunately, forgotten to bring the burnt linen, which would easily have ignited from the spark produced by striking together two flints. As to the engineer's pockets, they were entirely empty, except that of his waistcoat, which contained his watch. It was necessary to carry Smith to the Chimneys, and that as soon as possible. This was the opinion of all.

Meanwhile, the care which was lavished on the engineer brought him back to con-

sciousness sooner than they could have expected. The water with which they wet his lips revived him gradually. Pencroff also thought of mixing with the water some moisture from the tétra's flesh which he had brought. Harbert ran to the beach and returned with two large bivalve shells. The sailor composed a sort of mixture, and introduced it between the engineer's lips, who eagerly sucked it in.

His eyes then opened. Neb and the reporter were leaning over him.

"My master! my master!" cried Neb.

The engineer heard him. He recognized Neb and Spilett, then his other two companions, and his hand slightly pressed theirs.

A few words again escaped him—words which, doubtless, he already had uttered, and which showed what thoughts were, even then, troubling his brain. This time his words were understood.

"Island or continent?" he murmured.

"Bother the continent," cried Pencroff, hastily; "there is time enough to see about that, Captain. We don't care for anything, provided you are living."

The engineer nodded faintly, and then appeared to sleep.

Being careful not to wake him, the reporter began immediately to make arrangements for transporting Smith to a more comfortable place. Neb, Harbert and Pencroff left the cave and directed their steps towards a high mound, crowned with a few distorted trees. On the way the sailor could not help repeating:

"Island or continent! To think of that, when one is at the last gasp! What a man!"

Arrived at the summit of the mound, Pencroff and his two companions set to work, with no other tools than their hands, to despoil of its principal branches a rather sickly tree, a sort of marine fir; with these branches they made a litter, which, covered with grass and leaves, would do to carry the engineer.

This occupied them nearly forty minutes, and it was ten o'clock when they returned to Cyrus Smith, whom Spilett had not left.

The engineer was just awaking from the sleep, or rather from the drowsiness, in which they had found him. The color was returning to his cheeks, which till now had been as pale as death. He raised himself a little, looked around him, and appeared to ask where he was.

"Can you listen to me without tiring yourself, Cyrus?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the engineer.

"It's my opinion," said the sailor, "that Captain Smith will be able to listen to you still better, if he will have some more tétra jelly;—for we have tétras, Captain," added he, presenting him with a little of this jelly, with which this time he mingled a few particles of flesh.

Cyrus Smith chewed the pieces of tétra, and the rest was divided among his companions, who found it but a meager breakfast, for they were suffering extremely from hunger.

"Well," said the sailor, "there is plenty of food at the Chimneys; for you must know, Captain, that down there, in the south, we have a house, with rooms, beds and fireplace, and in the pantry several dozens of birds, which our Harbert calls couroucous. Your litter is ready, and as soon as you feel strong enough we will carry you home."

"Thanks, my friend," replied the engineer; "wait another hour or two, and then we will set out. And now speak, Spilett."

The reporter then told him all that had occurred. He recounted all the events with which Cyrus was unacquainted, the last fall of the balloon; the landing on this unknown land, which appeared a desert; whatever it was, whether island or continent; the discovery of the Chimneys; the researches undertaken to find the engineer; Neb's devotion; what they owed to the intelligence of the faithful Top, etc.

"But," asked Smith, in a still feeble voice, "you did not then pick me up on the beach?"

"No," replied the reporter.

"And did you not bring me to this cave?"

"No."

"At what distance is this cave from the sea?"

"About a mile," replied Pencroff; "and if you are astonished, Captain, we are not less surprised ourselves at seeing you in this place!"

"Indeed," said the engineer, who was recovering gradually, and who took great interest in these details, "indeed it is very singular!"

"But," resumed the sailor, "can you tell us what happened after you were carried off by the sea?"

Cyrus Smith considered. He knew very little. The wave had torn him from the balloon net. He sank at first several

fathoms. On returning to the surface, in the dim light, he felt a living creature struggling near him. It was Top, who had sprung to his help. He saw nothing of the balloon, which, lightened both of his weight and that of the dog, had darted away like an arrow.

There he was, in the midst of the angry sea, at a distance which could not be less than half a mile from the shore. He attempted to struggle against the billows by swimming vigorously. Top held him up by his clothes; but a strong current seized him and drove him towards the north, and after half an hour of exertion, he sank, dragging Top with him into the depths. From that moment to the moment in which he recovered to find himself in the arms of his friends he remembered nothing.

"However," remarked Pencroff, "you must have been thrown upon the beach, and you must have had strength enough to walk here, since Neb found your foot-marks!"

"Yes . . . of course . . ." replied the engineer, thoughtfully; "and you found no traces of human beings on this coast?"

"Not a trace," replied the reporter; "besides, if by chance you had met with some deliverer there, just in the nick of time, why should he have abandoned you after having saved you from the waves?"

"You are right, my dear Spilett. Tell me, Neb," added the engineer, turning to his servant, "it was not you who . . . you can't have had a moment of unconsciousness . . . during which . . . No, that's absurd . . . Do any of the footsteps still remain?" asked Smith.

"Yes, master," replied Neb; "here, at the entrance, at the back of the mound, in a place sheltered from the rain and wind. The storm has destroyed the others."

"Pencroff," said Cyrus Smith, "will you take my shoe and see if it fits exactly to the foot-prints?"

The sailor did as the engineer requested. While he and Harbert, guided by Neb, went to the place where the foot-prints were to be found, Cyrus remarked to the reporter,—

"It is a most extraordinary thing!"

"Perfectly inexplicable!" replied Gideon Spilett.

"But do not dwell upon it just now, my dear Spilett, we will talk about it by and by."

A moment after the others entered.

"There was no doubt about it. The

engineer's shoe fitted exactly to the foot-marks. It was therefore Cyrus Smith who had left them on the sand.

"Come," said he, "it was I who must have experienced this hallucination, this unconsciousness which I attributed to Neb. I must have walked like a somnambulist, without any knowledge of my steps, and it was Top, who in his instinct guided me here, after having dragged me from the waves . . . Come, Top! Come, old dog!"

The magnificent animal bounded, barking to his master, and caresses were lavished on him. It was agreed that there was no other way of accounting for the rescue of Cyrus Smith, and that Top deserved all the honor of the affair.

Towards twelve o'clock, Pencroff having asked the engineer if they could now remove him, Smith, instead of replying, and by an effort which exhibited the most energetic will, got up. But he was obliged to lean on the sailor, or he would have fallen.

"Well done!" said Pencroff; "bring the captain's litter."

The litter was brought; the transverse branches had been covered with leaves and long grass. Smith was laid on it, and Pencroff having taken his place at one end and Neb at the other, they started towards the coast. There was a distance of eight miles to be accomplished; but, as they could not go fast, and it would perhaps be necessary to stop frequently, they reckoned that it would take at least six hours to reach the Chimneys. The wind was still strong, but fortunately it did not rain. Although lying down, the engineer, leaning on his elbow, observed the coast, particularly inland. He did not speak, but he gazed; and, no doubt, the outline of the country, with its inequalities of ground, its forests, its various productions, were engraved upon his mind. However, after traveling for two hours, fatigue overcame him, and he slept.

At half-past five the little band arrived at the precipice, and a short time after at the Chimneys.

They stopped, and the litter was placed on the sand; Cyrus Smith was sleeping profoundly, and did not awake.

Pencroff, to his extreme surprise, found that the terrible storm had quite altered the aspect of the place. Important changes had occurred; great blocks of stone lay on the beach, which was also covered with a thick carpet of sea-weed, algæ, and wrack. Evidently the sea, passing over the islet, had been carried right up to the foot of the

enormous curtain of granite. The soil in front of the cave had been torn away by the violence of the waves. A horrid presentiment flashed across Pencroff's mind. He rushed into the passage, but returned almost immediately, and stood motionless, staring at his companions. . . . The fire

was out; the drowned cinders were nothing but mud; the burnt linen, which was to have served as tinder, had disappeared! The sea had penetrated to the end of the passages, and everything was overthrown and destroyed in the interior of the Chimneys!

(To be continued.)

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

PART II.

WHEN Wilhelm and Annette returned, they found Karl asleep on the sofa, and Margaret sitting close by his side, her face pale and full of distress. It had been a terrible hour for her. As soon as she saw Wilhelm and Annette, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, thank God, you have come; he is not quite in his senses, and I have not known what to do."

Hardly daring to breathe, lest they should waken the sleeper, the three sat motionless for an hour.

At Karl's first movement, Wilhelm threw himself on his knees, and clasped him to his heart; no word was spoken; but the two men sobbed like women. While they were in each other's arms, Margaret stole softly away.

When Karl looked up he said, "The four leaf of clover, where has she gone?" Wilhelm did not understand the first words, but replied simply to the last, "She has gone to her room. It is the good teacher, Miss Margaret; she lives with us. You will love her as we all do."

Karl smiled.

The next morning, when Margaret came into the sitting room, Karl, still lying on the lounge, fixed his blue eyes steadily on her face, and said abruptly, "It was then that I so frightened you, to make your cheeks so white, last night. To-day they are red, like red lilies and white lilies in one field," and the blue eyes dwelt on the face till the red lilies had driven all the white lilies away.

Margaret passed her hand impatiently across her cheek. "Oh, I always have color," she said. It did not please her that Wilhelm Reutner's brother should have looked at her in that manner. In a

second more, her kindliness of heart triumphed over the slight unworthiness of resentment, and going nearer him, she added, "I was indeed very much frightened about you last night. You seemed very ill, and I was all alone with Mary. I hope you are better; you look better."

Karl's eyes had fallen to the ground. As clearly as if it had been written in letters on Margaret's brow, he had read her first thought, and had been pained.

"Yes, I am better; I am well. It is the home which could cure me," he said, in a tone, whose grave simplicity was like Wilhelm's, and had in it an inexpressible charm.

In a moment more, he said, earnestly, "Have you ever found one four leaf of clover?" and, taking out his pocket-book, he turned its leaves over slowly, searching for something.

"Oh dear," thought Margaret, "he is certainly crazy. That was what he was talking about, last night. Poor fellow!"

"Oh yes, Mr. Reutner," she replied, "Four-leaved clovers are very common. I have often found whole handfuls of them."

"I thought you had. And have you ever one dream at night that you find the hands full of them, and give them to some one?"

Margaret looked puzzled, and was about to reply, when Wilhelm and the children entered the room. Karl laid a little folded paper, which he had held in his hand, back into the pocket-book, and opened his arms to the children, who sprang into them, and covered him with kisses until he was forced to cry out for mercy.

All day long Margaret was haunted by the words, and the voice in which they

were spoken, "Have you ever found one four leaf of clover?" "What could he have meant?" she thought. "He does not seem in the least like a crazy man. I wonder what he had in that paper," and more than once, the scholars received irrelevant answering to their questions, because their beautiful teacher's thoughts were full of this perplexing memory.

That night the mystery was cleared up. After the children had gone to bed, Karl told the story of the four-leaved clover, and took from his pocket-book the little relic leaf. Wilhelm took it in his hands, and looked at it with stern eyes.

"But why dost thou keep it, my Karl? Ach, it has cost thee dear!"

Karl reached his hand out hastily, as if to rescue the leaf.

"But it have bring me home," he said, "I will keep it so long as I live," and as he laid it back in the pocket-book, he smiled with the smile of one who recalls a bliss known only to himself.

It was indeed the "home which could cure." Karl grew better hour by hour. The wound healed, and, although the physicians said that the lungs must always be weak, Karl was in two months a strong man.

Margaret did not grow wonted to his presence in the family. It disturbed her, she hardly knew how, or why, and she chided herself often for the unreasonable feeling. Since that first morning, when with his blue eyes blazing with admiration, he had compared her cheeks to red lilies, he had never by word or glance betrayed any feeling other than the respectful affection with which his brother and sister treated her. His eyes met hers with the same clear, steady response that Wilhelm's always did, and he listened to her words with a simple reverence like that the children showed her. Often when she was speaking, he sat with his head slightly bowed, his eyes fixed on the ground; and an expression of rapt attention; but it was as a man might listen to the words of a priestess. Sometimes when he looked earnestly at her, there was, for a second, a beseeching and remorseful look, as of one who implored forgiveness; but the look was gone so quickly that Margaret never fathomed its meaning, and no one else saw it.

Margaret often wished that Karl had not come home; and yet, she never said this to herself without being in the same instant conscious that in numberless, and

in some hardly definable ways, her comfort had been much increased since his return. Karl had seen more of the world than Wilhelm and Annette, and had, moreover, a curious faculty of divining Margaret's preferences and tastes.

"The teacher would like this, or that," he had said to Annette, again and again; and Annette had replied, "How dost thou know? Has the teacher said it to thee? She was pleased before." But when Karl had carried his point, Annette always found that there came in a few days, a strong expression of grateful pleasure from Margaret.

And so the spring and the summer wore away, and the winter came back, and the long months had brought no apparent change in Wilhelm Reutner's house. But deep down in one heart under that roof, were working forces mightier, subtler than any which had ripened the spring into the summer, and the summer into the garnered harvest of autumn. Karl Reutner loved Margaret Warren. His love was so entirely without any hope of return, that it partook of the nature of the passion of a spiritual devotee, and was lifted to a plane of almost superhuman unselfishness. To say that he never thought of Margaret as a man thinks of a woman who might be a wife, would not be true. Margaret was a very beautiful woman; and Karl Reutner was a man in whose veins ran blood both strong and pure; he could not hear the rustle of Margaret's gown without a faster beat to his pulse. Yet, when he thought of Margaret's possible wifeness, it was never of her wifeness to him. He could not forbear thinking what wifeness, what motherhood would be to her; he could not forbear thinking what it would be to a man, if Margaret were to put her arms around him; he could not forbear thinking how Margaret would look with her child at her breast. But it was as a man might think, kneeling before the holiest of Raphael's Madonnas. His sole desire in life was that Margaret should have happiness. Each smallest trifle in which he could add to that happiness, was a joy unspeakable; that she seemed content, even glad in the quiet home life which he shared, was a blessing so great, that even one day of it, could almost be food for a lifetime, it seemed to him. The thought that it could not always be thus, he resolutely put away. But from the thought of asking Margaret to be his,—Karl Reutner's,—wife,

his very soul would have recoiled as it would from a blasphemy.

And yet the day came when Margaret found herself obliged to say to him that she could not love him.

It was a strange chance which brought it about.

Karl's love of flowers was a passion such as only Germans know. How, in addition to all the hours he devoted to his business, he found hours enough to make flowers grow in every window-seat, nook and ledge in and outside of the house was a marvel. But he did, and the little house was known far and wide for its blossoms. Margaret's sitting-room was a conservatory; as soon as a plant shewed signs of decay it was removed, and replaced by a vigorous one. Bloom succeeded bloom; in season and out of season she was never without flowers of red and of white.

One Saturday in February, a year from the day Karl had come home, Margaret was sitting alone in her room. It had snowed, and the day had been dreary; at sunset the sky cleared, and a beautiful rosy glow spread over the lake. Margaret sat watching it, and wondering, as all lonely people have hours of wondering, why, since the world is so thronged with its millions, there need ever be one lonely man or woman. Some one knocked at the door so gently that she thought it was one of the children, and answered without looking around. The door opened, but no one spoke. Margaret turned her head; there stood Karl, holding in his hands an oblong box of daisies in full blossom. He had been for weeks coaxing and crowding the little things until there was a thicket of the dainty nodding disks, pink, white, red, and the green leaves also crowding thick and bright. The box was surrounded by a fine lattice work, painted white, which came up like a paling, two inches above the top of the box, so that one could fancy it a mound in an English garden fenced in with white.

"It is for you, Miss Margaret. Where shall I set it," said Karl.

"Oh, Mr. Reutner, you are too kind," exclaimed Margaret, her face crimson with pleasure. "It is the loveliest thing I ever saw," and she bent her face down close to the daisies, still held in Karl's hands.

Margaret had never been so near to Karl before. The rosy lake and sky, and snowy clouds made of the window-panes behind her a background such as Raphael never painted. Her beaming face, and thrilling

presence lifted Karl to heights of exaltation, and, placing the daisy-box on the floor at her feet, he said, "They are but daisies, beautiful Miss Margaret; that was the fitting flower, for it is like my love for you. It is low on the ground, but it would bloom for you always, and you will not forbid that they should live always in your room?" And for the second time Margaret saw the blue eyes kindle as they kindled when he had told her her cheeks were like red lilies.

Margaret grew more crimson still. No words came to her lips.

It seemed as ruthless to hurt this man's love as to trample on a daisy. Yet Karl Reutner must be made to understand that there could be no thought of love between him and her. Even in that glorified moment, when he stood before her, tall, strong, upright, fair as an old Saxon viking with his golden beard and blue eyes, and pure, she well knew, as Adam in Eden, Margaret Warren remembered that Karl Reutner was beneath her in what the world calls station. There was a shade of something not wholly kind in the very kindness and gentleness with which she said:

"But, Mr. Reutner, I cannot let you give me the daisies to mean that. I am so sorry, so grieved to pain you, but I must be true."

Margaret's eyes filled with tears as she saw the look of distress on Karl's face. He stooped to pick up the box without saying a word. Margaret's heart could not bear this.

"But, Mr. Reutner, you need not take the daisies away. I would love to have them in my room, now that you understand me. You were so good to make them grow like this for me. They will be beautiful all winter," and Margaret laid her hand gently and caressingly on the edge of the box.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, I thank you," said Karl, in a very low voice. "You need not to fear that the daisies should say words to you, if you are willing that they live at your feet. They have but eyes; they will not speak. You will let them stay?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I will," replied Margaret, trying to speak in a natural voice, as if it were an every-day gift, and making room for them on a little stand by the window. Then, while Karl was arranging the box and the saucer, she went on talking with a forced rapidity and earnestness of manner.

Karl listened as one who only partly heard the words. When she stopped he said in his old, grave, calm tone, lifting his eyes to hers steadily as usual: "Thank you, Miss Margaret," and left the room.

Margaret burst into tears. She was very unhappy and utterly perplexed.

"Whoever heard of a man's thanking a woman like that, and going away looking so content and glad when she had just told him she could not marry him!" said Margaret to herself, "and what is to become of me now? I cannot live in the house with him any longer; it will not be kind; I must go away. Oh, I wish he had never come home," and Margaret threw herself on the bed, and cried herself to sleep.

When Annette knocked at the door to ask why she did not come down to tea, Margaret roused herself from her heavy sleep, and looked into Annette's face with a bewildered expression of distress. She could not remember at first what had happened. In a second it all flashed into her mind, and burying her face in the pillow she groaned aloud. Annette was frightened. She had never seen the "teacher" lose self-control. She thought she must be very ill.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, what have you? It is a fever"—for Margaret's face was of a scarlet color. "Karl must bring the doctor," exclaimed Annette.

"No, no, Mrs. Reutner," cried Margaret. "I beg you will not say a word to any one. I am not ill. I have slept too heavily. I will not come down stairs to-night, but I shall be well to-morrow."

It was the first time that Margaret's chair at the table had been vacant. Annette's explanation of her absence did not lessen the sense of gloom which every one felt.

Margaret ill! It was incredible.

"She have never looked so beautiful as I saw her not three hours ago," said Karl incredulously.

Something in his tone fell strangely on Wilhelm's ear. He turned a keen, quick look upon his brother's face, but Karl met it with one open as day, in which nothing could be read except unfeigned anxiety and wonder.

When Annette went to Margaret's room later in the evening, Margaret's face was pale, and all traces of feverish excitement had passed away. She had had two hours of hard struggle with herself; but she had resolved that she must seek another home, and, having come to this resolution, she

wished to lose no time in carrying it out.

"Sit down, dear Mrs. Reutner," she said, "I must have a little talk with you."

Annette looked uneasy. She had never seen Margaret look as she looked now. She knew that bad news was coming.

"My dear, good, kind friend, I must go away from you," said Margaret, and her voice trembled.

Annette gazed speechlessly into Margaret's face.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, what is it? Is it that you must go home?"

Margaret shook her head. "No, Mrs. Reutner, I have no expectation of leaving Chicago; but I must find another home. It is not best for me to live in your house any longer."

Great tears rolled down Annette's face, and she sobbed: "Oh, Miss Margaret, is it nothing we can do to make all better for you. It will break the father's heart and the little ones'. Will you not tell us? We have much more money now; we can buy all for you, if you will only show us how it is to be," and Annette cried heartily.

Margaret was distressed. It seemed disloyal to Karl to give her reason; cruel to Annette and Wilhelm to withhold it. She remained silent for some time. Annette sobbed again a few broken words, "Oh, Miss Margaret, you do not know what it is to the house that you are in it. Karl said, only yesterday, that you were the good angel to each one in the house. Oh, tell us, Miss Margaret. Is it that you must have larger rooms? Wilhelm will build all you want,—one, two, more."

The mention of Karl's name gave Margaret more strength to proceed.

"I will tell you, my kind friend," she said, "the real truth. It is for your brother that I must go away. He loves me; he told me so this afternoon; and it is not delicate or kind after that for me to live in the same house with him. I shall never be so happy anywhere else. Nobody will make me so comfortable, and I am very, very sorry to go away; but I must," and Margaret, in her turn, was very near crying.

Annette had dried her tears, sprung to her feet, and now stood gazing at Margaret with such stupefaction in her face that Margaret could scarcely keep from smiling in spite of her distress.

"Karl—tell you he love you—to be his wife?" gasped Annette. "Oh, Miss Mar-

garet, it has been a mistake. Karl has never told you that; Karl could not."

Margaret colored.

"I am not likely to be mistaken, Mrs. Reutner," she said, a little coldly. "I regret it more than I can say. But it is so, and I must go away."

Annette seemed like one in a dream. She was in haste to be gone. She replied at random to all Margaret said, and at last sobbed afresh:

"Oh, Miss Margaret, I must go now. To-morrow I will hear you again. I think not that the good God sent you to our house to take you away like this;" and Annette was gone.

Wilhelm and Karl were seated in the dining-room, smoking. Annette, with streaming eyes, entered the room, and hurrying breathlessly to Karl, exclaimed:

"How daredst thou to ask the teacher to be thy wife? It was thou that hast made her ill, and she will go away from our house because of thee, and——" Annette stopped for lack of breath, and because the two men had both sprung to their feet, and were gesticulating violently,—Karl with an angry voice.

"God in Heaven! What dost thou take me for, Annette? Dost thou not know I would as soon ask one of the angels in Paradise to be wife to me? Who has told thee this tale?"

And Wilhelm, "Annette, art thou mad, or dost thou think Karl is a madman?"

Annette looked tremblingly from one to the other. She herself had felt like this when Margaret had first told her. In a hesitating voice she began:

"But Miss Margaret has said that thou——"

Before she could finish her sentence, Karl's face,—white as the face of a dead man,—was bent close to hers, and Karl's voice, strange, husky, was saying, in slow, gasping syllables:

"The teacher—said—I—asked—her—to—be—wife?"

Annette nodded, too terrified to speak.

Karl strode to the door, and opened it. Annette ran to hold him back, but Wilhelm restrained her. In that short moment Wilhelm had understood all. "He must speak to her," he said; "let him go. It must be told to her. She has mistaken; it was not that Karl asked her to marry him. But he has let her to know that he has worship for her. And she need not be angry for my Karl's love, if he ask nothing," added

Wilhelm, proudly; but his head sank on his breast, and he said, in a low tone to himself: "Oh, my poor Karl; my poor Karl!"

Margaret knew Karl's step. As she heard it rapidly drawing near her door, her heart beat and her cheeks flushed. What had Annette said? What new distress and embarrassment were coming to her now? Almost she resolved not to admit him. But Karl forestalled that intention. Knocking lightly on the door, he spoke at the same instant:

"Miss Margaret, for God's sake, I ask to come and speak to you one minute,—only one minute; it must be."

The anguish in his voice moved Margaret strangely. She opened the door.

Karl entered almost staggering, and with his hands clasped:

"Oh, mine God," he exclaimed, "give it to me what I shall say. Miss Margaret, beautiful Miss Margaret, angel of God, I did only ask that the love and the daisies should lie together under your feet. I could die here before you in one second, if you do not believe that never, no never, in all this world I could have asked you what you have said to Annette. You are to me as if I saw you in Heaven; you are angel of God in my brother's house. If you go away because I have said such love as this, then will I, too, go, and never shall my Wilhelm see my face again, so help me, my God."

Before Karl had spoken three words, Margaret divined all. Shame, resentment, perplexity and unspeakable distress, mingled of all three, were in her face. She could not speak. This man, then, had never dreamed of asking her to be his wife. True, he acknowledged the utmost devotion for her, and more than implied that the reason he could not ask her to marry him was that he revered her as an angel of God; but the mortifying fact remained that she had not only rejected a man who had not asked her to take him as a husband, but she had told the matter, and compelled him to come and undeceive her. It was a bitter thing. Margaret could not speak; she could not look up.

Karl went on, more calmly: "Beautiful Miss Margaret, it will come that you forgive me when you have thought. And you would have seen that it was only the love like the daisy, at the feet, if you had come down stairs before you had spoken, you would have seen that you need not to go away. It is not kind to the daisy that there be no more sun."

Margaret could not speak. Karl walked slowly to the door. As he opened it, Margaret sprang towards him, and holding out her hand, said :

"Forgive me, Mr. Reutner. That is the only word I can say."

Karl took her hand in his, looked at it with no more trace of earthly passion in his eyes, than if it were the hand of a shrined saint, lifted it to his forehead, bowed, and was gone.

Now was Margaret's distress complete. Turn which way she would, she saw only perplexity and mortification. Mingled with it all was a new, strange feeling in regard to Karl, which she could not define to herself. He had never looked so manly as when he stood before her, saying, "So help me, my God!" It was the only moment in which he had ever, in her presence, seemed stronger than she. Usually his great love bound him as with withes, and laid him helpless at her feet.

A low hum of voices came to Margaret's ears from the room below. Karl and Wilhelm were talking earnestly. Only too vividly Margaret's fancy pictured what they were saying. She walked the floor; she wrung her hands; she was too wretched to shed a tear. Deep down to its very depths her proud heart was humiliated. It was a kind heart, too, spite of its pride; a loving and a grateful heart; and it was sorely wounded to have brought such sorrow to friends.

An hour passed; all grew quiet down stairs. Margaret still walked the floor. Suddenly she heard soft steps outside her door; a low knock, and Annette's voice said, entreatingly: "Dear Miss Margaret, may Wilhelm come and speak to you?"

Margaret threw the door open instantly. She was so wretched, so perplexed, that she was glad of any help from any source. She had already thought of Wilhelm, and wished that his clear-eyed and tender wisdom could in some way be brought to bear on this distressing problem.

"Miss Margaret," said Wilhelm, very quietly, "it is not much that I can say. A grief has come to us all; but that cannot now be changed: that is as if it were past; and if you will only stay in our house it can become as if it had not been. It is no shame to you that my brother have seen that you are more beautiful and good than any other woman. It is so that any man must see, Miss Margaret. I, also, who am the father in the house, I have said to An-

nette all this year that you are one good angel. And I could kneel to pray you to stay. I know my Karl. It is not with him as you think. It is only a joy to him that you stay, as it is to me and to Annette. And he will keep the vow he have vowed. If you go he will go away for ever. Give to us our brother, oh, Miss Margaret," and tears stood in Wilhelm's eyes.

"Mr. Reutner," said Margaret, very earnestly, "do you truly believe that it will do your brother no harm, I mean, cause him no pain to live with me as before?"

Wilhelm fixed his eyes on the floor in silence for some seconds. Then he said:

"Miss Margaret, that you are content, are glad, is joy to Karl and to us. So long as you find to be content, glad in our house, it is great joy. When you are more glad in your own house that will be greatest joy to Karl, to us. There will come the year when Karl will have wife and house as I. He has the great father heart which must have the children to love. You will do his life no harm. To have seen that you are God's angel shall be only light to him, not cloud. I know my Karl. Oh, Miss Margaret, will you not for one month try if it cannot be?"

So Margaret promised to stay. The first meeting with Karl was what she most dreaded, but it was over almost before she knew that it was near, and Karl's beautiful simplicity of nature made it easier than could have been foreseen.

He was standing alone in the window of the drawing-room when she went to breakfast the next morning. He had just broken a beautiful tea-rose from its stem, and was about to lay it on her plate. As she crossed the threshold he went towards her, holding it out, and saying:

"You are like a new guest in our house to-day. Oh, Miss Margaret, let the rose tell to you how we all thank God that you have come."

The tone, the look were calmly, gravely, affectionate as ever. The old life was taken up again, the stormy break in it put away for ever. Margaret's heart leaped with a sudden rapture in the consciousness that she still had the same quiet, peaceful, dear home as before.

Again the spring and the summer wore away, and the winter came, and no change was visible in Wilhelm Reutner's household. No change visible! But—ah! beneath its surface had again been at work far deeper forces than those which ripen

spring into summer, and summer into the garnered harvest of autumn.

Margaret loved Karl. Oh, what subtle triumphs love knows how to win for his own! Karl Reutner's heart had no more hope in it now than it had a year before;—no less now than then, it would have seemed to him like blasphemy to ask Margaret Warren to be his wife: yet there were days when Margaret could not see daisies without tears, so bitterly did her heart ache to recall the hour in which she had rejected the love which they had once symbolized to her.

It was hard to tell how this love had come. Its growth had been as slow, as uninterrupted, as immutable, as unsuspected as the silent growth of crystals deep hidden in chambers of stone. It was long before Margaret had dreamed of it, and very long before she had admitted it to herself. She wrestled with it bravely; it was against her will; she did not choose to love Karl Reutner. She was no less proud a woman this year than last. She had no less dreams and purposes for the future, and to be the wife of Karl Reutner was not among them. Nevertheless it had come to pass that his presence meant happiness to her, and his absence meant a vague sense of discomfort and loss. Vainly she asked herself why, wherefore! Reason was silent. The great interest of her life had been,—still was,—in books, in study, in progress in the broadest sense. Karl Reutner had not studied, had not read; he cared more for the laughing eyes of a happy child than for all the discoveries of a century. To him flowers were events; a blue sky, and a bright sun, and smiles at home were life.

The new world of which he had glimpses through Margaret's conversation,—the world of history, the world of art, the world of science,—seemed to him very great, very glorious. He kindled at mention of noble deeds, at descriptions of stirring scenes; but it was partly because Margaret found the scenes and events thrilling, and he always returned to his flowers and his music with a sense of rest.

Sometimes when playing one of Mozart's early sonatas, so divine in its simplicity, and sweetness, and strength, he would say, "Ah, Miss Margaret, it is only the simple tones which can speak the truest. Listen to this," and while Margaret listened, it would seem to her that the world and its kingdoms had all floated away in space.

"To be very good, and to make that

all are happy, Miss Margaret, is that not enough?" he said one day. He had grown nearer her, and dared to speak as he could not have spoken a year ago. "Is not that enough? Why must the little men think they can understand all? This world is not for that. It is that we are made pure in this. There comes another world for the rest. That is my creed, Miss Margaret."

But Karl did not add the rest of his creed, which was, that Margaret had the light of both worlds in her soul.

Often Margaret felt abashed before the spirituality of this man's nature; often she thought while she looked at him, that he had indeed entered the Kingdom of God, by becoming "as a little child." Then again, the worldly, the ambitious side of her nature gained the ascendancy, and she said: "This is a merely material life he leads after all; day's work after day's work, and a peasant's song at the end! What have I in common with him?" Oh very stoutly the carnal heart of Margaret Warren wrestled with the angel which was seeking a home in it. But the angel was the stronger. More and more clearly shone the celestial light; more and more clearly Margaret saw the celestial face.

It was a year and a day since Karl came home. Margaret had looked forward to the anniversary day with mingled dread and hope. The pretty daisy-box had long ago been taken away from her room; the daisies had bloomed their day out, and died, and other flowers had taken their place. Margaret wondered if Karl would give her another such token. Except for the deep yearning desire in her heart that he should so do, she would have known that nothing was less likely than that he should do anything on that day to remind her of its being an anniversary. The day passed without even an allusion from any one to the past. In all hearts there was too sore a memory of the last year. Margaret felt this keenly. "Alien that I am in this house," she thought, "I make it impossible for them to keep the festivals of their love. Two years since Karl came home—only two years; and it seems to me that it is a life time."

It was near sunset. A rosy glow was suffusing the lake, and Margaret sat again at her window watching it. Again came a low knock at her door, and again she answered without turning her head, and Karl entered.

"Miss Margaret," he said, "may I come and talk with you? It is that I wish that we all go to another house to live. This is not as it should be; it is small. I have talked much with Wilhelm, and I can pay all the money, but he will not. He is wrong; and will not you, Miss Margaret, help me to make that he sees the truth? For the little ones, when they are large, it will be that they must know more people; this place is not right. And you too, Miss Margaret, it is always grief to me that your rooms are so small. You should have large rooms, and many windows for the south sun until night."

Margaret glanced lovingly round the rooms.

"I love these little rooms," she said, impulsively, "I should be very sorry to leave them." As she spoke, a sudden memory of the daisy-box flashed into her mind. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could not hide them.

Karl stretched out both hands with an eager gesture, exclaiming, "But Miss Margaret, Miss Margaret, it shall not be, if it is pain to you. I did not dream that you would be sorry to go. I will no more say."

"Oh it is not that, Mr. Reutner," said Margaret, "not at all. I believe it would be better for all to have a larger house; I did not mean that I would be really unwilling to leave these rooms; I was thinking of something else," and again the tears filled her eyes.

"Oh Miss Margaret!" cried Karl. He had never seen tears in her eyes before. The sight unmanned him. His "oh Miss Margaret" was a cry from the very depths of his heart.

The hour had come. Who keeps calendar for the flowers that each blossom bides its time, and blooms at its fated second by sun, by moon, by star, or by breeze! Who keeps calendar for hearts?

The hour had come. Margaret looked full into Karl's face, and said in a low voice, "I was thinking of a year ago, yesterday, Mr. Reutner; and I was so sorry for having made you unhappy then."

Astonishment and wounded feeling struggled on Karl's features for a second. That Margaret should voluntarily allude to that bitter day seemed heartless indeed. In the next second, something in her face smote on his sight, dazzling, bewildering, terrifying him. The celestial light in her heart shone through her eyes.

Karl gave one piercing look, piercing as

if he were seeking to read some farthest star,—then sank slowly on his knees, buried his face in Margaret's lap, and spoke no word. Margaret laid one hand lightly on his head. Tremblingly he took it, lifted his head, still without looking into her face, and laid his cheek down on the firm soft palm.

Karl Reutner could not speak. He did not distinctly know whether he were alive. With her free hand, Margaret stroked his hair as she might that of a tired child. An ineffable peace filled her soul.

At last, Karl said, very slowly, almost stammeringly, without lifting his head, "Miss Margaret, beautiful angel of God, I cannot look in your eyes; to see them again would make my heart stop to beat. Will you let that I go away from you now, out under the sky? When I can come back, even if it is a long time, may I come to you?"

Margaret bent her head and whispered, "yes, Karl."

He stooped still lower, kissed the hem of the gown on whose folds he had been kneeling, and then without one look at Margaret, went slowly out of the room. When he came back, the short winter twilight was nearly over; stars were beginning to shine in the sky; Margaret had not moved from her seat; the door stood still ajar as he had left it; softly, so softly, that his steps could hardly be heard, he crossed the room, and stood, silent, before her; then he lifted his hands high above her head, and opening them, let fall a shower of daisies: on her neck, bosom, lap, feet, everywhere, rested the fragrant blossoms.

"Now you will let that they tell you all," he said, "now you will let that they lie at your feet."

His tone was grave and calm; his looks were grave and calm; but his eyes shone with such joy, such rapture, that Margaret, in her turn, found it hard to meet them.

An hour later, when Karl and Margaret went into the dining-room, hand in hand, Wilhelm and Annette gazed at them for a moment in speechless wonder. Then Annette ran out of the room sobbing. Wilhelm said aloud: "God be praised!" Then walking swiftly towards them, he looked first into Margaret's face, then into Karl's, and exclaimed again: "God be praised."

"Wilhelm," said Margaret, "will you, too, forgive me for the day I made sad for you a year ago? Karl has forgiven it."

Wilhelm's answer was a look. Then he

fell on Karl's neck, and was not ashamed of the tears that would come. Not often do two men love as did these twin brothers.

It all seemed to Wilhelm and Annette impossible, incredible. Their eyes followed Karl, followed Margaret with an expression which was half joy and half fear. But to Karl and Margaret the new happiness seemed strangely natural, assured. Like a crystal hidden in stone, it had grown, and now that the stone had been broken open, and the crystal set free, every ray of the sun that fell on it was multiplied, and the brilliant light seemed only inevitable.

Later in the evening Karl put a ring upon Margaret's finger. It was dark, and she could not see the design.

"Could you promise not to see till the sunlight should come to-morrow?" said Karl. "I would like that the sun should light it up first for your eyes."

Margaret smiled. "Oh, foolish Karl! I will try not to look; but you ask a great deal."

Karl turned the ring round and round on the finger, as Margaret's hand lay in his.

"I have a long time had this ring,—more than one year. It was to be for you if I died, or if you were to be married to——" Karl could not now pronounce the words "another man." He went on: "I thought that then you would wear it and not be angry. I not once thought I could put it on for you with my own hand," and Karl lifted both Margaret's hands, covered them with kisses, laid them against his cheek, on his forehead, on his heart.

It was strange to see this lover, in these few hours, already so free from fear. His childlike simplicity of nature was the secret of it. Knowing Margaret to be his own, he joyed in her as he joyed in sunlight. He took the delights of seeing and touching her, as freely as he would bask under the blue sky. He could no more feel restraint from one than from the other.

"Karl, if you really do not want me to see the ring, you must roll a tiny bit of paper round it," said Margaret. "It feels very large."

"Yes, it is large. It could not be small to tell what it tells," replied Karl, rolling a fine tissue paper carefully over and under it, and twisting it firmly. "Mine own, mine own," he said, kissing the hand and the ring, "when the to-morrow sun shines from the lake to your bed, lift your hand in the light and look."

When the "to-morrow sun" first shone

on Margaret's bed, Margaret was asleep. When she waked, the room was flooded with yellow light. Dimly at first, like memories of dreams, came the recollections of her new happiness; then clearer and clearer in triumphant joy. She raised her left hand in the great yellow sunbeams, which seemed to make a golden pathway from the very sky to her bed. Slowly she unwound the rosy tissue paper from her ring. A low cry of astonishment broke from her lips. She had never seen anything so beautiful. On a broad gold band was curled a tiny thread-like stem, bearing a four-leaved clover of dark green enamel. The edge of each leaf was set thick with diamonds, and the lines down the center were marked by diamonds, so small, as to be little more than shining points. Margaret's second thought was one of dismay. "Oh, the wicked Karl! To spend so much money! It would almost furnish our little house. What shall I do with such a ring as this?"

But surprises were in store for Margaret. When she gently reproached Karl for having spent so much money on the ring, his face flushed, and he hesitated a moment before replying. Then he said, with inexpressible sweetness, taking both her hands in his, "My Margaret, I have much money. I was glad before, for Wilhelm, and the little ones. But now that I can make all beautiful for you, I so much thank God. It was a chance that I have it. I know not how to find it, as your people do. It was the land."

Karl Reutner was indeed a rich man. Lands which he had bought a few years before, for, as he said, "such little of money," were now a fortune in themselves. And it was in consequence of this increase of his wealth that he had so earnestly besought his brother Wilhelm to let him provide a new home for the family.

"But now, my Margaret, it shall be for you," he said. "I hope that there shall be enough that you have all things you have ever had dream of."

Margaret sighed. Almost she regretted this wealth. It was not thus she had pictured her life with Karl. But her love of beauty, of culture, of art, was too strong for her to be long reluctant that the fullness of life should come to her.

"Oh Karl! Karl!" she said, "I cannot believe that I am to have you, and all else in life besides. Dear one, I do not deserve it."

Karl was lying at her feet, his head resting on her knees, as he had bowed it when he first knew that she loved him; only that now he dared to gaze steadily into her eyes. He did not reply for some moments. then he said :

"The good God knows, my Margaret. Perhaps there will come sorrow for you, if it needs for his Heaven that you be more of angel than you are. But for my love, that is only like the daisies. It is enough that it can make a beautiful ground where you walk."

Since these things which I have written, many years have gone by, and have not yet brought sorrow to Margaret. The windows of her beautiful home look out on the blue lake; and into the nursery where her golden-haired children sleep, the morning sun sends its first beams, as it used to send them into her tiny room, in Wilhelm Reutner's house.

On the wall of Margaret's own room hangs the picture of Königsee, and the head of the shadowy maiden of Ischl still wreathed with edelweiss blossoms.

"I love her, my Karl. She told me that thou wert not dead. She is glad of thy joy each hour," Margaret often says.

On the right hand of the portrait of Königsee, framed in velvet and ivory, and also wreathed by edelweiss blossoms, hangs an oval of soft gray surface, on which is a tiny, and faded, and crumpled clover, "the four leaf of clover;"—"which saved my papa's life," little Karl says, pointing to it with his chubby finger, "my papa says so." When little Karl is older he will understand better. This too is wreathed with edelweiss blossoms, fresher and whiter

than the others. Margaret also has sailed with Karl on the Königsee, and she gathered these edelweiss flowers on the edge of the Watzman glacier.

Above these hangs a quaint old bit of heraldry. It is the coat of arms of the Whitson family, and belonged to Margaret's grandmother, who was a Whitson, and well-to-do, years ago in England. It is an odd thing, and to some minds much more than an odd thing, that this old coat of arms should be an oak tree in a clover field, and that there should be this tale : That once when a sorely pressed king of England was escaping from his pursuers he came to a field of purple clover, with an oak tree in its center; and that a churl Whitson, to whom the field belonged, and who chanced to be mowing it that day, helped the king up into the oak tree, and lied bravely to the pursuers, saying that no man had passed that way, so the king, grateful for his life, gave the lands to the churl, and the right to a crest bearing the oak and the clover.

This, I say, is an odd thing, and to some people more than an odd thing. To Karl Reutner, for instance, who is so impressed by it, that he has had garlands of oak and clover leaves carved on the cradle in which all his babies sleep; garlands of oak and clover leaves carved over the doors and windows of his wife's room; garlands of oak and clover leaves wrought on silver and on glass to hold choice fruits and wines; and wrought of gold and gems in many a dainty device for his wife to wear. And those who look closely at these garlands find that there is not one without a four-leaved clover.

ANSWER.

(FROM UHLAND.)

THE rosebud which I had from thee,
Which thy dear fingers culled for me,
Is dead of grief, to leave thy side ;
It scarcely lived to eventide.
And now, behold its spirit flee,
A little stanza, back to thee.

THE SHAKESPEARE DEATH-MASK.

It has been known for some time past, that there was in existence, somewhere in Germany, a cast of the face and forehead of Shakespeare, taken from nature immediately after death.

A plaster cast of this kind, as is well known, is usually taken whenever a bust of a man is to be made after death, the plaster being spread upon the face and allowed to harden. Into this shell or concave mold thus obtained, plaster in a liquid state is poured, and a convex mold produced, which is a fac-simile of the features, and which is called technically a death-mask.

The plaster cast above referred to purports to be a death-mask of Shakespeare. It is further claimed that this cast was the foundation for the bust of Shakespeare which is over his tomb in the church at Stratford, and was indeed taken for the purpose of producing that bust. If these claims are valid, it is obvious that the cast in question is one of extreme value. There are what are called Life Portraits of Shakespeare, but they differ greatly in character, and there is no certain evidence that any one of them was taken from life. The cast, therefore, if genuine, is the only source for obtaining an accurate knowledge of the dramatist's features, and is the proper basis for producing a true likeness of him.

Learning that the eminent artist, William Page, of New York City, President of the Academy of Design, was engaged in producing a new likeness of Shakespeare, based upon this German cast, I visited his studio in March, 1873, and had the pleasure of seeing his work and the photographs from which he was working. I found Mr. Page an enthusiastic believer in the authenticity of the Death-Mask, though he had not seen it, but only photographs of it, and could not give me any definite information in regard to its location and ownership, except that it was somewhere in Hesse-Darmstadt, and that it had been described a few years ago in an English publication issued by Sampson, Low & Co., of London.

The face and head which Mr. Page had produced from the hints contained in these photographs differed so widely from all the other recognized portraits of Shakespeare, and, I may add, were in themselves so much more satisfactory to the student of the plays, so much more suggestive of

what we might conceive to have been the earthly dwelling-place of the mighty spirit which had created Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello and Lear, that I confess to having had my curiosity greatly excited, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity of a contemplated visit to Europe, to make some inquiries on the subject. The result of these inquiries I purpose now to give.

The book referred to by Mr. Page was found to be "Life Portraits of William Shakespeare, by J. Hain Friswell," 8 vo., 1864. The book was out of print, and it was only after considerable inquiry and advertising, that a copy could be obtained. I also found in Berlin another publication on the subject, of somewhat later date, being a long article by Herman Grimm, in the "Künstler und Kunstwerke," published in Berlin, in 1867.

The cast, or Death-Mask, was found in Darmstadt, in possession of Dr. Ernest Becker, private secretary to the Princess Alice of Hesse-Darmstadt. Dr. Becker kindly allowed me to examine it at my leisure, and to take measurements of it, and furnished me with photographs, as well as with supplementary oral information in regard to its history.

Dr. Becker was not the discoverer of the treasure. It came into his possession among the other effects of his deceased brother, Ludwig Becker, court painter and naturalist, who discovered it in Mayence in 1849, and carried it to England and exhibited it there in 1850.* Ludwig

* As the accounts in Friswell and elsewhere, respecting Ludwig Becker, are confused and conflicting, I quote the following extract from a letter from his surviving brother, Dr. Ernest Becker, to whom I wrote for more precise information. The letter is dated, Darmstadt, Dec. 21, 1873.

"My late brother was portrait painter by profession, and lived at Darmstadt. In recognition of his talents, especially in painting water color miniatures, the late Grand Duke of Hesse conferred on him the title of Court Painter. I cannot exactly state what year he moved to Mayence, probably about 1845 or 6. You know that in 1847 he bought the small miniature of Shakespeare on his death-bed [a *bière*], in Mayence, and that in 1849 he found the cast. The same year he went to England, evidently with the intention of making his discovery known there. Besides, he had an invitation from a Scotch family to visit them in Edinburgh. Last, not least, his great interest for everything connected with art and science always induced him to extend his intellectual horizon. During his residence at Darmstadt he was in constant scientific communication with Prof. Kamp of the Museum of Natural History here, and it was no doubt by him that he was introduced to Prof. Owen in London. * * *

"In 1850, he left for Melbourne, drawn by the same thirst for new impressions and new fields of activity, of which I spoke before. He soon gained there a highly esteemed position among his countrymen, as well as among the English; he remained in scientific correspondence with Professors Kamp and Owen; he was selected by the Government to accompany the Colonial Collection arranged for the London

Becker, going afterwards on an exploring expedition to South Australia, left the cast for safe keeping during his absence in the care of Prof. Richard Owen, the well known anatomist and curator of the British Museum. Prof. Owen had the cast in his custody for about ten years, during which time it was examined and discussed by many eminent English scholars. Ludwig Becker having perished in the South Australian expedition, the cast with his other effects went to his brother, Dr. Ernest Becker, who took it to Darmstadt, where it has since remained.

From these various sources, that is, from Prof. Owen, who gave me, both orally and in writing, many particulars in regard to its history while in England, from Dr. Becker of Darmstadt, and from the two books which have been named, I gathered the following facts:

I. THE KESSELSTADT PICTURE.

A German nobleman, Count Francis von Kesselstadt, who was also a dignitary of the church, and whose ancestors had for many generations been residents in and near Cologne, died at Mayence, in 1843.

He had a valuable collection of curiosities and works of art, which were sold at auction at Mayence, in 1843, after his death. Among the articles thus sold was a small oil painting, which is known to have been in the possession of the family for more than a century, and which, in the family traditions, was invariably regarded



THE KESSELSTADT PICTURE.

as a portrait of Shakespeare, and bore indeed an inscription to that effect,

Den Traditionen nach, SHAKESPEARE,

with the date 1637.

This picture was bought at the public sale by S. Jourdan, an antiquary of Mayence, and by him sold in 1847 to Ludwig Becker.

The Kesselstadt picture forms a most important link in the chain of evidence. No engraving or copy of it, so far as I can learn, has heretofore been made. The wood-cut of it, accompanying the present article, is made from an original photograph taken for this purpose, at my request, by Dr. Becker. The picture represents its subject as lying in state, on a bier, with a wreath round his head, and a candle-stick dimly seen in the back-ground. The inscription is on the back.

From the date, 1637, not 1616, and from certain peculiarities in its appearance and style, Mr. Becker and others, antiquarians and artists, who examined it, came to the conclusion that it had been painted from some older likeness, or in all probability had been produced from a death-mask. Acting upon this surmise, Mr. Becker immediately set about making further inquiries. He first found that a plaster of Paris cast of some kind had been in the possession of the Kesselstadt family, but that on account of its melancholy appearance it had been treated with little consideration, and what had become of it no one knew. After two years of fruitless search and inquiry,

Industrial Exhibition in 1851, when the rebellion among the Germans broke out in this Colony, and made it impossible for the Government, in the face of the feeling then existing against the Germans, to send a native of that country.

² In 1860, the Government fitted out a grand expedition across the Australian continent, under the guidance of Burke and Wills, which my brother joined as Naturalist. None of the members came back but one servant. My brother died of curvy on the 24th of April, 1861. After his death, Prof. Owen returned the cast to his family, i. e. his brothers (he was unmarried), and since that time it is here, in Darmstadt.

he at length, in 1849, discovered the lost relic in a broker's shop in Mayence, among rags and articles of the meanest description.

2. THE DEATH-MASK.

A comparison of this cast with the picture convinced Mr. Becker immediately and has, I believe, convinced every one who has compared them, that they are related to each other and are representations of the same person.

On the back of the cast is an inscription, the letters and figures being such as were made two centuries and a half ago, and the inscription altogether having the appearance of being coeval with the cast. An examination of the cast, while in England, by experts at the British Museum, showed that the inscription had been cut at the time the cast was made. A microscopic examination by Prof. Owen also showed that the hairs still adhering in the cast are human hairs.*

The inscription on the back of the cast, in deeply cut letters, is as follows:

† A° Dm 1616

The cross is the usual mark in such inscriptions, to signify "Died." The letters A° Dm are the familiar abbreviation for Anno Domini.

It is, then, clearly a cast of some one who died in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; it is clearly also connected with the Kesselstadt picture. In fact there can hardly be a doubt, there hardly *is* a doubt, that this cast of 1616 is the original from which was painted the picture of 1637, which picture is, according to the Kesselstadt tradition, a portrait of Shakespeare.

No evidence has yet been discovered to show that any member of the Kesselstadt family was in England at or near the time of Shakespeare's death. It is stated, indeed, in some recent publications on this subject, in this country, that a member of the Kesselstadt family was in England in

the early part of the reign of James I., and that the cast was obtained at that time. The only foundation for this statement is a passage in Friswell's book, in which he puts in a historical form the theory or hypothesis which Becker has suggested to account for the existence of the mask in the Kesselstadt family. Friswell had no evidence, and did not pretend to have any, except the documents put forth by Ludwig Becker. In these documents minute evidence is given of the purchase of the picture and the mask, and of the tradition that the picture had been in the family over a century. All beyond that is conjecture. To make this conjecture more intelligible, Friswell puts it in the narrative form in these words:

"A German nobleman had an ancestor who was attached to one of the ambassadors accredited to the court of King James I. This gentleman was, like many of his countrymen at a later period, a great admirer of the genius of Shakespeare, and, as a memorial of him, bought the cast, in all probability from the sculptor of the tomb, Gerard Johnson, had it carefully preserved, and took it with him to his own country."

That this was only Mr. Friswell's mode of stating a hypothesis is evident from the pages which follow, in which he quotes the documents, not one of which makes the slightest mention of this most important link in the chain of evidence. On this point I questioned Prof. Owen of the British Museum, who had charge of the cast while in England; his reply was, that could this fact in any way have been established, there is hardly any amount of money which the Museum would not have paid for the treasure. In the recent publications on the subject by Herman Grimm, he also dwells with great emphasis upon this point, and says, indeed, that the chief object of his publication is to call the attention of historical investigators to the desideratum, in the hope that some one in England or Germany may yet light upon this most needed piece of information. Grimm says: "The final proof for convincing public opinion in London is wanting, the proof, namely, that the mask did come from England to Germany. And, therefore, what I have to say about it here is said, not merely to signalize the mask on account of its beauty and its value, but with a view of calling public attention to it and ascertaining whether any one is able to aid in settling this cardinal question: 'Did any

* On these points I quote again the statement of Dr. Becker, as contained in his letter of Dec. 21, 1873: "The cast was left in Prof. Owen's hands, with the object of collecting such evidence as could bear upon its authenticity. It was then that Prof. Owen caused a searching inquiry by different competent men, principally from the British Museum,—I do not remember their names,—who found that the inscription on the back bore the character of the writing of the beginning of the seventeenth century; that the inscription was made before the cast was perfectly hardened, because the edges after cutting would have looked different had they been made years after into the hardened plaster. Prof. Owen proved by microscopic investigation that the hairs were human hairs, &c. All possibilities that the cast might be the result of a forgery were excluded, and nothing spoke against its genuineness."

member of the family, in whose possession the mask was, visit England in the course of the last, or of the seventeenth century? For this family is extinct, and up till now (1867) it has not been possible to obtain any information concerning such a trip to England." To this testimony I add finally that of Dr. Becker himself, the present owner of the mask, who told me so late as last summer, (1873) that this portion of the historical evidence was wanting. Both Becker and Grimm deny, indeed, the necessity of such evidence, to prove the authenticity of the mask, but both admit that the evidence has not been forthcoming.*

There is, then, as I said before, nothing whatever to show that any member of the Kesselstadt family was in England at or near the time of Shakespeare's death. There is, however, full evidence that the picture was in the family for more than a century, and was, by them and their guests, universally accepted as a portrait of Shakespeare. It is known, also, that the city of Cologne, in and near which the Kesselstadt family lived, kept up for nearly three hundred years a lively commerce with London in works of art.

To understand clearly the hypothesis which has been put forth in regard to the origin of this cast, it is necessary to revert for a moment to the bust of Shakespeare over his tomb in the Stratford church. This bust is the earliest likeness of him heretofore known. We do not know its exact date, but it was certainly before the Droeshout Engraving in the folio of 1623, for Leonard Digges, in the commendatory verses prefixed to that volume, expressly refers to the "Stratford Monument."

This monumental bust is known to have been made by Gerard Johnson, a sculptor or "tomb-maker," of London. For this fact we have the explicit statement of Dugdale, in these words: "The monument of John Combe, at Stratford-sup'-Avon, and Shakespeare's, were made by one Gerard Johnson." Another authority, Wivell, informs us that this Johnson was a Hol-

lander, born at Amsterdam, twenty-six years resident in London; that he was a "tomb-maker," and had four journeymen, two apprentices, and one Englishman in his employ.

Nothing is more probable then, than that the family of Shakespeare had a cast of his face taken in Stratford after death, and sent down to the "tomb-maker" in London, as a guide in making the bust. There is abundant evidence that this was the customary mode of proceeding in those days. The sculptor, or tomb-maker, Johnson, then, according to the hypothesis, after having completed the bust, laid aside the cast upon his shelf, among piles of similar disused materials, such as every tomb-maker or sculptor then or now collects in the course of his labors, and some acquaintance of his from the Fatherland,—perhaps some *attaché* of the German ambassador,—poking about among the rubbish, saw this striking effigy, and learning its origin, bough or begged it, and carried it away with him into Germany, where, in course of time, it found a lodgment in the Kesselstadt family.

Such was the theory, or hypothesis, put forth by Ludwig Becker, on bringing this curious relic to England in 1850.

Of the opinions expressed in regard to it by the many eminent men who took an interest in the matter, I quote only two, as given me by Prof. Owen. The late Baron Pollock, after examining the mask and weighing carefully the evidence, as a man of his professional habit of mind would be likely to do, said: "If I were called upon to charge a jury in regard to this point, I would instruct them to bring in a verdict in favor of the claimant." Lord Brougham, the other authority quoted by Prof. Owen, did not seem disposed to go quite so far. He would neither acquit nor condemn, but, like a canny Scot, gave as his verdict, "*Non liquet.*"

The picture in the possession of Dr. Becker has in itself little value. Its chief value lies in its connection with the mask. It gives to the mask the undisputed testimony of an unbroken and accepted tradition in the Kesselstadt family, for more than a century, connecting it with Shakespeare. The picture, however, though not in itself particularly valuable, either as a work of art or as a likeness, has yet some interest on general grounds. Artists and critics all agree in referring it to the age named in the inscription—1637. It is in

* After writing the foregoing paragraph, fearing that I might possibly have forgotten, I wrote to Dr. Becker, and received in answer as follows: "He (Prof. Owen) told me that if it could be proved that one of the Counts of Kesselstadt had, in former times, been in England, the chain of evidence in favor of the cast would be considered as complete. Though I lay no stress on this point (as the Kesselstadts may just as likely have bought the cast in Germany as in England), yet I looked through the family archives at Treves, and read the family history kept there, but found no mention of a Kesselstadt having crossed the Channel. The last Count, whose collection was sold in Mayence, in 1842, was indeed in England, but it is tolerably certain that the cast was in the possession, and even disappeared from the collection, before this journey."

the style of the Vandyke school of art, then prevalent in England, and was, in all probability, the work of some pupil of Vandyke. It is painted in oil, on parchment, in miniature, and represents a corpse lying in state on a bier, with a wreath of green leaves about the head. Besides the evidence of its age, drawn from the style of



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 1.

painting, there are equal testimonies in the costume,—the open work at the seam of the pillow-case, the folds of the white linen sheets, the cut and collar of the shirt,—all pointing to the age of Shakespeare,—all to be seen, of exactly the same fashion and pattern, at this very day, at Ann Hathaway's Cottage, across the green fields, a mile away from Stratford, where the old-fashioned bedstead and its furniture are still preserved just as they were three hundred years ago.

The mask, or cast, creates immediately in the beholder, even when nothing has been said to him in regard to its claims, the impression that it represents some remarkable man. The experiment has been frequently made, and uniformly with this result. It was exhibited thus to Herman Grimm, without a word of explanation. "At the very first glance," says Grimm, "I thought to myself that I had never seen a nobler countenance." "What a noble, clean cut, aquiline nose; what a wonderfully shaped brow! I felt that this must have been a man in whose brain dwelt noble thoughts. I inquired. I was told to look at the reverse of the mask. There, on the edge, cut in figures of the 17th century, stood, A. D., 1616. I could think

of no one else who died in this year than one who was born in the year that Michael Angelo died—*Shakespeare*."

Another impression that one can hardly fail to receive from the mask, is the absence of any marked nationality in the features. The same remark is made of the well-known mask of Dante, in Florence; there is nothing Italian about it. So there is nothing distinctively English in this cast, which claims to be the Death-Mask of Shakespeare. It gives us, as do his writings, the idea of a generic man, a representative of the human race, rather than of any distinct nationality. That was my own feeling in looking at it, without knowing that any one else had ever entertained the same thought. Prof. Owen, in the conversation we had on the subject, volunteered the same idea, and added that he had heard the same idea expressed by others.

Another character of the mask, equally marked, is the exceeding fineness and delicacy of the lines which make up the countenance. Grimm notices this peculiarity. No one, in fact, can fail to observe it who looks upon the mask.

While the mask differs, in one respect or another, from every recognized likeness of Shakespeare, there is no marked feature in any one of them which cannot be traced to the mask, the variation being easily explainable by the personal peculiarities, caprice or unskillfulness of the particular artist. Thus the bust represents a round,



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 2.

full-faced man, decidedly puffy in the cheeks, while in the mask the face is thin and spare, and wears a thoughtful and rather melancholy look. Now, it is well known

that the flesh after death always falls away, giving this character to the face. So universal is this result, that artists, in molding a bust or painting a picture from



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 3.

a death-mask, always make allowance for the falling away of the flesh, or fill it out to the supposed fullness of life, either from conjecture or from some photograph, or other evidence of the ordinary condition of the face in health. This was done in the bust made of the late Prince Albert after his death. Gerard Johnson, in undertaking to supply the supposed falling off in the flesh, simply over-did the matter, and gave us a rollicking, jolly Englishman instead of the thoughtful author of "Hamlet." Underlying this superabundant fullness of flesh, however, the eye can easily trace all the essential lines of grace and thought to be seen in the mask.

The bust is noticeable for the shortness of the nose, and the extraordinary distance, —one and a quarter inches,—between the nose and the mouth. This enormous length of the upper lip is partially relieved by the moustache. One has, however, only to imagine the moustache removed, to feel what an unsightly face the poet must have had, if this bust represents him truly. The cast and the other likenesses give the usual proportions to this part of the face. John Bell, the sculptor, expressed to Prof. Owen the conjecture, from anatomical reasons, that the maker of the bust had met with an accident at the point of the nose, and so, instead of commencing *de novo*, and doing all his work over again, had cut away enough of the lower part of

the nose to give the article the requisite amount of nostril. The bust certainly has the appearance of having undergone some such manipulation.

Another point in which the mask and the bust differ is in the distance between the eyes, and also in the distance between the eye-brows. The unoccupied space in the center of the forehead, between the beginning of the ridge of hair on one side and the beginning on the other, is larger than I recollect to have seen in any human being. A corresponding width exists between the two eyes. This feature gives to the face, as seen in the mask, an amplitude of forehead that is truly majestic, and one, in looking at it, cannot help feeling that he understands better than he did before where those great creations of genius came from, that have so long filled him with amazement. The bust-maker, on the contrary, through inadvertence, or mistaking certain accidental irregularities of the plaster for a continuation of the hair, has run the brows almost together, more closely even than in ordinary faces, and, to maintain consistency, has, in like manner, brought the eyes together, to make them correspond with the brows. The effect of the narrowing of the forehead is heightened by the fullness and puffiness of the cheeks already described; and the result of the whole is to give us the impres-



THE DEATH MASK.—FIG. 4.

sion of a jolly, good-natured beef-eater, instead of the majestic thinker that looks at us from the mask. And yet we can see how, through inadvertence, misconception and unskillfulness, the one has grown out of the other.

The mask has met with a slight accident, injuring one of the features. The tip of the nose on the right side has crumbled, or been broken, marring a little the nostril on that side. The other nostril, however, is whole, and the profile, from whichever side viewed, is without break. With this slight exception, the mask is in a wonderfully complete state of preservation.

There are discolorations in different places, and this gives to the photographs of it a spotted appearance, as though the whole mask were indented and irregular. On the contrary, the surface is, with this one exception, without break. The black spot, in particular, over the right eye-brow, which Mr. Page has taken to be a dent or pit, extending, according to his notion, even to the brain, and showing actual loss of a part of the brain, is no dent at all, but simply a discoloration of the plaster. The surface at this point is, *me teste*, perfectly smooth and unbroken.

Mr. Page, however, is so confident on this point that he has made the scar a prominent feature in his portrait, and has based the authenticity of the mask upon it. He even thinks that Shakespeare himself refers to an unsightly blemish of this kind, in the beginning of the 112th sonnet:

"Your love and pity doth the impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow."

There is, indeed, upon the mask the evidence of a wound, but it is in another place, and is of quite a different character from Mr. Page's supposed dent. About midway between the arch of the eye-brow and the top of the dome, say two and a half inches back from the eye-brows, is a line two and a half or three inches long, and running in a diagonal direction across the skull. This shows clearly the existence of a wound,—a flesh cut,—which has been sowed up, and has healed. The marks of the suture are plainly visible. In the series of small photographs accompanying Grimm's article, already quoted, this cicatrice does not appear. It is plainly visible, however, in the larger photograph which I brought with me from Darmstadt, and is still more clearly seen in the mask itself.

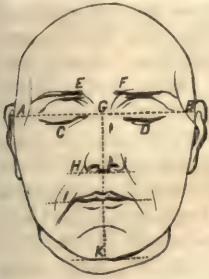
I may also mention in this connection that the ridge of the nose in the mask has the appearance of having been slightly flattened by something pressing upon it. A

pressure of that kind upon a ridge of plaster would crumble it, not flatten it, in the manner this is done. From this circumstance Mr. Page has suggested the ingenious theory that the cast originally taken was of wax, which, being soft and yielding, has been flattened at this point by some carelessness in the handling, and that the plaster cast, taken afterwards from the waxen one, has simply "followed copy." This is, of course, only conjecture, but is a conjecture worthy of consideration.

The engraver, in making the cuts which accompany this article, has with commendable fidelity endeavored to show the spots or discolorations which appear upon the mask. But these, as shown in the photographs, and still more as shown in the wood-cuts, give, unfortunately, a very erroneous idea of the condition of the mask itself. With the exception of the slight crumbling at the point of the nose, the surface of the mask is everywhere unbroken and smooth, with no appearance of injury or decay.

The features, as revealed by the mask itself, have a manly beauty, of the intellectual type, that is very noticeable, and that has called forth spontaneous admiration from all who have looked upon it. There is also an indescribable expression of sadness that no one fails to notice. Fanny Kemble, on seeing it, burst into tears. This may be explained, in her case, by her emotional nature, and by the circumstances of her life-long connection with the Shakespearean characters. But others, not given to emotion or to fancy, have noticed the same feature. Even the photographs convey this impression. This expression of the countenance is due, probably, to some extent, to the falling away of the flesh after death.

Grimm suggests, in this connection, another idea that is worthy of consideration, namely, that in the first moments after death the real character comes out in the countenance. He says: "Though life may prove deceptive on this point, not so death. It is as if, in the first moments after death had laid his sovereign and soothing hand upon man, the features reassumed before our eyes, as final imprint, that which they enclosed as the actual gift of creative nature, namely, the very sum and substance of life. Strange resemblances reappear in these first moments after the last moments, wonderful confirmations of character."



As one means of judging of the character of this mask, as well as comparing it with the other likenesses, I obtained from Dr. Becker the following measurements, given in English inches.

1. Length of a straight line, AB, from ear to ear (the exterior part of the ear excluded) 10.2 in.

2. Distance between the eyebrows, EF, 1.6 in.

N. B. The extreme ends of the eyebrows are not exactly equidistant from the middle line of the face, the right being distant 0.75 in., and the left 0.85 in.

3. The length of a straight line, CD, from the center of the pupil of one eye to the center of the other, 2.75 in.

This enormous distance between the eyes and between the eyebrows is the most striking feature of the face, and gives it much of its peculiar character.

4. Supposing a line drawn horizontally through the eyes, and another drawn at right angles down the line of the nose, mouth, and chin, we have from the line of the eyes the following distances:

a. From the line of the eyes to the bottom of the nose, GH, 1.67 in.

b. From the bottom of the nose to the center of the mouth, HI, 0.93 in.

c. From the mouth to the bottom of the chin, (not the beard) IK, 1.8 in.

d. The whole distance from the line of the eyes to the bottom of the chin, GK, 4.4 in.

Some of the hairs of the moustache, eyelashes, and beard are seen in the mask, having adhered to the original concave shell, and been transferred thence to the convex mask. These hairs, on examination with a glass, are found to be of a reddish brown, or auburn, and correspond in this respect with what we know historically, from other sources, to have been the actual color of Shakespeare's hair.

The eyes are closed, and the left eye shows that the process of decay had begun to set in, part of the cornea protruding from beneath the lid. It is rather a curious fact that the same thing exactly had taken place, and with the same eye, in the mask of Cromwell's face.

The moustache is rather full and in the shape now generally worn, the ends hanging down diagonally to the right and left, so as to cover the corners of the mouth. The "tomb-maker" in the Stratford bust, has curled them up, which alters the whole expression of the face, giving it a jaunty, rollicking air. The rest of the beard is shaven, except a small tuft under the chin, of the kind now called an "imperial." The nose is thin, delicate, slightly aquiline, and the profile altogether is extraordinarily beautiful. The boldness of the outline, as one looks at the mask in profile, raises the expectation of a narrow

face and head, instead of the broad, commanding face and forehead which meets the eye on turning the mask and looking at it full in front.

3. THE TERRA COTTA BUST.

In connection with this mask, I desire to say something of a terra cotta bust, which was discovered about the same time, and which is almost without doubt an early likeness of Shakespeare.

In 1845, the Royal College of Surgeons in London, desirous of enlarging their buildings for the better accommodation of their museum, obtained some adjoining ground which had been occupied as a warehouse by Spode & Copeland, merchants engaged in the China trade. The warehouse had been erected on the foundations of the old Duke's Theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This theater is the one mentioned continually in Pepys's Diary.



THE TERRA COTTA BUST

It was built only forty-six years after Shakespeare's death, namely, in 1662, under the direction of Sir William Davenant, and for the use of his theatrical company. Sir William, it will be recollected, had



THE STRATFORD BUST.

the vanity of claiming to be a son of Shakespeare, and strove in various ways to connect himself with the memory of the dramatist. Davenant received from Taylor, a brother of the Taylor who was one of the actors in Shakespeare's own company, the well known Chandos Portrait, presently to be described. Betterton, a leading actor in Sir William Davenant's Company, in this "Duke's Theater," became afterwards the owner of the Chandos Portrait, showing, on his part also a personal interest in Shakespeare's memory. Furthermore, Shakespeare's Plays were the chief pieces acted by this Company and in the "Duke's Theater."* Nothing more natural, therefore, than that the building itself should contain some architectural souvenir of its favorite dramatic celebrity.

In tearing down the warehouse just mentioned, the entire ground plan of the old theater was disclosed. Among other things, an ornamented arched portal was laid bare, which had formed the main entrance into the theater. The workmen,

in battering down the wall on one side of this portal, found among the bricks and plaster that came tumbling down the pieces of a shattered terra cotta bust. Thinking that these might be of some antiquarian value, the workmen called at once the curator of the museum, Mr. William Clift, F. R. S. Mr. Clift and his colleague and son-in-law, Prof. Owen, collected and put together such fragments of the shattered bust as could be found, but were unable to make out a certain likeness to any dramatic celebrity. The nearest conjecture they could make was that the bust was not Shakespeare, but that it might have been intended for Ben Jonson. The fact, however, of there having been a bust of this kind ornamenting one side of the portal, naturally suggested to them the probability of there being another bust in the corresponding side, which had not yet been disturbed by the workmen. They proceeded therefore, to examine it, and found, sure enough, on the opposite side, a terra cotta bust in perfect preservation. The bust was carefully removed and cleaned, and became the property of Mr. Clift, and after his death went by inheritance to his son-in-law, Prof. Owen. The latter, after holding it a few years, sold it for three hundred guineas to the Duke of Devonshire, who in turn presented it to the Garrick Club, in whose possession it now is.*

The bust has no name or date, no monogram or other indication, either of the sculptor or of the subject. But the resemblance of the features to the best likenesses of Shakespeare, the place of honor assigned it in the theater, the sufficient negative evidence that the fellow bust could not have been Shakespeare, and might have been Ben Jonson, have caused the surviving bust to be generally accepted as a likeness, and if so, a very early likeness of Shakespeare.

I examined this terra cotta bust with some attention, but was not able to take measurements. The impression that it made upon me was the same as that produced by the Death-Mask, except that there was nothing of that air of sadness which so strikingly marks the latter, and except also that there did not seem to be the same breadth of face, and distance between the eyes.

* In the new *Variorum Shakespeare*, now in course of publication by Mr. Furness of Philadelphia, I see, in the appendix to the volume that contains *Macbeth*, a reprint of Sir William Davenant's revision of this play, "as now acted at the Duke's Theater," 1674. In regard to this new edition of Shakespeare, I speak, I believe, the opinion of nearly all Shakespearean scholars, on both sides of the Atlantic, in testifying most emphatically to its merits. Such a careful and complete digest and summing up of all that is valuable in Shakespearean criticism and commentary has never before been accomplished.

* No print of the terra cotta bust, so far as I am aware, has heretofore been made. The engraving here given is from an original photograph, made at my request, and obtained from the Garrick Club, London, through the mediation of my friend, Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, of the *New York World*.

The profile, however, and the general contour were the same; there was the same cleanness of cut in the nose, and in the features generally, the same unmistakably intellectual type of face. Of all recognized likenesses of Shakespeare there is none that, in my opinion, comes so near to the general character of the Death-Mask.

The facts which I have given in regard to this terra cotta bust were obtained from Prof. Owen in an interview at the British Museum, and afterwards, at my request, sent me by him in writing.

A few words in regard to other likenesses.

4. THE STRATFORD BUST.

The first in point of time seems to be the Stratford bust. Some account of this has already been given. A few additional particulars will be of interest.

Shakespeare is buried in the church at Stratford-upon-Avon, near the north end of the chancel, and there is a slab over the tomb, on a level with the floor of the chancel. On the north wall of the chancel, at an elevation of a little more than five feet, and immediately over the tomb, is an ornamented niche or frame-work of stone, containing a bust of Shakespeare, nearly life-size, and extending down to the middle of the person. Shakespeare died in 1616, and this monument is referred to by Leonard Digges in 1623. It must have been made, therefore, between these two dates, and most likely immediately after the death of Shakespeare, and was probably executed under the directions of his son-in-law and executor, Dr. John Hall.



THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING.

The bust is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature.

The poet is sitting, as if in the act of composition, his hands resting on a cushion, one hand holding a pen, the other a sheet of paper, while his eyes are looking, not at his work, but straight forward towards the spectator. The pen was originally of stone, but this having been broken by a careless visitor, nearly a century ago, since that time an ordinary quill pen is usually kept in his fingers. The hands and face originally were of flesh-color, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or cloak was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt.

In 1793, Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint. Not many years ago this paint of Malone's was removed by some detergent very carefully prepared and applied, and the bust is supposed to be now very nearly in its original condition.

This Stratford bust is of great value, as having been made so early, and as having in all probability, been cut from some authentic likeness, possibly from the German Death-Mask. As a work of art, however, it is open to very obvious criticisms. The skull has the smoothness and roundness of a boy's marble, and about as much individuality or expression. The eyes and eyebrows are unduly contracted, the nose has evidently been shortened by an accident of the chisel, the cheeks are puffy and spiritless, the moustaches are curled up in a manner never found except on some city exquisite, the collar looks like two pieces of block-tin bent over, and finally, the expression of the eyes, so far as they have any expression, is simply that of easy, rollicking good nature, not overburdened with sense or intellect.

5. THE DROESHOUT ENGRAVING.

Next to the Stratford bust, in the matter of authenticity as a portrait of Shakespeare, is the copper-plate engraving by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, that of 1623, and generally known as the Droeshout Portrait.

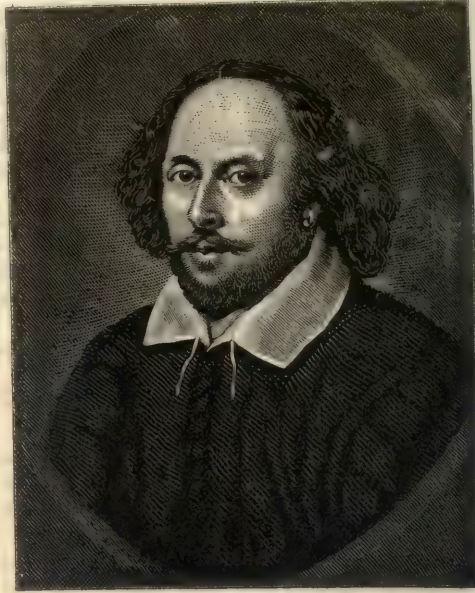
Droeshout engraved the head of Chapman, (translator of Homer,) of Fox (the martyrologist,) and of many other well known persons. What portrait was used by him in making this engraving of Shake-

speare is entirely a matter of conjecture. The probability is that it was some coarse daub by the actor, Burbage, who had some pretensions as a painter, and who would be very likely to make a picture of his disfigured fellow actor. If such a picture were hanging somewhere about the theater, nothing more natural than for the actors, Heminge and Condell, in bringing out an edition of their friend's plays, to use for the engraving this picture with which they were familiar. All this, however, is pure conjecture. What more concerns us to know is that Ben Jonson has testified in the strongest terms to the correctness of the likeness. His words, printed on the page facing the engraving are as follows:

"This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J."

Ben was extravagant in his feelings, whether of love or of hate, and equally so in his terms of praise and dispraise. But there is no evidence of his untruthfulness. After making every abatement for his warmth of manner, and his tendency to emphasis and point rather than to exactness of expression, it is yet impossible to suppose that he would have written these lines, unless the engraving was substantially a likeness. That the original, from which the engraving was made, must have been poor and bold as a work of art, is manifest on the slightest inspection. This, however, is by no means incompatible with its having been a faithful likeness. As Mr. Friswell justly remarks: "Untaught artists chiefly strive to catch the likeness; they depend upon this, indeed, for their success; and many a poor fellow who gained his precarious livelihood by painting portraits of the landlord and landlady of a public house and of the best parlor gentry who frequent it, is more faithful in his resemblances than Sir Joshua Reynolds. * * * * The artist idealizes his subject and tones down its eccentricities; the amateur or the dauber, who is 'clever at a likeness,' makes prominent, nay, even exaggerates, the peculiar style by which his sitter is known to his associ-



THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

ates. His touch may be as hard as a block of marble, his flesh-color like brick dust, but his 'likeness' is undeniable, or he would not be able to earn a crust."

The work of the engraver, in this instance, corresponds to the work of the painter. The engraving is, to the last degree, hard and stiff. It is evidently the product of one whose aim was to make a likeness, rather than a work of art.

In comparing the face and head thus presented to us with those already discussed, we observe, that while there are great differences, both in detail and in the general impression, it is easy to see the same man underlying them all. If we suppose the Death-Mask the point of departure, there is in the Droeshout engraving less divergence than in the Stratford bust, and more than in the terra cotta bust. There is the great distance between the eyes, and the amplitude of forehead, so noticeable in the Mask. The flesh of the face is fuller than in the mask, but not so puffy as in the bust. The nose, not chopped off as in the bust, is, however, as straight as a stick, instead of having that delicately aquiline formation observable in the mask. The beard is shaven from the chin, but a few hairs are sprouting on the under lip, and there is a very light moustache. The forehead is high and bald, in all the pictures, but the hair hangs in long smooth locks over the ears and the back of

the head. The costume is evidently some theatrical display put on for the occasion, and "smacking very much of the stage tailor." There is a doublet, buttoned up to the chin, and a plaited lawn ruff standing out all round in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful position, and stiffened apparently, in the edges and elsewhere, with wire. One feature, the most noticeable of all, is the projection of the forehead. In all the other likenesses, without exception, the forehead, with its noble expanse, recedes gradually and evenly. But in the Droeshout engraving, the forehead is like some beetling cliff, projecting, almost overhanging the brows in a way that is hardly less than monstrous. This misshapen character of the forehead may without difficulty be accepted, not as a part of the likeness of the poet, but as part of the unskillful etching of the engraver. It looks certainly not unlike a huge goitre transferred from the throat to the brow.

6. THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

Of painted likenesses of Shakespeare, none ranks so high as that known as the Chandos Portrait. This picture is in the National Portrait Gallery, and is the property of the nation, as represented by the trustees of that institution.

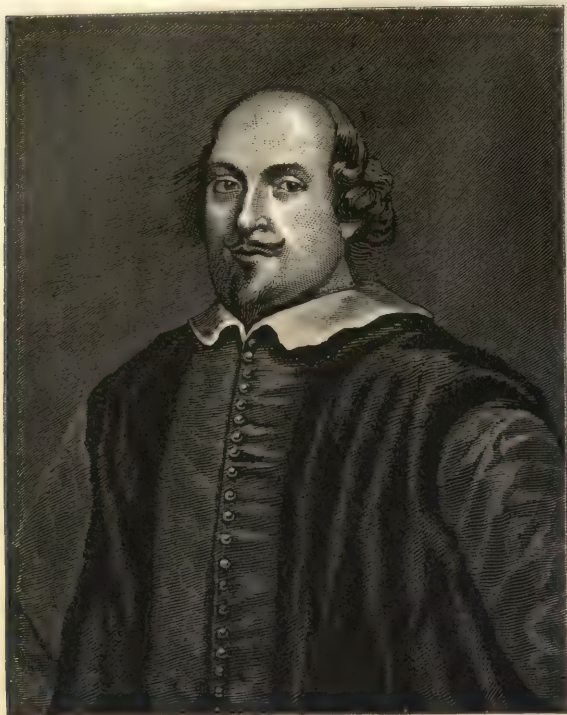
This picture originally belonged to, and probably was painted by, John Taylor, painter, a brother of Joseph Taylor, a player of Shakespeare's company. It was left by Taylor, by will, at his death, to Sir William Davenant. Davenant dying insolvent, the administration of his effects was granted in 1668 to John Otway, by which means the picture came into his possession. After Otway's death, Betterton, the actor, bought the picture. At Betterton's death it was, in like manner, bought by Mrs. Barry, the actress, who afterwards sold it for forty guineas to Robert Keck, of the Temple. From Keck it went by inheritance to a Mr. Nicholls, and thence to Mr. Nicholls's only daughter, who was married to James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards DUKE OF CHANDOS. From the Duke of Chandos the picture went to his daughter, Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham. On the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's pictures, in 1848, this Chandos Shakespeare was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere, and by him presented, in 1856, to the National Portrait Gallery, where it now is.

The picture was engraved, while in Betterton's hands, by Vandergucht; subsequently, in 1719, by Vertue, and in 1747, by Houbraken; after that, and down to the present time, by numerous, or rather almost innumerable engravers. The face of the Chandos portrait is indeed the one altogether best known to the public.

The picture is of life size, in oil, on canvas. In its general character it seems to resemble more nearly the terra cotta bust than any other likeness that I saw. The nose is straight and long, as in the Droeshout engraving, but is thinner and more delicately formed, and, in that respect, conforms more nearly to the Mask, yet it has not the slightly aquiline curve of the latter. There is not the same distance between the eyes, and the same breadth of forehead, that are to be seen in the Mask and in the Droeshout likeness, though the forehead is still ample and strikingly noble. There is more general softness in the picture than in any of the other likenesses that have been named, except perhaps, the terra cotta bust. The picture is decidedly artistic, and the artist has apparently, to some extent, sacrificed literal likeness to artistic effect. The complexion is dark; there is a pinkishness of color about the eye-lids; the lips are inclined to be full and sensuous; the ear that is visible is tricked out with a ring; the hair, a dark auburn, that in the Droeshout is plaited and smoothed down, hangs here in easy, unstudied profusion on the sides and back of the head, while most of the lower part of the face is covered with a soft beard of the same color. No lines of deep thought are in the face, no furrows on the brow. There is an equal show of softness, almost effeminacy, in the costume. The dress, so far as it can be made out, is of black satin, and the collar is of fine plain lawn, folding over easily but simply.

At the first blush, on looking at the Chandos picture and then at the Droeshout, one can hardly believe them to be representations of the same person. Yet, on placing them side by side, and deliberately tracing the lines of each, one after the other, the substantial identity of the two is clearly established.

In the opinion of competent experts, Mr. Page, for instance, the Chandos portrait has internal evidence of having been painted from life. "When I look at that picture," says Mr. Page, "I am sure that the man who painted it looked directly into the eye of"



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

Shakespeare." The conjecture is certainly a very plausible one, that John Taylor, whose brother was a dramatic associate of Shakespeare's, did paint from life his brother's friend and companion.

7. THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

The only remaining likeness that it seems necessary to notice is that known as the Stratford Portrait. The picture that goes by this name belonged to Mr. W. O. Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford-upon-Avon, in whose family it had been for over a century. It was supposed to be some old portrait, but whose no one knew. Mr. Simon Collins, of London, a well known restorer of pictures, happening to be in Stratford, in 1860, this picture was submitted to his examination. He discovered that the original picture had been painted over, by a later hand; the face being covered with hair, and with a heavy beard. On the removal of this exterior stratum of paint, the true original, which lay beneath, was brought to light, and was found to be a striking likeness of Shakespeare. The discovery made a sensation in Shakespearean circles. The picture was brought to London and exhibited,

and caused much discussion. The owner finally very generously gave it to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and it is deposited among the other articles of curiosity at the Shakespeare House in that town.

This picture is traced with certainty to William Hunt, grandfather of the late owner. This William Hunt is supposed to have acquired it, with some other old paintings, in the purchase of his house from the Clopton family, in 1758. That however is mere conjecture, though a probable one.

No one who has seen the Stratford bust can look upon this picture without satisfying himself at the first glance that the two are connected. The connection, indeed, is universally conceded. But was the picture made from the bust, or the bust from the picture? The Stratford people strongly insist on the latter, believing firmly that the picture was taken from life, and was the original of the bust. Critics and scholars outside of Stratford take for the most part the opposite view. Mr. Halliwell probably represents the average opinion of the critical world, in believing that the picture was made from the bust, and made fully a century after the bust. It has even been suggested that the picture may have been made about the year of the Garrick Jubilee, in 1769, and in commemoration of that event.

Whatever theory of it be true, the picture is without doubt one of great value, and is worthily placed for perpetual keeping in the same town with the bust, to which it is so closely connected.

The impression which these various likenesses, when thus reviewed, make upon the mind of the observer, especially the impression made by the Mask, is that of majesty and force; what a noble face this man had! how worthy of the noble thoughts to which he gave utterance! and we feel instinctively like applying to him the words which he has himself put into the mouth of Hamlet, when pointing to his father's portrait:

"See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

THE SPINNING WHEEL.



"SHE GIVES A TOUCH AND A CARELESS WHIRL."

A WHITE pine floor and a low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great-brown loom,
The windows out and the world in bloom—

A pair of 'swifts' in the corner, where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair;

And sang to herself as she spun the tow
While 'the little wheel' ran as soft and low
As muffled brooks where the grasses grow
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field lilies free from sin,
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin
Counted her 'knots' and handed them in!

'The great wheel' rigged in its harness stands—
A three-legg'd thing with its spindle and bands;—

And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow
Forward and backward, and to and fro!

There's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,
And a bright-faced, springy, barefoot girl:
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel!
And there must be bees in the spindled steel!
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel!

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock
When you bagged the bee in the hollyhock,
And the angry burr of an ancient clock—

All ready to strike—came out of the mill,
Where covered with meal the rogue was still,
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three—the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut,
A hurry of wheel and the roll is wrought!

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white-pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread
Like somebody caught and tether'd and led
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend
Monarch would borrow if maiden could lend,
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end,

From English sheep of the old-time farm,
With their legs as fair as a woman's arm,
And faces white as a girl's alarm.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang

That came to a halt on her cherry lip
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of *another*, when her ship,—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise,—
Should sail right out of the azure skies
And a lover bring with great brown eyes!

Ah, broad the day but her work was done—
Two 'runs' by reel! She had twisted and spun
Her two score 'knots' by set of sun,

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,
So to and fro in calico pride
Till the bees went home and daytime died!

In apron white as the white sea foam,
She gathered the wealth of her velvet gloom,
And railed it in with a tall back-comb.

She crushed the dews with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And it looked like a pattern lifted high;
But she never dreamed of angels nigh,

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!
"What a blue and white for the clouded pair
"I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-swung tree that waves before,
A shadow is dodging in at the door,—
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor,—

And the cat, unlearned in the Shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw
To hold it still with an ivory claw!

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall,
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl!

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed!
Good night, my girl of the double and twist
Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!

"O BIRDS THAT FLIT BY OCEAN'S RIM."

O BIRDS that flit by ocean's rim,
And make your plaint to silent sky;
O waves that lap horizons dim,
Ye shall be tranquil by and by!

O rose-tree, giving petals fair,
In some lost garden lone to lie—
Weep not because your stems are bare,
They shall re-blossom by and by!

O singer, singing in the night—
Turn not and curse the heavens and die;
Your heritage is peace and light,
You shall be richer by and by!

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"THE DAY BADE THEM ADIEU AS THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SHADOWS."

CHAPTER XXI.

"I AM NOT WELL IN HEALTH, AND THAT IS ALL."

Was it morning? The light in the room seemed dim as Katey opened her eyes. But winter mornings have late twilights. It must be time to rise. The call to prayers would come soon, and there were the letters!

Some one moved out from behind the head of the bed and bent over her. It was Clary Luckiwinner, mopping her tear-stained face with a lace-edged handkerchief.

"Why, Clary!"

"Oh, then you know me at last, dear Miss Earle! You have been dreadfully ill, and your sister is here, and—but oh, I must not talk to you," she broke off, penitent and frightened.

Katey closed her eyes. She was so weak that this little scene exhausted and confused her. So Delphine was here! And she had been ill! Slowly her awakened thoughts traveled back to the point where forgetfulness began. Then she hid her face among the pillows.

Delphine came presently and fed her with broth, and bade her go to sleep like a good child. She could hear the girls whispering outside the door, where Clary had gone; but even this died away upon her ear, and she lost herself again. How long a time passed she did not know. She slept and woke, and slept and woke again. Sometimes it was daylight upon which she opened her eyes, and sometimes a soft glimmer, as from a shaded lamp, filled the room; and all the while she was slowly coming back to herself. How far she must have wandered in the darkness!

Her mind was growing clearer. The past rose up before her, as it might perhaps in the day of judgment, when every secret thought as well as deed would stand revealed. It had been all a lie from the beginning, she knew. He had come to her with a vow to another woman upon him. He had allowed himself to fall into temptation. He had been too weak to go away when safety lay only in flight. She herself had led him on. Unwittingly, she had been a snare to him, knowing nothing of the truth. She could see now how he had struggled, weakly. "I am your bitterest enemy," he said. Her bitterest enemy! And yet she did not hate him. At this very moment, when she knew how false he had been, she felt that if he but stood in the door and beckoned, she should rise and follow him. Oh, he must not come; she must never see him again. He could be nothing to her; she must forget him. That would have been easy to do once; but now—could she ever untangle these threads which had knit together the two lives?

Delphine, in her rich, dark dress, with pretty shining ornaments about her neck and at her ears, sat by the little table holding a lamp, knitting a hood of soft white wool. She rose hastily when Katey moved among her pillows.

"How good it was in you to come!" said Katey, stroking her hand, when she had submitted to being fed, like a baby, with a spoon. Poor Katey! Something had dropped out of her life, leaving it empty and bare. It seemed all at once as though the world were cruelly cold. The least kindness was a surprise.

"Of course I should come! What do you mean, child? I am thankful your illness occurred when it did, and not a month later, after we had gone. You don't know how sick you have been, Katey."

Delphine's voice quavered. She bent over her work.

"Did Jack know?"

"I wrote a dispatch for him one day, but Robert said we had best not send it, unless——" She did not finish the sentence.

So they had thought she might die! It would have been better, perhaps. It would have been easier. Death settles many a vexed question. And yet there was something she desired to do first.

"Has it been long? Have I been ill a long time?"

"Nearly a fortnight."

"Have—have I had any letters, do you know?" Her voice trembled, in spite of the effort to speak calmly.

"Yes; Jack and Josie have both written. You shall hear their letters to-morrow."

"And that is all,—you are sure? There might be some mistake."

"Yes, O yes, that is all."

From whom did the child expect letters? thought Delphine, carelessly. It was a sick girl's fancy, and she spoke of something else. But Katey did not reply. With her face hidden in the pillow, she was trying to stifle the great pang of disappointment which Delphine's words had brought. And yet, why should she be disappointed? Only a moment before she had been alarmed lest he had written to her with tender words; and then where would her strength be? She must write to him at once; she could not rest or sleep again till this was done. If she could only throw her arms around Delphine's neck and tell her the whole story! But Delphine had been bitter in her denunciations of Dacre. It would be far easier to make Jack her confidant. Still, what might not Jack do in his wrath?

"I am going out for a little while," Mrs. Estemere said presently, laying down her work. "I have an errand to do, and Miss Severance has kindly offered to go with me. Little Miss Luckwinner will sit by you until I return. I shall caution her about talking too much."

So, after a few moments, Clary crept in to take her proud position beside the bed.

Mrs. Estemere's step had hardly died away before Katey turned to her. "Raise my head a little, Clary, and bring my writing-desk, to me."

Clary stared in affright. Had Miss Earle lost her senses again?

"I want to write a letter," Katey explained.

"But you are not well enough. Mrs. Estemere said I was not to talk to you."

"I don't ask you to talk to me. Only bring me the desk. Please, Clary."

"Oh, I don't dare to," Clary replied, trembling with fright at her temerity, yet determined to be faithful to her trust. "You might be ill again and die," she gasped. "Oh, I cannot, dear Miss Earle; don't ask me to. Wait until Mrs. Estemere comes back."

But Katey preferred that Delphine should

know nothing of the letter. She had made her plan, counting upon Clary's weakness; but it had turned to strength. In vain she pleaded. Clary soon dissolved to tears, but, even in a liquid state, was firm. She resorted to reproaches, which poor Clary bore with no other reply than little sniffling sobs.

"Then I shall get it for myself," she said at last with determination, making a movement as though about to rise from her pillows.

Clary wrung her hands in despair.

"Wait one moment. Will you not wait just one moment?" and she ran out of the room. Now was the time to execute her threat. But that was impossible, Katey knew. She was by far too weak. She had spent her little strength in the encounter with Clary. She could only lie quite still, crying weakly.

All at once Clary's little prim face, warmed into unusual life, appeared at the door.

"Then you didn't get up?" she exclaimed, and the head disappeared again. Once more it showed itself. What was the girl trying to do? "I went down to—to speak to somebody; and won't you please let him talk to you about it?" she said, confusedly. A taller form appeared behind Clary's little figure.

"May I come in?" and putting Clary aside, Professor Dyce entered the room.

"Miss Luckiwinner seems to think it an occasion demanding authority. What is this about writing letters?"

He came forward and took the hand lying upon the coverlet, holding the wrist a moment.

"Ah, this will not do," he said, gravely. "I thought we could trust to your good sense. You will bring back your fever in this way."

"But I wanted to write,—just a little note," she added, quickly. "I would be very quiet afterwards; I would never ask to do anything again. Only this once," she begged.

He was regarding her flushed face with grave, stern eyes, but at the quaver in her voice their expression changed.

"Could not Miss Clary, here, write for you? or I?" he asked, gently. So she had been crying; her eyes were still full of tears.

Katey shook her head.

"Bring me the desk," he said to Clary. She hesitated, but she gave it into his hands.

"May I open it?" He took out paper and placed it before her; he selected a pencil and began to point it deliberately.

"Do the young ladies disturb you?"

"Not at all. They have been very quiet, I am sure. But my classes?"

"Wait in hope. In the meantime the most of them have fallen into my hands. There," laying down the pencil, "this is to be a very brief epistle—only a line or two?"

"Yes."

"Then Miss Luckiwinner and I will leave you for a few moments," and he ushered Clary from the room, closing the door, beside which Clary waited, however. The Professor paced up and down the hall, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. Clary hearing no movement within the room ventured to leave the door and lean upon the window-sill at the end of the hall. The Professor paused before her.

"Well, Clary," and the strong, bright tone which he had used in the sick-room had left his voice, "it's all a tangle, isn't it?"

"What is, sir?"

"O, life, and—everything."

"I—I don't know," Clary replied, bewildered.

"No, of course you don't; why should you?" he said, cheerfully. Then he rapped at Katey's door.

"Come in." The flush had left her face; it was almost as white as the pillows about it. The letter was finished and enclosed, and lay, face down, upon the desk before her. "I was not a long time, you see," and she tried to smile.

"No."

"And now, will you send this? It is stamped and addressed, ready for the mail."

Certainly," he replied, in so bright a tone that Clary was puzzled again. But every-day life held many mysteries to Clary. She never got beyond a dull, confused wonder, which shed no light upon them.

He held out his hand for the letter, but Katey still kept it clasped tight in her own. Would he glance at the address? There was an unspoken request in her eyes. "It need not be laid upon the desk with the others?" and the color swept over her face. "Will you not trust me?" and she gave the letter into his hand.

"But you won't do this again?—not until you are stronger, at least; you will promise me?"

"I shall never do it again," burst out Katey with a little sob; too weak and miserable to realize how much her words revealed. Then she turned her face to the wall, and he went away. But Clary added another to her list of unanswered queries: why did a great light come into his eyes at sight of Katey's tears?

Delphine returned to find her patient quietly sleeping, and Clary ensconced in breathless, painful quiet in the great chair by the bedside. Evidently her commands had been carried out to the letter.

There was no opportunity at the time to recount the story of Katey's willfulness, and Clary, after turning the matter over in her small head, decided to say nothing about it. She kept her own counsel, since no harm followed. Katey even seemed better the next day; and wondered in her own mind if she ought to confess her misdeed. But that would involve telling the whole story, from which she shrank now. She was morbidly faithful, perhaps. But, because he had proved false, was she set free from every promise? They could never be anything to each other; but she would not turn against him, and tell everything she knew to his disadvantage. Then Delphine would divine at once the cause of her illness and would overwhelm her with pity and sympathy. Ah, no; it would be wiser and more easy to bury it all in her own heart.

When she was able to be moved Delphine carried her off to her own home. Jack and Josie had returned from their wedding journey, and were settled in the same town. Then, before many days Delphine had bade them all a cheery adieu—there were never any forebodings in her mind—and sailed away with her husband and child for a year's absence. But Katey was by this time domiciled with Josie, where she was to remain for the present, and where rest and new scenes would bring strength and peace, if not forgetfulness. And so the winter passed away, and Spring came again.

What is this longing which possesses us all in the spring-time;—not for the distant future, but for the far away in the past. A vague regret, a shadowy remembrance tinged with pain of loss. It comes to us like a fuller heart-beat in the midst of busy cares. It holds us for an instant, then is gone. Not a recollection, for we grasp at nothing; no picture rises before our minds. It is too brief, too

mystical for that. The rain drops upon the white stones under the window, and there falls upon heart and soul a sense of—what? Another patter of rain? When? and where? A sudden gust, and the breath of the salt sea is borne in upon us. Ah! we had almost grasped it, we had almost lived again. What? we know not. It is gone; only the pain still vibrates. Some tense, forgotten string within had been touched in passing.

Slowly the summer went by. The thread was broken at last. The thoughts which had sprung back continually to Dacre had learned to dwell upon other objects. He had never written. He had made no effort to overbear her decision or to excuse himself. From Minna Hauser she heard sometimes. Only once had she spoke of him; and then to say that Christine, hearing nothing, was anxious and alarmed. Long before this Katey had told Jack and Josie of her appearance upon the stage at the Junction, and given them an account of the Hauser family. Only Christine's love-story she had withheld; partly because it had been imparted to her in that most binding of all confidences, which asks no promise—and partly because it was so interwoven with her own brief romance. Her romance! There would, doubtless, come no other to her life. She looked forward without interest. The future, to be sure, was not now as it had been at first,—a great open sea, cold and gray, and crossed by no white-winged ships; the roads of her fancy led no longer to a high, blank wall. There were Jack and Josie, Delphine and her family,—they bounded her world; and there was her work; for work she must, or life would be unbearable. The summer was almost over, and she was going back to La Fayette. Professor Dyce had written a brief note to say that there had been many changes in the school, but her place awaited her if she chose to return. And she was going back. The dull routine was tedious, but it was work and ready to her hand. It would engross her mind; and she would do it conscientiously for want of a better, nobler mission. She had no ambition; she felt no call, such as comes to some women, to do great deeds. But the commonest duties well done confer nobility upon the doer, and it was work; she came back to that always. She should go on year after year, growing old and worn and white-haired in that little corner room looking down upon the Gothic porch of a church. People would pass in

and out there,—old and young, bridal parties and funeral cortéges; but it would hold one picture forever in her mind: the stillness of a summer night, the lowering clouds shutting out the stars, a handsome face bent close to hers, a dusky figure moving slowly over the way. Ah! she thought she had forgotten. She rose up quickly from sitting listlessly in her own room at Josie's, and began hurriedly to dress. They were going to visit a collection of pictures, and even now Josie ran up the stairs and tapped at her door.

"What! not dressed! and I am late, too. O Katey, you are an idle girl," she added playfully, "you have done nothing all the morning, while I—do you know Jack thinks I am a wonderful housekeeper?"

"I don't doubt it." Katey was tying her bonnet-strings under her chin, and searching for her gloves. "I agree with him heartily."

"How sweet you are in all that pink," said Josie, when they were entering the picture-gallery. "But you are so tall and grand that I am quite insignificant beside you." And she made an abortive attempt to draw her diminutive figure to a fuller height. "You always will look like a princess in disguise. I believe if you were to walk down the street in a print gown, and with a handkerchief tied over your head, half the town would turn and stare after you."

"It would be strange if they did not," laughed Katey.

"Do laugh;" and Josie turned her eyes upon her with the wistful gaze Katey had marked many times before, but would not appear to notice; "you are so very quiet and grave of late."

"Am I? I have been ill, you know, and that can never be amusing; and I have had many things to think of, some of which have troubled me not a little." She said it quietly, moved to no purpose when she began. Dacre's name had never been mentioned between them in all these months which they had spent together. But now she would speak. They were almost alone. An old man with a mottled beard and a hooked nose,—a dealer, perhaps,—was moving from one picture to another, eying them with a cold, critical air. A younger man, shabbily dressed,—possibly an artist,—stood near by, sighting a landscape through his half-closed hand. They were early; there were no others in the room.

"I shall never see Dacre Home again." Katey's great, grave eyes were fixed upon the canvas before them, with the far-seeing eyes of a sibyl. It was a little French study: an arbor, a stand, a wine-glass, a white shoulder, some black drapery, a screen of vines, a pair of dark eyes peeping through—but she saw nothing of it.

Josie caught her sleeve. "Do you really mean it? Oh, I am so glad! You cannot think how anxious I have been, and yet, I would not try to force your confidence. And you are convinced at last, that he is utterly worthless?"

"No;" Katey said stoutly. "There is much that is good in him."

"O Katey! How can you think so? I dare not trust you then. I am afraid you will go back to him."

"Because I will not turn against him? You need not be afraid," she added, "I can never go back to him."

"But you are not going to pine away?"

One never knew what Katey might take upon herself to do.

"Do I look like it?" and she turned upon Josie the face that had lost something of its bloom and freshness, but was still round in its outline, and sweeter than ever in its grave, thoughtful expression.

"No," responded Josie, doubtfully. "And you are sure you are not making yourself unhappy over it?"

"Quite sure," Katey replied. Then the room began to fill rapidly, an acquaintance accosted them, and they said no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PICNIC.

THE changes to which Professor Dyce referred in his note to Katey were greater than she imagined. President Humphrey had been called to an institution in the far West, leaving Professor Dyce in charge at La Fayette until the trustees should decide upon some one to take his place. Miss Severance had been summoned to her home, and finally resigned her position in the school on account of domestic troubles; and at least half of the pupils had left, many from the South, with the forethought—or foreknowledge—of prophecy, having never returned after the Christmas holidays. Others failed to appear at the beginning of the spring term, when the fall of Sumter warned the nation of the dreadful future. A summer of excitement and

confusion, never to be forgotten, followed, and it was only a handful, compared with the former number of girls, who gathered at the opening of the fall term. There were murmurs of dissatisfaction among these in regard to the principles and proclivities of the head of the school; for Professor Dyce was openly and avowedly for the Government. Katey soon saw that this dissatisfaction was fostered and encouraged by Miss Wormley, who for some unknown cause had evidently conceived a dislike for the man whom she had formerly fawned upon and flattered. A line, imaginary, and yet not the less strongly marked, was forming a division among the teachers. Upon one side were Professor Dyce, Miss Hersey and Katey; upon the other, Professor Payne, Professor Grôte and Miss Wormley, while the instructor in modern languages was not regarded by either party, and little Mr. Milde kept his own counsel and smiled equally upon both.

For the evening study-hour the girls gathered now in the music-room. It was less dreary than the great, half-empty school-hall. Many and bitter were the discussions waged here in the half hour of twilight recreation after tea. Be-jewelled, be-furbelowed though the girls were, they had found a depth at last beneath these things. The whole air of the house was changed; it had no longer the appearance of a quiet, well-regulated school; but of some chance abiding-place, where people, jealous, distrustful of each other, waited during a little time with feverish impatience for what, no one knew. Among these warring elements Professor Dyce moved silently, outwardly calm, self-possessed, and assured. It was a relief to Katey to feel that his eyes were no longer upon her; that the foolish suspicions which she had awakened at first had died out, or been forgotten in other and more important affairs. She took up her diminished classes with fresh zeal. The stirring events of each day in the outside world, with the duties close by her hands, banished all morbid regrets, and brought her mind to a healthier tone. She wondered still about Dacre, but without pain. The little formula of prayer to which her lips had become accustomed so long ago, she still kept up. It could do her no harm, nor him. And something like faith enlarged her vision at times, and made her to feel that it would not be in vain. Still she heard nothing of him. Even Minna Hauser, for some reason, had ceased to write.

There was less of discipline now in the school than there had been once. With the exception of Professor Dyce, who held them all with a strong, firm hand, the teachers relaxed something of their former vigilance. The recitations were naturally shortened since the classes were so small, and the hours of recreation were increased. In place of the processional walk about town, which had once comprised the daily exercise, Professor Dyce led the girls often in these pleasant September days quite beyond the limits of the city.

One day, a month perhaps after the beginning of the term, he announced at morning prayers that the school would spend the afternoon in the country. He would leave Miss Wormley, through whose knowledge of the suburbs he had perfected the plan, to give its details; and with this he left the desk and the school-room, followed by some such daring expressions of delight as a soft clapping of hands from the younger girls. Miss Wormley explained that immediately after dinner omnibuses would be in attendance at the door, to convey the young ladies to a point some four or five miles from town, within easy walking distance of a grove, where they would take an early tea, and return to the city before dark.

Professor Paine excused himself from the party, and Miss Hersey decided that it would be necessary for her also to remain at home. Miss Wormley, busily collecting the lunch-baskets which the housekeeper had prepared, smiled a peculiar and not altogether pleasant smile when this announcement was made to her.

"The care of the young ladies will devolve upon you and me, then," she said to Katey, in an unusually gracious tone.

"Yes; and upon Professor Dyce. He is going, of course?"

"Professor Dyce? O, of course." And again the watery blue eyes half closed in an odd smile.

They set off at last, a gay party, filling a couple of omnibuses, merry, happy, and forgetful for the time of their differences. The road was smooth and hard, and they bowled along at a fine pace when the paved streets of the town were once left behind. The country was fresh and greener than in midsummer; the air mild, yet not too warm; the day perfect. What more could they desire?

Upon the outskirts of a suburban village they descended from the omnibuses, and went on, a straggling company, led by Miss

Wormley, up the pleasant country road to the picnic ground, a half mile away.

"Is it much farther?" Katey ventured to ask at last. The afternoon sun was fiercely hot; no shadow from welcome wayside trees fell upon the dusty road. The shawl and basket upon her arm were growing heavier each moment.

"No; we turn in at that gate. There is the grove," Miss Wormley replied.

A bend in the road had long since hidden their starting-point. They had left every trace of human habitation behind. Rough, hilly fields, broken into knolls, and even mountains in the distance, met their eyes on every hand. Across these, in irregular, devious wanderings, straggled a narrow belt of woods, disappearing only where the horizon shut down upon it at last.

The Professor stepped forward and opened the gate as Miss Wormley paused before it. He waited until the last had passed through. Katey had lagged behind. He took the basket from her hand and walked on beside her without speaking. The grass was cool and soft to the feet; a faint breeze rose and came to meet them as they reached the edge of the woods, stirring the branches of the trees; a startled bird fluttered away, uttering a shrill, piping call to its mate. It was a pleasant summer scene, suggestive of peace.

"One might almost forget the war," Katey said, letting her eyes wander after her thoughts to the distant hazy hills.

"Is it then so easily forgotten? Oh, not for me," the Professor replied, in a deep, suppressed voice, a fire burning in his eyes.

"The drum, the drum, it calls so loud," he said, half to himself.

And would he go? Jack had written the week before that he expected his commission daily. Oh, how near this was coming to each one! How real this terrible dream might yet be! She, too, had enlisted heart and soul. That was all a woman could do. Her busy hands, to do their possible, meek office, followed, as a matter of course, needing no fresh consecration. But often her desires soared beyond this. "Dear Jack," she had written, feeling only this uplifting of the soul beyond all dreadful forebodings. Then she laid her face upon the paper, no other words came with the rush of strong emotion. When she was calmer, she took up the pen again. "It must be sweet to die for one's country,"

she added, with that holy enthusiasm which only women and martyrs know.

They walked on silently for a moment; then Katey spoke again softly.

"But the school! How could you leave the school?"

"It has never been any but a temporary affair with me," he replied. "I should give it up at once if there was only some one to take my place. I have to wait a little longer for my degree,—that is all. Nothing else need keep me here. But, indeed, six months hence there will be no school. You think me a prophet of evil?" For Katey turned her face upon him full of surprise and doubt.

"The result is inevitable, and not far in the future either. Ah! carefully;" as one of the little girls, running back to meet them, stumbled and would have fallen had he not caught her.

"Please, Miss Wormley wants to know if we are to make a fire?"

"To be sure;" and he hastened on with the child to where the others had gathered under the trees, close to a noisy little brook clattering down over the stones. The girls were tired and heated, and somewhat inclined to be cross after the dusty walk upon which they had not calculated; but his presence soon put them in good humor. Notwithstanding the grave air he always wore, and the authority which he could exercise upon occasions, a certain gentle deference, a courtly manner, which years of society, perhaps, had imparted to him, and which was never forgotten in his intercourse with the smallest and most insignificant of the sex, flattered and won upon the girls imperceptibly. They might rail at him in secret for his political principles; but each one was ready to do his bidding, and proud if a word of commendation fell to her from his lips. There was a flutter of ribbons about him now when Miss Wormley announced that it was time to think about tea, each one hoping to be drawn into his service. The younger children ran to gather wood to feed the fire he had lit in a dry hollow, the older ones prepared to spread the cloth, and set out the contents of the baskets, while Katey and Clary Luckwinner set about making the coffee under his direction.

They chattered and laughed over their rural repast as only school-girls can and will. They told stories, and even sang songs at its conclusion, grouped about in picturesque attitudes upon the moss-grown

rocks and stumps of fallen trees. Then, when the cloth had been cleared, and while the baskets were repacked and gathered together again, they wandered away as they chose. "Not too far," cautioned the Professor, "we must be moving towards town in an hour; it would not be wise to let the twilight catch us scattered among these woods and hills."

Miss Wormley and Katey had been collecting the baskets; even Clary had been tempted away by the others. Closing the last one with an exclamation of satisfaction, Miss Wormley strolled off after the girls. Katey was tired; she had served them all without sparing her strength. She had dismissed the last who volunteered to assist in clearing away the remains of the tea, sent them off towards the fields where their eyes had followed the others wistfully, and assumed the task herself. She sat down now to rest. The Professor, at a little distance, had thrown himself upon the ground, his back against the trunk of a tree, and had lit a cigar, too busy with the reverie called up by the silence, or the smoke slowly curling about his head, to notice her. She rested comfortably, having no fear now of what he might say, though his glance should discover her. In what a childish fear and dread she had avoided him all the past year! And how all these imaginary terrors had fled in the presence of the real. Then her thoughts flew, as they did so often now, to Jack. Ah! what should we do but for the blessed care for others which takes us out of our own narrow selves? Dear old Jack! He was, perhaps, already on his way to Washington, where Josie would follow him. Jack in the blue, with a sword at his side! Jack's handsome eyes looking out from under a visor! But Jack was always a hero to her, and he would live to come home again. There is a conviction stronger than hope, different even from faith, a kind of foreknowledge, and this Katey possessed now. She might have her terrors when others quaked. She might see her dark days when the clouds hung low,—but he would come home.

She said it to herself with a smile on her lips, though something wet fell upon the hands lying in her lap. Then she looked up hastily, and met Prof. Dyce's eyes. He must have been regarding her for a long time, certainly there was no surprise in his face at seeing her there.

"You are quite well?" he said inquir-

ingly. There was something like anxiety in his tone.

"Oh, yes."

"And happy?" It was an odd question, uttered so quietly, without the suggestion of a smile.

"Oh, yes," Katey said again.

That was all. He rose, throwing away his cigar. Did he take care of her? Did he watch over her? A little quick throb stirred her heart. There had been a moment of desolation thinking of Jack, and of Delphine so far away. What if anything should happen here at the school? There was no one to whom she could turn. She had not thought of Professor Dyce.

The faintest shadow of approaching night had already fallen. Miss Wormley approached now in evident haste. Prof. Dyce watched her drawing near.

"We rest upon a volcano in La Fayette," he went on to Katey. "It is only a question of time. The end must come. For myself, I have succeeded in the undertaking which brought me here. I have transferred my interests elsewhere. Six weeks—a month—I could leave to-day without loss, though I should like my degree; but you—it is different with a woman. If your position becomes dangerous—if I who can see so much better than you to what all this may lead, having means of knowing what you can but be ignorant of—if I tell you some day that the time has come for you to leave, will you trust me and go?"

Katey gave one look into his eyes.

"Yes," she said, unhesitatingly, "I will."

Then, even as she uttered the last words Miss Wormley joined them.

"It is time we started for home;" and the Professor consulted his watch.

"There is no haste, it is early yet," said Miss Wormley. It struck Katey as odd. The night was close at hand. Or was it her manner which was strange? There was a kind of suppressed excitement about the woman. She panted as though she had been running. The Professor, standing upon a rock above them, searched the woods on either side. The girls were nowhere in sight.

"I have called them," Miss Wormley said quickly. "They will be here directly. Of course you have seen the view from the knoll?" she added to Katey, motioning with her head in the opposite direction from that by which they had entered the woods.

"No," Katey replied. "I was tired, and have been resting; and, indeed, I knew nothing about it."

"Is it possible? Why, that is the aim and object of every picnic party here. It would be a shame not to see it. Professor Dyce!" He turned at her voice. "I will wait here for the girls, who are on their way back now from the knoll, if you will take Miss Earle there for a moment. It is a pity that she should miss the view, which she says she has not seen."

"Nor have I," replied the Professor. "I must confess my ignorance as to the situation of this knoll even. I trust it is not far," he added, with unconscious ungallantry. "It is later than I thought."

"O no; but a short distance. I can easily direct you there," and she proceeded to point out the way, which seemed to Katey both complicated and long in its various turnings.

"It must be too far for us to think of going now," she said.

"Not at all. You will soon see," Miss Wormley replied. "And you will be well paid for the slight exertion. But don't linger there," she called after them, "or we shall have to go home without you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

KATEY'S CONFESSION.

KATEY followed the Professor, who led the way with some haste and without replying to this playful remark. As they came out into the open fields the daylight seemed to flare into unexpected brightness. It was the shadows among the trees, perhaps, which had brought the twilight so soon.

"Where are the girls?" and Katey looked about her in surprise, for no one was in sight.

"They have probably crossed to the other side," the Professor replied. "Miss Wormley has called them together. If you are anxious, we will turn back. Still, I think this must be the knoll. Are you equal to a run to the top of it? Give me your hand. This cannot be the spot," he said, when they had gained the summit only to find another hill rising at a little distance to a greater height, shutting out the view from before them. Katey was already half-way down upon the other side. She was filled with misgivings. "Let us go as fast as we can," she said. But the

way lengthened before them; the deceitful knoll,—if this were really the one they sought,—seemed to move back coquettishly at their approach. Already the horizon had disappeared, and heavy shadows were creeping towards them.

"How foolish!" exclaimed Katey, at last. "Professor Dyce, where are we going, and for what?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I."

They stared at each other. Then they laughed.

"We must return as quickly as possible," said the Professor, beginning to retrace his steps. "It will be dark before we reach La Fayette. I am sorry to disappoint you——"

"It is no disappointment," Katey hastened to say. "I did not care to come, but Miss Wormley insisted upon it."

The way seemed much longer than when they first passed over it, and the shadows gained upon them with alarming speed.

"Are you quite sure?" Katey ventured presently. "I think we should bend more to the left. I don't remember this clump of firs; do you?"

"We might not have noticed it. But I believe we should enter the woods at that turn."

Katey's heart fell in sudden fright. But she followed, without speaking. She was by no means sure; perhaps he was right. They gained the woods. The day bade them adieu as they plunged into the shadows and pushed on in silence. They reached the brook, which sang noisily on its way. The surroundings were strange. Their companions were nowhere in sight.

"Hark!" But it was only the cry of a distant hawk.

"We are too far down," said the Professor, in the kind, hopeful tone people use with children to allay their fears. It alarmed Katey. "If we follow the brook we shall soon reach them." And again he led the way. It was an ill-trained, willful little stream, that had heeded the beckoning of its own fancy; it led them a devious way. Often they jumped its narrow width, when their progress was stopped by a fallen tree or a great boulder which the spring freshets had brought down. The darkness was falling fast now. At a little distance it was difficult to distinguish the trees, or guard against the snares and pitfalls in which Katey's tired feet were con-

tinually caught. They spoke no word. They only went on and on, until, all at once, Katey, faint and dizzy and bewildered, would have fallen, had not the Professor's strong hand held her up. He seated her upon the trunk of a prostrate tree.

"It is useless to go farther," he said quietly. He stepped upon the log beside her, and, raising his fingers to his lips, gave a sharp, shrill whistle. He waited a moment. Katey held her breath to listen. But there was no response. Again and again he repeated it. He changed it to a shout. A flock of crows rose overhead, with a great flapping of wings and hoarse, oft-repeated caws, dying away at last in the distance. His voice had awakened no other sound. He sat down beside her.

"We need not hasten now," for Katey had made a movement to rise: "We should be quite as likely to take the wrong direction as the right. We either entered the woods above the point where we lunched, and so have been going farther away from it all the time, or have passed the place and not recognized it."

"But Miss Wormley and the girls? They must be searching for us now."

"Give yourself no anxiety about them," said the Professor. "They were safely housed an hour ago, I doubt not. Finding that we did not return, Miss Wormley would take the girls home, and, perhaps, send some one after us. We will hope so, at least, and act accordingly. At the worst, we have only to wait for daylight, when we may find ourselves close by the turnpike. But I think we might make one other attempt. We will try the open fields. If we can only find the road, even if followed in the wrong direction, it must lead to some village or town, from which we can easily reach La Fayette."

They gained the open ground. Above them shone the stars, too bright by far; a soft, trembling darkness filled all the space below, in which they moved as in a fog-swept sea.

"This is folly and madness," said the Professor. "We will go back and build a fire. They will certainly send some one to look for us." And they retraced their steps to where the heavier shadows betokened the presence of the woods. He found a log where she could sit supported by the trunk of a tree.

"But you have no shawl, and the evening is cool."

Thus reminded, she took up the shawl which, with one of the lunch-baskets, she had carried, unconsciously, all the way, and wrapped it about her, while he gathered dry leaves and sticks, and lit a tiny fire just beyond her feet.

"The wind is from the woods. We may safely make it burn as brightly as we can," and he fed the flames, which, crackling and snapping, and rising higher and higher, surrounded them at last with a circle of light, making the outer darkness still more dense by contrast.

"I must make a wider search for fuel," he said presently. "You will not be afraid if I leave you for a while. We may have to remain here some hours, and a rousing fire would serve a double purpose."

Katey closed her eyes, when he had gone. The delight of physical rest for the moment overpowered all other sensations. She did not sleep, but her thoughts became dreamy and confused. A sudden vision aroused her. Miss Wormley's face, full of malignant satisfaction, seemed to peer out of the darkness; but it vanished as she opened her eyes. She was still alone. The flames, unfed, had died down. She was cold, and conscious now of hunger. How fortunate that they had brought away one of the baskets! If it would only prove to contain something more desirable than spoons and forks! But where was Professor Dyce? She listened anxiously for his step. Could he have strayed beyond sight of the fire, since it had burned so low, and lost his way again? A great terror seized her—of the darkness, which seemed full of staring eyes—of the silence, which held mysterious whispers. She could not stay here. She threw an armful of brush upon the flames, and turned to the woods, where he had disappeared, treading noiselessly, as though her light step might awaken some new, fresh fear. Suddenly she perceived him, not many yards away, sleeping, as she thought at first, stretched out beneath the trees, his elbow upon the ground, his hand supporting his head. His forehead was contracted, his heavy brows knit. No dreamer ever wore so anxious, so stern a countenance. Looking closer, but fairly holding her breath lest he should perceive her, she saw that his eyes, although open, were bent upon the ground; and as she moved back cautiously, he dropped his head upon his arm with a deep sigh.

Was he, then, so troubled, while he had

hid his anxiety from her? Sometimes care is infectious, and sometimes it is like the plank on which the children see-saw,—the depression of one elevates the other. Katey's spirits rose. They could not be really lost, she thought hopefully, retracing her steps. At the worst, as he had said, they could wait here until daylight released them. He need not be uneasy if it was on her account. And yet she would not call him. But she made the dry twigs snap in her hands, as she fed the fire, noisily. She still knelt before the blaze, opening the lunch-basket, when he rejoined her.

"So you are awake. I came back once and found you sleeping," he said, with a smile.

But no smile could deceive her now. "What is that? And you have carried it all the way!"

"I was not aware of it, I can assure you. How fortunate!" she exclaimed, bringing out one treasure after another. "Not only sandwiches and rolls, and more sandwiches, but such superfluous products of civilization as knives and forks! And what can this be?" She brought out a tin cup which held a paper, half broken open,—*"Coffee!"* Her manner had entirely changed. He wondered, looking down upon her, as, clasping basket and viands and all in her arms, she said, with a pretty, playful air of distress:—

"Professor Dyce, I am shockingly hungry. It can't be long before they come," she went on in a bright tone, setting out the sandwiches upon the end of the log nearest the fire, "and in the meantime we will take supper. Will you bring some water from the brook, for the coffee?"

He disappeared among the trees to return in a moment with the cup filled. They placed it upon the glowing coals.

"You don't care for cream, I suppose?" said Katey, when it had boiled furiously, and been set aside at last.

"O no; not at all."

"And much sugar is not good for one. It might be wise to dispense with it altogether."

"True, especially as we have none."

"And coffee is never so delicious as when drank from the cup in which it is made," and Katey prepared to test her theory. The heated rim approached her lips. "And never so hot, I am sure," she concluded, with tears in her eyes.

The Professor laughed.

"You should wait until it has had time

to cool; and it has not yet settled. I have camped out more than once. Coffee from a tin cup is no novelty to me."

And he recounted some boyish experience with an animation which Katey felt to be forced. He watched and listened constantly, she knew. What did he dread? What did he expect? Why was he so absent and preoccupied? As for herself, she was contented and at rest now. They had food and fire, and presently some one would come.

"Are there any bears or wolves about here?"

"O no;" and he smiled, as though amused by what she felt to be a childish question. Her face grew warm in the fire-light, but still she went on:—

"Is there anything one need fear?"

His head had been turned as though listening. He looked around at her now.

"No. Are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid; but ——" then she stopped, reddening to her hair.

He uttered a short, crisp laugh.

"You thought I might be, perhaps."

Katey turned her head away.

"Will you not tell me why you are anxious?" she said.

His face became grave at once.

"Not for any harm which can come to us here, I can assure you. There is no reason why you should not sleep as peacefully as in your own bed. And, indeed, it is time you were asleep. Do you know how late it is?"

"No."

He took out his watch, glanced at it, and held its face to her.

"One o'clock!" Then she remembered something else. "They should have been here before now," she said.

He made no reply. His face was averted, and he was suddenly busy over the fire.

"I think I can make you more comfortable;" and he disappeared among the trees, returning in a moment with his arms full of dried leaves, which he threw down before her. Two or three similar journeys and his work was done.

"And now, if you will make a couch of it and put your feet to the fire, I think you may sleep for an hour or two. This moss-covered log may serve for once as a pillow. Wrap your shawl well about you, and don't be anxious; nothing can harm you: I shall not go far away."

Then, as Katey prepared to follow his advice, he threw another armful of brush

upon the blaze before vanishing into the darkness. She wrapped herself warmly, as he had told her to do. Sleep would not come at her bidding, but the change of position was restful, and with her cheek against the shawl she followed out the queries which his manner had raised within her. Why did he bid her sleep, and say nothing more of the party who would come to seek them? Had he given up all hope of it? She could not but feel that they should have been here before now. The blazing fire must be visible for miles. It would have guided any one to them at once. Or in the utter stillness of the night a voice would have reached them from a distance. But who was there at the school to start upon such a quest? Professor Paine, if he knew the circumstances. He was too rigidly just and conscientious to do otherwise. He would not let his bitterest enemy come to harm if he could save him. And in Professor Dyce's absence he was at the head of the house. But what would Miss Wormley say to him? What account of their disappearance would she give? And then, in a moment, the conviction flashed upon Katey's mind that Miss Wormley had willfully misled them and had deserted them at last. No one would come; it was useless to longer expect it. She sat upright with the thought. A step drew near, and Professor Dyce appeared.

"Well?" and Katey's voice was strained and anxious.

"I thought you were asleep, child."

"I can't sleep. I believe I am nervous," she added, with a little hysterical laugh. "Have you heard anything? Have you seen anything?"

"Nothing at all!" He had thrown himself down before the fire. He did not avoid her eyes now. "We must rely upon ourselves," he said. "No one will come in search of us. They should have been here hours ago. Don't be frightened!" for Katey had buried her face in the folds of her shawl. "We shall have no difficulty in finding our way as soon as it is daylight."

"You believe it?" and Katey's eyes searched his face.

"Without a shadow of doubt."

"Then there is nothing to be anxious about," and her voice was cheerful and assured.

"You are warm?" and he fed the fire again.

"O yes; entirely comfortable, thank you."

"Then try to sleep. We may have a long tramp before us yet."

"I cannot; I feel like a gypsy;" and with the little red shawl twisted fantastically about her, as she drew nearer to the blaze she looked not unlike one. "I begin to enjoy it, since there is really nothing to fear."

He made no reply. She bent forward her hands clasped around her knees, her dark face warm and bright in the fire-light.

"Professor Dyce," she said presently, in a low, almost timid, voice. He raised his head from his arm, where he lay regarding her.

"Well?"—when she did not go on.

"I want to tell you something; only don't look at me, please."

"Shall I cover my face, or turn away?"

"Neither; only look at the fire; that will do; though I believe I am not afraid of you now."

"Which implies that you have been?" and he raised his eyes quickly, then dropped them again.

"I suppose so, since I am conscious that I am not now; but that is metaphysics."

"In which gypsies are not supposed to indulge."

There was a flutter of the leaves over her head, moved by a passing wind. Far away in the distance the call of some night-bird awoke the stillness, as she paused again.

"It is nothing," she went on slowly. "Only I should like to tell you about that night when we were detained at the Junction. I saw you in the concert hall. I—I was with the singers—you know."

"Yes, I know;" and an odd smile crossed his face.

"You must have thought it strange?" she said, timidly. Her forehead flamed at the recollection of the little red petticoat.

"I believe I did; very strange."

"But it was nothing at all." And then very quickly she recounted to him the story of her acquaintance with the Hauser family.

"Why did you not tell me of it at once?" he said, at its conclusion. "A word would have explained what could not but appear strange to me."

"I was angry; I saw that you distrusted me."

"Why should I not?" He had risen while she was speaking, and paced back and forth now with short, impatient steps. "I was very rude to you afterwards," he said presently. Then he took off his hat. "I beg your pardon."

"O, that is all long past," Katey replied, in confusion. "I deserved it. But I was too proud to speak."

"And suffered for your silence. Or, perhaps, you did not suffer," and he eyed her sharply.

"Yes; it hurt me to be doubted so," she answered slowly. "But—" she regarded the fire thoughtfully without finishing the sentence.

"I want to thank you," she said at last, raising her eyes and breaking the pause which he had not interrupted, "for *everything*. I can't talk about it," she added, hurriedly, while a little shadow stole over her face, but I want to assure you that I have appreciated your kindness all the time. I think I could sleep now," she

went on in a different tone, before he could reply. "But what will you do? You have not closed your eyes to-night."

"I shall watch the fire. I could not sleep if I tried."

"You will not go away?"

"O no, no."

"You will stay here, and make yourself comfortable by the fire, I mean."

"Certainly; if you wish it."

"I do, indeed. And then, perhaps, you will sleep in spite of your resolution. There is nothing to fear, you said?"

"Nothing about us here, I assure you;" and, wrapped in her shawl, her head resting upon her moss-covered pillow, Katey soon forgot her troubles.

(To be continued.)

OUR ESCHATOLOGY.

BY AN ORTHODOX MINISTER.

THE specific purpose of this article is to consider only so much of what is usually included under the above heading as relates to the *final* condition of the dead, and to show that the current theories upon this subject are unreasonable and untenable.

The traditional and common belief respecting the final allotments and experiences of men is that there are two distinct states—one of unmixed interminable woe; the other of unalloyed eternal happiness.

But the last cannot be true unless the first is false. That is, the endless punishment of the lost will render perfect happiness in heaven impossible, because for the redeemed to be perfectly happy while the unsaved are completely and irretrievably miserable, implies the destruction of those faculties of the soul which are essential to its existence, viz., perception, memory, and moral sensibility.

The primitive suffering of vast multitudes will be known by the redeemed if they retain their ability to perceive facts. Now unless they have lost their moral sensibility, unless they have lost that pitying love and tender sympathy for their kind when in suffering, which most fits them for heaven, they will have sentiments of grief, of sorrow amounting to positive pain, as

soon as they are aware of the fact that many, and, perhaps, some of their own relatives and friends, are suffering in hell. If this be so, there will be an alloy in their happiness, and, therefore, it will not be perfect.

Their memory will also recall the circumstances of their earthly probation; their association with some who are now lost; the fact that they are dear friends and relations, with whom they were in daily contact, and whom they might have influenced for good, and who, but for their negligence, or worse, their evil influence, might now be among the redeemed. Will not such recollections be an alloy in the experience of the saints in heaven? They certainly will, unless they have been transformed into unfeeling monsters as worthy of hell as any they perceive to be there. For example, "Here is a man who leads a life full of wickedness and evil—a life destructive of morality, of the peace of families, and the manhood of the young. He keeps one of the most corrupt saloons in the great city. Hundreds of young men are decoyed to this place of death. With his own hand he puts the intoxicating bowl to their lips; he leads them to places of prostitution and all uncleanness; he throws

around them influences which make their degradation certain. Under the spell of the siren, whose tones charm them on toward the portals of woe, they are allured in the way of vice till the last carousal comes, and they enter that sleep which knows no waking. At last the spirit of God takes hold upon the conscience of him who has been the cause of all this corruption and ruin. He gives his heart to the Savior, is washed from his sins, and transformed by divine power, and when life is spent, through infinite love, is admitted to the joys of heaven. But where are those young men? Ask him whose repentance was sincere, but who could not undo the work of ruin he had wrought. Can his heaven be what it would have been were there no wailings in that dark world because of him? Must he not say, 'I did it?' Is it possible that he should be indifferent to the consequences of his own acts?"* If so, then the work of grace by which he was prepared for heaven has made him less humane than he was after his conversion while yet on earth. For then the remembrance of his former wickedness, and its sad consequences, filled his soul with anguish. Surely he cannot have less moral sensibility, less tenderness in heaven than he had on earth. And though he may approve the justice of God in excluding the victims of his misconduct from heaven; yet, he will be conscious that his was the work that secured their unfitness for it, and, therefore, he must feel more than his earthly anguish of regret and sorrow at the awful consequences of his misdoing. If so, and so long as it is so, he cannot be perfectly happy.

It will be said that this is an extreme case, and, perhaps, that all the conditions here supposed can never exist. But consider what must be the feeling of the "saints in light," in view of the future punishment of those whose sad fate they have done nothing to secure. Will they have no emotion of grief in view of the woes of the damned? Will the mere fact that they have had nothing to do with their ruin, render them indifferent to their misery? It is not so with good men on earth. They are shocked and pained at the sight of the punishment and suffering of men for whose crimes they are in no way responsible. And the higher the type of manhood, the more profound this feeling

of sympathy. Is there anything to authorize the belief that translation to heaven will take away from men those very qualities of character which are essential to their Christian manhood here? "Is there less nobility in heaven than on earth?—a humanity less thoughtful, less sympathetic, less worthy of imitation?" Surely the justice and humanity of the upper world are not inferior to what would be called justice and humanity in this. And it is not conceivable that our preparation for heaven should require the abdication of those humane instincts and feelings which are our best adornment in this life. "We should be doing violence to that which is highest and most distinguishing in our nature, were we to assume that at death we shall drop all these sympathies, and enter upon a state of unconcern in regard to the well-being of this great family of man. What would be the estimate in which we would hold any person who was utterly indifferent to the woe and evils which are visiting his fellow-beings? Heartless, we would say, unworthy the name of man! Would our judgment be any the less severe were this indifference said to be the result of either the inexpressible happiness, or the immaculate purity of the individual? If so, then happiness or purity make men less noble, less perfect in character. Angels are interested in the inhabitants of this world, as is shown by a multitude of incidents recorded in the Scriptures; and is it possible that departed spirits sustaining direct relationship to us should be wholly without sympathy for those connected with them by indissoluble ties?"*

But it is said that such a sympathy "would put a damp on all the joys of heaven." But, even if this were true, it would still be a miserable shift of theology which should require the destruction of that which is the best fruit of the culture of divine grace—that which we are compelled to regard as most excellent, most God-like and most deserving of honor and praise in men—in order to secure their perfect happiness hereafter.

There are some things in the universe that are better than perfect bliss. Goodness, benevolence, humaneness, sympathy, and love are better; and it is more important that they be preserved. If one or the other is to be sacrificed, there can be but one choice which; that is, with those

* Rev. L. R. Fisk, D. D., in the N. W. C. A.

* Dr. Fisk.

who think more of humanity than they do of their creeds.

But it does not follow that there will be more sorrow than joy in heaven. Joy is not incompatible with pain. Here joy and sorrow are in the same breast. It is not uncommon for the dying Christian to triumph in hours of acutest suffering. All good men suffer more or less every day as they witness the dreadful miseries about them. But they are not wholly unhappy on that account. On the contrary, they are often pronounced happy men. When we say that a man is happy, we do not mean that he is perfectly so, or that he has no sources of unhappiness; but that while he may have much to render him unhappy he has more to make him happy. It is but rational to infer that it will be so hereafter, and that there will be inexpressibly more joy than sorrow in the experiences of the blessed. Yet there will also be much to render their happiness defective. "There will be pity for the suffering, a sorrow which does not abate, for humanity will not become deadened amid the ages of eternity." You are not fit to be in heaven if you cease to sympathize with the lost.

But the most repulsive feature of the current Eschatology is that it makes God a *particeps criminis* in this heartless indifference to the woes of the lost, by affirming that the ever-present view of the irremediable suffering of millions of his own offspring will not produce a ripple of disturbance in his infinite happiness. "We know that sin, and the punishment of sin, are ever before Him; and yet He is supremely blessed. The smoke of torment is perpetually rolling up in the presence of the Omnipresent without disturbing in the least the ineffable peace and blessedness of that pure nature which is the paradise and elysium of all who are conformed to it." Still further, and more shocking if possible, it not only represents God to be cruelly indifferent himself, but solely responsible for a like indifference on the part of the blessed to the sufferings of their fellow-beings; by ascribing their inhumanity to their "acquiescence in the will of God."

Now it is plain that this is a gross misrepresentation of the divine character.

The foundation principle of a correct system of Eschatology is, that notwithstanding the existence of sin, and the punishment of sin, God is nevertheless 'always good, always loving and merciful, and always just. No system can be credible

which denies that these attributes are always co-existent in God. That there is no hindrance to their co-existence will be evident if we keep in mind the fatherhood of God, and the likeness of the divine administration to what we conceive should obtain in the methods of the wise and kind human parent. A little consideration will show that love requires both the divine and the human parent to do to, and for their offspring, precisely what justice requires them to do, and *vice versa*.

In this point of view it also becomes apparent that justice and love in any parent are *necessarily co-existent* and *inseparable*; that neither God nor man can truly love his offspring without, at the same time, being just to them; or be just to his offspring without, at the same time, loving them. It follows that punishment is as much a dictate of love and mercy as of justice; and further, that punishment is never justifiable unless it is dictated by love, and administered in love. No parent or administrator has any right to inflict punishment who cannot do it in love. The conception of an administrator, whether in the family, the civil, or the divine government, taking pleasure in the infliction of suffering because it is a just punishment, is revolting to all Christian or refined instincts. Such a being would be a monster. And still further, it must be conceded that no one is fit for the high trust of retributive administration in either of the relations just named who does not come to the infliction of punishment with sentiments of profound regret, and of sincere sympathy and pain, in view of the suffering he is about to inflict. The father who punishes his child with indifference to its pain, or without positive grief, is considered inhuman, if not inhuman. The civil judge who pronounces the sentence without an emotion of sympathy for the suffering culprit, is declared to be unworthy the ermine. Good men look with detestation upon heartless indifference to the suffering of even criminals. Even so to conceive of the Divine Father and Judge as consigning His own offspring to interminable and hopeless misery without a sentiment of sympathetic grief, and then turning His back on them for ever, never to have an after-thought of fatherly pity for them, is to conceive of a being at once inhuman, ungodlike, and satanical. Such a conception of God effectually demonizes and de-thrones Him. "It is contrary to the whole

spirit and teaching of the Gospel, which inculcates a fellowship with the sufferings of others, commanding us to weep with those that weep, and 'bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' It is contrary to the revealed character of God, whose very nature is to pity, not abhorreth, but with an active, curative, efficient sympathy, all suffering whenever and wherever He perceives it. To suppose God can see His own offspring suffering at any period of their existence, and not be moved with compassion toward them, is to divest Him of that very element of His character by which He holds sway over human hearts."* He would no longer be the God revealed to us in the face of Jesus Christ, nor a Being whom the Christian heart could reverence and love.

It follows as a correlative truth that the divine Father can and does suffer in sympathy with the distressed. He is represented in the Scriptures as having sorrow, and this sorrow is of the nature of suffering, a painful experience, or it is nothing, a mere mockery of words.

It is said that such sympathy on the part of God for the lost "would be the destruction of the divine blessedness." But this does not follow. The only legitimate inference is, that God cannot be perfectly happy so long as any of his offspring are miserable. The Scriptures declare that God is "blessed forever;" but they nowhere say that he is perfectly happy. It is one thing to be perfectly happy, and another to be predominantly so. Doubtless, God's predominant experience must be one of happiness, since he has other and infinite sources of joy, besides the contemplation of the condition of mankind.

It is also said that any limitation of happiness is an imperfection, and, therefore, to say that God can suffer in sympathy for the lost, that he can experience the least "tinge of pain" from any cause, is contrary to the divine perfections. That is, God must be perfectly happy forever; though in order to be so, he be divested of that which is most excellent and lovely in any character, whether human or divine, viz. : a profound sympathy for all in distress, and invested with a demoniacal heartlessness and indifference to the misery of his immortal child!

But we have unmistakable evidence of

divine suffering in the agonies of the cross, which are wholly indefensible either as a just transaction or as an adequate method of redemption, on any other hypothesis than that the divine nature in Christ suffered with the human. It is urged by those who hold that the sufferings of Christ were vicarious, that their atoning efficacy depended on the dignity of the sufferer—that the substitute must be divine as well as human. But how can this be true if the divine nature did not suffer? If a theanthropic character was necessary to Christ's mediatorial work, and if the suffering of the cross was an essential part of that work, then there could be no atoning efficacy in that suffering unless it was also theanthropic.

Moreover, the cross was not even an expression of God's love, if he did not suffer in the crucifixion of Christ. What evidence of the love of God was there in a suffering in which he did not and could not participate? But God himself rebukes this cheap zeal to honor his perfections by the declaration, "God is love," and by assuring us that it is the conclusive evidence of his love that He *did suffer* to save sinners. "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us"—not that "God died," but that he "tasted death for every man," which has no meaning at all, unless it be that the divine nature in Christ suffered.

We are authorized by the Scriptures, and constrained by the laws of our rational and moral being, to think of God as having a nature like our own, and to invest Him with those attributes of character which are the best fruit of the culture of His spirit in the hearts of men. It is regarded as a crowning excellence in a man that he has an active sympathy for his fellow men in distress, which leads him to personal sacrifice in their behalf, and to share their sorrows in order to alleviate them. To say that a man had no capacity for such virtue, would argue an imperfection in his moral character, instead of honoring him. And the statement that God can suffer does not imply an imperfection in the divine character. It simply asserts a defect in His happiness, that through His sympathy for suffering humanity His own blessedness is impaired. But a defect in God's happiness for such a cause, instead of being an imperfection, gives greater luster to His character. It is the denial of this that dishonors Him.

* From an article by the present writer in *The Christian Union* on "The Long-Suffering of God."

But how long will God's suffering for sinners last? The common theory is that it lasts only through the probation of this life—that it will then be exhausted, and God will have no sympathy for sinners while they are enduring the dreadful woes of eternal punishment. But there is no foundation either in reason or revelation for this theory. Look at it for a moment in the light of the following illustration: A man is lying at the point of death; a minister is with him during his last hour. He assures him that God is still placable and gracious; that "His mercy endureth forever;" that He loves him, and is willing to pardon and receive him. But the sinner dies unbelieving and unsaved. From that moment all is changed; the hitherto loving, tender, pitying God suddenly becomes implacable, unsympathizing and indifferent to that sinner's awful fate. With regard to that individual, the feelings of God are now wholly reversed, and henceforth He can have no sorrow or regret in view of his misery, but must forever be to him only a consuming fire. "Surely this is the *ne plus ultra* of impiety. Here is a God whose moral qualities change with the changing hours." One hour He is loving, tender and gracious; the next He is callous and unmoved, even by the spectacle of unutterable misery! Surely none who think can believe it.

God's sympathy for the distressed results from His love for them, and there can be no valid reason assigned for believing that it will ever cease while suffering continues. "The divine suffering in the life and death of the God-man Jesus Christ is not to be regarded as comprehensive of all God's suffering for men, but rather as a temporary manifestation of a disposition to sympathize with and save the suffering, which is part of the eternal nature of God, and which must, therefore, be as enduring as the suffering. He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows not only on the cross, but through all the past since grief and sorrow began. And since God's nature is so unchangeable, 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever,' He will continue to

bear the griefs of others so long as grief shall last."*

And what then? Shall we deny the doctrine of future punishment? No. And we do not. Because God sympathizes with the miserable, it does not follow that there is no misery. The world is full of anguish, and God sees it all and regrets it, but it continues to exist, nevertheless. So, because the future punishment of the incorrigible will be a source of pain to God, it does not follow that there will be no future punishment. Nor is it by any means a necessary or logical inference that future punishment will not be endless, and that all will eventually be restored to happiness and heaven. True, the divine love and sympathy are curative in tendency, but they do not always prove effectual in restoring men to virtue. The God-man suffering on the cross was one incontrovertable instance of the divine sympathy and love for sinning men. But thousands witness that spectacle, and believe it to have been a divine sacrifice, who are not reformed nor saved thereby, but die as they have lived—in their sins. What warrant has any man for supposing that the eternal, unchanging love and sympathy of God's nature will be any more efficacious in reforming and saving the soul after it is damned than before? The inference would rather be that if the divine love proved unavailing here, it would continue to be so hereafter. But while we may feel compelled reluctantly and sadly to admit the fact of eternal punishment, we are all the more bound to strenuously and persistently vindicate the divine character against the monstrous and impious caricature implied in the supposition that God looks with indifference or complacency upon the woes of the lost.

We conclude, then, that while hell exists there must be sorrow in heaven, and that the prevalent theory that heaven is a state of perfect happiness, in the sense that no alloy of sympathetic grief can enter into the experiences of God and the blessed, is unreasonable and unscriptural, and, therefore, untenable.

* "The Long Suffering of God."

STUDIES OF SOME BRITISH AUTHORS.

ANCESTRY: I.

I KNOW not how it may be with others, but as for myself, I confess that I have a great deal of curiosity in regard to the ancestry of authors. From whom did they derive their genius, if they have genius, I ask, or their talent, if they have any talent? Was it handed on to them as the torch was handed on to the fleetest in the old Greek race? or was it kindled in their own fiery souls? Whose descendants were Shakespeare, and Milton, and Byron? Were they

"Inheritors of unfulfilled renown?"

or were they the first, as well as the last, of their family?

Mr. Francis Galton, an Englishman of letters, of a scientific turn of mind, published, three or four years since, a curious volume, the thesis of which is that genius is hereditary. It is maintained with considerable ingenuity, but not, I think, with much success. There is a world of difference between genius and talent, but the difference, which most men feel, though few can define it, Mr. Galton does not appear to perceive. That talent is sometimes hereditary he occasionally proves—never, I think, that genius is. Such, at least, is my impression, and I propose to test its correctness in the following paper, in which I shall endeavor to trace the ancestry of some notable English authors. As I have no theory to prove, I shall not attempt to settle their intellectual status. There can be no dispute about genius or talent where the greatest are concerned.

I shall not go very far back in the history of English Literature for genealogical knowledge, because it does not exist there. We have only begun to learn to write history, and we are only beginning to learn to write biography. I should like to know something about the ancestry of that joyous, gracious old singer,

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

But there is nothing that can now be known. His earliest biographers are silent respect-

ing his parents, and the latest have only discovered that he was probably the son of Richard Chaucer, a vintner of London. From whose dear, motherly bosom he suckled the milk of human kindness, no one even conjectures. There is no solid biographical ground under our feet until we reach the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, as far as most of the writers after Chaucer, until we reach Wyatt and Surrey are concerned, it does not greatly matter.

A historic interest attaches to the family of Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the person of his father, Sir Henry Wyatt, who was imprisoned and racked in the Tower by Richard the Third, as a punishment for his adherence to the house of Tudor; and there is a tradition that he would have starved to death there, but for the timely appearance of a providential cat, which brought him a pigeon every day, from a neighboring dovecote. After the death of the usurper he became a Privy Councilor to Henry the Seventh, and after the coronation of his successor, he was made a Knight of the Bath. For his valor at the battle of Spurs he was rewarded by the honor of Knight Banneret. He was also Treasurer of the King's Chamber, and he filled other high offices; in short the father of Wyatt was a person of importance. His mother appears to have been raised to her ladyship from a humbler position than distinguished the Wyatts of Yorkshire. Her maiden name was Anne Skinner, and she was the daughter of a John Skinner, of Riegate, Surrey.

The family of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was of high blood and antiquity, long before it was immortalized in him. It dated back before the conquest, and it was twice connected with royalty. How this dangerous honor was attained does not concern us much, but it was through intermarriages; the first being the marriage of a Sir Robert Howard with the daughter of a Duke of Norfolk, who was the grand daughter of an Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of Edward the First; and the second the marriage of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, the father of our Surrey, with the Lady Anne, the youngest daughter of Edward the Fourth. The father of this How-

ard, by the way, was raised to the Dukedom by Richard the Third, whose cause he supported, until it went down in blood at Bosworth Field, where he figured, in Shakespeare, as "Jockey of Norfolk," and where he was slain. Lady Anne bore several children, but they all died young, and after her death her childless lord married again. His second wife, the mother of the poet, was the Lady Elizabeth Safford, a daughter of Edward Safford, Duke of Buckingham. It was an unhappy marriage, for the Lady Elizabeth was not only twenty years younger than her husband, but she loved and was beloved by the Earl of Westmoreland.

If we owe to one noble author, Surrey, the invention of blank verse, we owe to another—Buckhurst, the first use of it in tragedy,—in other words the first English tragedy in blank verse. The author of *Ferrex and Porrex*, and the stately Induction to *The Mirror for Magistrates*,—Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset,—was of a very distinguished family, the founder of which in England, Herbrand de Sackville, came over with William the Conqueror. Sackville's father, Sir Richard Sackville, held important offices in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Elizabeth; his mother, whose name was Winifrede, was the daughter of Sir John Bruges, or Brydges, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London. His grandmother was, I imagine, of higher rank, being the aunt of poor Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. It adds to one's interest in Sir Richard to remember that he was the friend of good old Roger Ascham, whose principal work, *The Schole-Master*, was specially provided for the instruction of his grandson, young Mr. Robert Sackville. The estimation in which Sir Richard was held by Ascham is set forth by himself in his preface to *The Schole-Master* where he is thus characterized: "That worthy gentleman, that earnest favourer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings; courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good to many; and as I well found to me so fast a friend, as I never lost the like before."

About seven years after the axe of the executioner had descended upon the neck of Surrey, and while young Mr. Thomas Sackville was thinking of marriage, a young

gentleman of rank was born at Penshurst. His name was Philip Sidney, and his lineage was high. The Sidneys are supposed to have been of French extraction, and to have come to England about the reign of Henry the Second, to whom William de Sidney was chamberlain. The grandfather of Philip Sidney, who was cousin to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, held offices of dignity and importance in the household of Henry the Eighth, and was celebrated among the commanders who were present at Flodden Field. His son, Sir Henry Sidney, received the honor of knighthood, and was appointed Ambassador to France by Edward the Sixth, who was more his friend than his sovereign, and who breathed his last in his arms. Lady Mary, the wife of Sir Henry, was the eldest daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who fruitlessly attempted to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne. The Sidneys were living at Penshurst when Philip was born, but they were not out of favor at Court, as so many noble families were, for the lad was named after the royal husband of Queen Mary, who appointed Sir Henry her vice-treasurer. It is not often that we see the great of other days as they appeared to their contemporaries, and when we do, they are not so strongly individualized as we could wish. We have to imagine much, as in this old sketch of the parents of Sidney, which was drawn by Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who was Sidney's kinsman, and loved him dearly, and the last of whose three titles to remembrance on his tomb was that he was his friend. "Sir Henry Sidney," my Lord Brook writes, "was a man of excellent natural wit, large heart, sweet conversation, and such a governor as sought not to make an end of the State in himself, but to plant his own ends in the prosperity of his country. On the other side, Lady Mary Sidney, as she was a woman by descent of great nobility, so she was by nature of a large, ingenious spirit. Whence as it were even racked with native strengths, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than to come upon the stage of the world with any manner of disparagement, the mischance of sickness having cast such a veil over her excellent beauty, as the modesty of that sex doth many times upon their native and heroic spirits."

The affection which this worthy couple lavished upon Master Philip was touching

from its gravity. A letter which Sir Henry wrote to his son in his twelfth year, is still extant. He was at school at Shrewsbury, and had written two letters to his father, one in Latin, and the other in French. They came safely to hand, and as the letter which acknowledged them was the first that he had ever written to him, it was not empty of advice. He should do this, and he should not do that. He should master the sense and matter of what he read, as well as the works which would both enrich his tongue with words, and his wit with matter. He should be merry, but not too merry. He should be cautious in the use of biting words, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. "Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side, and think that only by virtuous life and good actions you may be an ornament to your illustrious family." In the postscript, which was written by his mother, Sidney is advised to read the letter over every four or five days, and to heed its wise admonitions. "Farewell, my little Philip," my Lady Mary concludes, "and once again the Lord bless you." More than three centuries have passed since this noble pair put their hands to this document; the language in which it was written has changed; the world has changed; but the affection which dictated it remains unchanged, lighting up the antiquated words and the obsolete spelling. The intellectual gravity of the child to whom it was sent,—and not idly, we may be sure,—justifies all the praise that has since been heaped upon his matchless endowments. He was always a man, Lord Brook gives us to understand, eminent by nature and industry, and worthy of his great father, who once called him, in the hearing of his admiring kinsmen, *Lumen familie sue*.

Soon after Master Philip had completed his sixth year, and while the winter wind was drifting the withered leaves about the groves of Penshurst, the lad being housed with his parents, there was great rejoicing at York House, the town residence of the Keeper of the Great Seal. A child had been born to him, in whose feeble frame was lodged the largest intellect then existing in England, and the largest, with one exception, that adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James. His name was Francis Bacon. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was descended from a family of some

antiquity, was a man to be respected, if only for his prudence. He had done what few Englishmen of note had done—he had passed through the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Mary, without persecution. Elizabeth, who was not so fortunate, made him Keeper of the Great Seal in the first year of her reign, and invested the office, for the first time, with the authorities and privileges of the Chancellorship. She knighted him, and admitted him to her Council. She trusted him as she trusted few, and it must be owned that he deserved her confidence. It was largely through his influence that the dangerous question of her legitimacy was settled, and her title to the crown recognized. "She relied upon him," says Camden, "as the very oracle of the law." What especially commended him to her, as the years wore on, was his dislike of Mary Queen of Scots. He asserted the right of succession to the Crown in the house of the Stuarts, exclusive of Mary, to whom he was very hostile. How far his hostility was patriotic, and how far it was politic, cannot now be ascertained; enough that it elevated him in the good graces of his imperious mistress. A prudent, cautious man, he laid the foundations of his success in the days of her burly father, who granted him an estate at Redgrave, on which he had erected a house, as well as another at Gorhambury, near St. Albans. Elizabeth visited him at the former, and told him that the house was too small for him. "No, Madam, my house is not too small for me," answered the wily old courtier; "but your Majesty has made me too great for my house." He was of enormous bulk, which drew forth the remark: "My Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged." Such was the father of Francis Bacon.

His mother, the Lady Anne, was a daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a man of wit and wisdom. He believed in wisdom, for it is related of him that when he was tutor to Edward the Sixth he taught his daughter, in the evening, everything that he had taught his royal pupil during the day. Lady Anne was a scholar, and an author in a certain sense, in that she translated theological works from the Latin and Italian tongues.

From this distinguished pair descended Francis Bacon, who inherited something from each. I love to think of him at York House—a delicate boy, whose health was tenderly cared for, sedate, vivacious, at

home with the noblest of the land, at home with the Queen herself, who delighted to converse with him. The gravity with which he answered her questions was so much to her fancy that she used to call him her young Lord Keeper. He was already as wily as his father, and as ready a flatterer, for once, when she asked him his age, he replied,—we may conceive with what a courtly bow,—“Two years younger than your Majesty’s happy reign.”

Years after the January day that witnessed his birth, there was another great rejoicing at York House, where the day was kept with extraordinary pomp. Ben Jonson, who was there, celebrated the hour and the man in stately verse :

“Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !
How comes it all things so about thee smile ?
The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the midst
Thou stand’st as if some mystery thou did’st !
Pardón, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray ;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born, and here ;
Son to the grave, wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree ;
England’s High Chancellor: the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father’s chair ;
Whose even thread the Fates spun round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
’Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For ’twere a narrow gladness kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.”

What followed, we all know, and in judging it, if we must, let us remember Bacon’s ancestry, the practise of his time, and the strange proud words in his Will ; “For my name and memory, I leave it to men’s charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.”

I have traced the ancestry of these early English worthies with considerable minuteness, that my readers may know who they were, and the influences by which they were surrounded. They were distinguished as men ; were they distinguished as authors ? They were in their own day, but with the exception of Bacon, they are not in ours. I have read all that Wyatt and Surrey have written, all that Sackville has written, and all that Sidney has written, except the *Arcadia*. It was undertaken as a task, and though it was not without intervals of pleasure, it remained a task to the end. The eminent ancestry of Wyatt and Surrey imparted neither nobility to their thought, nor grandeur to their diction.

Their verse is stiff, cumbrous, and pedantic. There is more fire in some of the sonnets of Sidney, but not as much as we might expect from that chivalrous young soldier who perished so gallantly at Zutphen.

“‘Fool,’ said my Muse to me, ‘look in thy heart and write.’”

So Sidney wrote, in a moment of divine dissatisfaction, but he did not, or could not, obey the Muse. The fashionable literature of the time was too powerful for him, as it was for most of his compeers and followers, who were either noblemen, like himself, or gentlemen of good families, who, having been to the Universities, were ambitious to be thought poets. Their name is Legion,—their verse, for the most part, wearisome. The student of early English poetry will recall their effusions in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, *England’s Helicon*, and Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody*. To mention Gascoigne, Tuberville, Sir Edmund Dyer, Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, and others, is to revive the reputation of ancient dullness. The memory of the last of these gentlemen, whose verse is not the worst of its class, is preserved in a tradition that he was the first who brought to England from Italy embroidered gloves and perfumes. He presented a pair of these gloves to Queen Elizabeth, who was so pleased with them that she sat for a portrait in which they figured, along with her monstrous ruff, I suppose, and her enormous farthingale. Happy Poet !

There was another England, however, than the one in which these courtly personages moved, and there was springing up in it a race of poets that soon pushed them to the wall. They were not at all well born. Most of them rose from the people for whom they wrote. They instinctively felt their way to something better than the wits had dreamed of ; and, though they groped darkly at first, it was not long before they emerged into the full blaze of day. The clue that drew them triumphantly forward was the noble measure upon which my Lord Surrey had stumbled, and which, after it had fallen from the fingers of Sackville, that daring elemental wit Kit Marlowe, was the first to grasp and follow boldly. He was not the earliest of the poetic dramatists of England, but he was the earliest after Sackville to perceive the strength of blank verse, which in his hands became a “mighty line.” All that is

known of his ancestry is, that he was the son of a shoemaker. Of the parents of his friend and fellow dramatist, Robert Greene, we have only his own authority that they were known and esteemed among their neighbors for gravity and honest life, which he never was. It is claimed that George Peele was a gentleman. The parentage of Thomas Nash and John Lily is unknown. These men, and one or two others who need not be named here, were the fathers of the English Drama. They were rather learned, as learning went then, for they had somehow contrived to pass through the Universities. Their learning was of little use to them, however; of so little use, indeed, that we cannot but wish they had not acquired it, so tedious are their classic allusions, and so bombastic their diction. They delighted the rabble for whom they wrote, but their reign was short; for while they were at the height of their popularity there entered upon the stage two great commoners, who banished them and their extravagances for ever. The elder was, William Shakespeare, the younger Benjamin Jonson.

Of the ancestry of Ben Jonson very little is known. His grandfather, whose Christian name is not mentioned, is said to have removed to England from Scotland in the reign of Henry the Eighth, in whose service he entered, in what capacity it is not stated. He is said to have possessed an estate, which descended to his son, whose Christian name also is not mentioned, and who was thrown into prison, when Mary ascended the throne, the estate, of course, being forfeited. He was finally released, and embraced the Church. So Ben, as he told Drummond, was a minister's son. His father never saw him, for he died a month before his birth. He was born in Westminster; but Fuller says with all his industry he could not find him in his cradle, though he could fetch him from his long clothes. When a little child he lived in Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband. The name of this bricklayer is not known. Mistress Jonson probably married him to better her condition, and to support her boy. He appears to have been poor, and to have put Ben to his own trade. Aubrey says that Ben worked with his step-father upon the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, on the side next Chancery Lane; and Fuller says that he helped in the structure of Lincoln's

Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.

Jonson's mother must have been a woman of great spirit. She lived to see him acknowledged as a famous poet, and was determined that no harm should befall him in her lifetime at least. He was in danger of disgrace at one time, and through his own nobility of character. He wrote, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston the comedy of *Eastward Ho*—an unlucky passage in which was construed in a reflection upon the Scotch. His pedantic Majesty, King James, took offense, and Chapman and Marston were arrested. Jonson was not included in the process, but he accompanied his fellow dramatists to prison, as he considered himself equally responsible with them. It was reported that their ears and noses were to be slashed. But this punishment, if ever seriously meditated, was not inflicted. Interest was made in their favor, the biographers say; the second edition of the comedy was issued with the offensive passage omitted, and they were released, wiser, if not sadder men. Jonson celebrated his liberation with a banquet. Selden was there, and Camden, his old master at Westminster,

"Camden I most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know,"—

and among others one whom he must have honored,—his aged mother. She drank to him, and showed him a paper of strong and lusty poison, which she designed to have mixed with his drink, if the sentence had been carried into effect; and, to show him that she was no churl, she designed to have first drank of it herself.

Who were the parents of William Shakespeare? The Shakespeares, who had long been established in Warwickshire, were nobodies. Who John Shakespeare, the father of William, was, is not known; but it is probable that he was the son of a Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, a town near Stratford. The first mention of the Shakespeares in Stratford dates back only twelve years before the birth of the poet. John Shakespeare was a tradesman of some sort—the biographers have not quite settled what. Aubrey says that he was a butcher; Rowe that he was a considerable dealer in wool; and Malone that he was a glover. No conjecture is worth anything,—and we had better conjecture freely in order to piece out the Life of Shakespeare,—I should

that he followed the trade of a glover until his affairs became embarrassed, when he declined to a lower one, such, I suppose, as that of a butcher was considered then. John Shakespeare was not a prosperous man; for though we find him at one time in offices of trust and dignity, we find him at a later time in very reduced circumstances. Some of these offices appear ludicrous to the modern mind, and others which have a grander sound were not so very grand after all. Among the former I should place the office of ale-taster, and among the latter the offices of burgess, chamberlain, and chief alderman. He must have been a man of probity, or he would hardly have been chosen for these offices, which extended over a period of twenty years; but he was not a man of education, for he could not write his name. He was not alone in this respect, for some of his fellow officials were marksmen also. No salary was attached to any of his offices, and the filling of them was either a piece of good nature on his part, which was commendable, or a desire to be well thought of, which was also commendable. Just before he was elected chief alderman of Stratford he made an attempt to obtain a grant of arms from the Herald's Office, which was not so commendable. He was not a gentleman, he was not a yeoman even, but some of his wife's ancestors were persons of consequence in the reign of Henry the Seventh—her grandfather, for example, being groom or page of the bed-chamber to that king; and these, by some curious slip of memory, were metamorphosed into his own ancestors! If Justice Shakespeare was as forgetful in other matters as he seems to have been in this, it is no wonder that he was unprosperous.

It was agreed in 1578 that every alderman of Stratford should pay towards the furniture of three pikemen, two bellmen, and one archer, the large sum of six shillings and eight-pence, but he was required to pay only three shillings and four pence. Towards the close of that year it was ordered that every alderman should pay four pence a week for the relief of the poor, but he was excused from paying anything. His wife, Mary Arden, who was his superior in rank, had brought him, as her marriage portion, a small estate in land called Asbies, besides the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence. Asbies was now mortgaged for forty pounds. He owed a baker five pounds, and two persons

entered into securities for its payment. The next year there was a levy of money upon his townsmen for the purchase of armor and weapons, and he was among the defaulters. He was poor, he was growing old, and he had four or five children to feed, the eldest of whom had married Mistress Anne Hathaway, who had borne him three children in less than two years. Clearly, Goodman Shakespeare was to be pitied. And Mistress Shakespeare was to be pitied, too. For was not Asbies as good as gone? And William—what would become of that dear, idle, graceless varlet, William? Beshrew thee, man, and bestir thyself; it is in thee.

The Commons had it in the sixteenth century in the genius of Shakespeare, and they had it in the seventeenth century in the genius of Milton. Little is known of his ancestry. His grandfather is supposed to have descended from the Miltons of Oxfordshire, and he is said to have been under-ranger of Shotover Forest. A violent Roman Catholic, he put away, or disinherited, his son John, the father of the poet, for becoming a Protestant. When John was born is not known. Biographers have discovered that he was for a time at Christ Church, Oxford, where his conversion may have been effected, and that after his rupture with his father he went to London, and qualified himself as a scrivener. They find him living at his "new shop" in Bread Street five years before the birth of his famous son. He was married, but it is not certain to whom, one authority asserting that his wife was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower; another that she was of the family of the Castors, derived originally from Wales; and a third that she was a Bradshaw. Her name was Sarah, probably Sarah Bradshaw. Mistress Milton was considerably younger than her husband, and it is remembered that her eyes were so weak that she was obliged to use spectacles presently after she was thirty. We have the testimony of her son that she was a most excellent mother, and was known for her charities. She bore six children, three of whom died in childhood.

John Milton, the elder, lived over his shop in Bread Street. It was not the custom to number houses then, but every house was distinguished by a sign, the house of our scrivener being known as the Spread Eagle in Bread Street. Business thrived at the Spread Eagle, for its master was not only a man of the utmost

integrity, but was conspicuous for industry and prudent conduct of his affairs. He had another house in Bread Street, known as the Rose, and other houses in other places. He possessed, in short, a plentiful estate. He was a Puritan, but not of the strictest sect, for while religious reading and devout exercises were a part of the regular life of the family, the best of this world's good things, —poetry and music,—were assiduously cultivated. He had a faculty for music, in which he was highly accomplished, and he was known not merely as an amateur, but as a composer. Seven years before the birth of John, he contributed to a volume of madrigals for five or six voices, in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who was still open to flattery, though she was sixty-eight years old. He was in good company, and he acquitted himself handsomely, I mean as regards his verse, which was much above the level of the madrigal writing of the time. Here is Mr. Milton's madrigal :

"Fair Oriana, in the morn
Before the day was born,
With velvet steps on ground,
Which made not print nor sound,
Would see her nymphs abed,
What lives those ladies led :
The roses blushing said,
'O, stay, thou shepherd maid ;'
And, on a sudden, all
They rose and heard her call.

Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
'Long live fair Oriana, long live fair Oriana.'"

There is extant another poetical exercise of Mr. Milton's, but it is not worth quoting. He made no pretension to poetry, and, it would seem, was averse to it when it appeared in his son. Such is the impression I derive from the Latin epistle, *Ad Patrem*, if we are to take it seriously :

"Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred nine, and to imagine vain
And useless powers, by whom inspired, thyself
Art skillful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if, so conjoined—
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice ; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God."

Mr. Milton has been traced in other musical publications than the one I have

referred to—certainly in two, one being a collection of dolorous words and music, by the most noted living English composers, the other, *The Whole Book of Psalms*, in the version of Sternhold and Hopkins. He harmonized two airs in the last, which were fitted to six psalms, and are known in books of psalmody as Norwich and York tunes. They are still sung, I believe. The tenor part of York tune was well known in the last century. Sir John Hawkins says that half the houses in England were used to sing it by way of lullaby, and that the chimes of many country churches had played it six or eight times in twenty-four hours, from time immemorial.

An organ was a part of the furniture of the house in Bread Street, and it requires but little imagination to picture the elder Milton seated before it, with his boy by his side. We know from his young portrait how the little Puritan looked. He wore a black braided dress that fitted closely around his waist and arms, and his neck was encircled by a stiff ruff, with a pretty border. His complexion was a clear red and white ; his hair, which was cropped short, was of a light auburn color ; his eyes were bright, and his mouth sweet but firm. There was an indescribable air of sweetness in his serene, happy face.

"While yet I was a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing : and my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good ; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth
And righteous things."

He was already a poet, if we may credit Aubrey, though we have no proof of it in his existing verse. He was nurtured on poetry, as well as theology, for whatever his father may have thought of the poetic art, he did not forbid him to exercise it. He read the best poets of the time, notably the poet of poets, Spenser, and he read one of the worst—the *Sieur du Bartas*, in the translation of Sylvester. Shakespeare he could not read before he was fifteen, when the first Folio was published. Warton, Dunster, and others have given us the stamina of his early reading, which was large, whatever we may think of their instances of supposed imitation in his early poems. He tells us himself that his father designed him, while yet a little boy, for the study of human learning, which he seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of his

age he scarcely ever went from his lessons to bed before midnight. His eyes were weakened and injured by excessive study, and he was subject to frequent headaches. These ailments not retarding his impetuosity in learning, his father caused him to be daily instructed both at home and at the grammar-school of St. Paul's, and he acquired various tongues, and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy. When he had learned Latin and Greek, or, as he more grandly states it, the eloquence of the tongue of Romulus, and the great words becoming the mouth of Jove, he was advised to study French, Italian, and Hebrew.

Never was poet more nobly educated than Milton, and never did poet more nobly repay the love which so educated him. We may be sure that his father was proud of him, and never more proud than at Horton, whither the family removed while he was at Cambridge. It was at Horton that Milton passed the five happiest years of his life,—years of learned leisure and delightful labor. It was at Horton, in the flower of his early manhood, and in the society of his parents, that he wrote his *Arcades*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, and the incomparable masque of *Comus*. It was at Horton that his mother died. His father survived ten years longer; and if he was not satisfied while at Horton that his son was the greatest of living English poets, he must have been satisfied before his death, in London, that he was the greatest prose writer of the time. It is to be hoped that the love of music was a solace to him to the last, for, it must be owned, that he had fallen on evil days. The kingdom was convulsed with warring opinions, and his sons, John and Christopher, had ranged themselves on opposite sides. When John ranged himself against anything he was not to be moved. It was so at college; it was so now; it would be so to the end. Pass to thy rest, father of Milton,—full of years, full of goodness,—“John Milton, gentleman.”

If one could find a reader of English Literature who was at once learned in regard to the qualities of authors, and ignorant in regard to their personal history, it would be interesting to know what conclusions he would arrive at in regard to the ancestry of the writers of the Seventeenth Century. Could he tell—could he guess from their works, who were well, and who were ill, born? I doubt it very much; for both the

well and the ill-born were alike scholarly, and alike impressed by the literary spirit of their period. Let us see who some of its dramatists were: The parents of Webster are unknown, though his father is supposed to have been a merchant tailor. The parents of Shirley are unknown, but it is conjectured that he descended from a good family. Ford belonged to a respectable family in Devonshire, where his father married a daughter of Chief Justice Popham. Nothing is known of Marston's ancestry, and of Massinger's only the fact that his father, Arthur Massinger, was attached to the family of Henry, Earl of Pembroke—it is not stated in what capacity, but, probably, a confidential one, for we read that he was dispatched by his lord on one occasion with a letter to Queen Elizabeth, who certainly would not have received him if he had been a menial. The memory of a great name clung to the household of this nobleman, and it is pleasant to think that Massinger may have been influenced by it in his youth. It was the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, whose sister Mary, for whom the *Arcadia* was written, was Countess of Pembroke. A poet herself, she was the patron of poets, one of whom, Ben Jonson, or William Browne, immortalized her in an epitaph.

We are further removed from the people in the ancestry of Beaumont and Fletcher. Francis Beaumont descended from an ancient and honorable family, whose seat for several generations was at Grace-dieu, in Leicestershire. Of his father we only know that his name was Francis; that he was appointed one of the Justices of Common Pleas by Elizabeth, and that he married a widow, who bore him three children, of whom the eldest, John, and the youngest, Francis, were poets. The Beaumonts were a literary family. There were four Francis Beaumonts living in 1615, three of whom were poetical. Richard Fletcher, the father of John Fletcher, was eminent in a certain sense. Pushing, energetic, time-serving, he was the man to rise in this world, if not in the next. The Church was the field wherein he exercised his talents, which were excellent, and he was advanced from a minister at Rye, in Sussex, where John was born, till he became chaplain to the Queen, Dean of Peterborough, and Bishop of Bristol. It was whispered and believed that he obtained the latter promotion by leasing the lands of the see to greedy courtiers at ruinous rates. A ready tool of

Elizabeth, he signalized himself and disgraced his cloth at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, whose last moment he is said to have embittered by his persistent attempts to convert her. He overreached himself at last, or was overreached, for after the death of his first wife, who bore him many children, he contracted a second marriage with Lady Baker, the widow of Sir Richard Baker, which lost him the favor of his royal mistress. The marriage must have been hurried on, since it was solemnized in less than a year after the death of her first husband, and there must have been something singular in it, since it was much talked about. She was commended as very virtuous, we are quaintly told, and if she was, the more happy she in herself, though unhappy that the world did not believe it. She was the downfall of Bishop Fletcher, who was forbidden to appear in the presence of his virtuous Sovereign, who could not abide married ministers, and was suspended from the exercise of his ghostly functions. They were restored to him after a time, but he was not received at Court, and when he died, which was shortly afterwards, he was buried without any solemn funeral services, and no monument was erected to his memory.

The Fletchers, like the Beaumonts, were a poetical family; for besides the dramatist, John, there were at least two other tuneful Fletchers, Giles and Phineas, and, I think, a third, named George. Giles and Phineas were the sons of Giles Fletcher, LL. D., who was more distinguished as a diplomat than a divine. Elizabeth made him her commissioner into Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries, and sent him to Muscovy, where he concluded a treaty that was highly advantageous to his countrymen in their trade with Russia. Wood says that he was an excellent poet, but as he forgot to tell us where his poetry is to be found, we must content ourselves with the poetry of his sons. It is not very alluring.

We have glanced at the ancestry of some of the dramatic poets of this century, and have seen that the commonalty were in the majority. We should see, I think, if the character of their poetry entered into the purpose of this paper, that they excelled the gentry in dignified and manly writing. Ford is certainly more pathetic, and Massenger more stately, than Beaumont and Fletcher.

But let us turn for a moment from dramatic to lyric writing—or what passed for

it in this artificial period. Let us see who Waller, Carew, Lovelace and Suckling were. Edmund Waller was descended from a family of great antiquity. They held rich possessions in four counties, and were distinguished for valor in the field as well as honor in civic pursuits. Their revenues were princely. Robert Waller, the father of Edmund, inherited Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of the main branch of the family. He studied law, but abandoned it for the life of a country gentleman, which was easy in one sense, and hard in another, as the life of the English gentry was beginning to be. He died when Edmund was eleven years old, and left him to the care of his widowed mother, who, like himself, was well descended. She was a Hampden. Her brother William, the father of John Hampden, was married to Elizabeth Cromwell, the daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, and aunt to the future Protector, then plain Mr. Oliver Cromwell. She was the aunt of John Hampden, while her brother was uncle, by marriage, to Oliver Cromwell. Oliver called her "aunt," and called Edmund "cousin," but the time came when the tie of relationship was a slight one. The widow Waller was a zealous royalist, and—if the ladies will allow me,—could not well hold her tongue. Cromwell was magnanimous with her, until she was detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the friends of the Stuarts, when he placed her under surveillance. She lived to see the Commonwealth established, and, we may suppose from her courage, to despise the cowardice of her son Edmund, who, discovered in a plot to reinstate the King, treacherously revealed the names of some of his associates, and made the most abject submission to Parliament, expending, it is said, thirty thousand pounds in bribes, in order to save his life.

Thomas Carew was descended from an ancient and honorable family, which, like many another then, was in no way distinguished, and is only remembered now because he belonged to it. The names of his father and mother have not reached us, nor do we know much about him. Clarendon speaks of him as the younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, "a great royalist in the great Rebellion," and hits off his likeness with a few happy touches. His titles, if the reader cares for them, were Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer

in-Ordinary to his Majesty Charles the First. We know more about Lovelace than Carew, but very little of his parentage. His grandfather, William Lovelace, was a Sergeant-at-Law, and a member of the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn. His father, Sir William Lovelace, is thought to have served with distinction in Holland, and to have fallen at the Gyll. His mother, Lady Ann, was the daughter and heir of Sir William Barnes, of Woolwich.

The family of Sir John Suckling was respectable, but not eminent. His father, Sir John Suckling, was principal secretary of state and comptroller of the household to James the First; his mother was sister to Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer. She is said to have been a woman of wit and vivacity, and her husband a dull fellow. He may have been, but he was a gentleman whom his sovereign trusted, and whom he pensioned. He wrote verse in a small way, to the extent of a sonnet, which appears with other lumber of the same sort in that farrago of nonsense, Coryat's *Crudities*. His best writing is a passage in his Will. It is the bequest of the portrait of his wife, who died in her thirty-fifth year, and is as follows: "Item. I give to my loving brother in lawe, the Earl of Middlesex, my picture of my late dear wife, hanging in my country house, amongst other pictures, in the little roome next the great hall: for the love he bare to my late deare wife, his most loveinge sister."

While these courtly gentlemen were flirting with the Muse in their elegant, gallant way, there was a vicar down in Devonshire upon whom the Muses beamed. What Anacreon was to Greek poetry, and Horace and Catullus to Latin poetry, this jovial parson was to English lyric verse. He is said

to have descended from one of those ancient and honorable families of which we have been hearing, and which, or a branch of which, was now in trade, his father being a jeweler in Cheapside. All that is known of the jeweler is that he was in good circumstances, and that he died in consequence of injuries received in falling from an upper window of his house into the street. As his Will happened to have been made two days before this event, the biographers charitably insinuate that the fall was probably not accidental! His widow was left with three children, the youngest of whom, our poet, was a little over a year old. His name was Robert Herrick.

Fifteen or twenty years before Herrick stretched his baby hands towards the garden of the Hesperides, there was born to another London merchant a poetic son. There was literary blood in the family on his mother's side, who was descended from Sir Thomas More, and was related to Hayward, the epigrammatist. The name of this second merchant's son was John Donne. Forty or fifty years later another London merchant, a grocer, had a poetical son, or would have had, if he had lived, for he died before the child was born. The education of the boy fell to his widowed mother, who procured him a scholarship at Westminster. It is to her,—if it be not to consider it too curiously,—that we owe his poetry. He has left on record that it was a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* which used to lie in her parlor, and which he read through before he was twelve years old, that made him a poet. She lived to see him thought the most famous poet of the time. Posterity has not ratified the verdict, though here and there a man of old fashioned taste thinks kindly of the verse, and highly of the prose, of Abraham Cowley.

THE FIRE AT GRANTLEY MILLS.

Not one of the neighbors knew where she had come from—that was the mystery, and it was doubly a mystery because the people at Grantley, who were mostly rough, busy men and women, generally knew each other's business pretty thoroughly. But this woman,—Phillis Denham her name,—foiled them utterly, and remained a mystery in spite of the efforts of the most curious. She had appeared among them at the Mills one Spring morning (Grantley was a village of mill-hands), and those who lived on one of the most respectable of the narrow streets had seen her come out of a small house which had the day before been unoccupied. And this was all they knew, beyond the later discovery that the cottage was scantily furnished, and yet had an air of neatness not usually seen in Grantley houses, and that Phillis Denham lived alone, and was either a 'Quaker' or a 'Methody.'

"'Oo isna our loike, at onyrate," said one of the wise ones. "'Oo minces her words loike one o' th' quality, if 'oo does 'thee' and 'thou.'"

She was a young woman, too, and, in a strange, cold, saintly way, a beauty. She had the face of the Madonna, without its soft warmth and tenderness. Her fine eyes were a little hard for the eyes of a woman; her fine mouth had a severe curve; her manner was grave and reserved.

"A woman of stone, my dear," said the good old rector to his wife, after his first parochial call upon the new arrival. "A woman with an injury, I should say, or a woman not easy to understand."

"It was kind of thee to come," Phillis had said to him; "but I am not one of thy people. I belong to the Society of Friends." And even at the end of her visit he had learned not a whit more of her history.

She lived a quiet life, and was a very regular worker. She left her cottage at a certain hour in the early morning, and re-entered it as regularly each evening, never far deviating from her accustomed time. She gained no friends, and made no enemies. Her home was as neat and trim as herself, and she was the perfection of simple, almost severe, neatness.

"How are we to ca' thee, lass?" asked one of the boldest of her fellow workers. "Art tha wed or single?"

"Thee may call me Phillis Denham," she said, a flickering color touching her fine, white skin; "that is my name."

So they felt it wiser to ask no more questions, and she was called Phillis Denham and left to herself. She had been living this sort of life for three months when there came to the mills a new hand,—a handsome woman a year or two older than herself,—a woman of a class widely set apart from her,—a woman whose early fading beauty was a shame, and who rebelled against the world and tried to flaunt boldly, despite the haggard misery slowly creeping upon her. They knew her at the Mills. The overseer himself knew her, and greeted her with rough familiarity when she appeared at the offices and demanded work almost as if she had the right to expect it.

"What!" said he. "Back again! Going to try work for a while, are you? Well, I suppose we shall have to give you a place. There, go along and behave yourself." And then he turned to the owner's eldest son who stood by, and spoke to him half apologetically. "She's a rough enough customer," he said, "but she can do work that few of them are up to, and if she was steady we should be glad enough to keep her at good wages. She has worked here, off and on, ever since she was a girl; and a handsome girl she was, too,—too handsome for her own good, as it turned out."

The woman was not in Phillis Denham's room, and in the crowd that passed out of the iron gates, at the ringing of the great bell at meal times, it chanced that for several days each was hidden from the other. But at the end of the week, in going alone down the stairs one evening, Phillis found herself face to face with the new-comer. The woman started back, with something like an oath upon her lips, a flush, half anger, half shame, reddening her cheeks. Phillis whitened perceptibly, and drew back also, straightening her fine, slight form, and holding aside the folds of her dress with an unconscious gesture which spoke worlds.

"Thee—Janet Ayres?" she said.

The woman laughed—a laugh whose angry, scornful sound had yet an undertone of miserable humiliation.

"Aye," she answered, "it's me, Janet Ayres! Has tha owt to say agen it?"

If tha has, say it, an' be done wi' it,—though I dunnot see how tha can help thyself agen my bein' here."

"Nor I," said Phillis, and she looked down at the creature with a sudden, sharp indrawing of her breath, a wild light leaping into her cold eyes for one instant, then dying out. "Wilt thou let me pass?" she said, in a curious, low voice. "I do not wish to harm thee."

Janet Ayres drew back quickly, and almost unconsciously glanced over her shoulder at the great depth of steps below them. Harm her! For that instant the pure, self-righteous woman had actually looked as if her last words might have held a desperate double meaning. And it would have been easy enough to harm her, with that flight of stairs below. A touch would have done it almost. And less deeply wronged women had revenged themselves in such ways before. But the light had died out of Phillis Denham's eyes, and she passed down the staircase without another word.

She was even unusually pale and silent the next day. The women who worked near her noticed, indeed one of them remembered afterward, that she only spoke once during all the hours of labor, and this once was on hearing the name of Janet Ayres from the lips of the woman at the loom next to her own.

"Th' mesters ha' no reet to tak' such loike nowts," said the speaker, roughly. "If it were na for th' choild, poor little wench——"

Phillis looked up with a slight start.

"Friend," said she, "do I understand thee to say the woman has a child?"

"Aye," was the answer, "as pratty a little lass as any honest woman might wish fur—th' Lord help it! Three year owd, or theerabout. Th' parish ow't to tak' it to save it fro' goin' its mother's gate."

But though the matter dropped for the time being, this was not the end of it. On her way home that evening Phillis met with a little adventure. One of the luxuries she allowed herself was a weekly bouquet of common flowers, and she was passing down a narrow street, with a handful of roses and sweet peas, just purchased, when a small hand, thrust through a fence, plucked at her gown, and the sound of a child's voice stopped her.

"Ooman," said the sweet, shrill little pipe; "ooman, gi' us a posy."

She stopped and looked down. She did not often notice children, but the voice of this one, and the soft touch of the small, bold, detaining hand gave her a queer, new feeling. Children did not often notice her, either; she was not the sort of woman to attract a child. The tiny hand plucked at her dress again.

"Gi' us a posy! Gi' us a posy!"

But for a moment or so Phillis did not answer, though it was not the prettiness of the dirty, dimpled face she was looking at so fixedly. It was something else that held her silent—something in the summer blue eyes that struck her with a hard pang.

When she could speak she separated a rose from her flowers and bent down, but the hand with which she offered the blossom trembled, and her voice was strangely unsteady.

"What is thy name?" she asked.

The child fell back a little, regarding her almost distrustfully—the handsome face was so hard for a baby to read.

"Will thee not tell me thy name?" Phillis repeated. "See, here is a rose for thee."

The dimpled hand crept out for the flowers, and then the pretty boldness came back.

"Jenny," said the child. "Ooman, did ta gi' Jenny a posy?"

Phillis stood up.

"Yes," she said, in a tone curious enough to use in speaking to a child; "I gave thee a posy."

That was all. She did not stop to caress the little creature. She passed on, with the rest of her flowers in her cold hand, and left it peering through the fence at her. This was the child—the child, and its blue eyes had stabbed again the one rankling wound of her life. The little house had never seemed so quiet as it did when she unlocked the door and entered it; the stillness was like the stillness of death. But Phillis did not feel it. She laid her flowers upon the table, went to the fire, stirred the coals, and sat down. The flame shot up, and, lighting up the room, glowed upon her face, but had not glow enough to flush its pallor.

"It is the child," she said. "Her child has lived, while mine——"

Her lips closed, as if in stern resolve. It was part of her creed to force herself to silence. If she had suffered, she had not rebelled by word or deed,—she had not rebelled, even if, in her severe struggle to be

calm, she had learned to be cold and hard as she was pure and just.

As she sat before the fire in silence she was battling with herself. It was hard to understand. The stained, lost creature's child had lived, perhaps, to face her wretched mother's wretched fall, and, perhaps, to fall and sin, and flaunt and die, with scarcely a breathing space of innocent childhood to remember in her misery. Her own little one, who had seemed the only breath of pure air left in the world about her, had been torn from her in the hour of her greatest anguish. It was hard to understand. And then her thoughts went back to the face of the child she had seen; such a pretty creature, with its innocent boldness and the summer blue eyes, which had so stung her. A sudden thought flashing upon her made her start before she had been thinking of it two minutes. The blood mounted to her cheeks.

"Nay, nay!" she cried out, as if uncontrollably. "Not that; I could not do that. Its eyes would mock me every hour."

But she had no sooner spoken so than she turned pale again, knowing that it was this thing she must do, and no other. To such a woman there could be only right and wrong; and here, in an instant, the right flashed upon her, and left her no escape. The small, bold hand plucked at her again; but it plucked at her heart. Yet it might have plucked at her heart forever, if it had not been for this sudden conviction. She had never done a willing wrong in her life, and she had never shirked the right. It was this thing she must do, and no other.

She did not stay to ponder long. She rose from her seat and went about her household tasks. She prepared her usual simple evening meal, and having partook of it, set the room in order. It was her way to be quiet and orderly, and nothing could have made her otherwise. It was quite dark when she had completed her preparations for the morrow, but she evidently intended going out, for she went into the adjoining room and came out again with a shawl thrown over her head and shoulders.

Then she opened the door, and looked out into the night.

"She may refuse me," she said, in a low, thoughtful voice; "but I must still make an effort. I cannot understand why it is, and yet truly it seems borne upon my

mind, that if I should not do this thing, this soul would be required of me."

And then she went out, closing the door after her. She had not far to go,—only a few rods into another street,—only to the cottage where she had seen the child this evening—Janet Ayres's child.

There was a light burning in the room at the front of the house, when she reached it, and as she entered the gate she saw through the window the woman she had come to seek. She was sitting alone, apparently doing nothing, sitting in a strange, listless attitude, her arms folded upon the bare table, her face resting heavily upon them. For one moment Phillis paused. Something in the woman's posture struck her with a sudden sense of discomfort, and made her hesitate—suggesting to her, however faintly, that even this brazen creature might have her misery also.

She stepped to the door, and standing upon the threshold, hesitated for a second again. Should she knock and risk being refused admission? No, she dare not.

The next minute the door opened, and Janet Ayres raised her head slowly, and looked towards it. A slight figure stood at the entrance, and as the gray shawl slipped aside, it showed a face that made her start.

"Thee—Phillis Henders?" she exclaimed.

"Nay," said Phillis, calmly; "Phillis Denham."

The woman laughed.

"Oh," said she, "so that's it, is it? Well, happen th'art in th' right. I dunnot see that it matters so much; I dunnot see as owt matters mysen. Have it thy own way." And then sharply: "What dost thou want here?"

Phillis stepped forward to the table, and laid her hand upon it.

"I could only have come to thee for one thing," she said. "The Lord has given me a work to do. I saw thy child to-day, and I have come to make an appeal to thee. I have come to ask thee to let me save the little one from being what her mother is." She had no pity on the wretched woman, but it was because she was cold, not because she was cruel. "If the Lord spares her I want to keep her life pure," she said.

Janet Ayres stared at her in blank amazement.

"What!" she cried out. "Tha wants to tak' th' child—that child?"

"Ay," said Phillis, with a sudden sharp

ening in her voice. "Wilt thou give me the child, and keep the man?"

"Th' mon!" cried the woman, with a fierce sneer. "I want neither th' mon nor child. Tha may tak' both."

"Nay, but I will not take them both," answered Phillis, a shrill tone breaking from her, quiet as she tried to seem; "I will not take them both. William Henders chose between me and thee, and he chose thee, and he may stick to thee. He is naught to me, but the child I want; and if thee has woman's blood in thy body, thou canst not say me nay. Thee knows what thy own life has been; does thee want that little one's to be like it? Thee has fed her with thy own strength—unless such as thee are different from other women; dost thou want to make her curse thee? Nay, but thou hast even a blacker soul than I fancied, if thou dost."

Then Janet Ayres laughed—a laugh even scornful of the stainless, righteous, injured woman, who so scorned and taunted her.

"Tha art a good Christian, Phillis Henders," she said; "aye, but tha art a good Christian; religion and such loike were bred i' thy bones and comes out i' thy flesh. I never knew a Methody yet as didn't show th' breed, an' I never saw a safe soul yet as would na' gi' a lost one a help down th' hill. Look here," her voice shrilling and her face flushing scarlet, "I'm one of th' lost ones mysen, but I never gave a push to either lost or saved yet; an' so help me God,—if God has ow't to do with such loike as me,—if I could hurt an' humble thee, even thee, with thy hard words an' thy pride,—if I could crush an' humble thee before my face this minute, in raisin' my finger, I would na raise it; nay, I would na." And she dropped her head upon her arms again, her excitement ending in a passionate burst of sobs and tears. "Tak' th' child," she cried, "tak' her an' keep her! Teach her what her mother is, an' train her up to point her finger at her! Aye, I would be willin' fur that, if that would save her—aye, an' thank th' God as has nowt to do with such as me."

Surely some pang of conscience smote her judge. Her pale face grew paler, and her eye was not so steady as it had been. Some fine instinct at work within her made her shrink, for she faltered as she spoke.

"He may have to do with such as thee if thou would repent," she said. "There is time for thee yet."

"Repent!" said Janet Ayres. "Repent thyself. Hast tha nowt to repent on? No, such as thee never has; tha'rt on the narrow path fro' first to last; it wur made fur such as thee. Dunnot tell me to repent."

Phillis's hand trembled a little. That sense of discomfort grew upon her strongly, and it was this lost creature's words that stung her.

"I did not come here to contend with thee," she said. "I came to plead for the child."

"Will Henders's child," put in the woman, with a miserable effort at a taunt.

"Will Henders's child," said Phillis, without a change in her voice. "Will thee give it up to me?"

Janet Ayres lifted her face with a strange irony in her smile.

"Tha art na askin' much," she said.

"I ask thee for a human soul," answered Phillis.

"Aye," said Janet Ayres, "but such as me dunnot know much about that theer. Tha art askin' me fur all as I've gotten i' th' earth—thee as niver had a child o' thy own."

"Thou art mistaken," said Phillis, "I had a child who died."

"Tha!" exclaimed Janet.

But Phillis stopped her with a gesture. "It died," she said, "and it belonged—poor little one!—to a past that is all over. But this child of thine is not so safe."

"If that is true I can trust thee better," said the woman, "not but what I believe tha'd do reet by th' little un, hard as tha art. Its thy way to do reet."

There was a pause for a moment, and then she looked up.

"I do not see what sent thee here to tempt me to-neet," she said. "I have often thowt o' this, but I niver thowt as I've done to-neet. I niver thowt as I were thinkin' when tha' came in. Aye Janie, little wench—Janie!" with a gush of tears. "Come wi' me," she said abruptly to Phillis, rising and taking the lamp from the table.

Phillis followed her across the room to the shaded corner where the child's cot stood, and there they paused.

"Look," said Janet Ayres, holding the light over the pink, flushed baby face.

Phillis did not speak; the eyes that had mocked her so were closed; but it was not easy to forget the pang they had given her.

"If I gi' her up to thee," said Janet, "I shall gi' her up for ever. Her way will not

be my way either now nor—nor after—if thee is an after. If I gi' her up to thee I shanna do it by halves. I shall gi' her up to be led to heaven while I drift down to hell. Aye Janie! Janie!" dropping upon her knees, "thou'lt be further away fro' me then e'en than tha art now—but better one than two—better one than two—better me than thee, my lamb, for tha has na a spot upon thee."

Her weeping shook even Phillis Denham, though it was neither loud nor long. It did not even waken the child though it seemed as if the struggle tore her very soul. But suddenly she got up, and taking the little one from its pillow, kissed it once, twice, and placed it in Phillis's arms.

"Tak' it away," she said breathlessly. "I am na of thy blood. I canna keep up long. For God's sake tak' her out o' my sight before a' the strength's wrung out o' me. I gi' her up, I tell thee—I gi'—her up foriver."

And stricken dumb by the sight of the agony in the mother's face, almost before she could realize that her strange request had indeed been granted, she found herself out in the night holding the child in her arms!

* * * * *

It was not many days before the women at the Mills were gossiping among themselves concerning what little they knew of the story of Janet Ayres's child. Phillis Denham had taken it to "fetch up," as they put it, though how she had gained possession of it was a mystery. The two women came and went as usual, but there was no intercourse between them; each going her separate way when work was over, Janet to her desolate house, Phillis to her cottage and the child, who was cared for in her absence by a woman whom she had taken into her house for the purpose. Since the night Phillis carried the child away in her arms, Janet had persistently avoided her. Evidently she had not meant to do the thing by halves when she said she gave the child up for ever. As to the little one herself, she had soon become accustomed to her new surroundings, though the novelty disturbed her at first. With Phillis she made friends in a way of her own—strangely enough, without a touch of baby effusiveness. They were the best of friends, but nothing nearer. Perhaps Phillis's way was not exactly the way to win a baby's heart—perhaps she was too calm and quiet, or perhaps some more subtle influence held

her apart from this tiny creature; but, however that might be, she often felt a novel pang that she was held apart. At first she felt it but slightly, but as time went on, and the child crept into her inner heart, the feeling became stronger. How could the child fail to creep into her heart. She was a woman after all, and her slighted love for handsome Will Henders had been a very strong one. She had given up all for him: the friendship of her people, the affection of her friends—all she had possessed. She had looked upon the great sorrow of her life as a just punishment for her defections, but, though she had cut herself off from this man whom she had so loved, she had never forgotten him for an hour—his physical beauty, his dashing ways, so unlike the ways of the grave young friends who had admired her; the shade of poetic romance in his admiration for her pure, high, self-contained style of beauty—she never forgot one attraction. And as this little creature played about the room in her quaint fashion, she fell into the habit of watching her with a curious feeling—almost a yearning. Nay, more than once it was a feeling so strong that it half angered her. The summer blue eyes mocked her with their haunting likeness to other eyes as warmly blue; lifting themselves to her quiet face, they stung her to the heart. They made her restless, less calm, less coldly content with her hard, unloved, unloving lot. She found old yearnings she had thought subdued coming back to her, conquered pains, long-struggled-against memories, and it may be that her secret suffering softened her.

Before the child had been with Phillis long, Janet Ayres was missing. She was absent from her loom one morning, and a woman who was her neighbor said that she had shut up her house, and gone away. That was all that was known by outsiders, but Phillis knew a little more. The night before the woman's disappearance there had come a light tap at her window, and going outside to see what the summons meant, she had found Janet Ayres standing as if waiting for her.

"Aw'm goin' away," she had said abruptly.

Phillis's heart beat somewhat more quickly. Had she repented of her decision, and come to claim the child?

"Why?" she asked.

The woman twisted a corner of her shawl around her finger, and hesitated.

"I ha' a reason," she answered, half doggedly. "An' it wunnot work no ill—it may work good; but that's neither heer nor theer. I come to speak to thee about—th' child."

"Thee are not— faltered Phillis—" thee does not mean—"

Janet Ayres stopped her.

"I dunnot mean no harm, I tell yo," she said, "so I canna mean that. I am na goin' to hurt it. I tow'd thee I'd gi'en it up furiver. I only want to know—to hear a word about it—I hanna heerd a word sin that neet. I want to know how its doin'."

"It is well," said Phillis, "and happy."

There was a moment's silence, in which the nervous hand dragged at the shawl. Then the wretched creature lifted, in half-ashamed fashion, her eyes to those of Phillis's.

"Has she—forgotten?" she faltered. And that moment the shawl was dropped, her hands went up to her face, and she bust into wild, yet almost silent, weeping.

"Dunnot tell me," she whispered, in the midst of her sobs. "Dunnot tell me; I know wi'out askin'. I dunnot see why I asked at a'. She were only a baby. Let me be a minnet."

So Phillis waited, a curious contest going on in her mind, as she watched the shaking, shrinking form. She had not forgiven this woman yet; but she was beginning vaguely to recognize the stained, bruised humanity, and thus to doubt her own stern, just self. What if she was wrong after all? What if she had refused what it was her duty to have given?

When the woman looked up again, she saw in the eyes of her enemy a troubled questioning.

"If thee would like to see the child," Phillis began.

The old doggedness returned to the face. "I did na come for that," was the answer. "I dare na enter; I dare na tempt mysen'. Happen' th' time 'll come, —though I dunnot know—" She stopped and took from the bundle slung upon her arm a little package, handing it to Phillis with that touch of awkward shamefacedness in her air.

"It's sumetin' as I made mysen'," she said, "—a dress and a few oddments. She—she'll niver know who made 'em, so they canna harm her if you'll let her wear 'em," ending in a choked voice. "There!" she said, suddenly, "that's a',—so I may

as well be goin'. Good neet,—if tha'll tak' good neet fro' such as me." And she turned away.

Six months before Phillis Denham had spurned this lost woman; and now—How was it that this child had given them something in common—made them in some sense akin? A sudden impulse made her move forward and touch Janet Ayres with her hand lightly.

"I do not quite know what I ow't to say to thee," she said. "I do not know why I feel that I have something to say, but if I have been wrong and—and hard, I ask thee to forgive me. I have needed pity; I need pity now. I will deal tenderly by thy child. Good-bye. God help thee; God help us both."

And so they had gone their separate ways.

* * * * *

Who at Grantley has forgotten the fire at Grantley Mills? Who will ever forget it who lived in the generation in which it occurred? *The fire!* they call it to this day, though there were fires before and have been since. "It was th' oil that did it," the old mill-hands say. "Yo see, when th' wenches oiled th' looms th' cans dripped, an' there it were. Th' floors soaked through an' through enow to set th' place afire,—an' the first spark did fur it, an' left no help. A' th' engines in Lancashire could na' ha' saved it. An' so it went."

As for Phillis Denham, to the last hour of dim old age,—if such old age should come to her,—the fearful day would be her most vivid memory. She had come down to her work in the morning in a heavy mood. She had been disturbed the night before strangely, and she had not been able to overcome her excitement. Sitting before the fire with the child in her arms, she had been startled by a sound at the window, and turning suddenly, she had caught sight of a vanishing face—a face that had plainly been looking in upon her and her fire-lit room. The sight made her heart leap and then almost stand still. She could not force herself to believe it fancy, and yet when she had opened the door there had been no one in sight up or down the moon-lit street. This was not all. So strangely nervous and excitable was she, that in passing the office she had been startled again by the mere sight of a tall man standing at the desk, with his back towards her, because his figure had seemed familiar.

"Did tha see th' new overseer?" she heard a woman say, as she took her place; and her companion answered: "Aye, to be sure, an' a good lookin' chap he is, too."

It was not more than two hours after, that a girl at the loom next Phillis's looked up suddenly.

"What's that?" she said. "Th' bell ringin'?" And almost the next instant, with a paling face: "Th' engines stoppin'," she cried; "sumat's up, wenches."

They were at the top story of the huge building, and so the alarm did not reach them until the stopping of the looms, but a minute later a puff of smoke and a sound of hurrying feet and women's shrieks below told all the truth.

"It's fire!" shrieked the girl. "It's fire!" shrieked another and another, until voice upon voice took up the cry.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" And every desperate creature in the great room rushed towards the narrow stairway, with no thought but the hope of being first.

But the stairway was crowded already, and the heat and smoke were rolling upward, and beating back those who were at the front, while the rest were fighting on behind. If the fire had been above they would have been safer; but it roared below and crackled, and poured out thick smoke from the oil-soaked flooring, and so choked and blinded the mass of struggling creatures that they were panic-stricken. They fought, and strove, and shrieked, and prayed, until some fell under foot, and were trampled down, and some hung wedged in the midst, neither able to move one way or the other.

Phillis had been carried with the crowd. The first instinct of self-preservation had made her follow the rest to the door, and then she had seen the mistake they all made, when it was too late. She had no control over herself; the shrieking women bore her with them until they reached the next room, when she was crushed against the open door, and through it, and flung against a woman who had shared her fate. In the terror of the moment Phillis scarcely saw the woman's face, but the woman had seen her's, and caught at her with a horrible cry. It was Janet Ayres. Phillis, all bruised and shuddering, stared at her as if she had been a spirit.

"Thee!—Janet Ayres!" she said, just as she had done when they met upon the staircase.

The woman covered her face with her hands.

"I came last neet," she said, "an' this mornin' I come heer,—fur *this*."

There was no help for them,—no place for them among the writhing mass upon the stairway.

"We must wait," said Phillis. "It is certain death to try the stairway; it is on fire. They are mad with terror."

"It is certain death only wheer," said Janet Ayres. "Th' fire 'll be on us afore we can say a prayer."

But Phillis caught her by the hand.

"Come to the window," she said, "and let us cry to them in the yard. They must see or hear us."

The floor was hot under their feet, the smoke was suffocating and blinding them, but they made their way to the window, and flung themselves against it, beating the glass until the blood streamed from their hands. But they were only two women, and on the stairways there were hundreds shrieking with voices as loud as theirs, and in the yard the engines were rattling to and fro, and firemen were shouting, and men and women screaming to their children who were crushed or burning within.

"They cannot hear our voices," cried Phillis; "and the smoke hides us."

They waited for a while, and then tried again and then again, and even again, and then there came a fearful crash and such a burst of shrieks that women who were safe fainted, and men turned sick as death. The staircase had fallen, and with it its human burden.

Phillis sank down upon her knees, praying aloud. Her companion sprang at the window again like a wild animal, waving her arms frantically through the broken panes.

"We canna burn heer," she shrieked. "They mun see us.—Help, lads! Help, help!" And then to Phillis: "Shut th' door an' keep th' smoke out, or we shall choke." And when Phillis had obeyed her: "Come here, and help me t' mak' 'em hear."

And the terror in their voices made them so wild and shrill that it was not many minutes before they were heard, even in the midst of the roar of flames and voices. Some woman in the crowd heard them first, and, looking up, saw the waving hands.

"Eh, lads," she cried, "God help us!—thar's some wenches on t' third flight crying fur help, an' their hands is all cut

to pieces wi' breakin' thro' th' winder-glass."

It drew the crowd to their side of the building in a minute's time—rushing round with new cries and wilder frenzy—shouting to the desperate imprisoned creatures at the window—yelling to the firemen and growing almost mad with excitement. "Play on the room," they cried insanely. "Bring the ladders! That's Janet Ayres's voice! Aye, an' by God! that's th' Quaker wench's! Lasses, it's Phillis Denham an' Jenny Ayres. Whar's the new overseer?"

They called for the overseer, for from the first outbreak of the flames he had been the coolest and most active among them. He seemed to know what to do when every one else had lost presence of mind.

"We can't save the place," he had said, "let us save the lives," and he had worked amid fire and smoke almost like a man with a charmed life.

The news of the discovery flew to him at once, and the next minute he was forcing his way through the crowd—a tall fellow, with blue eyes and uncovered tawny hair.

"Stand back!" he shouted. "What is this about these women?—" And then his eye was caught by the frantic hands, and he broke off with an exclamation of horror.

"Bring those ladders," he cried—and then, to the crowd, "Who are they?"

"There's two o' 'em," he was answered by a dozen voices, "a Quaker lass and Jennie Ayres—Jennie Ayres and Phillis Denham."

"Dunnot see as theer's much use o' tryin' th' ladders," said more than one man, doubtfully. "It's a main dangerous work. It canna be long afore th' walls crack in, an' then——"

"Henders," said one of the owners, who had just arrived, all in a hurry, "God knows it's a sickening, horrible thing, but—but it's a hard fate to face, and it is a bad look out. The walls may fall in, and——"

"Let them fall," he cried. "It's not my way to stand by and see women die. Good God, Phillis! to think it should be you."

And in spite of protestations and warnings, he had the ladders against the wall, and when they were ready he was ready too, a heavy hammer in his hand to break

in the frames of the fastened windows. God knows what tumult rose in their breasts, when, looking down upon their deliverer, they beheld this man's face. Janet Ayres fell back with a groan, turning to the woman whose life she had blighted:

"Dost tha see?" she said.

Phillis answered with white lips.

"Aye! I see," she said, "I see," and hid her face.

There was a moment's pause, in which she heard the woman at her side panting as if for breath, and then Janet Ayres touched her sleeve, and when she looked at her she saw such deadly anguish in her face as made her start aside.

"See," said the unhappy creature, "see thee heer. Theer is na a moment—he will be heer—he canna tak' two—th' ladder will not bear it—and th' one as stays behind—" She broke off with a shudder. But she began again, "I mun be th' one as stays behind," she said. "He mun tak' thee."

"Nay," cried Phillis, a passionate pity and a passionate heroism rising within her. "Never that. God forgive me for the hard words I have spoken to thee; I will stay."

The woman, crouching on her knees, wrung her hands together. Was she tempted by an agonizing thought of her own sin, and the purity of this unstained creature whose soul was so much safer than her own.

"Theer is na a minnet," she said, "he is here now," and so he was—beating in the window frame.

"It is thee he mun tak'—fur th' child's sake—I've gi'en her up. Happen it'll gi' me a chance—I dunnot know—but I want a chance—fur the child's sake. I've axed fur one in my way—an' happen this is it. He mun tak' thee."

And then the man was in the room, black with smoke, scorched with fire, almost blinded and staggering, but it was Phillis his blinded eyes saw—not her rival.

"Phillis," he cried, "Phillis—come with me. You can forgive me for a minute's time. I have come to save you."

But Phillis drew back.

"I forgive you," she said. "God forgive me that I have been so hard; but there is another—Janet Ayres."

Not a second's pause, but Janet Ayres rose up and confronted him, with misery in her eyes.

"Tak' th' woman tha loves best," she said.

"Phillis," he cried, "for God's sake."

"I will not go," she said, and slipped fainting upon the floor.

That moment Janet Ayres advanced towards her.

"Tha will go," she said. "Theer is na a moment, an' I will na gi' my life fur nowt. Tak' her in thy arms, Will Henders."

He had her in his arms already. He had her through the window upon the ladder, and the people were shrieking below.

Janet Ayres stood at the window looking down.

"I will come back," he shouted.

But she did not seem to hear him. She was saying over something—saying it with blanching lips and dilated eyes—saying it to herself in a whisper:

"Fur th' child's sake—fur th' child's sake."

He had thought he might return, but the watching crowd knew he would not. Fire and smoke pouring out at the windows fought against him on his dangerous downward way. Twice he nearly slipped. More than once his burden was almost too much for him, and the frail support he clung to tottered beneath his tread, and when he touched the ground the fire had reached the third floor room, and the ladder fell with a crash.

"Let me go back," he shrieked, when they tried to hold him, and he was man enough to mean what he said. But they held him fast, and one, more thoughtful than the rest, forced him away with his back to the building.

The woman at the window stood still. The people below watched her breathlessly, or hid their faces in horror. The room grew hotter and hotter; there were rising tongues of flame here and there. The heat scorched her flesh, and she had to press close against the window for a breath. Oh, God! how safe they were below! Then there was a crash; the flooring shook.

"Furth' child's sake," she cried, "Jenny! Happen this is the chance, Christ!"—and so went down into the abyss with her arms flung wildly upwards.

* * * * *

Phillis opened her eyes, and looked round. Her first glance fell upon her husband's face, and seeing it she looked no farther.

"Where is Janet Ayres?" she asked.

His awed face answered her.

"The Lord have mercy upon her," she said. "The Lord have mercy upon her," and closed her eyes again, her lips moving after her voice had dropped.

But Will Henders, despite his awe and pain, was Will Henders still—he could not wait—he had something to say, so he bent over her, and touched her hands with impetuous tenderness.

"Phillis," he said, "Phillis."

The tears slipped from under her lashes and fell upon the pillow, but she did not speak, and at sight of these tears Henders turned pale and trembled.

"Phillis," he said, in a broken voice, "it shall be as you say—I will go or stay, as you decide; but I will say what I came to say before I go—if I must go. You were led astray with lies, Phillis—they told you lies. I was false to myself, but never to you. The only wrong I did you was in keeping that wretched story secret. I have been a villain, but not to you. I swear to you that this is true. God forgive me for my sin."

She opened her eyes.

"God forgive us both!" she cried, "Whose sin has been greater than mine? Why should I dare harden my heart against the world, when I was so full of wrong myself?"

He snatched at her hand, and knelt down, kissing it in the old appealing way she knew so well.

"You were too pure to understand—" he said.

"I was too hard," she said, "too cold and proud, and God has shown me when my little child died—"

"Your child?" he said. "My girl—my poor, poor girl!" and he drew her into his arms.

She did not try to move, but lay upon his breast.

"It died," she said, weeping, "perhaps through its mother's angry sin—it did not live a day."

He held her close, weeping himself as he caressed her.

"I have searched for you every hour of my life since I came home that day and found that you had gone," he said. "And at last it was Janet Ayres who made her way to the old place and told me where you were. She did not know that you had gone away believing a lie; she fancied your anger was all roused by hearing the truth; but something you had done for her had touched her heart. I knew now

what that something was, and she told me that I could find you here. Phillis, must I go or stay?"

She clung to him, trembling all over. "Take me home," she answered. "Let us take her child, and try to make its life all

its mother's might have been. She gave her life for mine—let me give mine to this little one. And if thou canst forgive me, Will, the time may come when I can forgive myself."

A SUMMER'S GHOST.

In that old summer can you still recall
The pomp with which the strong sun rose and set,
How bright the moon shone on the shining fields,
What wild, sweet blossoms with the dew were wet?

Can you still hear the merry robins sing,
And see the brave red lilies gleam and glow,
The waiting wealth of bloom, the reckless bees
That woo their wild-flower loves, and sting, and go?

Canst hear the waves that round the happy shore
Broke in soft joy, and told delusive tales—
We go, but we return; love comes and goes;
And eyes that watch see homeward-faring sails.

"'Twas thus in other seasons?" Ah, may be!
But I forgot them, and remembered this—
A brief, warm season, and a fond, brief love,
And cold, white winter after bloom and bliss.

STRANGE SCENES IN STRANGE LANDS.

ADVENTURES OF AN OPIUM MONOPOLIST IN CAMBODIA.

In the course of a life devoted to such commercial pursuits as gave me an acquaintance with many lands and men, it was my lot to see, in a way that no one else has probably had the chance to see, that little-known corner of South-eastern Asia called Cambodia. Travelers come, but they cannot penetrate palace walls; they publish the records of their journeys, but the jealous Oriental, or the interested foreigner laughs in his sleeve at the story of veneering which the author took for true wood; only the unusual position in which I was placed, as chief of the legal opium agency in the country, allowed me to

gain an insight into the realities of Cambodia.

It is not generally known that a sort of protectorate is exercised by France, through the Governor of French Cochinchina, over this marvelously rich land—a protectorate which, at no very distant day, may have an important political result. That I, forming with the King a third power, should come into conflict with its representative was unfortunately, as things stood, unavoidable; but the alluring riches of the agency or "farm" were the means of giving me some interesting, though dreadful, experiences with the pirates, whose ferocity

has been known and feared since the early days of Dutch and Portuguese discovery. In the following pages the reader will find a faithful account of some of these experiences.

THE ROYAL BANQUET.

To get a general idea of Cambodia it is enough to say that Pnœm-Peinh, the capital, owing to its position at the intersection of four branches of the alluvial river Mekong, is in contact, by the usual oriental highways, with Siam and Laos on the north and Annam and Cochin-China on the east and south. The actual population of Cambodia is reckoned at about one million souls, of whom over eight-tenths are native Cambodians, 60,000 are Annamites, 40,000 Siamese and Laotians, 40,000 Chinese, and the remainder, say 15,000, are Xongs, Lavas, Malays and Malabars.

Nôrôdom, the King of this mixed population, had farmed out to a wealthy Chinaman of Saigon, the monopoly of the opium trade throughout his dominions, and in return the latter paid into the royal treasury an annual rental of 300,000 Mexican dollars.

Now a ball of opium,—it is sold in the shape of a Dutch cheese,—while it costs only fifteen or sixteen dollars at Singapore, Shanghai or Hong Kong, was sold in Cambodia at twenty-five or thirty dollars, and in addition to this profit the farm had the sole right to sell, through small retailers and smoking-shops of its own, the liquid or hot opium for the consumption of the public. The chief privileges accorded the farm by the King were: to employ as many men as the farmer thought advisable; to own arms, boats and junks, and to establish on the river and the *arroyos* as many custom-posts as the needs of the monopoly demanded. The farm, moreover, had its own flag, and was, in a word, the prime power of the land beneath the King.

The latter alone had the right to use his own opium. Woe to any other found in possession of the drug, unless it had passed the farm! The wares were confiscated to the latter, a suit was then entered, and a fine of ten times the value of the seized goods was levied by the courts of the country, and divided—a third to the King, a third to the princes and mandarins, and a third equally between the farm and the chief agent. The close proximity of Laos

was a great temptation to smugglers, since the ball of opium had there an intrinsic value of one hundred dollars, and for all commercial purposes this merchandise was the most profitable to handle. Watch was, therefore, more closely kept in that direction, and on certain occasions the agents of the farm engaged in armed fights with the natives and the pirates, who at that time infested the river and the *arroyos*. These bandits were the last remnant of the rebel bands of Phou Kambô, who died the year before, and who for three consecutive years, had waged a bitter war for the throne against his elder brother Nôrôdom. For this reason the forces of the opium-farm were some five thousand Chinese of Wangtai's (Shangai) congregation, he being their chief in Cochin-China as well as in Cambodia, all well-armed and, strange to say, well-drilled. Their commander was, therefore, an important personage, in view of the impossibility of the King raising so great a force in so short a time.

The King had conferred on me the title of Mitop, that is, General, at the end of a six-month's residence at Pnœm-Peinh. For Wangtai had returned, after my installation, to Saigon, where more important affairs claimed his attention, leaving to me the entire responsibility of his venture. While previous farmers of the drug had been ruined, my first year brought us thirty thousand dollars profit; an energetic watch was not wanting, and I was well supported. Law-suits rained upon the smugglers who let themselves be caught, and many were the plots exposed.

The King, as well as his mandarins, was deeply interested in the matter, and my daily relations with them brought me into the presence of his Majesty, who, having taken a liking to my character, often asked me to pass a few hours of an evening with him; the first invitation which I received impressed me so forcibly that it is worth telling.

One evening Nôrôdom sent thirty of his slaves with torches, and eight bearing a palanquin, to get me. Entering this novel chair, the escort took up its march by the grand avenue, parallel to the river, toward the palace, about three miles from my dwelling; on our way all the natives whom we met threw themselves on the ground. We passed the *sālās*, or large rooms thatched with palm leaves, but open to every wind, and where the country courts are held; they were five in number, and sur-

rounded the palace entirely, save where the façade looks out on the river, and on a steamer of western build, bought a few years before from the Governor of French Cochinchina, and encircled by many royal piroques, of strange and graceful curves and variegated colors. These formed the Cambodian fleet.

Crossing various small streets of charming little wooden buildings, all alike, and raised above the ground because of the periodical overflows of the stream,—the dwellings, as I found, of the women of the Royal Harem,—we stopped before a large octagonal brick edifice, newly built, containing the apartments of the King, as well as the rooms of the favorites. The stair, of good proportions, was composed of seven granite steps, procured from the ruins of a once celebrated pagoda, built some centuries before on a little hill not far away. By a circular balcony of carved and gilded wood, I passed, under guidance of a page, through one of the glass doors into a room whose black wood floor showed, in admirable workmanship, a group of curious animals from the Hindoo mythology. The wainscot seemed to be carved likewise, but the dimness of the light from an European lamp hung from the middle of the ceiling prevented me from examining it. Lances leaning here and there against the walls, fans of peacock tails, tails of yaks from Thibet wound about peculiar twisted spears with handles of bamboo root encrusted with gold—a sign of high dignity—these with the pages were the only furniture of the room. One of the latter, crouched in Hindoo fashion in a corner, struck several beats on a tom-tom hung on the right of the door. Another slave appearing, I crossed a second large room darker than the first, and in so doing stumbled against a pile of arms. The noise of falling weapons brought back the page who led me safely by the hand from what I perceived was a military museum. Just as sounds of music fell agreeably on my ear, a flood of light burst into the hall and showed me an assemblage of strange and wonderful arms. It was the slave announcing to his Majesty the arrival of the Mitop of the Farm. In a moment the curtain was raised and a sign was made to me to enter.

Behold a large hall, perfectly lighted, and to the right, at the end, luxuriously stretched upon a high couch, the King; his head resting on a rich cushion of yellow

silk worked with gold, his body on mats of a most delicate texture. His Majesty is clothed in the *phàa* of brown silk woven with gold, drawn to the figure by a gold-thread girdle and a massive buckle of the same metal set with precious stones. His head and breast are nude; he raises himself a little and makes me a sign to approach. In trying to comply I am forced to walk softly and with circumspection, because all about him a great number of women are bowed on their knees; it is only when quite near to the King, who is laughing immoderately, that I perceive the dismay my arrival has produced. Evidently my ladies had not been forewarned of the visit of a European. Shaking hands, the King seats me beside him on a stool covered with some Thibetan stuff. His wives are clad in the national *phàa* of variously colored silks, rose, blue, red, green and violet, which blend together agreeably and produce the most charming effect imaginable. A long, folded, brown silk scarf, carelessly thrown about the nude bosom, which it does not conceal, completes the costume. As ornament they wear engraved gold bracelets on their legs and arms, with rings on their fingers.

The stare of so many frightened, gazelle-like eyes, the perfumes penetrating the air, and the novelty of the sight throw me into more confusion than the greatest dangers I have heretofore encountered. This agitation does not escape the King, who says laughingly:

"I see, Mitop, that you are not used to this kind of spectacle."

"No, your Majesty."

"Well, you perceive then that it's a very great favor I am doing you [I bow] and you must be a great friend for me to invite you, a foreigner, into my home. You are the second who has been here; the first was the Commandant Lagrée, and then all my wives, who, as to-day, I had not forewarned, rushed away in terror. I had the greatest trouble in the world to make them come back. I see your presence causes them only some curiosity, mixed with a little fear because of your size."

"I am sincerely obliged to your Majesty for the honor done me [again I bow]. By calling me 'friend' the king has made me proud and happy and your Majesty may rest assured that I shall do everything in my power to please you; as to these ladies [once more I incline myself] I

should be very sorry if they think me capable of causing them the slightest vexation."

"Yes, yes, I know that. It is very well : we will return to the subject later."

All this conversation took place half in French, which the king understood, and half in Cambodian, which I spoke well enough. Nôrôdôm, at that time twenty-eight years old, possessed a most distinguished countenance and a medium figure, perfectly shaped and proportioned, differing very noticeably in that from all his subjects; in his head he showed his Mongolian origin, and his crown of hair two inches high, worn in a thick tuft on the top, became him marvelously, the rest of his head being carefully shaved. This peculiar head-dress is worn by all the Cambodians; the women alone retain two locks of hair besides, two or three inches long, about the temples. In addition to this the King's wives had the long nails of the left hand gilded and turned back over the upper surface of the hand—a great beauty in their eyes, and a sign of race.

At the extremity of the room, on a platform raised about ten inches, a scene was being acted from the Indian mythology, where the good and evil genii, represented by men with tails, white or black men, with wings of red, were exerting all their power to charm the daughters of earth, clothed in the garments of the time, whom they finally carried off with them through the air. These actors, called *bhās* or fools, are like the acrobats and clowns in our circuses. The dancers, or *lakônes*, by their steps, gestures and the more or less natural, but always graceful, writhings of their hands, arms and legs, represent the dance. Others, specially educated to represent poetry and literature, sing their own compositions to the accompaniment of a peculiar music. I have often heard various songs of this kind, fresh, unsophisticated and graceful, which seem a peculiar property of oriental poetry. The orchestra on the left of the stage drew my attention particularly. It boasted thirty-seven woman players and three musicians, who, holding various unknown instruments, boded no good to my ears. There was the *klong-nong*, a system of cymbals of different sizes in a semi-circle, crouched in the center of which the musician strikes here and there with little mallets in both hands, now slowly and

anon with the greatest rapidity. The vibration, more or less long drawn, thus blend together before ceasing, and cause a soft and delightful harmony. The *kla-ni* is a sort of long flageolet of great purity of tone. The guitar, called *tu-kkai*, has a very deep and rounded back, to give a loud resonance. Another no less curious instrument is the *ran-nan*, reminding one singularly of a xylophone—so much so that it makes me doubt whether the latter organ is as French as we suppose. In this, little plates of sounding wood, round above and flat below, are hung above a graceful junk, which acts as a sounding-board. These are struck with little mallets by the two hands at the same moment, and the flat and melancholy sound they yield accords admirably with the quivering tones of the *klong-nong*, which is its necessary accompaniment.

These unknown and peculiar shapes made me fear some dreadful hubbub, but what was my surprise when I heard all these artists extract from their instruments such soft, melodious tones, gentle melodies, transparent, charming, restful, and sometimes to the last degree pathetic notes. What I heard was real art, serious, noble, and having nothing in common with the usual monotonous droning of the musicians of other oriental races. In truth, the King, as well as the princes and mandarins, adore music, which they hold to be the principal, if not the sole, art, and it is the only one which has reached a high grade among them.

At the end of three hours, all too short, the drama closed, and the King caused a supper to be brought, to which he invited me. At his order his wives withdrew after having made him the salutation, on their knees, by raising their joined hands to the height of their mouth, and then carrying them to the forehead. As long as they were under the royal eye they walked bent down, but straightened themselves on reaching a door behind the King's couch, and disappeared, with a long look at me, more gentle than the first.

"Well, Mitop, what think you of my artists?"

"Your Majesty, I am delighted."

"Why, I see you like my music! Does it bear any resemblance to that of Europe?"

"Not in the least, your Majesty."

"And which do you prefer?"

"Yours, your Majesty, because of its unaccustomed tones, soothing and strange."

"Ah, very well, very well; sit down, and while we sup you shall hear another kind."

At his command all the women-players and actresses left the room, with the usual prostrations, by the same door and in the same manner as the wives, leaving their instruments behind. Women brought in the supper of cold fowls in curry, to which I was already used; delicious indigenous fruits and various sweetmeats, as well as champagne. The King only tasted the eatables, but he drank stoutly.

Five women and a man entered and crouched at a little distance; they were the new musicians. The man held a flute of Laos, with five reed pipes, very high and of different lengths, bound and held together by a hollow mouth-piece of hard wood, in which the pipes were inserted, each one two-thirds of its length. Holes drilled on each side allowed the fingers to carry the instrument, though slanting, to the mouth of the player, who, blowing out and drawing in his breath, produced, by the movement of his fingers on the holes, a soft and pure tone, like the song of birds. To his right a woman held a guitar, like the *tu-kkai* of the orchestra, but smaller and rounder, the sounds from which equal those of the former in sweetness and harmony. Two others played on little cymbals of different tones, and, with a little drum, formed the accompaniment to this delightful music. Two singing poetesses of exceeding beauty, without paint, and clad in a rich Cambodian costume, placed themselves behind us, fan in hand, now fanning us, now serving at the table, all the while singing improvised verses in alternation, taking graceful attitudes and walking on the points of their bare feet in slow and cadenced steps, accompanied with a little tinkle from the many bracelets on arms and legs. This savage and, at the same time, melancholy music; these sweet and rhythmic chants in honor of the King (some even were in my praise); the warm air charged with various essences from the fragrant oils burning in a multitude of little oval bronze lamps, flat on top and ornamented with finely worked figures; these perfumes, to which I was unaccustomed, this Asiatic luxury, combined to produce a charming effect.

Toward the end of the repast the King started from the reverie in which he had fallen to say to me: "I have the right, you know, Mitop, to have opium in my possession, and as I shall soon need various

goods from Laos, which I send for every year—hem!—and as your men keep a very sharp look-out," said he, laughing, "I should like to find the passage of the river free in about fifteen days—h'm!—that being the right period—only for my boats however, and—ah'm!—that your agents do not visit them; are you agreed?"

This speech, frequently broken by the King's "hems," showed embarrassment, and gave me, moreover, plenty of time to consider his demand. I, therefore, answered, feeling that to be politic I ought to promise, since I could immediately send a despatch to Saigon telling Wangtai my conversation, and get an answer within twelve days.

"Why certainly, your Majesty! In fifteen days?"

"Yes, Mitop, not for fifteen days."

"It is agreed; the day the boats are ready to go your Majesty has only to let me know."

"Ah, very good," said he with a relieved air, "I am pleased, very much pleased with you, and I desire that you be contented also."

"But, your Majesty, I am that already in seeing you contented."

"No, no, that is not enough; I want to make you a present for your friendship to me. Come, ask me for something you desire greatly, I will give it you instantly."

"Well, your Majesty, I should be very much pleased to have the fine ape which is kept in the waiting *sala* of your mandarins."

"What, only that? I give it you; it is Pibolle's (the minister of the navy), but that is nothing. I will send you Sadeck, for that is his name, but I want to make you a present besides," and drawing a splendid brilliant from one of his fingers, he asked me to put it on in his presence.

Day was breaking; the King arose, and I, doing likewise, thanked his Majesty warmly as he gave orders for my return. I was reconducted to my dwelling by the same escort, my head still full of all that I had seen.

Reaching my room, I threw myself into an extension chair, where I lay some time in reverie, when suddenly a soft and melodious chant, recalling the King's supper, fell upon my ears. I looked up, and saw Sakunetana, the poet songstress, presenting me with Sadeck, whom she held in leash.

I sent a despatch to Wangtai, and went

to see the head of the French Protectorate, the naval Lieutenant Moura, who had sent for me three times. The advice I had received at Mitho, in Cochinchina, from an agent of the farm, where this officer had lived, before taking the post of Pnom Peinh, had caused me to avoid all relations with him save those in direct connection with the farm.

On entering his dwelling, which lay opposite mine, I found him stalking about the room.

After some angry words concerning the banquet, he broke out:

"I forbid you, do you hear, to allow such honors to be paid you, and if I shall have to arrest and put you in irons with my own hand, I'll do it! Then you'll have to yield to my wishes!"

"You are crazy, sir!" said I, retracing my steps, "you know well enough that I am free to do as I please. I am not a sailor. As to your threat, ponder well before putting it into execution, for I warn you that the very day you attempt it will be the last of your life!"

I did not forget to describe this scene to the King, who laughed very heartily at the important airs of the functionary, and his jealousy at not being asked to the private fête.

Having returned home I set myself to observe Sadeck, whom I had chained in my bedroom, forbidding the servants to give him anything whatever to eat. Upon placing food before him, I was glad to see him eat eagerly. Sadeck belonged to one of the four orders of the quadrumanes called Anthropomorphic Apes from their near approach in many particulars to human beings. All are wanting in tails and hanging cheeks.

This one, belonging to the Gibbons or Hylobates, and called by zoölogists the Siamang Gibbon, was peculiar in his own order for a most remarkable variation, and one found only in the island of Chantaboune, in the Siamese Gulf, but not yet classified by science. Called by the Cambodians *Pouās*, and by the Siamese *Djénis*, this curious order has a pale brown coat very thick and woolly, fore-arms and hands of great length, and a facial angle of 40° to 45° ; small ears of almost human shape, and a height of about four feet. One peculiarity of Sadeck's was the conformation of his hind feet, the first and second toes of which were partly joined together by an extension of the skin. To the slyness

common to these creatures Sadeck added a really surprising intelligence, for he learned tricks in a few days with marvelous ease, and became remarkable for his exceeding gentleness, and even for his docility, although he was somewhat capricious. I taught him to sit at table like a man, use a knife and fork, to wait on me, to bow to, and conduct to the door, the visitors I received. At meals he brought me such things as required no great strength to carry, very often seizing a dish from one of the "boys" to carry it to me, but when coffee was served he was a really curious sight, with his gestures and ludicrous imitations, his little cries like those of a spoiled child from whom sweets are withheld. Then I would give him his coffee in a saucer, which he would take seated gravely at my side, and always using the spoon only; never would he touch it with his hands. I did not dare to attach myself too warmly to the little beast, fearing to have to give him up some day or other. But very luckily that never happened, for an answer came from Wangtai, telling me to do all I could to make myself agreeable to the King, but to be pitiless to all others. Then I was able to devote myself to Sadeck's education.

A few days after the interdict placed by Lieut. Moura, his Majesty came with his whole court to see me. My house being too small to hold all of them, two-thirds at least stayed beyond the door, crouching to the ground, and with faces turned toward the green gold-embroidered street-umbrella, which was stationed outside as a sign that the King was within, and that no natives in consequence might pass.

Announcing that nine of his boats would leave on the sixteenth day, at five in the morning for Laos, and asking me that evening to supper, the King arose and was about to withdraw, when piercing cries issued suddenly from my bed-chamber. The King entered the room quickly, and we saw Sadeck scratching his head and redoubling his cries at our appearance. As he then jumped upon the window-seat and looked out, the King glanced in the same direction, and with his finger pointed out Moura just entering his house and wrapping a handkerchief about his hand. His majesty began to laugh, and I was not slow to follow, when one of his train came up and told us the rest of the affair. Vexed not to know what the King could have to say to me, Moura had doubtless

slipped into the little by-street leading towards the country, in hopes of overhearing our conversation through the open window of my bedroom; but he had reckoned without Sadeck, who, seeing an unknown head, had sprung on his favorite place, the window-sill, and shown him his teeth. Moura, furious at not being able to approach the window, had struck the beast with his cane; the latter, without losing a moment, had jumped upon, and bitten him in the hand; then, springing back into the room, had begun the angry cries that had brought us to the scene.

I sincerely pitied the fellow, for Sadeck was endowed with respectable incisors, and must have bitten him unmercifully; but the King replied that it was well done, and that he only got his due. Accompanying his Majesty until he was mounted in his palanquin, he said in French, as he was leaving:

"To-night I shall expect you to supper."

At eight in the evening a royal escort, twice the size of the former, came to bear me to the palace.

II.

THE PIRATES' ATTACK.

THE next day I sent runners to all the stations on the path of the King's boats with particular instructions, and on the day of departure, in one of them, a Chinese interpreter of my own to act as escort as far as Cratic on the Cambodian frontier. One of the chief reasons for this action of the King was the fact, that the number of balls of opium in his boats was much greater than the figure he had acknowledged to; but at this it was politic to wink. I could not openly seize the King's goods, because no one among the mandarins would have been willing to condemn his Majesty, and after all, it did the farm little harm, since the opium sold by him did not circulate in Cambodia. On the other hand the King did not wish it known that the goods were his, for they would have attracted the pirates, who, half from hatred, half from profit, would have spied out the boats and made themselves masters of them. Moreover in case of a safe passage the Chinese and other merchants, always on the lookout for a profit, would have infallibly made inquiries, and by combining might have either hurt his trade by taking away his

customers, or by an excessive importation of certain articles, have flattened his market. I was lucky enough to have what I wanted carried out, for, two months afterwards, the boats returned loaded with exchanges more profitable than those of former years. His Majesty wished to give me the honor of the success, for had it not been for the presence of mind of Assine, my interpreter, and the precautions I had taken, the boats would have fallen into the hand of the pirates.

To give the reader some idea of this exchange trade and the estimation of certain articles by the Laosians, it is enough to say that a common knife, a little child's glass and needles, were articles always in demand, and gave a profit of five to one. Empty bottles had an incredible value in their eyes. Often in commercial transactions at a later period, when the native would not immediately decide to give me what I wanted, I have secured the article by means of an empty bottle,—it was irresistible. In countries where gold and silver are produced, these metals have no value in the eyes of the natives; with little or much they do not think themselves rich, but for an object which can be of use to them on the moment, they will give anything you desire. Once I obtained from a rich mandarin of Muang-Kao, in a large village above Bassac, in exchange for an ordinary mirror with gilt frame, about four feet by two and a half, costing me, I believe, twenty dollars at Saigon, the sum of \$475, on which it is plain there was a pretty profit.

Wang-tai had written a few days before to ask whether I could send him the sum of forty thousand dollars, in spite of a quarter's payment being due the King, which indeed had been already settled. Learning from the cashier of the farm that such a sum was on hand, I resolved to forward it; this, however, required three or four days of preparation by several men; bad coin inundated the whole country; the Cochinchinese accused the Cambodians, and the latter returned the accusation, but, however it was, every dollar brought to the farm was carefully tested. Even then a few bad ones would slip into the mass. The money that circulated best in those two lands was the piaster or Mexican dollar, as bad coin did not reach there from that far distant land. For this reason I had made a practice of causing each piece to be tested and verified by a

Chinese specialist in such matters, before the money left the farm to enter the general circulation, and that they might be recognized I had them marked with India ink by a cork cut in a certain pattern across its ends. This custom had given the farm an excellent reputation.

The tester, a man with a practised ear, let fall from one hand to another a pile of twenty dollar pieces and the noise they made in falling one on the other was enough to tell him of a doubtful coin; this was then set aside by the teller, whose duty it was to arrange the piles. The third Chinaman was the marker, and with the proverbial patience of Asiatics he wet his cork on a little flannel pad steeped in India ink, and gravely, methodically, stamped each dollar on one of its faces.

Nothing was more interesting to observe than those three Chinese; themselves lovers of the merchandise they sold, their yellow faces were shrunk like baked apples and ornamented with enormous brass goggles coarsely made. These, graceful as those worn by learned dogs at fairs, have not been improved since the days of their inventor, a Chinese of whom Confucius speaks. Never did I see those serious Chinamen laugh, and their slowness made me always wonder if they had not balanced their famous goggles on their noses and were afraid that too hurried a movement might bring them to the ground. To see the ease with which they worked and moved about in the narrow space allotted them almost made me believe that Chinamen have a special faculty of passing through each other or shrinking up when coming in contact. I oversaw their work, the piling of the dollars in the five open chests, to whose iron-bound sides the money for Wang-tai was entrusted. This done, the chests were closed and I sealed them, there to wait till sent next morning to Saigon by a little steam-launch which was to come for them.

At that moment a small retailer of the farm came in haste to say that he had overheard a conversation of two opium smokers in his shop, about five miles away, revealing a plot to attack the farm at night. The continuous clinking of money for the last few days had given the spies of the pirates throughout the town to understand that large sums were on hand in the farm chests, and as they had long cherished such a plan, they thought it an occasion not to be lost. This news was a

disagreeable surprise; not that I had not often heard of these pirates, but that I also knew that violence, incendiarism and murder accompanied the wretches everywhere. Without entirely trusting the bearer of this bulletin, nevertheless I did not disdain the warning, and made all the preparations prudence demanded. The retailer, who had the right to a reward in case the news was confirmed, was instantly sent back with orders to make observations and report.

It was four in the afternoon. I sent also in different directions some fifteen spies of our own to collect as precise news as possible. I then got together the household of the farm, about two hundred men, to whom the password was given. The arsenal was next visited, the ammunition withdrawn from their tin receptacles and the arms made ready. The three Chinese chiefs, whom the reader knows, but with whom bravery had nothing to do with their positions as cashiers, considered victory only possible through a greater number of defenders and wished to have the tom-tom of war beaten in order to call together all the Chinese of Pnoum-Peinh belonging to their congregation to aid in the defense. I refused point blank, objecting that the farm being exposed to these strange defenders, their coming and going might compromise the very cause they served by allowing a few pirates to slip into their ranks in the height of the tumult, and that we would infallibly be massacred; that I would alone assume all responsibility in the defense, if the news proved true. But, seeing signs of great disquietude in their faces, I told them it would be better if they went on board the three boats anchored off the farm with all the opium left in store, with the articles of value and all that might add to a conflagration. Seeing their faces clear, and having heard from two other retailers a confirmation of the news, I began the preparations for their departure.

I was now in hopes that the pirates would fall upon the farm, and get such a lesson as would rob them of any desire to try the game again. The Chinamen, encouraged by my energetic bearing, swore to obey me in everything. The partitions or Chinese screens of wood painted red and cut at the height of a man into a border of queer painted flowers, were taken down, and with their baggage and things of value the Chinese chiefs were put on

board the boats with the opium. As to the money, I had a powerful motive to keep it myself, because without it I would not have been aided by the Chinese, but to guard against a surprise or any accident, I had part of the pavement of the farm taken up, a large hole dug, all the money buried and covered up; the bricks were replaced with the old mortar, strewn with dust, and the floor took on the same appearance as before.

The number of the bandits I did not know, but by advices received at an earlier date I thought myself not mistaken in reckoning their united bands at about three thousand. It remained to be seen whether all would join together for the attack.

The Chinese leaders I sent with the boats in the direction of Chaudoc, the crews, about fifty in number, reducing my forces to about one hundred and fifty; but all resolved to fight, and the men whom I had chosen were among the most vigorous and determined. Having given them their orders, I went to tell the King of the danger we were incurring. His Majesty offered me the whole of his army, composed of about one hundred men. I thanked him, and explained my plans, which the reader will learn farther on. To Lieut. Moura, also, I sent a notice, since as head of the French Protectorate it was his duty, according to the conditions of the former treaty, approved by the governor of Cochin-China, to give us aid and protection in case of need; then I went home to dinner, and at eight set out for the farm, armed with a good carbine, a revolver, and a saber. On arriving I learned that at least ten thousand pirates, so they said, were going to attack us, and, although that figure was somewhat exaggerated, I understood that all the bandits were about to fall upon us. That changed my plan in some respects, and I sent a further notice to the King and to Lieut. Moura, who would surely use all possible means of defense. At nine the farm was shut as usual, and we began the preparations for interior defense.

A mile from the palace, and the same distance from the French Protectorate, on the farm, was a huge square building, entirely new, and powerfully built, half in brick and half in *Bienhoá* stone—a red, calcareous rock near Saigon. There were two entrances, one looking out on the river, and about fifteen feet by ten, the other on the highway, twelve feet by six. Each closed

by means of a solid four-inch teak-wood door, covered within by a strong iron plate, held by broad nails, whose large heads gave the outside the appearance of a prison door. The system of closing, in the American style, allowed these heavy wings to fold very easily by means of a solid iron track, with rollers let into the door. Once shut, a strong brass hook prevented any one from forcing a passage by any but very extraordinary means. The walls were very thick, the shutters of the four windows, which gave light to the interior of this building without stories, were lined moreover with iron sheeting; when all were shut their thick closing bars of iron gave the appearance of a small fort.

The eight swivels which composed our artillery I caused to be mounted on their carriages; three I trained behind the door looking on the road, the five others were stationed in a semi-circle behind the river door. Each piece was double-charged, and rammed full to the neck with grape and *sapèques*—little zinc pieces the size of a shilling, with a square hole in the center. Each shot cost us three dollars. By means of a strong rope, fastened by the middle to the iron knob of each door, three men, hidden by the wall, were, at my signal only, to come together, swing the doors wide open on their well greased tracks, and thus unmask our guns, and at the discharge three others, bearing hard upon the rope in turn, were to close the leaves, and allow the artillerists to handle their pieces under cover. Lances were distributed to the men having no settled post; they were to go where they were needed.

All these preparations were completed in the greatest silence, and occupied about three hours. I gave my Chinamen a good ration of *sham-shoum*, and each one awaited the critical moment, seated or lying down as he wished.

It was about an hour before dawn when a knock came to the door on the road. I ordered one to answer in a sleepy voice:

"What do you want? Every one is asleep!"

"Want to buy three balls of opium," answered the voice.

"Well, come to-morrow morning."

We were lighted by a couple of night-lamps only; the person seemed to listen several minutes at the door and said: "I'll be back soon." As I prevented a further answer he went away. I was convinced that it was a trap of the pirate to get the door

opened so that his comrades might, in an instant, dash through after him. About half an hour afterwards, my men being troubled no further, and from imitating the snoring of a sleeper, having really gone to sleep, I began to give way myself, believing the attack had been postponed. Suddenly hurried blows from some iron instrument roused us all, and a voice cried :

"It's past five o'clock, give me my opium!"

"You're too early yet!" we answered in a surly tone.

Hardly were the words said, when there burst forth the most furious and devilish yells; the doors were violently attacked on both sides at once, and would have been broken were it not for their great thickness. Tumult and frightful howls arose about the farm; I cast a glance on my people to see if each one was at his post; a drop of *sham-shoum* strengthened my Chinamen, and when I saw that all were ready, the artillerymen by their guns, the matches lit, I gave a whistle. The two doors opened at one moment, and eight discharges of grape were buried in the bodies of the pirates as they rushed towards the opening. Another whistle, and the doors closed. With lances the bodies of those who fell near the guns were pushed aside, and the pieces were re-loaded in the same way. The manoeuvre took less time than it does to describe it.

The noise had quieted a little, but the ruddy smoke I had seen through the open door, and the crackling of burning bamboo, told me that the pirates had set fire to a part of the city in order to draw attention in another direction, hoping, under cover of the confusion, to seize the farm. A few moments later the doors were again assailed, but with such violence that I feared every minute to see them yield. I whistled—the grape made new victims; three times the doors opened, and three times shut again after the murderous discharge. The cries of these madmen always returning to the attack in the faces of certain death, impressed my Chinamen very much. Soon they began battle against the building by the windows—again I gave the signal; the doors were opened, and once more death depleted their ranks; but we could not prevent ten or more of the bandits rushing in like demons through the half opened door. My Chinese, excited by the smell of powder and the yells of the pirates, began to yell also; finally I made my voice heard above all the uproar, and got the doors closed.

The farm, already dark enough, was full of powder-smoke, which added still more to the obscurity. The cries of both sides, the Chinese, who, drawn together in a clump, and letting off guns and revolvers at random, were wounding each other; the indescribable hubbub of a fight in the interior, together with the blows of marlin-spikes against the doors, and the diabolical howls of those without, the impossibility, moreover, of distinguishing anything five feet away, was making our position exceedingly critical, when the idea struck me to seize a Chinaman, and make him beat one of the farm tom-toms with all his might. A sound so sweet to Chinese ears did what neither my voice nor my whistle could. The Chinamen stopped, and rallied about me in a group; then I advanced and made out a knot of four of the bandits still on their feet in a corner, their eyes shining like flames, and in an attitude of defiance. Rushing at them I felled one with a pistol shot, and, at the same moment, received a blow on my left arm that made me drop the weapon; enraged, I turned quickly on my assailant, and despatched him with a saber stroke. The other two were cut down by the Chinese.

Restoring a little order, and having put the dead and wounded aside, we were suddenly surprised by the brazen voice of a Cambodian battery, which, I afterwards learned, had been established some two hundred yards above the farm, raking the road. Taking the robbers in the flank, it hurled death and terror into their already decimated ranks. Startled by so unexpected an attack, they tried a last despairing onslaught on the door, which baffled them again.

On the river side the attack, although less impetuous, was more deadly. The pirates on three junks, armed with guns and two little swivels, kept up a continuous fire on the farm building, and my men were on the point of giving way. The three swivels and the defenders of the road gate came to their aid. I counted my men, and found about fifty of us still unhurt. My benumbed arm hung motionless at my side. Having succeeded in overcoming the tumult, I caused the door to be worked; it rolled with great difficulty, and I sent into the pirates the most murderous fire they had yet received. The grape and the *sapèques* being exhausted, the pieces had been charged with all the false dollars which the farm had received since its in-

stallation, and which had been put aside. We had no more ammunition for the guns, the door would not work easily any longer, but trying to push it to as much as possible, and, putting our pieces in form of a barricade across the opening, we exchanged in that way shots and saber-cuts. I do not know what would have been the result if the Cambodians had not come to our aid. Manning their pirogues, they had towed the European steamer of the King up to the point at the bend of the river, and the latter sent among the pirates half a dozen shots from the 24-pounder in the bow. They fled at last, abandoning beside their dead and wounded sixteen prisoners, who had not time to get on board the junks.

Their flight was in the direction of the Great Lake, and on passing the gunboat "La Hache," they received as a good-bye token, a volley of bullets which cut some of their rigging, and disappeared below the horizon. This was the only assistance I received from Lieut. Moura in the course of that terrible night.

Day soon dawned, followed by a bright blood-red sun rising from the rose-tinted pearly gates of the East to light a scene of slaughter, too terrible to be described. The King arrived not long after, followed by his grand mandarins, among whom was the Prime Minister or Crâon. The number of the dead and wounded was found to be six hundred and forty-seven, and they were all thrown into the river by order of the King, in spite of my intervention for those still alive. During this operation the French quartermaster, Tanguy, arrived, followed by some ten sailors, to demand from me the prisoners. I told him to appeal to the King, but the King would not give them up, saying, "that not having had a hand in the fight, Lord Moura had no right to demand the prisoners—at any rate not unless he came himself," he added.

According to the laws of the country, the King, surrounded by his ministers, rendered his verdict forthwith, and half an hour afterwards these wretches were condemned to be beheaded, and Lieut. Moura came just in time to see the head of the sixteenth pirate fall. This, with those of his fellows, was fastened on a long pointed bamboo planted before the farm. Notwithstanding my protest, I had to resign myself

to the neighborhood of those sixteen heads placed half and half before the two fronts of the building. In those countries, when a crime is committed, the murderer is brought to the very spot where the deed has been done, judged, and, if found guilty, executed, and his head exposed to the view of passers-by, and the beaks of birds of prey. A particular injunction decrees the pain of death against any one removing these frightful symbols of royal justice!

I do not know whether the heads really inspired the bandits with horror, but the farm was never attacked again. On leaving the place, witness both of the crime and its expiation, the King begged me to get some rest, after having caused two of his own physicians to look at my arm, which they declared was not broken.

The Chinese belonging to the Farm, headed by the three chiefs, having come in about ten o'clock, now departed to consecrate three fat roast pigs to Buddha in a pagoda which lay behind my dwelling. Stepping out of my door, I found the leaders wearing long straw-colored silk robes, a little conical cap on their heads, adorned at the tip with the brass button of Doctor of Letters, from which a little fringe of red wool hung. They were preceded by two tom-toms, one of enormous size, borne in a palanquin by four Chinamen, while a fifth, of great strength, walking in the rear, struck it rolling blows with a mallet wrapped in tow; the other was carried by one man, and beaten in the usual manner. This hurly-burly represented the Hymn of Victory; the large one alone is the Hymn of War. Passing my house they let off a lot of crackers, and the chiefs lighted each three little pieces of perfume-stick, which they placed before my dwelling in order to bring the blessing of Buddha; then bowing down before me, and taking their clenched left hand in their right, they cried out: "*Aouâ, âouâ, âouâ.*" I answered in the same way: "*Aouâ, âouâ, âouâ,*" trying to catch the same intonation; the train took up its road to the pagoda to present their pigs to their divinity.

The small steam-launch coming up from Saigon took during the day, by one of the Chinese chiefs, a report from me, the monkey, and about a hundred of our wounded.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

New York.

THERE are few New Yorkers, apparently, who, amid absorbing commercial and industrial pursuits, think much of what their city ought to be, and probably is to be, in its relations to the nation as a repository of art. They even forget that their city is named after a third-rate English town, and that it has no name worthy of itself and its future. By what foolishness it was deprived of its early name, we have not looked into its history enough to discover; but that the adoption of a foreign title which has now become absurd, was a great mistake, is evident to all. Manhattan it was, and Manhattan it ought to be now. It is a strong, dignified and legitimate name, and if it is too late for its adoption, the more's the pity. But this has nothing to do with the matter on which we started, except that it is a libel on good taste, and offends the æsthetic element in us all.

If New York is to be worthily great, she must be something more than a commercial city. The colossal fortunes which have been acquired here must find investment at last in something better than warehouses and lots, and something better than railroads running to the moon. If we look across the water, we shall find more than one, or two, or three cities, much smaller than New York, which are objects of greater interest to the world than our great metropolis. Nothing gives Munich its charm as a resort except its repositories and schools of art. It is the home of a thousand artists, constantly. The works of Schwanthaler, Piloty and Kaulbach are there. The city is crowded with magnificent bronzes, all of which are made there. Its galleries of pictures, ancient and modern, attract the travelers of the world. The little town of Dresden owes all its prominence to its picture gallery, which holds the master-piece of Raphael. Hundreds of thousands of men and women, from all parts of the world, have visited Dresden, for the sole purpose of seeing its treasures of art, with the Sistine Madonna as their leading attraction. Florence is another home of art, with its Uffizi and Pitti galleries. Take away from Florence its wonderful collection of pictures and statuary, and its principal charm will be gone. To a considerable extent the same is true of Rome. As the home of the Pope, and the site of the ruins of an old civilization, Rome would be interesting to multitudes, without doubt; but the priceless treasures of art that are contained in its churches and palaces give to it its crowning attraction, and make it the leading "Mecca of the mind."

If we go to the larger cities of Europe, and search out the leading attractions, they are always the objects and collections of art. In London, the National Gallery and the art department of the South Ken-

sington Museum, with the minor galleries of the great metropolis, are always the leading points of interest to visitors in the city. Paris, without the Louvre, would not be Paris at all. And now what have we as New Yorkers to show to those who visit us? What have we to attract the whole country and to make New York worth visiting? We have a fine park for ourselves; but, for those who live in the country, what special attraction have a few acres of grass, with rocks, trees and roads thrown in? It is only a better-kept patch of a kind of scenery with which they are all familiar, and of which they have become tired by long familiarity. They look at the people, the public buildings, they attend concerts, they go to the theater and the opera, the Colosseum and Barnum's Hippodrome. They succeed in being amused in a certain way, but they go home uninstructed. The whole impression left upon their minds is light. They find the city absorbed in its trade and speculation, full of the vulgar display of wealth, and devoted to driving and light amusements. They get no uplift by or through us; they do not carry away a good impression of us; they are not benefited.

Where are our artists? They are scattered all over Europe. Their homes are in Paris, Munich, Florence, Dresden and Rome. Why is our annual exhibition so small? A little pamphlet, about as thick as a temperance tract, suffices for the catalogue, and a few little chambers at the Academy of Design have wall-room enough for all the pictures that are worthy; and many of these are painted abroad. There is no opportunity for study here; and when a painter has seen one or two private galleries, he has seen all that amounts to anything. What we need is a great gallery. We need it for ourselves. We need it for home education, for the cultivation of public taste and refinement. We need it as a diversion from frivolous pursuits and from no pursuits at all. We need it as a permanent attraction to the whole country. If those who have superabundant wealth would but unite and give us a gallery worth ten millions, it would do more for New York, socially, morally and financially, than a similar expenditure would give us in any other way. It would attract and fasten here the art students of a continent. It would fill New York with visitors from every part of the country. It would give us something to be proud of, that would not belittle us. It would elevate rich and poor alike. It would stimulate and develop genius. It would greatly change for the better the tone of society, and powerfully modify the civilization of the country. It would build up in America a school of art, that would be worthy of the republic, and command the respect of the world. It would cultivate a taste for pictures that would keep our artists busy and pros-

perous. The good it would do New York and the country cannot be measured.

New York abounds in charities and churches. The poor and the sick are bountifully provided for, by state and city aid, and voluntary benevolence. Millions of dollars are invested in churches nearly every year. Great cathedrals and temples are going up all about us, and still they talk of more, although the sittings of but few of the churches already built are fully occupied. Millions of dollars stand accumulated in hands that really do not know how to dispose of them, while this great boon to a great people remains unbestowed. We have a great daily press, we have good theaters, we have as good music as we need, we have churches, and hospitals, and public parks, and magnificent hotels, but this one essential thing is wanting. Without it, as a great city, we are poor, and in a very notable respect, contemptible. The beginnings we have made, though highly honorable to the public-spirited gentlemen to whom we are indebted for them, and admirable in themselves, will remain only beginnings, if they are not supported by more popular enthusiasm, and backed by more abundant means. Where are these means to come from? The question is important, not only to New York, but to the whole country.

Taxation That Kills.

WE have before us the report of Mr. Ruffner, Superintendent of the Virginia Board of Public Instruction, for 1873, and we find in it, arrayed in startling figures, a statement of taxation for liquors, drank within the State, which fully accounts for the poverty, not only of Virginia, but of all the Southern States; while it also gives the reason for the straitened circumstances of millions in the North. There are 2856 retail liquor shops in the state. If these shops sell the average amount of liquor sold by the liquor shops of the United States, and there is no reason to suppose they do not, the annual amount consumed is \$10,622,888. There are additions to be made to this from wholesale dealers and patent medicines which are bought and consumed for their alcohol, that raise the aggregate to \$12,000,000. There is no doubt that the sum total exceeds these terrific figures, which leave out entirely the alcohol used for mechanical and manufacturing purposes. This sum exceeds the total value of all the farm productions, increase in live stock, and value of improvements, of the year 1870, according to the U. S. Census, in the seven best counties of the State, and by just about the same amount, the value of the productions of forty-five smaller counties during the same year. The wheat crop of Virginia, for 1870, was, in round numbers, 8,000,000 bushels. This, at \$1.50 per bushel, which is more than was received, makes exactly \$12,000,000. In brief, Virginia drank up its entire wheat crop to the last gill!

Mr. Ruffner presents other illustrative estimates,

but nothing can add to the force of those which we have cited. He then goes on to show that the total taxation for State purposes, including legislation, salaries, courts, institutions for dumb, blind and insane, public schools and interest on the public debt only reaches the sum of \$3,500,000, while to add to this sum all the local taxation, would not equal the burden which the people voluntarily lay upon themselves. But this is not all. The injury done to public order, and to private health and enterprise, is to be taken into account. Mr. Ruffner believes that the time wasted, the injury done to business, and the cost of crime, pauperism, insanity and litigation resulting from intemperance, would be more costly than the liquor itself. Then the Superintendent, with figures furnished by the distinguished English actuary, Neison, in the interests of Life Insurance, shows how much valuable life is thrown away in the State. Between fifteen and twenty years of age, the number of deaths of temperate and intemperate persons, is as 10 to 18; between twenty-one and thirty, 10 to 51; between thirty and forty, 10 to 40. At twenty years of age a temperate person's chance for life is 44.2 years—intemperate, 15.6; at thirty, the temperate man's chance is for 36.5 years, intemperate, 13.8; at forty years, the proportionate chances are 28.8 to 11.6 years. Thus money, health, morality, industry, good order, and life itself, in enormous sums, go into this bottomless caldron. Is there any return of good for all this expenditure? None. The loss is entire, and irremediable. If the whole had gone over Niagara Falls, something would be picked up, on the shore below, but nothing is left from this waste. A bushel of grain transformed into alcohol, and swallowed as a beverage, is a bushel of grain annihilated. If all that is spent for liquor were put into a huge furnace, and burned, we should have the ashes; but, as it is, we have no ashes except such as, with shame and tears, we are obliged to bury.

We have not displayed these figures for the special purpose of reading a lesson to Virginia, for that state is no worse than the rest of the States of the Union; but one of her faithful officers has brought out the statistics, and the country ought to feel very much obliged to him for them. They give us the facts that account for all our public distress. Our taxation for the legitimate purposes of government and the payment of the public debt is a mere bagatelle by the side of the taxation to which the people voluntarily subject themselves, for that which harms them. We consume, as a nation, \$600,000,000 a year in spirituous liquors, a sum which only needs a very few multiplications to pay the whole public debt of the country. If this tax could be entirely abated, the impetus that would be given, not only to our prosperity, but to our civilization, would soon place us in advance of every nation under heaven. Liquor is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted, there would not need to be a man, woman or child without

bread. If it could be lifted from the Southern States alone, it would not take five years to make them not only prosperous, but rich. There cannot be a more pitiful or contemptible sight, than a man quarrelling over, and bemoaning his taxes, while tickling his palate, and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whisky. Men dread the cholera, the yellow fever and the small-pox, and take expensive precautions against it, while the ravages of all of them in a year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than a plague, worse than fire, or inundation, or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism, and a frightful waste of resources come of it. Nothing noble is born of it. Meantime our public men are timid about it, our churches are half indifferent over it, our ministers talk about the scriptural use of wine, our scientific men dispute about the nutritive properties of alcohol, our politicians utter wise things about personal rights and sumptuary laws, and the people are going to the devil.

The Southern States.

HAS the government a policy in its treatment of the reconstructed States? Has it had a policy since the close of the war? If it has one, and has had one, is it not about time it were changed? If the present condition of these States is in any respect the fruit of that policy, have we not had enough of it? Men of common sense and common honesty learn by experience, and try to realize in practice what they learn.

The Confederate States, or those which called themselves such during the civil war, have passed through a political, social, and industrial revolution. They were left at the close of the war utterly poor, with their industrial forces and machinery destroyed, with a new political element to be assimilated or amalgamated, their political institutions to be reconstructed, and their old political relations to the Union to be renewed. They needed, in this tremendous emergency, the wisest and most considerate treatment. We have nothing to do with the question whether they had sinned, and deserved punishment. We are not called upon to decide whether, in the great disasters and trials that have followed the war, they have received only a just retribution. We claimed that they belonged to the Union. We fought for the Union, and the re-establishment of the old relations; and the moment the military power of the Confederacy was crushed, it was the business of our government, in the kindest, firmest, most sympathetic, and most generous way, to reclaim their affectionate loyalty. Has the government done it? Has it tried to do it? South Carolina, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas have an answer to the question, which is pretty well known throughout the Union.

In some of the Southern States a condition ap-

proaching absolute anarchy exists. Carpet-baggers, leading a host of black and ignorant men, are, in two or three of these, pitted against the resident whites, on whose intelligence and loyalty the future welfare of those States depends. In others, a rebellion against this state of things has taken place, which drives two-thirds of the black vote from the polls. Taxes are heavy, and are too often absorbed by the corrupt schemes of politicians. Men are not only discouraged, but are full of the bitterness that comes from oppression. They feel that they are wronged, that they have no future, that they cannot protect themselves, that the general government does not and will not protect them, and that nothing but death or voluntary exile will give them relief.

To say that the national government cannot constitutionally help this state of things, is to acknowledge that the doctrine of State rights, in whose name, and by whose authority, the Southern States strove to throw off the national rule, is a sound one. The national government can help it, and ought to have helped it long ago. By the authority of a constitution which guarantees a Republican form of government to every State, it could have protected the ballot-boxes of every State, and prevented a mob from usurping that form of government. A mob is not a Republican form of government. No government is Republican, even in its form, whose ballot-box is not accessible to every voter, and is not preserved inviolable from all corruption. No government is Republican, even in form, that is controlled by mercenary aliens. There are half a dozen States whose governments have ceased to be Republican, even in form, when we come down to anything like a strict definition of the phrase. And these States, or some of them, have appealed to the President, again and again, for help, to decide the questions which their conflicts have involved, and appealed in vain. Why, any policy, that would involve a decision, would be better than none. Are these States to be left forever to internecine strifes? Give them a military government, until they are ready to govern themselves harmoniously. They would thrive and be happy under such a government, because they would be protected. They can have no prosperity until they are, politically, at rest. Does any one doubt, in the light which the present state of things throws upon the question, that military government, in half a dozen States that might be mentioned, would have saved those States from untold miseries, and advanced them incalculably further towards a sound reconstruction than they stand to-day? Is our national government nothing? Is our Union without civil power? If it cannot control these State strifes, that, in one State, at least, have gone on to bloodshed, we are at a loss to know of what particular use it is, and we cannot blame the people of the South for regarding it with a sentiment more bitter than contempt.

What are the petty rascalities of two or three contractors, over which we make such ado, by the

side of the terrible condition of these States? What significance has the maladministration of the revenue laws by the side of whole peoples, ground into the earth by poverty, and torn by civil dissensions? We strain at a gnat and swallow camels by the caravan. Oh for a man, or a body of men, who will "take the responsibility!" If the old Dutchmen of

Pennsylvania, who are said to vote at every Presidential election for Gen. Jackson, are simply loyal to an idea, we have a profound respect for their instincts and their ignorance. They are right. He is the kind of man we want in every department of Federal power.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT a world it must be to Ariadne! The blue of her fine blood is tainted by a delicate inherited infusion of art; so that two irreconcilable principles are ever at war within her. One draws her gently toward Bohemia, the other persuades her toward—Moldavia, let us call it. She tires of prunes and prisms, and rushes,—like a brook released from its icy fetters,—to the tents and tin-pans of her Bohemian ancestry, only to turn from these again with disdain and seek an unloved asylum in Moldavia. In Bohemia alone does she meet with sympathy of the soul—there only are high, ideal aims, genuine worth, a man for the sake of what he can do: there are brains, brilliancy, appreciation. But it is a land full of disenchantments. When she finds that her poet is fond of lump-sugar, life for her has no more charm. Moldavia is proper, but stupid. Bohemia is wise and witty, but subject to vagaries and prolific of disillusiones.

I do not know what can be done with Ariadne, except to turn her over, with all her warring instincts, her surprises, shrinkings, *ennuis*, to the coming American novelist.

... EVIDENTLY Ariadne is not happy. But who is? Nobody is happy who is not conceited. So it curiously happens that only for imperfect characters is reserved the life of perfect enjoyment. There is no content so all-embracing, so pervading and invigorating as self-content. The philosophers hold out other means of happiness, but they are moonshine to this. The man whose bosom contains a perpetual principle of self-esteem, possesses a balm for every woe. The blues that so easily beset the rest of humanity are unknown to him. His ways are ways of pleasantness. The winds and the rains may blow and dash against him; the hurricane may shake his window-shutters and topple over his chimneys; but within all is peace. Be conceited and you will be happy.

... THE faculty that some people have of making themselves, to all intents and purposes, the center of the universe is a thing which I covet every day of my life. Of course a great many people really believe that they are these centers, or that center—but it is the select few who really compel every one

else to believe it, whom I envy. It must be a glorious consciousness. Such a sense of largeness; such Popish pride, without the slightest tinge of any of the Pope's personal humility. To think of bringing the whole realm of literature, art, religion to the test of one's self. To think of going to hear a new oratorio, not for the mere vulgar purpose of enjoying it; but in order to "see how you will like it."

To be sure, passing from one such center to another among your friends is apt to create an element of confusion, something like that supposed by Warner to be produced in the minds of those who dwell by a certain river in the provinces, which first runs one way and then another, and then vanishes altogether.

... BUT if cases of perennial happiness are rare; we all have joyful moments. I suppose that one of the most unalloyed of earthly pleasures is the giving of a perfect snub. For most persons are like Ianthe, who never thinks of the precise gesture, the most fitting, withering word and action, till it is at least thirty minutes too late. When the person who should be withered is actually in our presence, we are either too much flustered to do our best, or else that singular fatality we are all under, of sympathizing with the present humanity, keeps us from being utterly remorseless. Besides, a successful snub implies a capacity for being snubbed on the part of the other person. Only at rare and precious epochs are all the conditions fulfilled.

... THERE is a certain happiness in perfect hate. There is no satisfaction in half hating; it is like toast toasted on one side only, butterflies in a bird-cage, half-ripe cherries, an undress rehearsal, and everything else that misses roundness and downrightness. Denunciation must be untempered, or it is worthless as a consolation to the soul. The great trouble with many people is to find something that can be despised in this wholesale way. It is difficult for them to perpetuate a sentiment of unreserved despal toward any single living human being, or even a single family of human beings—although, on the other hand, there are many who are not troubled in that way. Natures thus hampered

may be driven to take up with some historical person or with an entire nation. Large numbers of people, most of whom were born in Great Britain or its dependencies, find a principal part of their earthly happiness in hating France. Coleridge was, probably, no better at this than millions of his countrymen, but, according to Julian Charles Young, he was more successful in the expression of his feelings. "I hate," he said, "the hollowness of French principles; I hate the republicanism of French politics; I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion; I hate the artificiality of French cooking; I hate the acidity of French wines; I hate the flimsiness of the French language; my very organs of speech are so anti-Gallican that they refuse to pronounce intelligibly their insipid tongue." (He spoke very bad French, by the way.)

... My readers may have, by this time, discovered that the present is a screed on the pursuit of happiness. Let us see, therefore, what the Wise Man says about it: "Going out of the harbor we encounter Pictou Island and Light, and presently see the low coast of Prince Edward Island—a coast indented, and agreeable to those idly sailing along it, in weather that seemed let down out of heaven, and over a sea that sparkled, but still slept in a summer quiet. When fate puts a man in such a position, and relieves him of all responsibility, with a book and a good comrade, and liberty to make sarcastic remarks upon his fellow-travelers, or to doze, or to look over the tranquil sea, he may be pronounced happy." This is very good as far as it goes; but it was impossible for the writer of the above recipe to be perfectly explicit in his enumeration of the necessary ingredients. How could he say, for instance, that the book thus briefly and vaguely alluded to was entitled "*Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing*;" by Charles Dudley Warner, author of 'My Summer in a Garden,' 'Back-log Studies,' 'Saunterings,' etc.; Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., price \$1.50, when, as a matter of fact, that book, as a book, at the time of writing, had no earthly existence. It is the duty, as well as privilege, of the present essayist to supply the deficiency, and thus contribute his part toward that consummation so devoutly wished by every benevolent soul—the happiness of the human race, and especially of his fellow-countrymen.

Baddeck, in order to be appreciated, must be read in book form. You must take it as a whole, just

as you would take the *Odyssey*. You will find that it is almost the only book of travels ever published in which not one page was 'written to skip.' There are plenty of quotable points, but the charm of it is the under-current of—I know not what, except that it has the effect of making you for a whole chapter forget the problem of taxation and the question of the origin of evil. The best part of the humor is as evanescent as the man with the Saint Vitus's dance. When you are bent upon finding it, it takes legs and flits away down the Gut of Canso. Warner's art is so exquisite, you suspect that the book would have been nothing if the geography of the region had not been so preposterous. Is the wit in the geography or in the man? And if in the geography alone, why did not some summer tourist long ago make use of these pregnant names to point a moral or adorn a tale? And then the reticence of the book! You feel sure all the time that the man who wrote it has his own notions about prison reform, and the equality of the sexes, and taxation, and evil, and music, and morals, and the currency, and newspapers, and magazines and things. There is hardly the hint of a tear or a charity in the whole one hundred and ninety pages and a half, and yet—you need not tell me anything about a man who has too much respect for humanity to make copy of people in his books! You feel, in reading *Baddeck*, what you do not feel in reading some bright things by other writers, that not a single human being whom the author met has been coldly studied with a mere selfish literary purpose in view. I tell you I have read clever 'character sketches' by some of our American authors, that have given me a dislike of mankind. I have had to take up a book of Warner's in order to get the right taste in my mouth again. Thank Heaven for *Baddeck*, and that sort of thing!

... THERE is, I am well aware, a cheap kind of happiness of which any of us may make ourselves the possessors at any time, and with little trouble. It is generally possible to imagine a worse condition than the one we are in. Think, for instance, if you have lost money in Northern Pacific, or are disappointed in love, or your plantation has been washed away—that you might be the chairman of a May anniversary meeting, or a member of the hanging committee of the Academy, or an autograph collector, or the editor of a magazine.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Flower Mission.

THE wide success of this aesthetic charity in Boston, in the brain of whose daughters the plan originated, and its equal success in New York and other cities, where it is a more recent experiment, lead all its friends to hope that its beneficence may be carried to every part of the country. Its simple requirements,—a depot of arrangement and distribution (generally a convenient church-vestry), a few willing hands and abundant contributions of flowers,—ought to be easily obtainable in any town in the land.

A feeling is prevalent that the mission is needed only in the larger centers; but while their need is greatest, the smaller towns, and even the villages, ought not to be neglected. Manufacturing communities especially want them, for mill operatives and factory hands are generally farthest removed from refining influences. To the girls confined in the stifling atmosphere of the weaving and carding rooms of cotton and woolen mills, the gift of a few flowers, though they die in an hour, is as a boon from Heaven.

In many of the missions a point is made of distributing fruit, when it can be obtained, to poor, sick people; and the delighted gratitude of the recipients is one of the most touching features of the charming charity. Pathetic stories are told of the regeneration of spirit which has been wrought in the wretched beings to whom growing plants and slips have been given, and who, perhaps for the first time in their lives, have been brought into direct contact with those blooming messengers of good will.

If excuse or reason be needed for the establishment of a flower and fruit mission, it exists in the melancholy attempts at window gardening, always to be seen even in the most miserable quarters. These tell their pitiful tale of the longing for and love of Nature, which poverty, squalor and crime can not quite crush out.

To establish the flower charity in connection with the beneficent societies mentioned in the last SCRIBNER, would be the easiest thing in the world. Let it be organized in every church in the land; let the sweetest offerings of Nature be brought to those who cannot seek them for themselves.

Manners at Croquet.

THERE is no one spot where well-bred people are apt to approach so near to ill-breeding, as on the Croquet-ground. The cause of the trouble must inhere in the game,—which yet appears to be of the most simple and refined order,—for other out-door sports fail to irritate the feelings or ruffle the temper as this does. It is as if some tiny imp of discord

pervaded the field, devoting himself to the task of drawing to the surface whatever is contrary in the disposition of the players. We have seen girls go almost into hysterics, and young men become sullen or disputatious over a paltry "croquet" or a wicket doubtfully run. The game intended solely for amusement becomes the source of disagreement and wrangling, spoiling all pleasure for the peace-loving, as well as for the contentious.

The origin of most Croquet disputes lies in the diverse understanding of the rules. Nearly as many manuals are published as there are games played, and rarely is a match arranged where the players have all learned of the same authority; hence the difference of opinion. The sole way to avoid dissensions is to select the best book on the subject and make its decisions final on mooted points. It does not matter if a different authority be used on every ground (though for those playing much together it is more satisfactory to have the same), provided it is regarded as an authority before a match be begun. But it does matter very much that persons meeting for pleasure, should so conduct themselves as not only to banish pleasure, but to lose their friends' and their own respect.

Chivalrie.

THIS amusement bears so romantic a title, and deals so much with such high-sounding persons and things as knights, maids of honor, thrones, castles and bastiles, that it hardly seems simple enough for modest republicans. Its name, however, is its most formidable part. The requisites for the game are the Throne, three Castles, two Bastiles, two wire wickets, called *Garde* and *Porte*, a starting stake, called *Sortie*, six balls and mallets. The victorious party wins, not, as in Croquet, by making the circuit first, but either by a predominance in scoring, obtained by winning the most in playing once round the field, or by first winning a certain number.

The ground required is larger, we believe, than in any other lawn game, but it can be varied to suit circumstances, the proportions of fifty-five long by thirty broad being observed. Supposing a ground to be of this size, the game is set in this way: *Sortie* (the starting post) is placed in the center of the extreme end. Ten feet in front, *Porte* (the first wicket) is put. Fifteen feet in front of *Porte* the Throne is placed. The Throne has an octagonal wooden center, not unlike a foot-stool in appearance, with eight metal wings attached to the angles, forming the same number of compartments, which much resemble diminutive horse-stalls. The stalls are numbered from one to eight. When a ball enters a stall, it scores the figure upon it. The compartment numbered eight is set exactly in front of

Porte, which brings all the other sections in proper relation to the remainder of the pieces. Fifteen feet on a line, to the right and left of the Throne, two Castles,—known as right and left,—are placed. The Castles have three compartments each, numbered three, five, three,—five being the middle one, exactly facing the center of the Throne. Fifteen feet before the Throne, Garde (second wicket) stands; and seven and a half feet to the right and left on the same line, are the two Bastiles, having a single stall each. The last or upper Castle is set fifteen feet in advance of Garde,—its middle section exactly opposite the latter,—and with this the game is arranged.

The two best players then assume the title of knights, and choose their companion maids of honor, or, in plain parlance, their partners. The playing begins like Croquet, the first stroke being to send the ball from the starting post, or *Sortie*, through *Porte*, or the first wicket. If the player can send his ball through *Porte*, and touch the center of the Throne, with a single stroke, he scores sixteen, and is entitled to a mallet's length in any direction. If he takes one stroke through the arch, and another to enter the compartment of the Throne, he simply scores the figure on the compartment he enters. The next stroke is to enter, or "encastle" in, the right Castle. If this be accomplished with one blow, he counts double the number of the section he enters. If it requires two strokes he counts only the single number. Gaining the Castle with a single blow from the Throne entitles the player to another mallet's length toward Garde, through which he passes on his way to the upper Castle. (In a smaller field than the one described such constant taking of mallet lengths would indicate very unskillful playing, and it would be our choice to set the game in narrower limits, abolishing the mallet lengths altogether). The course from the upper Castle is back through Garde to the Throne, thence to the left Castle, when (unless the player prefer to quit the game by passing *Porte*, and putting himself out) the ball becomes king or queen (rover), according to the sex of the player.

This is the straight circuit of the field. There are extra shots called *accoste*, the same as "croquet" and "fielding"; same as "roquet-croquet." These are chiefly employed in forcing the enemy's balls into the Bastiles, from which they have to ransom themselves or be extricated by their partners during the progress of the game. A ball failing to make *Porte* with the first stroke becomes *benêt*,—a polite form for booby,—and is subject to similar conditions.

A little pamphlet, containing explicit directions, rules and all necessary information concerning Chivalrie, is printed, and can be had with the game. With this and the diagrams it includes, it is easy to understand the play. We have described the simplest styles of implements, because the more elaborate are so expensive as to be far beyond the

average purse. The plainer sets, too, are very pretty and ornamental, and perfectly satisfactory. Those having Croquet can furnish their own balls, mallets, stake and wickets, and thus have to purchase only the Throne, Castles and Bastiles.

Le Cercle.

OF the many games that have sprung from, and are, to a large extent, merely variations of, Croquet, this is one of the best. The implements are: Six stakes made in the form of a cross, from each arm of which swings a ball that nearly touches the ground; twelve wicket-pins, six playing balls, six mallets, one large ball for the center of the Circle, called the Joker; one starting post, one score table, with six dials. The stakes, wicket-pins (merely large, wooden pins stuck six inches apart in the ground, to form the wicket, instead of the usual wire), balls and mallets are colored to match each other, like the balls and mallets in Croquet. The mallets are peculiar, the heads, instead of concave or barrel-shaped, being exactly round. Expert Croquet players declare them to be greatly superior to the old-fashioned kinds for precision of leverage and as likely to supersede them in all games employing mallets.

The game, as the name indicates, is set in a circle, the size of which must conform to the ground, a diameter of fifteen feet being a common dimension. In setting *Le Cercle*, the Joker is put in the exact center of the field. One half the width of the field is measured from the Joker, and the red, or first, stake placed. The other stakes, in order of their colors, are set from left to right, the same distance as the red from the Joker, and the same distance apart. The wicket-pins, corresponding to the stakes, are put a mallet or mallet and a half's length behind them. The starting post is placed directly in a line with, and three and a half mallet lengths behind the red stake. The game is now ready. The balls are divided and sides chosen, as in Croquet, or each plays for himself, the first side, or first person, winning that makes the entire circuit. Sometimes the largest count beats, each play scoring a certain number. It is for this method the scoring dial is prepared; but the former way is so much more popular that the dial is seldom needed. The order of turns and playing is similar to Croquet. The red ball leads by being knocked from its position,—half way between the starting post and the first wicket,—through the wicket. Next it hits the red stake; then strikes the right hand red swinging ball, and aims for the Joker. If the Joker be hit, and the course run without missing, the player is entitled to a mallet and a half's length toward the second wicket. He continues his play until he misses, when the next player begins. After passing the Joker the first time, the direct play (until the last stake before the red be passed) is through the wicket, striking the confronting stake; then the left swinging ball, then the right swinging

ball, returning each time to the Joker. After hitting the Joker for the last time in the tour, aim is taken for the left swinging ball on the red stake, which, until this moment, has been left untouched. The next play is for the starting stake, which having been touched, the playing ball becomes a "tease"—equivalent to the "rover" in Croquet, and subject to similar rules. All the wickets must be run from the outside toward the center of the circle.

"Driving a ball" is the same as a "tight croquet;" and when a player hits another ball with his own, he must either drive it or lose his turn. The same liberty of attacking an adversary or helping a

partner is allowed, as in Croquet; only that "driving" a ball is the sole extra play allowed. A player by "flinching" does not lose his turn.

There is just enough difference between Le Cercle and Croquet to render the former fresh and attractive, and sufficient likeness to make the new game easy to learn. Le Cercle is a little more difficult, requiring straighter vision, firmer grasp, steadier motion, but serves to heighten the interest. Its price is about the same as a good style of Croquet. You can obtain an extra starting stake and set of iron wickets with Le Cercle, and thus have the two games in one box.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"The Chasm of the Colorado."

THE subject of Mr. Thomas Moran's latest large picture is Titanic. It represents a broken and deeply furrowed mass of rock, leading by devious angles from the main cañon of the Colorado River, near the line which separates Arizona from Utah. Standing before the painting, the first impression is of chaos, confusion. In the immediate foreground is a broken, rocky platform, dark with umber and iron. This is boldly cleft asunder by the cavernous dash of a crevasse which runs diagonally down the view. Beyond this is a yawning abyss,—a North American *malboge*,—from up which crawls a shuddering mass of blue-white vapor. Tumultuous precipices skirt the further edge of this pit, and, lifting its castellated peaks into the sunlight, a cluster of basaltic rocks rises beyond these dark, forbidding shapes. Still receding from the middle distance, other angular but darker peaks are piled against the tortured sky. To the right, melting into the distance, the Colorado foams like a snowy thread down a wide cañon, into whose sloping sides the sunlight pours in golden showers. Further to the right the horizon appears where the sky is cut by the dim edge of the elevated plateau, or *mesa*, that leads the eye gratefully away from all this confusion to the tender vacuity of the melting perspective.

These are the points into which the vast mass of form and color slowly resolves itself. Over these moves a shower, the rent clouds pouring their weight of water down in black torrents at the left, while the sun brightens the blue sky at the right, glorifies the mimic castles in the middle distance, and mirrors itself in the shallow pools left in the foreground rocks by the passing rain. There is no sign of life anywhere—no human interest; not even a bird flecks the sky, nor so much as a

lizard crawls on the pitiless rocks. Here and there a few stunted clumps of olive-green sagebrush or rugged mesquit bushes appear to enhance the forlornness of this utter solitude. It is awful. The spectator longs for rest, repose and comfort. On the castle-like group of rocks in the middle distance, the sunshine falls in splendor, gilding its rich tones with warmth and beauty. The long vista of the distant table-land suggests a sunny place of refuge from all this chaos and tumult. But for the rest, there is only an oppressive wildness that weighs down the senses. You perceive that this terror has invaded the sky. Even the clouds do not float; they smite the iron peaks below with thunderous hand; they tear themselves over the sharp edges of the heaven-defying summits, and so pour out their burdens in showers of down-flying javelins.

In spite of the sunlight here and there, and the blue sky beyond the tumult of the showers, the sensitive spectator will be dismayed. This seems to be a glimpse of another planet; the weary and troubled eye longs to find repose in some sweet pastoral landscape, which, beside this enormous grandeur, would dwindle into absurd pettiness. Down in the awful chasms that gape before you are rumbling the swift currents of unseen streams. From their black waves arise these pale blue mists that creep and creep up the rocky walls, half hiding the crags, and stretching out their ghostly hands to lay hold on the iron ribs of the monstrous forms. All is terrible, fantastic and weird. And though the marvelous faithfulness of detail attests the photographic accuracy of the picture, one must be smitten with a sudden incredulity as to the actual existence of the scene; it may have been the grotesque glimpse of a dream!

The manipulation of the work is absolutely perfect. The texture of the rocks is a miracle of art.

It is not paint that one sees; it is a description so accurate that a geologist need not go to Arizona to study the formation. This is geology and topography. That it is also bold to audacity, is apparent from what has been already said. Few men have ever undertaken a work which might have so easily been a monumental failure. Few men could have achieved so signal a success; let this be said to the artist's honor. Whether it were worth the painting, and whether the subject repays the incredible strain which one would think it must have cost the painter, are questions which we need not discuss. As nothing done in the name of Art and with a true and reverential feeling for Nature is ever wasted, we may account this picture a real and notable acquisition.

It will be impossible to avoid a comparison of "The Chasm of the Colorado" with Mr. Moran's former great work, "The Cañon of the Yellowstone." This later picture is a more daring attempt; it shows the growth of the artist's mind and powers. But its subject is less fortunate, because less pleasing. It is more crowded with "effects," and, therefore, will seem to lack that firm unity which distinguishes the earlier picture; but in treatment, handling and management of color, this is even more satisfactory than the first; and, like that, it grows in power on the beholder, haunting his memory like the solemn music of a psalm.

Prison Reform.

SOME surprise has been expressed that the recent Social Science meeting in New York, at which so many other topics were debated, should have had so little to say concerning Prison Reform, which certainly supplies some of the most urgent questions in the Social Science catechism. Crime and criminals furnish society and the newspapers with the most persistent staple of discussion. The elections, the crops, the debates in Congress, the balloon and the eclipse, the crevasse and the steamship collision all have their day, their week, or their month, but the murderer and the burglar are as incessant as the daily revolution of the earth; fraud and theft are never failing, like spring-time and harvest, and a great deal more frequent. The reason for the omission, no doubt, was the fact that a Prison Congress, called specially to consider the subjects of crime and punishment, had scarcely adjourned at St. Louis, when the New York meeting began; and to this were referred the matters that might otherwise have been debated in New York. Many of the persons concerned in the two gatherings were the same—Dr. Wines, Dr. Woolsey, Mr. Brockway, etc., and to both meetings were invited the members of the ten Boards of Public Charities that have been established within the last dozen years in the States of the Union.

The St. Louis Prison Congress was called by the National Prison Association, of which ex-Governor

Horatio Seymour is President, and Dr. E. C. Wines, Secretary, and this association, in its turn, grew out of the Cincinnati Prison Congress of 1870. The International Prison Congress of 1872, convened at London, was but a continuation, on a larger scale, of the Cincinnati meeting; and the St. Louis Congress is to be followed, in 1876, by another International meeting, at Geneva. From these gatherings, and from that held last year at Baltimore, have proceeded several volumes of transactions, which give more information concerning the state of prisons throughout the world than was ever collected before, and from which the freshest wisdom concerning the management of criminals can be learned.

The St. Louis Congress met on the 13th, and adjourned on the 16th of May, Mr. Vaux, of Philadelphia, presiding in the absence of Gov. Seymour. Reports were read from the standing committees of the Prison Association, on Criminal Law Reform (prepared by Judge Walker); on Police (by Dr. Woolsey); on Prevention of Crime, and Juvenile Reformation, (by Messrs. C. L. Brace and B. K. Pierce); on Prison Discipline, (by Mr. Sanborn); and on the Care of Discharged Prisoners (by ex-Gov. Haynes of New Jersey). Each report was followed by a discussion of its topic, wherein the views and the experience of practical workers were brought out to supplement and correct the theories of the committees. In connection with the whole, Dr. Wines set forth in his annual report a comprehensive review of the progress and condition of penal and reformatory discipline in the United States and in foreign countries—a work for which he is peculiarly well fitted. Some curious facts were brought out. It appears that while separate prisons for women have scarcely been established in the Eastern States (New York furnishing the only example) there are no less than three of this class in Indiana. Massachusetts has been striving for four years past to obtain such a prison for its hundreds of female convicts, but has not yet succeeded; while Indiana has quietly gone forward and established several. It was also stated that Sir Walter Crofton, the founder of the so-called Irish System of prison discipline, had hoped to visit America this year, and be present at St. Louis, but had been prevented by unforeseen circumstances. It is understood that his visit is only postponed until a more convenient season.

"The Circuit Rider."*

It seems to be an established canon of popular criticism in America that every successful story-writer strikes twelve the first time. The dictum of Dr. Holmes's tipsy professor: "Did it once, but can't do it twice," is the discouraging verdict with which the succeeding stories are apt to be greeted. Almost everybody agrees that Mrs. Stowe has never

* *The Circuit Rider*. A Tale of the Heroic Age. By Edward Eggleston. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

written anything worth mentioning except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a judgment in which almost everybody is certainly wrong; and the common opinion that Miss Phelps, in her *Tenth of January*, and Miss Alcott, in her *Little Women*, both reached altitudes to which they have never since climbed, is equally positive and equally erroneous. Mr. Eggleston has suffered somewhat from this perverse skepticism, but the doubters ought to be convicted and converted by his new story. *The End of the World* was, indeed, a much more clever book than *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*; and *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, though a less vivid picture of frontier life, had more dramatic power. But *The Circuit Rider* is in every way the best of his stories. As a study of backwoods life, it is more careful and real than *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. Its characters are drawn with a hand that has gained in firmness, and its action is more consistent and vigorous than we find in any of his previous novels. This is mainly due to the fact that the phase of frontier life with which it deals is the phase of which Mr. Eggleston knows most. He was reared in a home which was the head-quarters of the backwoods preachers, and he himself belonged for some time to their fraternity. No better tribute to their fidelity and heroism is likely to be written; for it would be hard to find another man who, by experience of their life, has learned its nobleness, as well as its narrowness, and in whom artistic sense is joined with catholic sentiment.

It is not at all strange that certain respectable people among the Methodists should have been disturbed by Mr. Eggleston's representation of the Circuit Rider. Some among them are not able to endure his intimations that the marvelous phenomena of the backwoods revivals were at least partly due to natural causes. Their faith is offended by any intrusion of natural law into what they have always regarded as the realm of miracle; forgetting that nature, as well as the supernatural, may be divine, and that it is no derogation from the value of a moral revolution in man or in society to say that the agencies by which it was produced were, in a great measure, natural agencies. Other Methodists have a little of the *parvenu* spirit. There is a great contrast between the splendid style in which they live and worship and the life of the pioneer preachers of their faith; and although they like to take a great deal of credit, in a general way, for the work which was done by Methodism in the beginning, it grates upon their delicate nerves to have the whole story told.

Nearly all of the backwoods preachers who are introduced in this volume are, however, men whom no sensible person need blush to own as ancestors. They wore coarse garments; they used rude speech; but, with scarcely an exception, they were men of simple faith and ready wit, sound sense and genuine courage. Not to speak of the venerable Asbury, the famous Russell Bigelow and the saintly

Valentine Cook, whose portraits the author has sketched with loving skill, Magruder, Morton and Kike are all admirable characters. There is only one Methodist preacher, Brother Mellen, who does not win the reader's heartiest respect, and he is by no means a despicable character. If the proportion of disagreeable and ridiculous ministers among the Methodist circuit riders was not larger than this would indicate, it is plain that the former days were better than these. Indeed, the complaint that this book is a caricature upon early Methodism, is the most absurd criticism which we remember to have encountered. No Christian, of whatever communion, can rise from the reading of it without a deeper sense of the value of the services rendered by the great Methodist church to this country. There is not in it a representation of the religious life of this people which verges upon ridicule. Everywhere their peculiar devotional experiences are touched with a sympathetic hand, and even their unreasoning asceticism is made to wear a look of saintliness. Patty, the heroine, taking off her jewels and her ribbons under the stress of Russell Bigelow's call to a consecrated life, does not provoke our contempt or our pity; the act, as we see her perform it, has all the glory of a real sacrifice.

The emotional crisis through which Kike and Morton pass, and the result in their characters, leave upon the mind of the reader no misgiving as to the genuineness or the value of the Methodist religion. The only ecclesiastical personage who has scant justice done him is old Parson Donaldson, the Presbyterian minister.

Of the characters of the story, Morton is the best, though Kike and Patty are sufficiently individual. The Old Irish Schoolmaster is pretty well drawn, but of some of his brogue we are not at all sure. Captain Lumsden and Colonel Wheeler, as well as Job Goodwin and Doctor Morgan, are "real folks." The story is clearly made up, in great part, of veritable personages and of incidents that are historical. The plot is not an exciting one,—that kind of effect the author does not strive after,—but the book is likely to be read through by those who begin it, and to leave a pleasant flavor and a wholesome nutriment in the minds of its readers.

Dr. Bushnell's New Book.*

THE profound earnestness and honesty of Dr. Bushnell's thinking, in regard to the great themes which have chiefly occupied his busy life, is strikingly illustrated by the new volume from his pen, just published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. It is apt to be the case that when a man has once committed himself, in print, in regard to any disputed matter of doctrine, he rests, by the supposed necessity of simple consistency, in his own conclusions, and shuts

* *Forgiveness and Law, Grounded in Principles Interpreted by Human Analogies.* By Horace Bushnell. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

himself out from the re-opening of the discussion. He is hardly willing even to grow, lest he outgrow himself. He may turn aside to other questions, and advance on other lines of thought, but naturally enough, he ties himself up to his treatise, and stands where it left him.

If anybody were ever justified in such an attitude, it might surely have been the distinguished author of *The Vicarious Sacrifice*. His great work under that title, evidently the product of a lifetime of thoughtful experience, had been to many Christian men like a new gospel, or, rather, like the old gospel, in a form of statement so impressive and complete, as to make it a new power of spiritual life. Accepting it with deep sense of obligation, and with great reverence for the courage and truth of its statements, they scarcely saw how it could need to be amended, and, in their gratitude, were even too willing to take it as a finality. That it was not so with the author himself, the opening paragraph of his introduction tells us, in words that deserve to be remembered by all students of theology as an example of openness and honesty. "Wishing no change," he says, "I have yet not ceased to consider and reconsider the whole question, as carefully as if I had not written, watching for all inward monitions and outward suggestions, whereby I might be corrected and guided further in, to apprehend the matter of it more worthily, and in closer accord with the truth."

It is evident enough, from the whole spirit of this introduction, and from the perfectly candid tone of the whole volume, that if, as the result of this continual reconsideration, Dr. Bushnell had found any reason to retract the statements of his former work, and retire from what were regarded (when they were first published) as his heresies, he would not have hesitated frankly to act upon it. And, indeed, before the appearance of the present volume there had gone abroad a rumor that he had found such reason, and that the volume was to be in the nature of a *retractatio*, and in the interest of the accepted and established orthodoxy. If, however, there were any fatted calves ready to be killed for the welcome of a repentant wanderer from the safe and well-trodden theologic ways, they may enter confidently on a new lease of life. Whatever conformity to orthodoxy there may be *in modo*, a very little study will discover that his present doctrine is no less his own, *in re*, and in its antagonisms, than was that contained in the chapters for which this book is meant to be a substitute.

It is, indeed, on one point only, and in regard to the use of one theological and technical phrase, that Dr. Bushnell proposes any considerable alteration in the statements of his former work. Denying as explicitly as ever, and with even more vehemence of protest, the doctrine of *expiation*, he now conceives a truth in the word *propitiation* deeper and larger than he had before suspected. In his previous work he had admitted that word

only in some loose and popular sense—as a word "by which the disciple objectivizes his own feelings," attributing a change to God which has really taken place within himself. Pondering the subject of forgiveness, especially in its human forms of expression, Dr. Bushnell discovers it to be not an act, but a process, and a process in which there is always, on the part of the one who forgives, an endurance of suffering which is necessary before the forgiveness can be real and effectual. Unless it be a forgiveness which costs him something, it will be a forgiveness only in name, carrying in it no power for the actual taking away of transgression. And the endurance of this cost and suffering is really in its nature propitiatory—the process by which the spirit puts itself in attitude to pardon and to energize and enforce its pardon. Conceiving the divine forgiveness in the light of this analogy, it becomes necessary to admit a larger significance in the word propitiation than what had previously appeared. It is a very different thing from expiation, which is a *making up* for the fact of sin in the way of compensation (a conception impossible to Dr. Bushnell's thinking); whereas this is a *making up* to the person of the sinner, by a conscious effort in which there is inevitable pain to be endured, on account of, and for the sake of, the transgressor.

In the development of this thought Dr. Bushnell finds it necessary to recast the whole of the 3d and 4th parts of his former treatise, and ultimately to supplant them by the four chapters of the present volume. Eloquent and able as these new chapters are, however,—full of suggestiveness and inspiration, carrying the thoughtful reader deeper into a knowledge of the mystery of the divine love,—it will hardly be possible for us to surrender all the matter which it is proposed thus to supplant, and which is not inconsistent with the views here presented, except as incompleteness is inconsistent with greater completeness. We shall only have the advantage of comparing, side by side, the earlier and the later workings of that grand religious thinker who is still spared to us this side the veil, and who already takes his acknowledged rank as, perhaps, the foremost theological genius of our land.

It is impossible to follow out into detail the argument in its new statement. There is no sign of weariness or feebleness in it. It has already vindicated its right to be tolerated by the orthodox world. This new volume will do much to win for it a wider and more general acceptance. The closing chapter, especially, in which Christ's own doctrine concerning himself is derived from the words in John xvi., 8, 9, 10, will take rank for value and freshness not far below the famous chapter on the character of Christ in *Nature and the Supernatural*.

The introduction (to which we have already referred, and from which we have already quoted) deserves especial attention, and is of peculiar value. Its partly autobiographic tone and its rare felicity of statement in regard to many points of

controverted doctrine, fits it to be not merely an introduction to the present volume, but an introduction to the whole series of Dr. Bushnell's works. Any reader who begins with this latest volume will hardly be content till he has gone back to the earliest, and read them all.

"What is Darwinism?"*

It seems, perhaps, hardly credible, and yet it is, for all that, undeniably true, that of the many who are ready to pronounce, off-hand, a decided opinion as to the merits of what is commonly called "Darwinism," only a few can really state, in clear and explicit language, what the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin actually is. Still fewer have any clear conception of the relations, both of affinity and of repulsion, which subsist between the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin and the doctrine of Evolution. Many, indeed, erroneously regard the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, and the theory of Evolution as being practically the same thing; and to a not inconsiderable portion of the general public, Darwinism is connected, in some vague but inseparable manner, with no other idea than that man has descended from a monkey. To the cultivated and not especially scientific reader, Dr. Hodge's work, therefore, will be heartily welcome—answering, as it does, the question, "What is Darwinism?" in a very clear and satisfactory manner. Ostensibly, Dr. Hodge had no other intention in the production of the present work, than that of fully explaining the nature and scope of the Darwinian hypothesis as to the origin of species, without discussing the merits of the theory. In reality, however, the learned author traverses a very much wider area of thought than the above would imply. To begin with, we have a rapid view of the more important theories which have been held as to the origin of the material universe—the Scriptural theory, the Pantheistic theory, the Epicurean theory, the theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others of less weight and of less general acceptance. Next, we have a brief exposition of the doctrine of Natural Selection as propounded by Mr. Darwin, which may be regarded as constituting the central point in the argument. Dr. Hodge points out here that Darwinism includes three distinct elements. Firstly, Evolution, properly so called; secondly, the operation of Natural Selection as the cause by which Evolution has been brought about; and thirdly, that Natural Selection is without design, and has been conducted solely by unintelligent physical causes. To this last element in the Darwinian theory Dr. Hodge attaches especial importance, alleging it to be the only distinctive element in the entire hypothesis. In this we feel bound to say that Dr. Hodge appears to us to be strictly correct. Indeed, we think that he has here seized a truth that has been too long and too generally ignored, and which some ostensible disciples of Mr. Darwin

do not hesitate to deny. We fail to see, however, how any candid reasoner can refuse to admit that the Darwinian theory, explicitly or implicitly, entirely excludes the idea of design in Nature. The combat between Darwinism and Theology is one *à l'outrance*. There is no room in the world of philosophy for both of these conceptions; no alliance between the two is possible; and one or the other is fated to succumb wholly, within no very distant period. We like this portion of Dr. Hodge's work extremely, and we think that he has here fully carried his point. The advanced Darwinians, of course, do not feel any scruple in avowing their total rejection of the doctrine of design. We recommend, however, those more timid adherents of Mr. Darwin's, who still hope for some reconciliation between Natural Selection and Theology, to carefully study the present work. They will find in it the fullest exposition of the antagonism between Darwinism and Design, as proved by Mr. Darwin's own writings, as exhibited by the works of Mr. Darwin's most thorough and zealous supporters, and finally, as demonstrated by the objections which have been brought forward by Mr. Darwin's most powerful opponents.

Taking it as a whole, Dr. Hodge's work may be regarded as a fair exposition of the Darwinian hypothesis, from the particular stand-point of the author. That the work has a more or less theological cast, is inevitable, and the reverse of this, from such a writer, would have been far from desirable. Dr. Hodge will not, perhaps, convince many of his adversaries, but he has done good service in bringing prominently forward the bearings of the theories of Darwin and Spencer upon religious thought and doctrine.

Mrs. Barbauld.*

SOMEBODY said lately, with a despairing humor, that unless there be a stop put, and presently, to the madness now raging for digging up the dead, and rehabilitating them, some of the living must go under, to make room. And it stands to reason that the crust of the earth is neither large enough nor strong enough to hold at one time all the folk that have been brought forth upon it. For, if we think of it, that is the very reason why people die. 'Tis to make room for new people. The times have been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end, but now-a-days editors are bent as it would seem upon getting the whole tribe of the dead back again, and they come with a rush, and threaten to push us living ones from our stools. Next to the question of copyright, this intruding upon our preserves of people who don't belong to our set, threatens to breed most trouble. It is a grave matter. It looks at present as if living authors would be driven to some such measures in self-defense as were taken by the enlightened body of

* *What is Darwinism?* By the Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* *The Life and Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld.* By Grace A. Ellis. Two vols. James R. Osgood & Co.

American artists, when they wished to keep out of the country the works of foreign painters who were getting too popular. The authors must petition Congress to put a prohibitive duty upon deceased writers. One would think, as these were all gentlemen and ladies when alive, they would have a nicer sense of propriety than to come back unasked, when they have once said their *ultimum vale*, and shut the door behind them. But, what is manners here may not be manners there.

It is a curious subject, and one that would be looked into—the extent to which our intellects in these days are fed upon past times. Living artists of most repute have won their fame by making the ways of ancient people live again for us moderns. Gérôme paints Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Cairo, or the France of Louis XIV., and Napoleon I. Meissonier is such a wizard that the Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century cannot sleep in their graves for him: they huddle about his easel as the ghosts did about Ulysses, and wait to be questioned. Leighton paints Greeks and mediæval Italians; Tissot began by painting Faustus and Margarets, and is now rousing up quaintly homely girls and their lovers from their sleep of a century and a half. Alma-Tadema makes Rome and Athens as real to us as Communipaw and Yorkville. Boughton paints our grandmothers as they looked when even the canon law could not have kept us from loving them, and as the golden age has passed when these grandmothers were, it is a pious service he does these saucy times to show them to us in their habits as they lived. To-day hasn't a ghost of a chance with the artists, as long as they spy a chance of a ghost. Even those dry-as-dust fellows, the archæologists, are growing in their notions, and whereas a year or two ago a potful of brass farthings was reckoned a rare find, now no man is so much as looked at who hasn't uncovered a buried city. Di Cesnola lays bare Golgos; Mr. Wood shows us Ephesus; and Mr. Schliemann thinks he has found Troytown, so that it begins to look as if the earth might be turned inside out. As for the re-habilitation of old writers, there never was such a time as the one we live in for that. What, with Early English Text Societies, and Chaucer Societies, and Shakespeare Societies—old and new—and French Jouaists and Lemerres, and English John Russell Smiths and Robert Bells—there is no fear that the old writers will be forgotten. We for our part are glad of it, and glad, too, that the less famous old people are to be allowed another glimpse of the upper sky as well as their betters.

Certainly, no re-appearance could be more cheerful less discomposing than that of Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Ellis could not have played Mercury to a less ghostly ghost. In spite of her somewhat formal outside, and her old-timey allegorical ways, there is so much good sense, nourishing wisdom, and playfulness,—though the playfulness be of a somewhat Johnsonian type,—as to make the lady profitable com-

pany. We have but to compare her with some other notable women of her time: with Hannah More, a dull bishop in petticoats; with stilted Montague; with Fanny Burney, an immensely overpraised person, coarse, affected, and with the worst possible English style, if indeed she can be allowed to have written English at all;—compared with these, Mrs. Barbauld takes an easy preëminence, expressing in English, beautifully clear and apt, the motions of a sweet and steadfast spirit, and thoughts that have captivated greater minds than her own.

If Mrs. Barbauld still keeps the run of what is doing among us people of the upper crust, she must be surprised, we think,—having always had the most modest notion of her own value,—to read in the English and American journals at once, advertisements of her "Life and Works," written here, by Mrs. Ellis, and in England by her niece, Mrs. Le Breton. Mrs. Le Breton's performance we have not seen, but we can assure Mrs. Barbauld that her American biographer has done her work with conscientious care, and with enthusiasm tempered by good judgment. She has mastered the facts of the story she had to tell with remarkable industry, and has made more out of her subject than would have been, perhaps, looked for by most persons to whom Mrs. Barbauld stands for little more than the shadow of a name. Whoever reads Mrs. Ellis's two volumes will see that there are good reasons why Mrs. Barbauld should be remembered. She played an important part in her world, and had much influence with her contemporaries—men and women, young and old. Edgeworth, Berquin, and Barbauld count for a great deal in the education of the generation that is now growing old. In a sense Mrs. Barbauld may be said to have done her work, and to have had her day, for she was not a creative genius, and she was for a day, and not for all time. Still a fragrance lingers about her memory, and her dust feeds violets and daisies that come with the year, and not any flaunting, scentless flowers, much less any noxious weed. A few things she wrote have an evergreen life, and though in a rich and fruitful summer of lush growth and bloom, they may be little noted, yet when there comes a wintry season they comfort us with their sober and lasting beauty. It is true Mrs. Barbauld is out of fashion, but so are certain flowers. Nevertheless, who loves flowers for their own sakes, knows that fashion cannot make homely what once was fair. Wordsworth did right to wish he had written the last verse of Mrs. Barbauld's poem, "Life." Can time wither these lines, or custom stale them? And she who wrote them, wrote not a little worthy to be remembered along with them:

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

Swing's Sermons.

Truths for To-day is a collection of discourses "spoken in the past winter," by the Rev. David Swing, Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., of that city.

The publication of this volume, while his case was pending in the church courts, indicated his willingness to be judged by that higher court of Christian consciousness, to which, in the end, even Presbyteries and Synods must submit themselves.

The teachings of these sermons are so just and wise, and withal, so eminently Christian, that those who are more concerned about pure and undefiled religion than about scholastic theology, will be sure to prize them. What is poison to the professors is often meat to the people. Not that any orthodox theologian has any right to find fault with the doctrines here taught. Nothing of the

doctrinal element is lacking, except a certain set of phrases with which orthodoxy is sometimes supposed to be identified. Mr. Swing does not think so, and he has taken the liberty to put his statements of religious truth into new forms. That is the gravamen of his offense. Into his crime, if crime it be, he has been led by his literary instincts. Evidently his taste is offended by the iteration of old phrases; he has no mind to put truths for to-day into the musty and ragged robes of the mediæval theologies. His congregation shall not be fed upon the straw from which the wheat has been thrashed by centuries of controversy. But his grasp of the great vital truths of Christianity is stronger, doubtless, than that of many who accuse him; while his poetic insight into the deep things of religion, and the music of his felicitous and winning prose, unite in making him a rare preacher. It is a high compliment to Chicago to say that he is the most popular minister in that city.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.
The Polar Clock.

THE advantages of this ingeniously constructed instrument are thus summed up by Mr. W. Spottiswoode. 1st. The polar clock, being constantly directed to the same point of the sky, there is no locality in which it cannot be employed; whereas, in order that the indications of a sun-dial should be observed during the whole day, no obstacle must exist at any time between the dial and the places of the sun, and it therefore cannot be applied to any confined situation. The polar clock, on the contrary, may be used in places where a sun-dial would be of no avail—on the north side of a mountain or of a lofty building, for example. 2nd. It will continue to indicate the time after sunset and before sunrise; in fact so long as any portion of the rays of the sun are reflected from the atmosphere. 3d. It will also indicate the time, but with less accuracy, when the sky is overcast, if the clouds do not exceed a certain density.

In its action, the polar clock depends upon the fact that the light scattered from the minute particles in the atmosphere is polarized, and this effect is best marked when the reflected light is examined at right angles to the course of the original light. In the case in question, this is accomplished by directing the apparatus to the polar star. The instrument consists of a Nicol prism and a quartz plate. If it be directed in the manner indicated, to the north, and the Nicol prism be turned around in a direction reverse to that of the apparent motion of the sun, a series of colors will be produced which follow each other in regular order. If, on the con-

trary, the prism remains stationary, while the sun follows its apparent motion, the colors will change in a similar manner. From these changes of color the position of the sun is indicated, or, in other words, the time of day is determined.

The Great Ice Age.

REGARDING the glacial epoch, Mr. J. J. Murphy says: The opinion has been expressed that a glacial period must have been one of intense cold. This is the general opinion, and yet I think it can be shown to rest on a misconception. If the climate at any given elevation is cold enough to form glaciers, no decrease of the winter temperature will increase their magnitude, while on the other hand a low summer temperature is shown by the facts of physical geography to be eminently favorable to glaciation. This last may almost be called an identical proposition, for permanent snow means snow which lasts through the summer.

As Mr. Croll has pointed out, there have been periods where the sun's greatest and least distances were respectively greater and less than now. He thinks that a glacial period occurred when, in the course of the procession of the equinoxes, the sun's greatest distance occurred in the winter, so as to cause a cold winter. I think the true theory of the glacial climate is exactly the reverse of this. That is to say, it was caused by the cold summer which occurred when the sun's greatest distance was in the summer.

Land Leeches.

FROM a work entitled "An Attempt to Penetrate

Thibet from Assam," by T. T. Cooper, F. R. C. S., we quote the following interesting account: "Of all the hardships and unpleasant sensations experienced in the Assam jungles, none have left a more disagreeable recollection than the attacks of land-leeches. Often on sitting down I could count a dozen of these little animals hurrying from all directions to their prey. In length they are about an inch, while their thickness does not exceed that of an ordinary sewing needle. Their mode of progression is curious in the extreme. Fixing one extremity, by means of its bell-shaped sucker, firmly on a leaf, or on the ground, the leech curves itself into an arch, the other end is then advanced till the creature resembles a loop, again to expand into an arch, but the movement is quicker than words can describe it; the rapidity with which they thus progress along is quite startling. Their power of scent is evidently keen. At first they held themselves erect, then suddenly, as though they had just discovered my whereabouts, they would throw themselves forward, and with quick, eager strides, make for my unfortunate body. There are several species of these creatures in Assam, but I have only seen three; the common brown one, just described, the red, or hill leech, larger than the brown one, and giving a venomous bite, and the hair leech, which devotes its attention exclusively to cattle."

Singular Action of Heat.

IN an investigation to ascertain the expansion of various substances by heat, the following experiment was tried. The bulb of a thermometer was suddenly plunged into melted lead. The mercury instantly darted down far below zero. The action was so quick the point could not be ascertained. This was caused by the sudden expansion of the bulb by heat before it reached the mercury by conduction; this then began to rise very rapidly, and before it had arrived at the top of the tube the bulb was withdrawn. The experiment requires adroitness, for the instant the mercury touches the top the bulb will burst. A thermometer treated in this rough manner afterwards showed an index error of six degrees; after a few days the equilibrium was partly restored but an error of three degrees still remained. (*Engineering and Mining Journal*.)

The Voice of the Crocodile.

ACCORDING to Dr. Mohnike, the voicelessness on the part of the adult crocodile is due to a special and gradual modification of the tongue and larynx, involving the vocal cords, and dependent upon and coincident with definite periods of growth. In the young of this species the length of the head is more than twice as great as the breadth, while in the full grown animal this proportion is very considerably diminished, at the same time that the lower jaw becomes more fixed and immovable, and the tongue more firmly connected with all the surrounding parts. It is to this gradual, but very

decided, hardening and stiffening of all the ligaments of the larynx, as well as of all parts of the internal structure of the mouth, that Dr. Mohnike ascribes the loss of voice observable with advancing age in the crocodile; and accounts for the fact, which he had himself an opportunity of observing, that the older animals may be irritated and injured, and even tortured to death, without giving utterance to the faintest sound. (*Academy*.)

Temperature of the Skin in Man.

DR. E. HANKEL has made a series of examinations of the temperature of the skin under various circumstances with an extremely delicate thermoelectric apparatus, and has arrived at the following conclusions. 1st. During mental activity the temperature of the skin of the head does not undergo any noticeable change. 2nd. During muscular action, whether the contractions are continuous or interrupted, the temperature of the skin over the contracting muscle undergoes distinct depression, but immediately rises again. Hankel explains the primary sinking by supposing that the muscle during action draws blood to itself from the adjoining parts, and hence, by reducing the quantity in the skin lowers its temperature. 3rd. When sweating takes place, or even shortly before, the temperature of the skin rises, and remains exalted as long as perspiration continues.

Man and Mortality.

ACCORDING to Siegwart, the earth is inhabited by 1,381,000,000 human beings, as follows:

Caucasians.....	380,000,000
Mongolians.....	580,000,000
Ethiopians.....	200,000,000
Malays.....	220,000,000
Redskins.....	1,000,000

The rate of mortality is 33,333,333 every year; or nearly 60 every second.

Only 1 in 10,000 reaches the 100th year; only 1 in 500 the 65th year.

Married people live longer than unmarried ones.

Only 65 persons in 1000 contract marriage.

Memoranda.

HAVING determined the electro-motive power of the freshly separated eyes of various animals, Mr. James Dewar and Dr. John M'Kendrick, of Edinburgh, then allowed light to fall upon the retinas of the eyes in question; in consequence thereof the electro-motive force was found to vary from three to seven per cent. of the original amount. They also found that the greatest effect was produced by the yellow and green portions of the spectrum, which are well known to produce the strongest action on the eye.

The performance of surgical operations by the use of a wire heated to a suitable degree by voltaic electricity is attracting considerable attention in France. At a recent meeting of the Surgical Society

of Paris, an apparatus was exhibited by which the force of the current might be so graduated as to remove tumors without the loss of a single drop of blood.

The attempt to lift and repair the Atlantic cable of 1868 has failed, owing to stormy weather. The fault was found to be a short distance east of Newfoundland, and the cable was grappled and raised a portion of the distance several times.

M. Klein, a Russian chemist, has succeeded in obtaining iron electrotypes by the following process: The bath consists of a concentrated solution of sulphate of iron and ammonia. The battery was four meidinger cells. The anode an iron plate with a surface eight times that of the cathode, the latter was of copper. On leaving the bath the iron was brittle and hard, but when heated to a cherry red it became malleable and soft.

Professor Villari finds that if a glass cylinder is rotated between the poles of an electro-magnet, it acts like a cylindrical lens to polarized light passing through the poles. When not magnetized, the cylinder, whether in motion or at rest, was neutral to the light.

The *Dental Cosmos* contains a communication which relates an instance of the use of steam power in excavating the teeth, and putting in the gold filling. The author recommends the process on the score of the greater steadiness with which the various operations may be performed.

M. Emile Monier states that when large white crystals of sugar are heated to about 1800° Fahr. in a closed vessel, without contact with air, watery vapor distills off, and a very pure carbon remains which is so hard that it will cut glass, the hardness being greater as the sugar is purer. The addition of syrup or honey also increases the hardness. Diamonds thus produced are black, but minute transparent diamonds have been obtained by the slow crystallization of carbon from certain carbon compounds of organic origin.

A serious obstacle in the prosecution of the war against the Ashantees was the attack of mosquitoes upon the sailors, some of whom were almost worried to death in a single night. As a preventive against this serious annoyance, the men anointed the exposed parts of their persons with a mixture of sweet oil and carbolic acid.

Alexander Schultz states that the Caspian Sea yields a prodigious number of fish, as many as 15,000 sturgeons being often taken in a single district in one day. The total annual yield is estimated at about 469,430,000 pounds avoirdupois. In the winter the sturgeons hibernate, and during this time they are covered exteriorly by a viscid substance, which the fishermen call a pelisse.

The ancient practice of cremation appears to be undergoing a revival in Hamburg. It is stated that a club has been formed in that town for the

purpose of promoting what may, from a sanitary point of view, be regarded as the excellent practice of burning the dead. The club in question, it is said, already numbers eighty members, each of whom on entering made a will, directing that his remains are to be burned.

Dr. Joule asserts that sulphuric acid may rest on the surface of mercury without chemical action. The presence of a layer of acid, about one-third or one-half an inch thick, on the surface of the mercury in a barometer, greatly facilitates the movement of the mercurial column, enabling the observer to register the most minute changes of pressure at once without any dragging.

About 600 tons of iron castings have been consumed in the construction of the anvil block for the thirty-two steam-hammers at the Woolwich Arsenal. The uppermost section of the block weighs 103 tons, and required six months to cool.

The University of Edinburgh has issued a regulation to the effect, that candidates for the degree of Doctor of Science shall be required to submit a thesis, containing some original research, before they are permitted to proceed to examination.

Dr. J. W. Legg relates a curious instance of *anosmia*, or loss of the sense of smell from a blow on the head. In this case everything the person eats has the flavor of gas. Meat is particularly disagreeable, and bread has no taste whatsoever.

Dr. Russell, F. R. S., in a communication to the Chemical Society, states that thoroughly purified washed hydrogen causes a precipitation of metallic silver from nitrate of silver.

Lord Rayleigh gives an interesting account in the *London Philosophical Magazine* of the successful reproduction of diffraction gratings by a photographic operation.

According to Professor Riley, of St. Louis, the length of the thread in the cocoon of a mulberry silk-worm is generally 1,000 yards, and a mile of it weighs 15½ grains.

An instance of hybridism between a pigeon and a bantam is related by Mr. J. W. Wood.

H. Caron recommends that steel be tempered in boiling water; under these circumstances the water modifies in a singular manner; steel containing from two to four thousandths of carbon, augmenting its tenacity and elasticity without sensibly altering its softness. For the regeneration of burned iron the same author employs a boiling solution of chloride of sodium, and asserts that a bar of burned iron which broke without bending before this tempering, was so changed by the bath, as to bend almost double in the cold.

In an article in a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus* M. Fordos says: Every one knows that it is customary to clean bottles in which medicinal or other liquids are to be placed by means of shot.

When the wine bottlers only rinse the bottle once after shaking the shot in them, the bottles consequently contain adherent carbonate of lead, which causes a

greater or less contamination by salts formed with the constituents of the wine, and such wine often causes indispositions, or even serious affections.

ETCHINGS.

Like Me.

WHAT would happen, do you suppose,
If the mignonette should say to the rose :
"The pride of roses I hate to see ;
Why don't you keep near the ground like me?"

What if the rose should say to the phlox :
"My form and color are orthodox—
To please your Maker, you've got to be,
Precisely in all respects like me."

What if a grape should say to a pear :
"Why are you flaunting about up there ?
Beware of swinging alone and free ;
You ought to cling to a trellis, like me."

What if a river should say to a rill :
"If you weren't too lazy you'd turn a mill.
Study my method, and try to be,
A rushing, roaring river like me."

What if a swan should say to a crow :
"You belong to the race of so-and-so
It's a deadly sin for you to be free ;
Your only hope is in serving me."

What if a goose should teach a wren
Or an eagle try to follow a hen !
What if the monkeys should all agree,
That there ought to be uniformity !

What if a man should say to another ;
"Differ with me and you're not my brother ;
I have the truth as the oracles tell ;
Go with me or you'll go to hell !"

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

To what extent is the life of an author public property ? Does the fact that he has printed a book give anybody the right to gossip in print about him and his affairs ? It would almost seem so—at any rate all literary gossips seem to think so, and act accordingly. The first American of note who indulged this propensity, was the late N. P. Willis, who signalized his residence in England, thirty or forty years ago, by a series of free and easy pencillings of Lady Blessington, Count d'Orsay, Tom Moore, and other literary celebrities, and whose memory has still, on that account, an unfragrant reputation in England. He was the parent of that pest of the time, the Interviewer, and could he have lived until now, he would have wished that he

had strangled his offspring at its birth. He would we think, have liked to lay hands on the latest of his Frankensteins—a Mr. Jacobus Coffee Meadows, who has recently undertaken to enlighten his countrymen by a series of lectures, which are strongly flavored with personality. One in particular is said to be so personal that he has requested reporters not to report it. It concerns an English poet whom we will suppose to be Mr. Tupper, and who has a decided aversion to any other than the legitimate publicity which belongs to his acknowledged rank in the world of letters. Another, which is equally personal, concerns an American poet, who resides in the West, as does also Mr. Meadows, and who writes under the *nom de plume* of Shortboy. He has a lecture on Mr. Shortboy which he has delivered before a young ladies' seminary in Chicago, the substance of which has been printed in the Chicago *Rostrum*. It is an enthusiastic production, which would not greatly mislead the young minds to which it was addressed—if the name of Shakespeare were substituted for that of Shortboy ; as it is, it rather overshoots the mark. It has, however, one merit which it would not have if the substitution in question were made, and that is—credibility. If Mr. Meadows had told us when and where *Hamlet* was written, we should know that he was romancing. We have no reason to suspect him of romancing, however, when he tells us that Shortboy's "Hymn of Death," came into existence in a bright summer's morning, in July, 1838, in Chicago, as the poet sat between two windows at the small table in the corner of his chamber. He might have obtained, we dare say he did obtain, this important information directly from the lips of the tuneful Shortboy, as well as the important information that his "Explosion of the Phosphorus" was written a year later. A violent storm had occurred the night before, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe, about midnight, by the fire, the exploded Phosphorus came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him and he could not sleep. He got up and wrote the celebrated verses. "The clock was striking three," he said "when I wrote the last stanza." It did not come into his mind by lines, but by whole stanzas, hardly causing him an effort, but flowing without let or hinderance.

Several reflections occur to us, *apropos* to the personality of this lecture of Mr. Meadows, but instead of stating them we prefer to tell a little story. Once upon a time, as the story-tellers say, Macready

the tragedian, made a visit to America. He played many parts, among others that of *Shylock*, which was considered one of his best. An innovator in some respects, he was rigid as regards correctness of costume, and always refused to distinguish himself from his fellow actors by any peculiarity in his garb. He dressed for *Shylock* as he would have dressed for *Tubal*, and insisted that there should be no difference in the costume of the two characters. He was playing *Shylock* one night, and leaving the stage at the end of an act, proceeded to his dressing-room to rest. As he was ascending the stairs which led thereto, he was mistaken for *Tubal* by the stage carpenter, who crept behind him softly, and gave him, by way of a lark, what he afterwards called a boosting blow. He turned suddenly, to the great horror of the carpenter, who exclaimed, "I beg pardon—I thought it was Jobson"—Jobson being the actor who played *Tubal*. "Good Heavens, sir," said the tragedian, "Does Mr. Jobson like that sort of thing?"

We put this question to Mr. Meadows: "Does Mr. Shortboy like that sort of thing?"

AMONG the annoyances to which authors are subjected there is one which is increasing daily. It is the solicitation of their autographs. At the first thought, it looks like a compliment to ask an author for a specimen of his penmanship. "I must be somebody," he thinks, "or the autograph seeker would not have written to me," and he proceeds complacently to reply to his request, in his very best handwriting. If he remembers the place to which his epistle was dispatched, he observes that it is followed, in a few days, by a second request from the same place. The writers, in each instance, are making a collection of the autographs of famous men, which would be incomplete without his. If he is a poet, will he be good enough to copy his exquisite lyric "The Singed Moth?" If he is a prose writer will he not compose and forward "a sentiment?" Sentiments are greatly in demand, especially among young ladies in the rural districts. If proverbial, so much the better. They need not be original, and they should not be very intelligible. A little Latin will not be amiss, and French will be *très charmant*.

At the end of five or ten years (or sooner, if he is a modest and busy man) the complaisant author begins to be weary of the business. He is proof against flattery; he does not care for appreciation; all he wants is to be let alone. He answers no letters, except such as relate to business; but they come all the same. "The Singed Moth" was never in such demand; and his last ironical sentiment, "Punctuality is the thief of time," is considered truly Orphic! He smiles, but answers not, and other letters come from the same writer. Still he answers not. Stop—he does, for one of the old hands seeks literary information, which he, perhaps, can furnish. Does he know who wrote

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear?"

He does not, and does not want to, and writes to that effect, thereby falling into the trap that was set for him. He sees it, when it is too late, and determines not to be caught again. He will be, however, for there is no baffling the ingenuity of the autograph fiend. His dodges are innumerable.

Here is one which comes from Boston: "I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you to find out if possible the residence of each of the following persons." Then comes the list, viz.: Alfred Tennyson, John G. Whittier, James Russell Lowell, James Cullen Bryant, and Bayard Taylor. As the writer evidently reverences great men, we hasten to inform him that Mr. Tennyson resides at Cambridge, Mass., and may be seen almost any day at the counting-room of his publishers, in Boston. We also inform him that Messrs. Whittier and Lowell reside in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Bayard Taylor in Egypt, where he had an important military position in the army of the Khedive. As for Mr. James Cullen Bryant, who, by the way, is editor of the *London Times*, at the last accounts he was exploring the site of ancient Troy, with his Homeric friend Dr. Schliemann. Letters addressed to these gentlemen will no doubt meet with prompt attention, when received, and their answers, when obtained, will no doubt be entertaining. We hope our autograph hunter is satisfied.

THACKERAY was not a humorist, in the sense that Dickens was, nor a wit, in the sense that Jerrold was, but he now and then said a good thing in a quiet way. He was pestered on one occasion, while in this country, by a young gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind, as to what was thought of this person and that person in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the reply. Another man of letters was mentioned, and it transpired that he was addicted to beer drinking. "Yes," said Thackeray, "take him for half and half he was a man." His connection with *Fraser's Magazine* was the subject of conversation, and the right of an editor to change the "copy" of his contributors was discussed. Thackeray maintained that no such right existed, except as regarded errors of grammar, and declared that the only person who could make alterations for the better was the author himself; as a rule, editorial changes were blunders. "I told an editor so once and he did not like it. 'I have no objection to your putting your hoofs on my paragraphs,' I remarked, 'but I decidedly object to your sticking your ears through them.' " "He never forgave you, of course." "I never thought to ask." Thackeray and Jerrold used to sit near each other at the *Punch* dinners, and Jerrold was inclined to wrangle, if everything was not to his liking; but Thackeray would keep the peace. "There's no use in our quarreling," he said, "for we must meet again next week."

It would puzzle a great many to tell why they married, if they only looked into the matter as carefully as some of their friends do for them, and on the whole, perhaps, it is well that they do not. Nine out of ten would say it was for love, which is probably true—but love of what? What did Miss De Shoddy see to love in old Petroleum? She saw a fine house on Fifth Avenue, a box at the opera, and an endless residence in Paris. What did young Spendthrift see to love in the widow Languish? He saw all his debts paid, a house in town, a country seat at Long Branch, and an occasional run over to Paris—alone, if he can bring it about. Both married for love—love of themselves and luxury. So did an Italian woman, of whom the late William Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, has a story to tell. A friend of his, he says, a Baron Bollaund, as he was walking out one day, near London, saw an old wizened Italian tramp on one side of the road, with two or three monkeys, and on the other a rather buxom woman trudging along in the same manner, with a tambourine. He was struck by the contrast, and entering into chat with the lady, found she was the Signor's wife, and asked her how she could marry that old man. "Oh sir," said she, with a deep-drawn sigh, and a meaning glance at the questioner, "when I married him he had a dromedary!"

Sunday Morning.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told Ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty.—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last Summer—

Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—

So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—

A pretty example of life!

The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder

Who sent those white flowers for the font!—

Some girl who's gone on the assistant—

Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.

Just look at her now, little humbug!—

So devout—I suppose she don't know

That she's bending her head too far over

And the ends of her switches all show.

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!

That woman will kill me some day,

With her horrible lilacs and crimsons,



Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

GEO. A. BAKER, JR.

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IN THE COTTON STATES: I.

AFTER many weeks of journeying in the South, through regions where hardly a house is to be seen, where the villages, looming up between patches of forest or canebrake, seem deserted and worm-eaten, and the people reckless and idle, the traveler is struck with astonishment and delight when he emerges into the busy belt extending from Aiken, in South Carolina, to Augusta, in Georgia. There he sees manufacturing villages, hears the whirring of spindles, notes on every hand evidences of progressive industry, and wonders why it was not so years before. Alas! who can compute the sum of the lost opportunities of the Southern States? The traveler will certainly give it up as too formidable a task, and our friends of the South do not like to think much upon it.

This "Sand Hill region," extending from the north-eastern border of South Carolina to the south-eastern border of Georgia, has many noteworthy aspects. Its climate has wonderful life-renewing properties for the invalid worn down with the incessant fatigues and changes of severer latitudes, and its resources for the establishment of manufactures, and for the growth of some of the

STREET SCENE IN AUGUSTA, GA.

most remarkable and valuable of the fruits of the earth, are unrivaled. The upper limit of the Sand Hills in South Carolina is very clearly defined. They are usually found close to the rivers, and are supposed to be ancient sand-banks once not far from the sea-shore. They pass through the State, half way between the ocean and the Blue Ridge, and are most thoroughly developed near Aiken, Columbia, Camden, and Cheraw. They are usually clothed in aromatic pine forests. Down the slopes of these hills, in Georgia and South Carolina, run rivers, which in winter and spring are turbid with the washings from the red clay hills to the northward; and in the flat valleys scattered along these streams

cotton and corn grow with remarkable luxuriance. In Georgia the hills run from the falls of the Savannah River at Augusta, south-west and north-east, as far as the Ogeechee River. The highest point in this curious range, at the United States Arsenal at Summerville, near Augusta, is hardly more than six hundred feet above the sea level. It is the home of the yellow and the "short-leaved" pine, the Spanish and water-oak, the red maple, the sweet gum, the haw, the persimmon, the wild orange, and the China tree; the lovely *Kalmia latifolia* clothes the acclivities each spring in garments of pink and white; the flaming azalea, the honey-suckle, the white locust, the China burr and other evergreens, the iris, the phlox, the silk grass, are there at home. In the gardens japonicas grow ten feet high in the open air, and blossom late in winter; and the "fringe tree" and the *Lagerstremia Indica* dot the lawns with a dense array of blossoms. Although the unstimulated surface soil of all this section will not produce cotton and the cereals more than two years in succession, yet it is prolific of the peach, the apricot, the pomegranate, the fig, the pear, all kinds of berries, and the grape, which grows there with surprising luxuriance; and



BELL-TOWER AT AUGUSTA, GA.

all vegetables practicable in a northern climate ripen there in the months of April and May.

A pleasant land, one is forced to declare. But this productiveness is the least of its advantages. The beneficial nature of the climate for invalids is the chief glory of the Sand Hill country. Aiken has achieved a great reputation as a winter-residence for pulmonary invalids; the equable temperature, and dryness of the air, as well as the mildness, which allows the patient to pass most of his winter under the open sky, inhaling the fragrance of the pine woods, have, year after year, drawn hundreds of exhausted Northerners thither. Before the war the planter of the lowlands, and the merchants of New York and Boston alike, went to Aiken to recuperate; the planter occupied a pleasant cottage during the summer, the Northerner arrived with the first hint of winter; but now the planter comes no more with the splendor and spend-thrift profusion of old, and the Northerner has the little town very much to himself. The accommodations have, for several years since the war, been insufficient; but as the inhabitants creep back towards their old prosperity, they are giving Aiken the bright appearance of a northern town, and the ill-looking, unpainted, rickety houses of the past are disappearing. Originally laid out by a railroad company, in 1833 as a future station of commercial importance, Aiken prospered until fire swallowed it up a few years later. When the war came great numbers of refugees rushed into it, and the misery and distress there were great. The tide of battle never swept through the town; Kilpatrick contented himself with a partially successful raid in that direction when Sherman was on the road to Columbia, and as soon as peace was declared the invalids flocked back again to haunt the springs and the pleasant woody paths, over which the jessamine day and night showers its delicious fragrance.

Aiken is situated seventeen miles from the Savannah River and from Augusta, on the South Carolina railroad, which extends southward to Charleston. The inhabitants of the hill-country, a little remote from the towns, are decidedly primitive in their habits, and the sobriquet of "sand-hiller" is applied by South Carolinians to some specimens of poor white trash, whom nothing but a slave-aristocracy system could ever have produced. The lean and scrawny women, without any symptoms of life in their unlovely frames, and with the faces discolored by illness, and the lean and hungry men, have their counterpart



ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, NEAR SAVANNAH, GA.

nowhere among native Americans at the North; it is incapable of producing such a peasantry. The houses of the better class of this folk,—the prosperous farmers, as distinguished from the lazy and dissolute plebeians, to whom the word “sand-hiller” is perhaps too indiscriminately applied,—are loosely built, as the climate demands little more than shelter. At night, immense logs burn in the fire-place, while the house door remains open. The diet is as barbarous as elsewhere among the agricultural classes in the South—corn bread, pork and “chick’n;” farmers rarely think of killing a cow for beef, or a sheep for mutton; hot and bitter coffee smokes morning and night on the tables where purest spring water, or best of Scuppernong wine might be daily placed—the latter with almost as little expense as the former. But the invalid visiting this region in search of health, and frequenting a town of reasonable size, encounters none of these miseries. At Augusta and at Aiken he can secure the comforts to which he is accustomed in the North, and can add thereto a climate in which existence is a veritable joy. In the vicinity of Aiken many hundreds of acres are now planted with the grape; and twenty-five hundred gallons of wine to the acre have been guaranteed in some cases, al-

though the average production must, of course, fall very much below that.

The development of the resources for manufacturing in the region extending between and including Aiken and Augusta merits especial mention, and shows what may be done by judicious enterprise in the South. The extensive cotton manufactories at Augusta and Graniteville employ many hundreds of hands. Scarcely a quarter of a century ago the Augusta cotton manufacturing enterprise was inaugurated with a small capital. It was the outgrowth of a demand for labor for the surplus white population—labor which should accrue at once to the benefit of the State, and of that population; and in due time the canal at Augusta was constructed. The Augusta cotton factory, which was not at first prosperous, now has a capital stock of \$600,000, upon which a quarterly dividend of five per cent. is paid. Thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms are now busy along the banks of the canal, where, also, have sprung up four flour mills and tobacco factories. The cotton mill is filled with the newest and finest machinery, and has received the high compliment, from Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, of being “the best arranged one in the United States.” At Graniteville, in South Carolina,



SUNSET OVER ATLANTA, GA.

two or three miles beyond the Savannah River extensive mills have also been erected, and eight million yards of cotton are annually made there. The manufacturing village is as tidy and thrifty as any in the North, and there is none in the South which excels it in general aspect of comfort, unless it be that of the Eagle and Phoenix Company at Columbus, Georgia. Six miles from Augusta is an extensive kaolin manufactory.

Early on a bright summer morning, while the inhabitants were still asleep, I entered Augusta, and walked through the broad, beautifully shaded avenues of the lovely Southern city. The birds gossiped languidly in the dense foliage through which the sun was just peering; here and there the sand of the streets was mottled with delicate light and shade; the omnipresent negro was fawning and yawning on doorsteps, luxuriously abandoning himself to his favorite attitude of slouch. I wandered to the banks of the Savannah, which sweeps past the city in a broad and sluggish current, between high banks bordered, at intervals, with enormous mulberry trees. Clambering down among the giant boles of these sylvan monarchs, and stumbling from time to time over a somnolent negro fisherman, I could see the broad and fertile Carolinian fields opposite, and could scent the perfume which the slight breeze sent from the dense masses of trees in the town above me.

Returning, an hour later, into the city,

I found that it had awakened to a life and energy worthy of the brightest of Northern cities of its size. The superb Greene street, with its grand double-rows of shade trees, whose broad boughs almost interlocked above, was filled with active pedestrians; the noise of wagons and drays was beginning; the cheery markets were thronged with gossiping negro women; and around the Cotton Exchange groups were already gathered busily discussing the previous day's receipts. Augusta's excellent railroad facilities, and her advantageous situation have made her an extensive cotton market. The Georgia railroad is largely tributary to the town, although Savannah is of late years receiving much of the cotton which properly belongs to Augusta. The new railway stretching from Port Royal, in South Carolina, to Augusta furnishes a convenient outlet, and the South Carolina and Central roads give communication with Charleston and Savannah. The Cotton Exchange was founded in 1872. For the cotton years of 1872-3, Augusta received 180,789 bales. The cotton factories in the city consume two hundred bales daily, and the Langley and the Hickman factories in South Carolina, and the Richmond mills in Georgia are also supplied from this point. Cotton culture throughout all this section has greatly increased since the war. I was told that one man in Jackson county now grows a larger number of bales than the whole county produced previous to 1860. The use of fer-

tilizers, once so utterly disregarded, is now producing the most remarkable results. But the planters in all the surrounding country give but little attention to a rotation or diversity of crops, and so any year's failure of the cotton brings them to financial distress, as they depend entirely upon the outer world for their supplies. In some of the northern sections of the State planters show a greater inclination to grow their own supplies. Conversation with representative men from various sections of the State, who naturally flock into Augusta to inspect the market, showed, however, that there was a steady and genuine improvement in agriculture through all that section, and, indeed throughout Georgia. Lands which heretofore have been considered of superior quality for cotton growing have, under the new *régime*, with careful fertilizing and culture, produced twice as much as during the epoch of slavery. The negro on these cotton lands usually works well, according to universal testimony, "and when he does not," said a planter to me, "it is because he is poorly paid." Small farms seem to be increasing in Middle Georgia, and much of the cotton brought into Augusta is raised exclusively by white labor. The small farmers, who were before the war unable to produce a crop in competition with those richer ones who possessed larger numbers of slaves, now find no difficulty in getting their crop to market, and in securing good prices for it.

Augusta, like Savannah, is a town built in the midst of a beautiful wood. The public buildings are embowered in foliage; the pretty City Hall, the Medical College, the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Halls peer out from knots of trees. Broad Street, the main thoroughfare, is well lined with commodious stores and residences, and the streets leading from it are well kept and shaded. In front of the City Hall stands a simple but massive monument, erected to the memory of the Georgian signers of the Declaration of American Independence. Tall men, as well as tall and graceful trees, abound in the streets, for the Georgian is dowered with a generous height. The policemen are clad in an amicable mingling of gray and blue. On the road to Summerville, the pretty suburb on one of

the sand hills three miles away, one sees the powder mill, once disused, which supplied the Confederates with ammunition for many a day; and in a lovely location, at the hill's top, is the extensive United States arsenal, around which are grouped many workshops, built and occupied by the Confederates during the war.

Nothing can exceed in quiet and reverent beauty the floral decoration of the principal cemetery of Augusta. Loving hands have lingered long over the Confederate soldiers' graves, and the white headstones, neatly surrounded with boxwood hedges, nearly all bear inscriptions like the following, which show that the young were the first to go, and first to fall, even as in the North:

"JOE E. R—,
Co. E., 4 Tenn. Cav.,
Died Feb. 17, 1863,
Aged 19."

Here and there tall posts have decorative mottoes worked in evergreen upon them, such as

"The Sacred Trust of Heroes."
"Our Boys in Grey."

Augusta escaped the scorching of invasion, but did not escape the ghost of bereavement, who has claimed such a large space among the pleasant shadows for his



A SOLDIER'S GRAVE AT AUGUSTA, GA.

own particular ground. The old town had a stormy revolutionary history. Named after one of the royal princesses of England by Oglethorpe, it was an Indian outpost after 1735, and in constant danger from the savages, until taken and retaken by Briton and American during the re-

volution. The churches and the institutions of learning in Augusta are numerous, and the huge fair ground of the Cotton States' Mechanical and Agricultural Association occupies many pleasant acres just outside the eastern limits of the city.

From the ashes of the great penitential conflagration in which the exigencies of war enveloped Atlanta, from the ruins of the thousand dwellings, factories, workshops, and railroad establishments totally destroyed in the blaze of 1864, has sprung up a new, vigorous, awkwardly alert city, very similar in character to the mammoth groupings of brick and stone in the North-west. There is but little that is distinctively Southern in Atlanta: it is the antithesis of Savannah; there is nothing that reminds one of the North in the deliciously embowered chief city of Georgia, surrounded with its romantic moss-hung oaks, its rice lowlands, and its luxuriant gardens, where the magnolia, the bay, and the palmetto vie with one another in the exquisite inexplicable charm of their voluptuous beauty. Atlanta has an unfinished air; its business, and residence streets are scattered along a range of pretty hills; but it is eminently modern and unromantic. The Western and Atlantic Railway unites it with Chattanooga, running through a country which was scourged in bitterest fashion by the war; the Georgia railroad connects it with Augusta; the Macon and Western with handsome and thriving Macon; the Atlanta and West Point road to the town of West Point, Alabama, gives a continuous line to Montgomery; and the new Piedmont Air Line, which has opened up the whole of Northern Georgia, gives it new and speedy communication with the North *via* Charlotte, in North Carolina. Great numbers of Northern people have flocked to Atlanta to live since the time when General Pope's will was law, and when the Bullock administration was just arising out of the chaos of the constitutional convention. The removal of the State capital from Milledgeville to Atlanta also gave the renaissant city a good start, and the wonderful manner in which it drew trade and capital to it from all sides made it the envy of its sister Georgian cities.

A brief review of the progress of politics in the State since Atlanta became its capital will aid in arriving at an understanding of the present social and political condition of the commonwealth.

When the reconstruction policy of the general government began, a large number of the citizens of Georgia declared for it, and among them was Mr. Bullock, subsequently governor of the State. In the political campaign which ensued, the opposite faction, which totally repudiated the recon-



A COUNTRY CART.

struction acts, condescended to much proscription and denunciation, and numbers of Union men were driven from the State. It was out of this campaign that the Ku Klux conspiracy, as manifested in Georgia, is supposed to have grown. Prominent Republicans received lugubrious letters containing pictures of coffins, and acts of violence were not wanting; native Georgian who were leading Republican officials, were hunted down, and assassinated; Republican meetings were dispersed, not without slaughter; and it was manifest from the outset that there was to be a decided upsettling of the attempt to enforce the policy inaugurated by the war. But the Republican party was organized, and its legislature, in which there were many negroes, went into session.

The first trouble that occurred was due to a discussion of the question whether or not men who had held office previous to the war, and then had taken part in the rebellion, were eligible for the legislature. The debate upon this matter was heated and angry, and the final decision was in favor of extreme liberality towards all who had fought on the Confederate side. Many

of these were admitted to the State councils, and after a time, getting control of the middle men, they had the legislature in their hands. Their first act was to oust all the colored members,—some thirty-six,—and to proceed on the basis that a white man's government was the only one for Georgia. The expulsion of the negroes was corrected by act of Congress; and in 1869 the colored element was re-admitted to the legislature. After this, Bullock, who was the first governor chosen under the operation of the reconstruction laws, had full sway for about two years. Some good laws were passed during that time, but the railroad legislation was the occasion of veritable disaster to the progress of reconstruction in Georgia. Bullock was in due time compelled to depart from the State, to save himself from imprisonment; and the Democratic party, completely triumphant, now and then announces its convictions through the medium of Robert Toombs, who has been its leader, and, in some measure, its exponent for many years. It is not long since this gentleman, in a speech made at Atlanta in favor of a convention to revise the constitution of the State, made use of the following language: "Why, look at that miserable thing you call a constitution! It commits you to all the lies of the revolution against you. It says your allegiance is first due to the Federal Government before it is due to your own State! Do you believe that? When you can wrench that from the constitution, do it!"

Under the administration of Governor Bullock, a system of internal improvement was inaugurated, theoretically granting State aid to nascent railroads in the proportion in which the companies building those roads aided themselves. But bonds were over-issued, and were negotiated by prominent bankers in New York city. The Brunswick and Albany Railroad was the principal project. About \$6,000,000 worth of bonds were actually issued during the two years, all of which went to the Brunswick and Albany Railroad, with the exception of \$600,000 granted to the Cartersville and Van West road. The party now in power has repudiated all the railroad bonds issued under Bullock's *régime*. The New York bankers have not suffered very much by this, but the repudiation will give the credit of the State a severe blow.

The Governor, during these two years in which the reconstruction policy of Congress was upheld, seems to have had an

agitated and miserable existence. He spent a great deal of time and money in Washington before he succeeded in procuring the legislation which restored the negroes to their places in the legislature in 1869. It is alleged that when he took the reins of government in Georgia he was worth no money, but that, a little time after he had assumed the office, he paid his debts, and became reasonably prosperous. But he was surrounded by an atmosphere of corruption, and it is difficult to say that he was individually dishonest. In his defense, which gives a very clear idea of the immense obstacles which wily and subtle men placed in his path, it is evident that he required the shrewdness of an archangel to march without stumbling. It was for the interest of the Democratic party in the State to make reconstruction unsuccessful, and towards that end they unceasingly toiled.

The material on which one was compelled to work, to maintain the power of the reconstruction government in those days, was unreliable. One never knew when he was to be betrayed by the weak-kneed or ignorant legislators who were his own friends. Prominent State officials were applied to to contribute money for "election purposes"—*i. e.*, for the purchase of



STATE HOUSE, ATLANTA, GA.

votes. I was told by those who did not fear sincere contradiction, that as much as two thousand dollars was sometimes paid at that epoch for a single vote. Often in danger of losing his life, and always in danger of betrayal, the head of the newly organized party was haunted by horrors.

The career of H. I. Kimball in Atlanta, and in various enterprises in the commonwealth, has not a little to do with the present condition of politics in Georgia. In 1865, Mr. Kimball made his appearance in the State, and began by perfecting arrangements for placing sleeping cars on all the roads in the South. Atlanta was even then peering from beneath the ashes under which she had been buried, and was vaguely whispering prophecies of her future commercial greatness. The capital was likely to be removed from Milledgeville to that city as soon as a regular State government should be resumed, and Kimball, doubtless, saw that as readily as did any of the Atlantians. The Kimball-Ramsey-Pullman-Sleeping-Car Company was the name of the organization with which he started; and he intended, it is said, to get rich out of it by means of \$300,000 franchise stock, which he was to have. This venture was not successful, and many people who furnished the money to buy the necessary cars were sufferers. His next venture was the "Atlanta Opera House." The original company which had contemplated erecting a mammoth block for an opera house, and for stores and public offices, had failed; the unfinished building was considered worth \$115,000, but Mr. Kimball obtained possession of it for \$33,000. This purchase

was in session in Atlanta, in the City Hall. The city rented Kimball's new building, as soon as it was completed, for a State House. Kimball had fitted it up with \$55,000, which, it is said, was advanced by Governor Bullock from the State funds. The legislature entered the new capital, and no sooner had they assembled than Mr. Kimball besought them to buy it. They at first refused, but subsequently purchased it for \$300,000. As soon as this was decided on, the \$55,000 loaned by the Governor to Kimball was returned, thus securing Governor Bullock against a charge of impeachment.

Having prospered so well in the Opera House project, the ingenious Kimball conceived the scheme of the Kimball House, which is at present the largest hotel in Atlanta, and one of the largest in the Southern States. A bill was passed by the legislature allowing an advance to the Brunswick and Albany railroad—that is to say, two acts allowed Kimball, who was the contractor to build the road, to draw respectively \$12,000 and \$15,000 per mile, before building each section of twenty miles. By this issue he obtained the funds with which to build the Kimball House. He constructed the first twenty miles of the Brunswick and Albany railroad in good faith, then gradually encroach-



A COTTON PRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

gave him the means of raising money; he finished the Opera House, furnishing it up as a legislative edifice. At that time the leg-

ed, until there was no longer any semblance of adherence to the letter of the act, which naturally required him to build the road as fast as the money was advanced. Meantime the Democrats were vigorously attacking Gov. Bullock, charging him with every kind of theft, and he was in a precarious situation, when he suddenly found that he had not a majority in the legislature that he could count on. Then ensued a severe struggle on his part against the ousting which was threaten-

ed. Kimball continued to unfold super-schemes, and turn them to his private account. In the fall of 1871, Gov. Bul-

lock paid a visit to California, whence he was hurried home by the announcement that the legislature was to meet in December. He returned; surveyed the political field; found that he was in imminent danger of being complicated and possibly impeached, and went North and resigned. Shortly after, Kimball disappeared from Atlanta and from his Southern field of operations, and the bubble burst.

The state railroad, running from Atlanta northward to Chattanooga, had been leased under Bullock's administration. The Democrats, who now came into power, charged that the governor was guilty of gross official misconduct in leasing the road, although it was done in obedience to an act of the legislature, and they proceeded to prosecute every one who had been connected with the management of it under the Bullock régime. They based their charge against the governor upon the theory that he was personally and pecuniarily interested in the road, as Kimball was one of the lessees, and the governor was alleged to be Kimball's partner. This, however, the governor expressly denies, showing that the road, which, for the twenty years from its building up to 1868, had been an expense to the state, and a fruitful source of political corruption, was made profitable under the lease system. The prosecutions by the Democratic party were characterized by a great deal of acerbity, and in one case the Supreme Court decided that much injustice was inflicted upon a prosecuted party. The democratic legislative committee appointed to investigate the official conduct of the late governor was in session seven months, and confined its final report mainly to denunciations of the governor's course on the supposition that he was Kimball's partner. They took complete control of the state government, gloried in the repudiation of the various bonds issued from 1869 to 1871, and maintained that the reconstruction acts of Congress were "unconstitutional, revolutionary, null, and void."



FOUNTAIN IN FORSYTH PARK, SAVANNAH, GA.

Certainly reconstruction is null and void in Georgia. It has been a complete failure there. That there have been glaring injustices practiced on both sides, no fair-minded man can for an instant doubt. The Republican administration lasted scarcely three years; and the legitimate results of the war were not maintained so long as that after 1868. Out of the 90,000 colored voters in the state, scarcely thirty thousand vote to-day: free schools are almost unknown outside the large cities and towns; and there has not been a Republican inspector of elections since the Democrats assumed power. To judge from the testimony of native Georgians, who are Republicans, and who have never been suspected of any dishonesty or untruth, the negroes are very grossly intimidated; and the Ku-Klux faction still exists as a kind of invisible empire. This is naturally to be expected after the occurrences in Louisiana, South Carolina and Alabama: it is the revulsion from tyrannical ignorance and carpet-bagery; and may prove as baneful in its results as has its degraded and disrepu-

table opposite. The democrat of Georgia talks with all the more emphasis of a white man's government in his commonwealth, because he feels that there is a black man's government in a neighboring state; if he has ever had any exaggerated fears as to a too free assumption of civil rights by his ex-slave, those fears are accentuated ten-fold since he has seen the real injustice practiced by negroes where they have attained supreme, unrestricted power.

Both the whites and blacks in the state have large and effective military organizations, and drill constantly, as if dumbly preparing for some possible future strife. The battalions of the white race still cling to the Confederate gray, in some cases; the negro militiaman blossoms into a variety of gorgeous uniforms. I saw a company of blacks assembling in Atlanta; they were good-looking, stalwart men, and went about their work with the utmost nonchalance, while here and there a white muttered between his teeth something unmistakably like "d—n niggers." There is a very large negro population in Atlanta and the surrounding country.

But few traces of the war are now left in Atlanta. The residence streets have a smart new air; many fine houses have been recently built, and their Northern architecture and trim gardens afford a pleasant surprise after the tumble-down, unpainted towns of which one sees so many in the South. The banks, the theaters, the public business blocks, the immense Kimball House, all have the same canny air—seem to be boasting of their tidy looks and prosperity to the countrymen who come into town to market. I strolled into the Capitol (the quondam Opera House, which Kimball sold the Legislature). In the office of the State Treasurer I encountered some gentlemen who seemed inclined to believe that the State would not suffer if all debts contracted under the Bullock régime were

repudiated. One said that he could not inform me how much the State debt, as construed by the reconstructionists, was; he reckoned no one knew; the scoundrels who contracted the debt had run away; if they could lay hands on Bullock they would put him in the penitentiary. I found, everywhere I went in the Capitol, a spirit of extreme bitterness prevailing against the departed carpet-baggers; and all complained that the State affairs had been left in a wretched condition.

The attempt to establish free common schools throughout Georgia has thus far resulted in failure. Prior to the war there was but little effort made at the education of the masses. A small sum was appropriated as the "indigent school fund;" but the majority of the poorer classes in the back country remained in dense ignorance. In the present State School Commissioner's office I was informed that there had been no common school open outside the large cities for some time. It was alleged that the school fund had been diverted to unlawful purposes during the "previous administration," and that the State had been much embarrassed by a debt of \$300,000, incurred in prematurely putting schools into operation. There seems no doubt of a sincere desire on the part of the Georgia Conservatives to maintain free schools; and it is, by the way, noteworthy that three



A VIEW IN FORSYTH PARK, SAVANNAH.

of the Southern States that are Conservative in politics are leading all the others in education. Local taxation is the principal bugbear. The farmer dislikes to be taxed for schools; he still has various absurd prejudices; thinks the common school a pauper institution, and gets angry if there is any talk of compulsory education. The school population of the State is about 370,000, and the annual school revenue, derived from interest on bonds,—from the poll tax, from taxes on shows, and from dividends on railroad stock,—amounts to \$280,000. This is, of course, ridiculously small, and, now that Georgia has arrived once more at some degree of material prosperity, will, doubtless, be increased, and amends will be made for the shameful negligence which allowed the whole school machinery to stop and rest for a year. A praiseworthy but fruitless effort has recently been made in the Legislature to follow in the steps of Tennessee, by favoring local taxation, a limit to the amount of which is to be fixed, to guard against the creation of excessive taxes by negro votes; and the Peabody fund is employed in aiding the proselyters who preach the cause of common school education in the back counties. The illiteracy in Georgia previous to 1860 was alarming; the most moderate estimates showed that eighteen per cent. of the adult native white population could not even read; and, in 1860, when the State had a scholastic population of 236,454, only 94,687 attended school. Prejudice is strong, but the free school will establish itself in Georgia, as everywhere South, in due time. I think that the mass of Georgians respect an educated negro, but are determined to make him do the work of educating himself. The negro needs a good general education, mainly because it will strengthen his character, and make him more independent. He is at present very easily intimidated with regard to his voting, and readily falls into corrupt practices in election time, because he does not know enough to consider the evil effects.

The manufactures of Atlanta are not extensive; there are some large rolling mills, and a good deal of iron is brought down from the country to the northward, and worked over there. Of course there is a large cotton movement through the town; and, in the late autumn, a journey along the railroad to Chattanooga discloses hundreds of teams toiling over the rough roads, bringing goodly stores of cotton bales to

the stations. Journalism in Atlanta is vivacious and enterprising; and the "New Era" and the "Herald" are newspapers of metropolitan dimensions. The Governor's residence is a pretty building, on an ambitious avenue, where stand many handsome mansions; the City Hall is quite imposing. Atlanta is the home of General John B. Gordon, one of the present United States senators, and a noted Confederate general. On the road from Atlanta to Augusta, and but fifteen miles from the Capital, is the remarkable "Stone Mountain," a peak of solitary rock, three thousand feet in height, and several miles in circumference. Near its top are the remains of an ancient fortification; and along the sides there are little patches of soil, but from a distance the great pyramid stands out seemingly naked before the sky, its dark gray looming up angrily against the crystal vault.

Northward, twenty miles from Atlanta, at the base of the Kenesaw mountain, lies the pretty little town of Marietta, once the location of a flourishing military academy, and now a summer resort for the well-to-do of Atlanta's thirty thousand residents. The country between Atlanta and Chattanooga seems as peaceful as if never a soldier had set his foot upon it; yet it needs no stretch of memory to recall those wild days when the giant strategists, Sherman and Johnston, bitterly fought and fortified, and marched and countermarched during long months, from Dalton to the Chattahoochee River, whence Sherman pushed on against Hood, and the desperate Confederate armies, whose command Hood had taken after the Richmond government's fatal error,—the removal of Johnston,—until the great granary and storehouse of the Confederacy, with Atlanta for its center, was conquered by the Union arms. The "State," or Western and Atlantic road, once the object of so many hostile cavalry raids, does a thriving trade. At all the stations, in harvest time, are groups of jovial and contented agriculturists, white and black, their garments flecked with cotton fleeces. Near Marietta, at Roswell, there are flourishing cotton factories. Allatoona and Resaca, memorable for the scenes of 1864, lie in a broken, picturesque and fertile country; the lands along the creeks are especially rich. Dalton, the junction of the "State," the branch of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and the Selma, Rome and

Dalton railroads, is a flourishing grain depot for Atlanta; here and there on the adjacent mountains may be seen fast crumbling remnants of Johnston's fortifications, erected a decade ago. At Cartersville, fifty miles from Atlanta, fine crops of wheat and cotton are raised; and in the vicinity large quarries of slate and marble have been opened, and worked successfully.

The transition from the brisk air and reddish uplands of Northern Georgia, to the



LOOKING DOWN THE BLUFF—SAVANNAH.

sluggish atmosphere and somber voluptuousness of the lowlands of the coast, is startling. One seems to have come upon another country, to have passed beyond seas, so great is the difference. The Savannah River, up which you sail returning from Florida some radiant morning, seems to you to have no affinity with the Savannah which, far among the Northern mountains, you saw born of the frolicsome or riotous streamlets, for ever leaping and roaring in

the passes or over mighty falls. Here it is broad, and deep, and strong, and near the bluff, on which the city stands, it is freighted with ships from European ports, and from the Northern cities of our own coast. The moss-hung oaks, the magnolias, the orange trees, the bays, the palmettoes, the olives, the stately shrubs of arbor vitæ, the Cape myrtles, the oleanders, the pomegranates, the lovely japonicas, astonish the eyes which have learned to consider a more Northern foliage as Georgian. Very grand in their way were the forests of pine, with their somber aisles, and the mournful whippers of the breeze stealing through them; but here is the charm of the odorous tropical South, which no one can explain. Yet it is not here that one must look for the greatest wealth of the State; for middle Georgia is, perhaps, the richest agricultural region in the commonwealth, and the hundreds of farms along the western boundary are notable instances of thorough and profitable culture.

But here at Savannah began the existence of Georgia; here it was that Oglethorpe planted his tiny colony, hardly a century and a half ago; here on the pine-crowned bluff, where an Indian tribe dwelt in a village called Yamacraw, he disembarked the adventurers who had come with him from England, under the sanction of the charter accorded by George the Second, and in due time established a group of tents defended by a battery of cannon. From this humble beginning, Savannah soon grew to the proportions of a town, and was laid out into squares. As the colonists had first landed on the shore of South Carolina, and been very kindly received by the Carolinians, they named the streets of the new settlement after their benefactors—Bull, Drayton, Whitaker, St. Julian and Bryan, and some of them still bear those names. Savannah in 1734 was a little assemblage of squares in a clearing in the pine forest. The inhabitants locked themselves into their cabins at night, because the alligators strolled through the town, seeking whom they might devour; and the Indians, who now and then threatened to “dig up the hatchet” when the colonists encroached, kept all in constant alarm. Two years later, the distinguished founder of Methodism, John Wesley, preached his first sermon in America in Savannah. An English gentleman who visited the colony in this same year tells us that “the houses are built at

a pretty large distance from one another, for fear of fire; the streets are very wide, and there are great squares left at proper spaces for markets and other conveniences." To this fortunate early arrangement the town owes its beauty to-day. No other American city has such wealth of



HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GEN. SHERMAN IN SAVANNAH.

foliage, such charming seclusion, such sylvan perfection, so united with all the convenience and compactness of a large commercial center. The trustees of the colony, appointed under the royal charter, made a strict agrarian law, which divided the original town into two hundred and forty "freeholds;" the town land covered twenty-four square miles, every forty houses, (each house being located on tracts of land of exactly the same size,) making a ward; each ward had a constable, and under him were four tithing-men. Every ten houses made a tithing; and to each tithing there was a mile square, "divided into twelve lots, besides roads." Every freeholder of the tithing had a lot or farm of forty-five acres there, and two lots were reserved by the trustees. Great efforts were used to make Georgia, as the new colony was called, after the English king who had granted the charter, "a silk and wine growing country;" but after protracted trials the colonists gave up their dreams of speedily realizing immense fortune and set to work at more practical schemes.

Savannah, escaping, as by miracle, from Indian malice and the tyranny of the "trustees," who were of small benefit to

the rest of the settlers, grew and flourished until John Reynolds came out from England as governor in 1754, the trustees having resigned. The colonists welcomed him joyously at first, but afterwards regretted it, for he was not specially interested in them. He allowed the town to fall into

decay, and, notwithstanding the fact that the general assembly of Georgia had met at Savannah in 1750, even considered the question of the removal of the capital. This was not effected; a new governor was sent over, but the people were rapidly becoming independent, and the "Stamp Act" put the same fever into their blood that stirred the pulses of their cousins in Massachusetts. It is curious to note, in view of later events, that Savannah sent to the Old Bay State much of the powder used in the defence of Bunker Hill.

Among the early excitements of Savannah was the trouble with the Spaniards in Florida, which finally culminated in open war. Spain, with her wonted arrogance, had firmly bidden the Georgians quit their newly established homes; but Spanish bravado did not frighten them. Anglo-Georgian and Hispano-Floridian fortified one against the other; the same Spanish intrigue, which was at work among the thousands of negroes in South Carolina, was active among the Indians in Georgia. When at last England and Spain went to war, Oglethorpe and his colonists played an important part in 1740, and penetrated to the very walls of St. Augustine in Florida, though they did not succeed in taking it.

Although last settled of the old thirteen states of the Union, neither Georgia nor her chief city were backward in accepting the issues of the revolution. A Georgia schooner was the first commissioned American vessel, and made the first capture of the war—sixteen thousand pounds of powder. Savannah revolted against its royal governor early in 1776, and imprisoned him; and the next year the convention which formed the State constitution met in the city. Towards the close of 1778, the British, after a savagely disputed battle, captured the city; a brutal soldiery

shot and bayoneted many citizens in the streets; and imprisoned others on board the English ships. British rule, with all the rigor of military law, was enforced until an evacuation was rendered expedient by the success of American arms elsewhere.

There is one history-picture which the memory of Savannah's trials during the Revolution should ever bring to mind, a picture which has in it the sparkle of French color, and which may serve as a noble remembrancer of French gallantry and generosity. In the dull and dreadful days of 1779, when English rule had become all but intolerable, a superb fleet one day in September anchored off Tybee, and the amazed English saw the French colors displayed above twenty ships of the line and eleven frigates, commanded by Count D'Estaing, sent by the King of France to aid the struggling Americans. Five thousand of the best soldiers of the French army, united with such as the American government could muster, laid vigorous siege to the town; troops were landed, and lively attacks were made upon the British positions by the combined forces; a strong bombardment was kept up for some time; but the besiegers were finally compelled to withdraw, leaving the unfortunate town to the mercies of the enraged English. In this long and brave assault, which lasted nearly two months, the chivalrous Pulaski, who had devoted himself to the cause of American liberty, lost his life, and here, fighting to save the beloved flag which he had grown to cherish more than life, perished Sergeant Jasper, who had already immortalized himself by keeping the American colors, at imminent risk of death, still waving over the battlements of Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor, in the thick of a terrific bombardment.

Savannah was, in her early history, one of the most patriotic of American towns. She not only produced men renowned for bravery and true chivalric qualities, but she took every occasion to demonstrate her faith in the Union. She received the new president, Washington, with joyous enthusiasm, gave Lafayette an overwhelming welcome, and during his visit laid the corner-stones of two handsome monuments, which are to-day counted among the city's treasures—those to Pulaski and Gen. Greene.

"The Forest City," as the Georgians



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SAVANNAH.

affectionately call it, is situated on a sandy plain, only fifty feet above sea level, and eighteen miles from the mouth of the Savannah river. From the Northern bank stretch away the vast lowland rice fields of South Carolina, once under perfect cultivation, but now only here and there cultivated, and serving mainly as the homes of a mass of ignorant and dissolute negroes. The city to-day is simply the amplification of the old plan of Oglethorpe and the trustees. It is divided by many wide streets and lanes which intersect at right angles, and there are many large squares at regular distances. There is little noise of wheels or clatter of hoofs in the upper town; the streets are filled with a heavy black sand over which dray and carriage alike go noiselessly; one wanders in a kind of dream through the pretty squares, so gay in their dress of flowering shrubs and tall and graceful trees: it is a city through which he moves, yet as tranquil and beautiful as a village. The winter climate is delicious; the cold weather lasts hardly six weeks; many flowers bloom in the open air from November to April; in February the jessamine and

the peach tree are radiant with blossoms; and a wholesome sea-breeze continually sweeps inland. In summer, that is, from April to November, there is a mild malaria in the atmosphere, but it has been much modified during the last quarter century, and the visitations of yellow fever have been rare. Savannah certainly possesses the advantage of an equable temperature, for during ten months of the year, the range is from 70 to 92 degrees. Situated at the northern limit of the tropics, not far from the Gulf Stream, the mean temperature is the same as that of Gibraltar, Bermuda, Palermo, Shanghai, or Sydney. The Northern invalids who have been restored to health by a winter or two in Savannah number hundreds.

The levee of Savannah is as picturesque, though not as extensive, as that of New Orleans. Looking down from the bluff, along whose summit "the Bay," the principal commercial avenue, runs, one sees a forest of masts; a mass of warehouses not unhandsomely grouped; cotton-presses, surrounded by active chattering toilers; long processions of mule-teams, crowds of sailors talking in every known language, rice mills, high mysterious stairways, with wondrous effects of light and shade on their broad steps, winding walls, and railroad wharfs. Along the water front the business blocks are so constructed that they rise above the bluff, and are connected with Bay Street by means of platforms and balconies, from which one can look down, as from housetops, on the busy life of the port. The few buildings which the great fire of 1820 spared give an air of quaintness and age to the whole.

As we walked, day by day, through the Savannah streets, late in autumn, we were amazed at the masses of cotton bales piled everywhere. They lined the commercial avenues for hundreds and hundreds of rods; down by the water side they were heaped in mammoth piles, and the processions of drays seemed endless. The huge black ships swallowed bale after bale, gaping for more; the clank of the hoisting-crane was heard from morning till night. At the great stone Custom House the talk was of cotton; at the quaint old "Exchange," in front of which Sherman reviewed his army in 1865, cotton was the theme; and in all the offices from end to end of long and level Bay Street, we encountered none save busy buyers and factors, worshipping the creamy staple, and

gossiping rapturously of middlings low, and profits possible.

Savannah's progress since the war has not been less remarkable than that of the whole State. The recuperation of its railroad system has been astonishing. Sherman's army, in its march to the sea, destroyed one hundred and ten miles of the Georgia Central Railroad track between Savannah and Macon, and thirty-nine miles between Savannah and Augusta. The military authorities returned the road to the control of its directors, June 22, 1865, and early in 1866 it was reconstructed so as to answer the public demand. This immense corporation at present operates in its interest, with its tributaries, 1545 miles of railway. It extends from Savannah to Macon, thence by the South-western and Muscogee road to the thriving cotton-spinning town of Columbus, thence by the Columbus and Opelika route to Opelika, a brisk manufacturing town in Alabama, thence to Montgomery, and through Selma gets an unbroken rail communication with the Mississippi River at Vicksburg. This, it is expected, will be the connecting point of the Southern Pacific route with the roads leading to the Atlantic coast. The Central's connections also give Savannah direct communication with New York and Memphis, *via* the Atlanta and Chattanooga route, and connection at Augusta with the South Carolina road. From Macon it sends out another arm to grasp Atlanta,—the Macon and Western road,—and there, also, connects with the Georgia Railroad to Eufaula, Alabama, whence, by steamers on the Chattahoochee River, it secures an outlet to the Gulf of Mexico. It is interested in a host of small local lines, and has, indeed, spread an almost perfect network over the State, contributing, in the highest degree, to the prosperity of Georgia, by the superb facilities which it has afforded for transportation of products. On its trunk lines, during harvest, immense cotton trains run night and day, bringing to Savannah the fleeces plucked from the fields of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. The Central has long been a banking as well as a railroad company, and has always paid large dividends. The railroad interest in Georgia is secondary to none other but agriculture. The various companies, great and small, are managed with much ability, and new projects for local and through routes are rarely received with disfavor. Savannah is somewhat excited over the pos-



ON THE LEVEE AT SAVANNAH.

sibilities of the completion of the Southern Pacific route to San Diego, in California, as the surveys have shown her to be the nearest Eastern port on an air line from the Pacific terminus.*

The Atlantic and Gulf Railroad is another important feeder to Savannah. It is the main thoroughfare connecting Savannah with Florida, Southern and South-western Georgia, and Eastern Alabama, and extends to Bainbridge, on Flint River, 237 miles from Savannah. From Lawton to Live Oak runs a branch road connecting the Florida system with that of Georgia—at present the only Northern outlet for the dwellers in the flowery Peninsula. A road from Macon crosses the Atlantic and Gulf route fifty-six miles from Savannah, and gives Brunswick, which was at one time expected to be a great city, an important outlet by land. The Savannah and Charleston railroad, completely destroyed during the war, has been rebuilt, but is so poorly stocked that it is a penance to ride over it, although the lowland scenery through which it runs is among the most exquisite in the Atlantic States. The grand cane-brakes, unsubdued and seemingly impenetrable, extending on either side the track for miles; the stretch of lovely field, with the fawn and rabbit bounding across it; the odorous

forest, with its stately avenues of pine; the little villages of the gatherers of naval stores; the mossy boughs, and tangled vines, the muddy-colored rivers, and the marshes filled with wildest masses of decaying vegetation—all add to the charm.

The numerous steamship lines from Savannah to Liverpool, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, carry away enormous quantities of cotton, and if the needed improvements at the mouth of the river were made, the commerce of the port would be very much increased. The entrance is considered one of the easiest on the Southern coast, the bar having a depth of nineteen feet of water upon it at mean low tide, and a rise of seven feet on the flood; but it is now necessary that the obstructions placed in the stream in war time be removed, and that extensive dredging be accomplished.

The total amount of upland cotton exported from Savannah in American vessels from July 1, 1865, to June 30th, 1872, was 704,373 bales, or 323,202,812 pounds, valued at \$59,537,460: total amount of sea-island cotton exported in American vessels, 12,437 bales, valued at \$2,062,576. In foreign vessels during the same period, 1,292,979 bales of upland cotton, valued at \$124,562,590, and 21,899 bales of sea-island cotton, valued at \$4,057,708, were exported. The coastwise trade was also very large, amounting to 1,539,560 bales of upland, and 40,574 bales of sea-island cotton.

The value of both exports and imports since 1866 has been as follows:

* Savannah would be, by shortest distance from San Diego, 2,070 miles; Charleston, 2,184; Norfolk, 2,331. The completion of a Southern Pacific railway will certainly add immensely to the commercial importance of Savannah.

1867	\$41,225,488
1868	50,226,209
1869	49,152,639
1870	58,850,198
1871	64,893,892
1872	68,100,164

and in 1873 they did not fall short of the amount in 1872. Savannah and Charleston are rivals in the cotton trade, and the newspapers of the two cities fight at every opportunity with an eager fierceness. Savannah is now receiving more than seven hundred thousand bales of cotton yearly. The crop of Georgia alone, I should say, is rather more than that in successful years; and, at the rate at which the production in the regions tributary to the Forest City is increasing, she will soon rank with New Orleans. There is an enormous disparity between the amount of exports and imports; most of the vessels which enter the port of Savannah are compelled to go there in ballast. If cotton were taken away from the town, there would be little vivacity left. The aim of the port is to control the cotton of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, and it is entered in the lists as a formidable competitor with Charleston for supremacy. A flourishing cotton exchange, earnest merchants and manufacturers, and certain advantages of location, are doing much to place Savannah first among the Southern Atlantic cities.

There is a constant drain of emigration from the poorer districts of Georgia, as from Alabama, and, indeed, from most of the cotton states. Hundreds of poor whites, unable to make a living from the worn-out soil, under the new order of things, fly to Texas. Yet Georgia certainly does not grow weaker. Her material progress is in the highest degree encouraging. The valuation, in 1858, counting the slaves as capital, was over six hundred millions of dollars; the revolution decreased it to \$148,122,525, on a gold basis, in 1866. The commonwealth had been racked literally to its center by the invasion and support of a merciless army. She was weighted down so heavily that recovery seemed impossible. Yet she grew in strength and prosperity year by year thenceforward. In 1872 she returned a valuation in gold of \$213,160,808, a substantial increase in six years of nearly seventy-five millions in currency. In other words she increased her wealth by about the total gold value of all her lands—some thirty millions of

acres. This liberal increase was accomplished despite a decrease in the number of laborers, for although the aggregate population had increased since the war, there were only 114,999 laborers reported in 1871, while in 1866 there were 139,988. In 1872 the number had still further decreased, and it is estimated that in six years nearly thirty thousand laborers have been lost to the state.* But the improved methods of culture, and the use of powerful fertilizers, as well as the influence of an energetic spirit which perhaps distinguishes the Georgian above his neighbors of the other States, have enabled the lessened number of workers to do what few dared to predict as possible. It is estimated that in six years and a half the increase in the total value of the property of the state has been 44 per cent. It is to be regretted that the legislators of a com-



STAIRWAY AT SAVANNAH.

monwealth which has shown itself capable of such an elastic rebound from ruin and misfortune should embarrass their future

*The population of Georgia, in 1860, was 1,057,286, divided into 591,550 whites, 2500 free and 462,198 slave blacks. In 1870, the population was 1,200,609; number of blacks, 545,132.



THE PULASKI MONUMENT, SAVANNAH.

prospects by ominously talking of repudiation. Now that the majority of the plantations are in good condition; now that the farming implements destroyed in the war have been replaced; now that the quantity of live stock in all sections has been nearly doubled since 1867; and that the planters look confidently forward to the time when Georgia shall produce a million bales yearly,—in spite of all the drawbacks and failures of an imperfect and vexatious labor system,—it is hardly wise to threaten the state's credit with destruction, because of the irregularities which the government, inaugurated by reconstruction, brought into existence. With caution in future, and with some check upon the multitude of railway schemes which constantly arise, Georgia can lightly carry all the debt she has contracted, until she is ready to throw it off. Railroad building and speculation have always been passions dear to the Georgian heart; and within thirty years more than forty millions of dollars were invested in lines built in the State.

So feverish has become the railroad mania that there is a class who are in favor of an inhibition of State aid to works of internal improvement, and who would be glad to see a clause to that effect inserted in the constitution. It is expected that

in due time a convention will be called for the purpose of altering the constitution in many ways, as the Georgia conservative press and politicians are clamorous for one to take the place of "the instrument dignified with that name and forced upon the people by Federal intervention."

Autumn-time in Georgia, when harvest is nearly over, is brisk and redolent of inspiring gayety. In the last days of November the towns and cities are filled with the planters from hundreds of miles round about; money flows plentifully; at Savannah there are agricultural fairs, races, reviews of the fine military organization which the city boasts, balls, and wassails. The halls of the Screven and the Pulaski, Savannah's two prime hotels, echo to the cheery laugh of the tall and handsome planter, as well as to the cough of the Northern invalid. On a bright day in December, when a stiff breeze is blowing through the odorous foliage, Savannah presents an aspect of gayety and vivacity which is hardly Southern in character. Elegant equipages dash along the hard white roads leading to the pretty river-side resort known as "Thunderbolt," or the somber, mystical aisles of the "Bonaventure" cemetery. Where the Tatnall once lived in regal splendor, Savannah now buries its dead. There are many fine monuments in the forest cemetery, but no marble can vie in beauty and grandeur with the mighty yet graceful live oaks which spread their arched boughs and superb foliage. From Bonaventure one may look out across the lowland traversed by estuaries, along which steamers crawl on the inland route to Florida or may stray into cool pineries; then returning, may find himself beneath such lofty domes, or such broad and majestic aisles, whose pavements are of tessellate sun and shade, that he may start with surprise when, awaking from his day-dream, he discovers that he is not wandering in some giant cathedral. The inhabitants of Savannah have the delights of sea-bathing and sea air within a few miles of town: such pretty resorts as the "Thunderbolt," the Isle of Hope, Beaulieu, Montgomerie and White Bluff.

From the steeple of the venerable Exchange one can get, here and there, glimpses of Savannah's especial curiosities. On Bull street he can see the Masonic Hall, where the ordinance of secession was passed in 1861; and, piercing the foliage, the tall

spire of the Independent Presbyterian Church, or St. John's, or the Ionic proportions of Christ Church, in the parish over which John Wesley was once rector; and may look down into parks where flashing fountains scatter their spray-jets upon lovely beds of flowers. Forsyth Park contains a massive fountain, around which, as in continental cities, troops of children and their nurses are always straying. In Monument Square rises a handsome shaft to the memory of Greene and Pulaski. Monument Square is one of the principal centers in Savannah, and around it are grouped the hotels and the State Bank edifice; the Bank itself exists no longer. The Pulaski monument, a beautiful marble shaft, surrounded by a figure of the Goddess of Liberty, ornaments still another square. Wandering up Bull, or Drayton, or along Broad streets, one sees shop, theater, public hall, market, luxurious private dwellings, many-balconied and cool, and fountain and monument; yet feels around him the tranquility and beauty of the southern forest. Each one of the thirty thousand inhabitants of Savannah should daily have a benediction in his or her heart for the planters of the colony, who gave Savannah such scope for gardens and parks, for fountains and shaded avenues.

The municipal control of the town thus pleasantly situated is very nearly perfect. The police corps is a military organization, clothed in Confederate gray, subject to strict discipline, armed with rifles, revolvers and sabers, and occupying a handsome garrison barracks in a central location. It is one of the prides of the city, and Gen. Anderson, an ex-United States and Confederate officer, keeps it in perfect discipline. Only now and then, in the troublesome days of reconstruction, did it come into collision with the factions at election time. One policeman wanders over each ward every night.

There is but little violation of law, save in the brawls incidental to a seaport, and the larcenies arising from the freedman's undeveloped moral consciousness. The negroes no longer have any voice whatever in political matters, and are not represented in the city government. The registration law in the city, which was in force at the outset of reconstruction, has been abolished. There are only four hundred negro voters registered in the city. The banking capital of Savannah was decreased from twelve to three millions by the war, but the city owes comparatively little money, has a valuation of sixteen millions, and manages to do much business on small capital. Education in the city and in the thickly settled county of Chatham surrounding it is making far better progress than in the back country. In 1866 the Board of Education in Savannah was made a corporate body, and a most excellent system of schools for white children was inaugurated, to which have now been added



A COUPLE OF "CRACKERS."

several schools for the colored children. The Peabody Fund does its good work there, as elsewhere. Twenty-five hundred white children attend the sessions, but only four or five hundred out of the three thousand negro children in Savannah have been accorded facilities. There is a good deal of absurd prejudice in Savannah against the colored man yet, and, although the Board seems inclined to do its duty, the citizens do not urge any elaborate effort to raise Sambo out of ignorance. Savannah is quite rich in private, educational, charitable and literary institutions, prominent among which are the Union Society and the Female Asylum for Orphans, the former on the site of the Orphan House which Whitfield established in 1740. The Georgia Historical and Medical Societies are flourishing, and of excellent reputation.

The "Empire State of the South" needs manufactures, more especially of articles in daily use by farmers and their families in the agricultural regions. It is not without some little bitterness that a Georgia journalist recently wrote: "A Georgia farmer uses a Northern axe-helve and axe to cut up the hickory growing within sight of his door, plows his fields with a Northern plow, chops out his cotton with a New England hoe, gins his cotton upon a Boston gin, hoops it with Pennsylvania iron, hauls it to market in a Con-

cord wagon, while the little grain that he raises is cut and prepared for sale with Yankee implements. We find the Georgia housewife cooking with an Albany stove and even the food, especially the luxuries are imported from the North. Georgia's fair daughters are clothed in Yankee muslins and decked in Massachusetts ribbons and Rhode Island jewelry."

Yea, verily! Throughout the cotton States this statement holds true. In the interior cotton districts of Georgia there is often a great deal of pecuniary distress because the condition of the market or the failure of the crop presses sorely on those who have given no care to raise anything for self-support, and who have staked their all on cotton. Diversified industry would make of Georgia in twenty years a second New York; for even in her present ill-organized condition she actually makes great progress. The creation of manufacturing centers like Columbus, Macon, Albany, Thomaston, Augusta, Atlanta, Marietta, Athens, and Dalton is encouraging but much remains to be done. Only about five millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods in the State as yet, and the grand water power of the Chattahoochee still remains but little employed. Agriculture must, therefore, be the main stay of the commonwealth and the prospect is, on the whole, encouraging.

The present cash value of the farms in Georgia is considerably more than \$100,000,000 and might be doubled by some thing like systematic and thorough cultivation. The number of small farms is steadily increasing, and the negroes have acquired a good deal of land which, in the cotton sections, they recklessly devote entirely to the staple, with an improvidence and carelessness of the future which is bewildering to the foresighted observer. They are fond of the same pleasures which their late masters give themselves so freely—hunting, fishing, and lounging; pastimes which the superb forests, the noble streams, the charming climate minister to very strongly. In the lower part of the State, in the piney woods and swamps, the inhabitants are indolent, uneducated, complainant and shiftless. They are all of the



VIEW IN BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH.



GEN. OGLETHORPE, THE FOUNDER OF SAVANNAH.
(FROM ENGRAVING IN POSSESSION OF GEORGE W. JONES, ESQ.)

same stamp as the old woman who explained to a hungry and thirsty traveler that they couldn't give him any milk, "because the dog was dead!" Applying his perceptive powers to this singular remark, he discovered that the defunct dog had been wont to drive up the cows to be milked at eventide, and that since his death it had not occurred to any of the family to go themselves in search of the kine. People who have plenty of cattle, and might raise the finest beef and mutton, rarely see milk or butter, and wear out their systems with indigestible pork and poor whisky. Their indolence, ignorance, and remoteness from any well-ordered farming regions are the excuses. These are the sallow and lean people who always feel "tollable," but who never feel well; a people of dry fiber and coarse existence, yet not devoid of wit and good sense. The Georgia "cracker" is eminently shiftless; he seems to fancy that he was born with his hands in his pockets, his back curved, and his slouch hat crowded over his eyes, and does his best to forever maintain this attitude. Quarrels, as among the lower classes generally throughout the South, grow into feuds, cherished for years, until some day, at the cross-roads, or the country tavern, a pistol or a knife puts a bloody and often a fatal end to the difficulty. There is, in all the sparsely settled agricultural portion of Georgia, too much pop-

ular vengeance, too much taking the law into one's own hands; but there is a gradual growth of opinion against this, and even now it is by no means so pronounced as in Kentucky, and some other more northward States. The "d—n nigger" is usually careful to be unobtrusive in quarrels with white men, as the rural Caucasian has a kind of subdued thirst for negro gore, which, when once really awakened, is not readily appeased. Yet, on the whole, considering the character which the revolution has assumed in Georgia since the fall of the reconstruction government there, it is astonishing that the two races get on so well together as they do.

Columbus, on the border of Alabama, separated from that State by the Chattahoochee River, which gives it an outlet to the Gulf, through Florida, is a lively, thriving town, which must one day rival Lowell or Manchester, because its water power is exceptionally fine. The river, some distance above the city, flows through a rugged and beautiful ravine, where the best building stone is to be had. It is said by competent authorities that along the stream within two miles of the city there are sixty sites, each large enough for the establishment of a capacious factory. Columbus impressed me more favorably than any other manufacturing town I had seen in the far South. It lies right at the center of the cotton belt, is pierced by six important railways, receives about 130,000 cotton bales yearly, and in the mills of the Columbus Manufacturing, and Eagle and Phoenix companies, employs hundreds of women and children. The streets are wide and cheery; the shops and stores quite fine; the residences pretty; the little town of Girard across the river, built by the mill proprietors as a home for their operatives, is charming; there is an aspect of life, and energy, and content in the place strongly contrasted with the dead and stagnant towns, of which I had seen so many. True, there were hosts of idle negroes roosting in



A SAVANNAH SERGEANT
OF POLICE.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

shady places about the squares, and under the porticoes, but they are found everywhere in the South. The managers of the cotton mills will not employ them in their establishments. When I asked one of the superintendents why not, he smiled quaintly, and said: "Put a negro in one of those rooms with a hundred looms, and the noise would put him to sleep." To which, never having seen the "man and brother" under the specified circumstances, I could, of course, make no answer. Columbus has direct water communication with Texas, the great wool market of the future, and could supply woolen mills very readily and cheaply. The Columbus manufacturers claim that a bale of cotton can be manufactured \$22 cheaper there than in or near Boston, and that their labor is thirty per cent. cheaper, while they are never subject to obstructions from ice.* The operatives in the mills were evidently saving money, and their houses and gardens were models of neatness and comfort. After riding all day through regions where the log-cabin was oftener seen than the frame house, and where the forests still hold possession of nine-tenths of the land, it was refreshing to come upon a town of such energy, activity and prospects as Columbus.

The journey from Savannah to Macon carries one well out of the lowlands into a high rolling country, admirably suited to

* The first cotton factory established at Macon has sometimes divided twenty-one per cent yearly, and is gradually accumulating a very large surplus fund.

cotton raising. Macon is the site of the annual Georgia fair, which late in autumn all the planters attend. The smaller towns around about it on the various lines of rail are not very promising in appearance. The unpainted houses seem deserted until one sees half a dozen negro children pop their heads above the window-sills, and the "judge," and the "colonel," and the "doctor" come lazily to the train to get the mail and the newspaper. In most of the towns the train-conductor is looked upon with awe, and is invariably addressed as "captain." The railroads are well managed in everything save speed, and the natives traveling are always civil and communicative. Macon is picturesquely perched on a hill, around which a densely wooded country stretches away in all directions. The Ocmulgee River winds between broken and romantic banks not far from the town; and near it are many Indian mounds and the site of a venerable fort, used during the wars with the Cherokees. The cotton factories, large iron foundries and the railway activity of Macon, give it even a more sprightly appearance than Columbus; but the latter has fifteen thousand population, while Macon has but ten thousand. The Wesleyan Female College and the Southern Botanic-Medical Institute, as well as the State Academy for the Blind, are located at Macon. From the pretty Rose Hill Cemetery the outlook over the Ocmulgee is very fine.

Society is good and cultured in Savannah and in most of the large towns through the State. There is still bitterness and ostracism for him who votes the Republican ticket, whether he comes with the odor of carpet-baggery about him or not. Savannah is more courteous and liberal in her sentiments than a few years since, but keeps up a latent bitter feeling, ready to be flashed out on good occasions. These remarks do not apply with so much force to the gentlemen as to the ladies, for the average Southern man is altogether too American and too frank to show resentment towards individuals because they represent the best element of a party whose worst elements are obnoxious to him. There is a tendency among large numbers of the men to sink politics, and to attend with all their energies to business. But a seem determined to make Georgia's government one "for white men;" and whenever there is any need for concerted action, every one is alert. Still it is morally

certain that before a continued prosperity all political troubles will finally disappear. The labor question is the important one for Georgia, and all the other cotton States, to settle. The negro, after he discovers what he loses by allowing himself to be intimidated or talked out of his vote, will learn to respect it, and use it intelligently. The negroes of the State are possessed of no small acuteness and power of development, and, wherever there are educational facilities for it, they speedily improve them. The especial need of the race is good teachers, raised from its own ranks, and the creation of a university at Atlanta for the colored population was one of the most beneficent works of the American Missionary Society. The Georgia University at Athens, frequented, of course, exclusively by whites, is an excellent institution. It was endowed by the legislature in 1788, but did not begin its sessions until 1801, since which time it has been noted among Southern literary institutions. Milledgeville, the quondam capital of Georgia, is a quaint and pretty little town on the Oconee River, not far from Macon. The State Asylum for the Insane is located there, and the legislators now and then ominously mutter that they would like to remove all the governmental machinery from Atlanta back to the old governmental seat; but the Atlanta influence is powerful against such a movement.



A SPANISH DAGGER TREE, SAVANNAH.

The deft and graceful pen of that sprightly and distinguished Georgian poet, Mr. Paul H. Hayne, is fitter than mine to paint aright the charms of the Georgia lowland scenery. To a poet's verse belong the inexpressible charms of the dark green and somber foliage, the hurry of waters on the white, low beaches, the sighing of the wind through the long and dainty moss-beards, and the magical effects of sunrise and moonrise on the broad and placid current of the Savannah. To verse belong the many stories and legends of the chain of fertile islands strung along the Georgian coast, from Tybee to Cumberland. These island plantations are fast falling into decay since the close of the war, and the culture of sea island cotton on them has experienced many sad reverses. The war left its scars on these islands. The Union troops seized Tybee, near the mouth of the Savannah, as early as 1862, and from it bombarded that superb fortification, Fort Pulaski, on Cockspur Island. The massive walls of Pulaski, on which the United States had lavished money and skill, only to find it turned against them, yielded to the terrible summons hurled at it from the mouths of rifled cannon and mortars; and the battered stones loom up to-day, a sad memorial to the passer-by on the river of the havoc wrought by civil war.

Journeying along the coast, one passes Warsaw sound, where the plucky little monitors captured the ironclad "Atlanta" in 1863, and a sail up the Ogeechee River will bring one to the scene of the brave defense of Fort McAllister, whose little garrison, stirred by a sense of duty, held grimly on, long after Sherman was at the gates of Savannah with a victorious army, and the Union fleet kept the coast blockaded—long after they had been cut off from all hope of relief; who held on until captured and literally crushed down by overwhelming numbers. The many lagoons which penetrate the low and fertile lands are easily accessible, and on the islands there will in future be delightful homes, when a fresh and numerous population shall have come to a State whose only need is more people. The Atlantic coast of Georgia, seen from the deck of an ocean steamer, seems low and uninteresting,—only a few sand hillocks now and then loom above the level of the waves,—but a nearer approach shows luxuriant vegetation and enviable richness of



COTTON PICKING IN ALABAMA.

soil. From Fernandina, in North-western Florida, one can easily reach Cumberland Island, the old home of Gen. Lee, of revolutionary fame, and the scene of sharp fighting between British and Americans in 1815. On this, as on the neighboring islands, the orange grows luxuriantly, and, with a return to careful and reliable culture, the cotton crop there could be made of immense value.

Crossing the Chattahoochee river into Alabama, I found that the spirit of manufacturing enterprise had spread abroad from Columbus, in Georgia, and had built up a thriving town at Opelika. The Atlanta and West Point Railroad gives a connection with the Georgian capital, and through trains from Mobile and Montgomery are frequent. The branch road communicating with Columbus runs through a well cultivated, but not specially interesting, country. There are vast quantities of blue limestone in this section, and the inhabitants are now beginning to utilize it. A few miles from Opelika, at Auburn, the East Alabama College is located, and there is also a thriving school for women.

In the cars, on the road from Opelika to Montgomery, I found the usual num-

ber of rough but honest folk bound for Texas; a sprinkling of commercial Hebrews, who bitterly bewailed the misfortunes attendant on the failure of the cotton crop during two successive years; and some very intelligent colored men going to the legislature, then in session.

People generally complained of a desperate condition of affairs, consequent upon the crop failures, and spoke with bitterness of the poverty which had overtaken both whites and blacks. The lands around Montgomery were, every one admitted, wonderfully rich, but the caterpillar had devastated the fields as fast as the planter had planted them; and the consequence was that many persons were not only overwhelmed with debt, but hardly knew where they were to get anything to eat. My visit to Montgomery fully demonstrated to me that these statements were in no wise exaggerated.

Montgomery county, in which the capital is situated, once comprehended a large portion of Central Alabama, but now includes only eight hundred square miles. There are nearly three times as many blacks as whites within its limits. It has usually been considered first on the list of the agricultural counties of the State, and in the first rank

in wealth. No section of the South, not even the wonderfully rich Mississippi delta, offers better soil for the growing of cotton and corn. The undulating prairie and the fertile alluvial afford every chance for the amassing of riches. Five great railways run through the town and the county, and the river navigation is excellent.

It was difficult to conceive how this marvelous section had fallen into such decay that the market place of Montgomery was filled with auctioneers presiding over sheriff's sales, and that there was a general complaint of poverty, much destitution, and, in some cases, despair. The citizens explained that the failure of the "crops" (the crops meaning cotton) during two years, and the arrival of the panic, had completely worsted them. The negroes employed by planters were discharged by hundreds when the panic came, and having, as a mass, no means, constituted a "bread or blood" populace, whose presence in the country was in the highest degree embarrassing. The mayor of the city gave these unfortunate people charity out of his own purse for a long time, until other cities and towns rallied, and sent in help.

Stealing was, of course, frequently resorted to by the freedmen as soon as they were idle, and the whole country round was pillaged. Owing to the ravages of the caterpillar, Montgomery's tributary crop, which usually amounts to 60,000 or 70,000 bales, had fallen to one-third that amount. As most of the planters had grown nothing else, it seemed very probable that some of them might have to go hungry.

Montgomery has a double historic interest as a capital, for it was there that the Confederacy first established its seat of government; there that the provisional congress assembled for two months; and the house occupied at that time by Jefferson Davis is still pointed out. The town is prettily situated on the Alabama river, and used to export one hundred thousand bales of cotton, much of which was floated down the current of the great stream. As a manufacturing center, it would be very advantageous, but, although Alabama has exempted manufactures from taxation, no effort has, as yet, been made to establish them. Montgomery, therefore, a town of fourteen thousand inhabitants, with fair transportation facilities, good streets, many elegant business blocks, fine churches, a

good theater, an elegant courthouse, and a mammoth hotel, has a valuation of only \$6,500,000, and its streets are filled with black and white idlers. If the negroes could be persuaded to show the same industry in manufacturing that they do in attending mortgage sales, the section would not lack capable workers. I was told in the market square that some of the negroes had come sixty miles,—many from the mountains of Coosa County,—to attend upon the sales, and on these expeditions were accustomed to be absent from their farms for days together. The plantations in all the adjacent belt were expected to go off at sheriff's sales at the time of my visit. How many of them the original owners managed to retain in their possession, I know not, but think the number must have been small.

The Capitol building, crowning a fine eminence, from which one could get a view of the town spread out over the undulating



THE COTTON PLANT.



THE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

prairies, was surrounded with the usual number of negroes, old and young, who seemed to have no thought whatever for the morrow. A few gray-headed Africans were seated on the gateway steps as I went in, and moved lazily and grumblingly aside to let me pass. The colored legislators lounging about the lobbies, waiting for the session to begin, were of a rather higher type than those in South Carolina and Louisiana. There were a good many among them who were lightly tintured with Caucasian blood, and all were smartly dressed and aggressive in their demeanor.

When the "House" assembled, I went in, and found the honorable representatives engaged in a stirring battle over

some measures which the Conservatives desired to pass before, and the Radicals to hinder until the close of the session. The speaker, the Hon. Lewis E. Parsons, was the first provisional governor under the new constitution, and remained in office until the new constitution was adopted. He had been made for the election of a governor and general assembly, in 1865. He was originally, and still is, a man of remarkable intellect, a good Republican and an honest man, and has done much in staying the tide of ignorance and oppression from overwhelming the State. Alabama, even after she was supposed to be reconstructed, flatly refused to recognize the Fourteenth Amendment, and was consequently re-manded to her provisional condition as a conquered province, and Robert M. Patton, the successor of Gov. Parsons, found himself under the supervision of the Brigadier General commanding the district in which Alabama formed a part. A new constitutional convention was held; black carried over whites the adoption of a constitution in complete harmony with the requirements of Congress, and in the summer of 1868, Wm. H. Smith became the Republican governor of the State. Under his administration began the era of domination of the hybrid legislature, and it is not surprising that the State was shaken at its center by the ensuing legislation. The legislature was besieged by persons interested in railway schemes, and the State credit was pledged in the most prodigious fashion. At the same time immigration to the State was hindered by the operations of



COTTON MILL AT COLUMBUS, GA.

the Ku-Klux and by the exaggerated bitterness of the white Alabamians who did not seem willing to forgive the North for having forced negro suffrage upon them; and in the counties where the negroes were in the majority there was the mismanagement, turbulence and tyranny which prevailed in other States of the South. In 1871 Robert B. Lindsay was elected governor, but Gov. Smith refused to vacate his office, on the ground that Lindsay had been fraudulently elected, and surrounded him



IN THE MARKET PLACE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

self with Federal soldiers. Lindsay was, however, declared elected, and the State had two governors and two legislatures, like Louisiana and Arkansas, until Gov. Smith was ousted by a writ from the Circuit Court. Gov. Lindsay was succeeded in 1872, by David P. Lewis, who was in power at the time of my visit. The various railroad complications have somewhat impaired the State's credit, and Alabama has latterly found it very difficult to meet the interest upon bonds which she had endorsed for some of the new railroad enterprises. The condition of these roads is the cause of all the State's financial trouble. The Alabama and Chattanooga road, the Montgomery and Enfaula, the Selma and Gulf roads have all aided in the embarrassment in which Alabama is plunged to-day by the lamentable condition of her State indebtedness.

In the house of representatives the col-

ored members appeared to have voluntarily taken seats on one side of the house, and the Conservatives, who were in like manner assembled together, were overwhelmed

by a deafening chorus of "Mr. Speaker!" from the colored side, whenever they prepared any measure. Sometimes the colored opponents would show that they misapprehended the attitude of their white friends, and then long and wearisome explanations and discussions were entered upon, enlivened only by an occasional outburst of a dusky member, who fiercely disputed the floor with his ex-master, and whose gestures were only equaled in eccentricity by his language. The Senate was a more dignified body; in it there were some gentlemen of distinguished presence and considerable eloquence.*

But at Montgomery, as elsewhere throughout the reconstructed States, it was easy to see that ignorance and corruption had done much to injure the *morale* of the State. The worst feature observable was a kind of political stagnation in the minds of the white people—a mute consent to almost any misfortune which might happen. This was more dreadful and depressing than the negro ignorance. I do not mean to infer that the whites in Alabama are all educated. The ignorance of the poorer white classes in the country is as dense as that of the blacks; and there is evidence of rough and reckless manners of living. Nothing but education and a thorough culture of the soil—a genuine farming, will ever build up



OLD FORT ON TYBEE ISLAND.

* Ample attention will be paid in the succeeding paper to the other characteristics of Alabama.

the broken fortunes of this once wealthy section of Alabama.

Coming down from the Capitol, one sunlit autumn morning, I was fairly amazed at the great congregation of idle negroes in the market square. They were squatted at corners; they leaned against walls, and cowered under the canvas of the huge country wagons; they chattered like magpies at the shop doors, and swarmed like flies around the cheap and villainous grog-shops which abounded. No one

was at work; none had any thought for the morrow. Those with whom I stopped to converse "cursed their dull fate" in the mild, deprecatory manner peculiar to the African. Their descriptions of the caterpillar, who feeds upon the leaves of the cotton plant, and of its able assistant, the ball-worm, who buries himself inside the cotton ball, and feeds on it until it is entirely gone, were graphic and amusing, but it would require almost countless pages to translate them here.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IX.

In a few words, Gideon Spilett, Harbert, and Neb were made acquainted with what had happened. The accident, which in the eyes of Pencroff, might have had very serious consequences, produced a different effect upon his companions.

Neb, in his delight at having found his master, did not listen, or rather, did not care to trouble himself with what Pencroff was saying.

Harbert shared in some degree the sailor's apprehensions.

As to the reporter, he simply replied:

"Upon my word, Pencroff, it's of no consequence to me!"

"But I repeat that we haven't any fire!"

"Pooh!"

"Nor any means of relighting it?"

"Nonsense! isn't Cyrus here?" replied the reporter. "Is not our engineer living? He will soon find some way of making a fire for us!"

"With what?"

"With nothing."

What had Pencroff to say? He could say nothing, for, in the bottom of his heart he shared the confidence which his companions had in Cyrus Smith. The engineer was to them a microcosm, a compound of every science, a possessor of all human knowledge. It was better to be with Cyrus on a desert island, than without him in the most flourishing town in the United States. With him they could

want nothing; with him they would never despair. If these brave men had been told that a volcanic eruption would destroy the land, that this land would be engulfed in the depths of the Pacific, they would have imperturbably replied: "Cyrus is here!"

While in the palanquin, however, the engineer had again relapsed into unconsciousness, which the jolting to which he had been subjected during his journey had brought on, so they could not now appeal to his ingenuity. The supper must necessarily be very meager. In fact, all the tetra's flesh had been consumed, and there no longer existed any means of cooking more game. Besides, the couroucous which had been reserved had disappeared. They must consider what was to be done.

First of all, Cyrus Smith was carried into the central passage. There they managed to arrange for him a couch of seaweed which still remained almost dry. The deep sleep which had overpowered him would, no doubt, be more beneficial to him than any nourishment.

Night had closed in, and the temperature, which had modified when the wind shifted to the north-west, again became extremely cold. Also, the sea having destroyed the partitions which Pencroff had put up in certain places in the passages, the Chimneys, on account of the draughts, had become scarcely habitable. The engineer's condition would, therefore, have

been bad enough, if his companions had not carefully covered him with their coats and waistcoats.

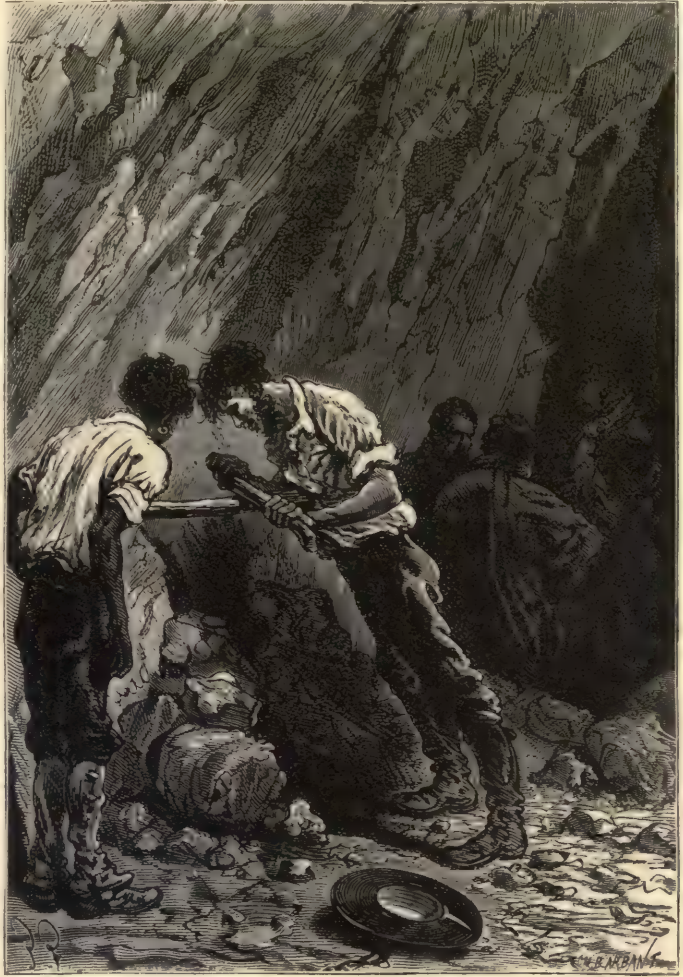
Supper, this evening, was of course, composed of the inevitable lithodomes, of which Herbert and Neb picked up a plentiful supply on the beach. However, to the molluscs, the lad added some edible seaweed, which he gathered on high rocks whose sides were only washed by the sea at the time of high tide. This seaweed, which belongs to the order of *Sucacæ*, of the genus *Sargassum*, when dry, produces a gelatinous matter, rich and nutritious. The reporter and his companions, after having eaten a quantity of lithodomes, sucked the *Sargassum*, the taste of which was very excellent. It is used very often in parts of the East by the natives.

"Never mind!" said the sailor, "it is time that the captain came to our help."

Meanwhile the cold became very severe, and unhappily they had no means of defending themselves from it.

The sailor, extremely vexed, tried in all sorts of ways to produce fire. Neb helped him in this work. He found some dry moss, and by striking together two pebbles he obtained some sparks, but the moss, not being inflammable enough, did not take fire, for the sparks were really only incandescent, and not at all of the same consistency as those which are emitted from flint when struck in the same manner. The experiment, therefore, did not succeed.

Pencroff, although he had no confidence in the proceeding, then tried rubbing two pieces of dried wood together, as savages do. Certainly the movement which he and Neb gave themselves, if it had been transformed into heat, according to the



TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

new theory, would have been enough to heat the boiler of a steamer! But it came to nothing. The bits of wood became hot, but did not ignite.

After working an hour, Pencroff, who was in a complete state of perspiration, threw down the pieces of wood in disgust.

"When I can be made to believe that savages light their fires in this way," said he, "it will be warm, even in winter! I could sooner light my arms by rubbing them against each other!"

The sailor was wrong to despise the proceeding. Savages often kindle wood by means of rapid rubbing. But every sort of wood does not answer for the purpose, and besides there is "the knack," as



"THEY SAW TOP ENGAGED IN A STRUGGLE WITH AN ANIMAL."

it is called, which it is probable that Pencroff did not have.

Pencroff's ill humor did not last long. Harbert had taken the bits of wood which he had thrown down, and was exerting himself to rub them. The hardy sailor could not restrain a burst of laughter on seeing the efforts of the lad to succeed where he had failed.

"Rub, my boy, rub!" said he.

"I am rubbing," replied Harbert, laughing, "but I don't pretend to do anything else but warm myself in my turn instead of shivering, and soon I shall be as hot as you are, Pencroff!"

This was soon the case. However, they were obliged to give up, for this night at least, the attempt to procure a fire. Gid-

eon Spilett repeated, for the twentieth time, that Cyrus Smith would not have been troubled for so little. And in the meantime, he stretched himself in one of the passages on his bed of sand.

Harbert, Neb, and Pencroff did the same, while Top slept at his master's feet.

Next day, the 28th of March, when the engineer awoke, about eight in the morning, he saw his companions around him watching his sleep, and, as on the day before, his first words were:—

"Island or continent?"

This was his fixed idea.

"Well!" replied Pencroff, "we don't know anything about it, captain!"

"You don't know yet?"

"But we shall know," rejoined Pencroff, "when you have guided us into the country."

"I think I am able to try it," replied the engineer, who, without much effort, rose and stood upright.

"That's capital!" cried the sailor.

"I feel dreadfully weak," replied Smith. "Give me something to eat, my friends, and I will soon feel stronger. You have fire, haven't you?"

This question was not immediately replied to. But in a few seconds, said Pencroff:

"Alas! we have no fire, or rather, captain, we have it no longer!"

And the sailor recounted all that had passed the day before. He amused the engineer by the history of the single match, and then related his abortive attempt to procure fire in the savage's way.

"We shall consider," and if we do not find some substance similar to tinder—"

"Well?" asked the sailor.

"Well, we will make matches."

"Chemicals?"

"Chemicals!"

"It is just as easy as that," cried the reporter, striking the sailor on the shoulder. the latter did not think it was so simple, but he did not protest. All went out. The weather had become very fine. The sun was rising from the sea's horizon, and the huge precipice was everywhere touched with golden splangles.

Having thrown a rapid glance around him, the engineer seated himself on a block of stone. Harbert offered him a few handfuls of shellfish and sargassum, saying,—

"It is all that we have, Captain Smith."

"Thanks, my boy," replied Smith; "it will do—for this morning at least."

He ate the wretched food with appetite, and washed it down with a little fresh water, drawn from the river in an immense shell.

His companions looked at him without speaking. Then, after being refreshed more or less, Cyrus Smith, crossing his arms, said:

"So, my friends, you do not know yet whether fate has thrown us on an island, or on a continent?"

"No, Captain," replied the boy.

"We shall know to-morrow," said the engineer; "till then there is nothing to be done."

"Yes," replied Pencroff.

"What?"

"Fire," said the sailor who, too, had a fixed idea.

"We will make it, Pencroff," replied Smith.

"While you were carrying me yesterday, did I not see in the west a mountain which commands the country?"

"Yes," replied Spilett "a mountain which must be rather high."

"Well," replied the engineer, "we will climb to the summit to-morrow and then we shall see if this land is an island or a continent. Till then, I repeat, there is nothing to be done."

"Yes, fire!" said the obstinate sailor again.

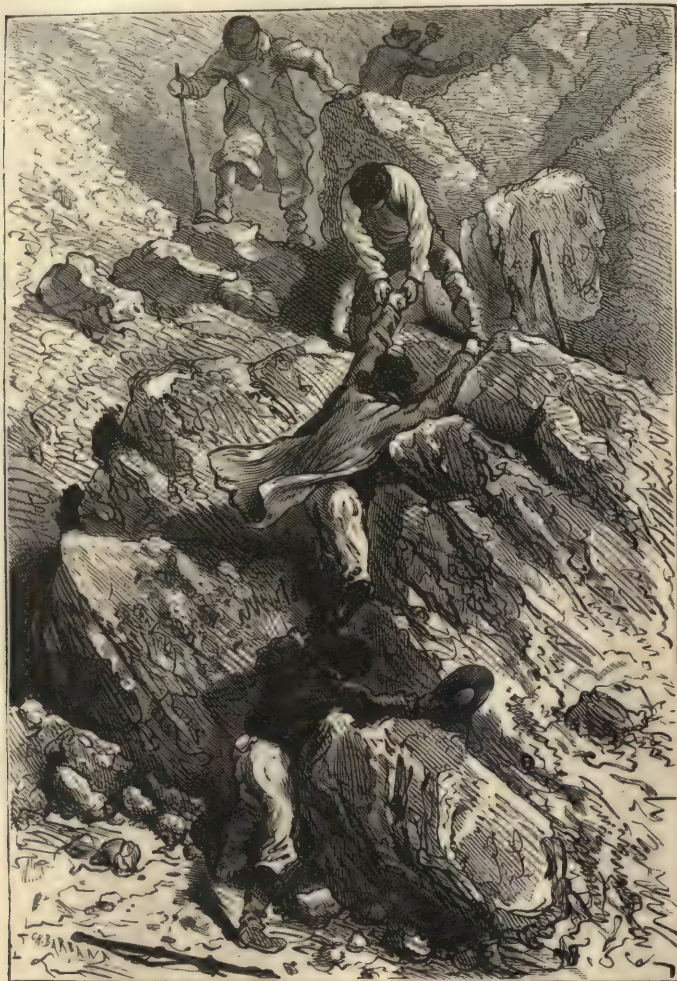
"But he will make us a fire!" replied Gideon Spilett, "only have a little patience, Pencroff!"

The seaman looked at Spilett in a way which seemed to say: "If it depended upon you to do it, we wouldn't taste roast meat very soon;" but he was silent.

Meanwhile Captain Smith had made no reply. He appeared to be very little troubled by the question of fire. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought; then, again speaking—



"HARBERT! NEB! LOOK!" HE SHOUTED."



ASCENDING THE MOUNTAIN.

"My friends," said he, "our situation is, perhaps, deplorable; but, at any rate, it is very plain. Either we are on a continent, and then, at the expense of greater or less fatigue, we shall reach some inhabited place, or we are on an island. In the latter case, if the island is inhabited, we will try to get out of the scrape with the help of its inhabitants; if it is a desert, we will try to get out of the scrape by ourselves."

"Certainly, nothing could be plainer," replied Pencroff.

"But whether it is an island, or a continent," asked Gideon Spilett, "where do you think, Cyrus, this storm has thrown us?"

"I cannot say exactly," replied the en-

gineer, but I presume it is some land in the Pacific. In fact, when we left Richmond, the wind was blowing from the north-east, and its violence itself proved that it could not have varied. If the direction has been maintained from north-east to south-west, we have traversed the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, the Gulf of Mexico itself, in its narrow part, then a part of the Pacific Ocean. I cannot estimate the distance traversed by the balloon at less than six to seven thousand miles, and even supposing that the wind had varied half a quarter, it must have brought us either to the archipelago of Mendocino, or on the Pomotus, or, even if it had a greater strength than I suppose, to the land of New Zealand. If the last hypothesis is correct, it will be easy enough to get home again. English or Malagasy, we shall always find some one to whom we can speak. If, on the contrary, this is the coast of a desert island in some very small archipelago, perhaps we shall be able to reconnoiter it from the summit of that peak which overlooks the country, and then we shall see how to establish ourselves here as if we were never to go away."

"Never!" cried the reporter. "You say 'never,' my dear Cyrus!"

"Better to put things at the worst first," replied the engineer, "and reserve the best for a surprise."

"Well said," remarked Pencroff. "It is to be hoped, too, that this island, if it is one, is not situated just out of the course of ships. That would be really unlucky!"

"We shall not know what we have to re-

gineer, but I presume it is some land in the Pacific. In fact, when we left Richmond, the wind was blowing from the north-east, and its violence itself proved that it could not have varied. If the direction has been maintained from north-east to south-west, we have traversed the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, the Gulf of Mexico itself, in its narrow part, then a part of the Pacific Ocean. I cannot estimate the distance traversed by the balloon at less than six to seven thousand miles, and even supposing that the wind had varied half a quarter, it must have brought us either to the archipelago of Mendocino, or on the Pomotus, or, even if it had a greater strength than I suppose, to the land of New Zealand. If the last hypothesis is correct, it will be easy enough to get home again. English or Malagasy, we shall always find some one to whom we can speak. If, on the contrary, this is the

ly on until we have made the ascent of the mountain," replied the engineer.

"But to-morrow, Captain," asked Harbert, "shall you be in a state to bear the fatigue of the ascent?"

"I hope so," replied the engineer, "provided you and Pencroff show yourselves quick and clever hunters."

"Captain," said the sailor, "since you are speaking of game, if on my return I was as certain of being able to roast it as I am of bringing it back——"

"Bring it back all the same, Pencroff," replied Smith.

It was then agreed that the engineer and the reporter should pass the day at the Chimneys, so as to examine the shore and the upper plateau. Neb, Harbert and the sailor, were to return to the forest, renew their store of wood, and lay violent hands on every creature, feathered or hairy, which might come within their reach.

They set out then, about ten o'clock in the morning, Harbert confident, Neb joyous, Pencroff murmuring aside: "If, on my return, I find a fire at the house, I shall believe that the lightning itself came to light it." All three climbed the bank. Arriving at the angle made by the river, the sailor, stopping, said to his two companions:

"Shall we start out as hunters or woodmen?"

"Hunters," replied Harbert; "there is Top already in quest."

"We will hunt, then," said the sailor, "and come back and collect our wood afterwards."

This agreed to, Harbert, Neb and Pencroff, after having torn three sticks from the trunk of a young fir, followed Top, who was jumping about in the long grass.

This time, the hunters, instead of following the course of the river, plunged straight into the heart of the forest. There were still the same trees, belonging, for the most part, to the pine family. In certain places, less crowded and growing in clumps, these pines exhibited considerable dimensions, and seemed to indicate, by their development, that the country was situated in a higher latitude than the engineer had supposed. A glade bristled with stumps, and was covered with dry wood, which formed an inexhaustible store of fuel. Then, the glade passed, the underwood thickened again, and became almost impenetrable.

It was difficult enough to find the way through the clumps of trees, without any beaten track. So the sailor from time to

time broke off branches which might be easily recognized. But perhaps he was wrong not to follow the water-course, as he and Harbert had done on their first excursion, for after walking an hour not a creature had shown itself. Top, running under the branches, only roused birds which could not be approached. Even the coucous were invisible, and it was probable that the sailor would be obliged to return to the marshy part of the forest, in which he had so happily performed his tetra fishing.

"Well, Pencroff," said Neb, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "if this is all the game you promised to bring back to my master, it won't need a very large fire to roast it!"

"Have patience," replied the sailor, "it isn't the game that will be wanting on our return."

"Haven't you confidence in Captain Smith?"

"Yes."

"But you don't believe that he will make fire?"

"I shall believe it when the wood is blazing in the fire-place."

"It will blaze, then, for my master has said so."

"We shall see!"

Meanwhile, the sun had not yet reached the zenith. The exploration, therefore, continued, and Harbert soon discovered a tree whose fruit was edible. This was the stone pine, which produces an excellent almond, very much esteemed in the temperate regions of America and Europe. These almonds were in a perfect state of maturity, and Harbert described them to his companions, who feasted on them.

"Come," said Pencroff, "sea-weed by way of bread, raw mussels for meat, and almonds for desert, that's certainly a good dinner for those who haven't a single match in their pockets!"

"We mustn't complain," said Harbert.

"I am not complaining, my boy," replied Pencroff, "only I repeat, that meat is a little too much economized in this sort of meal."

"Top has seen something!" cried Neb, who ran towards a thicket, in the midst of which the dog had disappeared, barking. With Top's barking were mingled curious gruntings.

The sailor and Harbert followed Neb. If there was game there this was not the time to discuss how it was to be cooked, but rather, how they were to get hold of it.

The hunters had scarcely entered the bushes when they saw Top engaged in a struggle with an animal which he was holding by the ear. This quadruped was a sort of pig nearly two and a half feet long, of a blackish brown, less deep at the stomach, and with hard scanty hair. Its toes, then strongly fixed in the ground, seemed to be united by a membrane. Harbert recognized in this animal the capybara, which is one of the largest members of the rodent order.

Meanwhile, the capybara did not struggle against the dog. It stupidly rolled its eyes, deeply buried in a thick bed of fat. Perhaps it saw men for the first time.

Neb tightened his grasp on his stick, and was just going to fell the pig, when the latter, tearing itself from Top's teeth, by which it was only held by the tip of its ear, uttered a vigorous grunt, rushed upon Harbert, almost overthrew him, and disappeared in the wood.

"The rascal!" cried Pencroff.

All three directly darted after Top, but just as they joined him the animal disappeared under the waters of a large pond shaded by venerable pines.

Neb, Harbert and Pencroff stopped, motionless. Top plunged into the water, but the capybara, hidden at the bottom of the pond, did not appear.

"Let us wait," said the boy, "for he will soon come to the surface to breathe."

"Won't he drown?" asked Ned.

"No," replied Harbert, "since he has webbed feet, and is almost an amphibious animal. Let's watch for him."

Top remained in the water. Pencroff and his two companions went to different parts of the bank, so as to cut off the retreat of the capybara, which the dog was looking for beneath the water.

Harbert was not mistaken. In a few minutes the animal appeared on the surface of the water. Top was upon it in a bound, and kept it from plunging again. An instant later, the capybara, dragged to the bank, was killed by a blow from Neb's stick.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff, who was always ready with this cry of triumph.

"Nothing but a good fire, and this pig shall be gnawed to the bones!"

Pencroff hoisted the capybara on his shoulders, and, judging by the height of the sun that it was about two o'clock, he gave the signal to return.

Top's instinct was useful to the hunters,

who, thanks to the intelligent animal, were enabled to discover the road by which they came. Half an hour later they arrived at the river.

Pencroff soon made a raft of wood, as he had done the first time,—though if there were no fire it would be a useless task,—and leaving the raft to follow the current, they returned towards the Chinneys.

But the sailor had not gone fifty paces when he stopped, and again uttering a tremendous hurrah, pointed towards the angle of the cliff.

"Harbert! Neb! Look!" he shouted.

Smoke was escaping and curling among the rocks!

CHAPTER X.

In a few minutes the three hunters were before a crackling fire. The captain and the reporter were there. Pencroff looked from one to the other, his capybara in his hand, without saying a word.

"Fire," cried the reporter, "real fire, which will roast that splendid game perfectly, and we will have a feast presently!"

"But who lighted it?" asked Pencroff.

"The sun!"

Gideon Spilett was right in his reply. It was the sun that had furnished the heat which so astonished Pencroff. The sailor could scarcely believe his eyes, and he was so amazed that he did not think of questioning the engineer.

"Had you a burning glass, sir?" asked Harbert of Smith.

"No, my boy," replied he, "but I made one."

And he showed the apparatus which he served for a burning-glass. It was simply two glasses which he had taken from his own and the reporter's watches. Having filled them with water and rendered their edges adhesive by means of a little clay, he had thus fabricated a regular burning glass, which, concentrating the solar rays on some very dry moss, soon caused it to blaze.

The sailor considered the apparatus then he gazed at the engineer without saying a word, only his look plainly expressing his opinion that if Cyrus Smith were not a magician, he was certainly no ordinary man. At last speech returned to him, and he cried:

"Note that, Mr. Spilett, note that down on your paper!"

"It is noted," replied the reporter.

Then, Neb helping him, the seaman arranged the spit, and the capybara, properly cleaned, was soon roasting like a sucking pig before a clear, crackling fire.

The Chimneys had again become more habitable, not only because the passages were warmed by the fire, but because the partitions of wood and mud had been re-established.

It was evident that the engineer and his companions had employed their day well. Cyrus Smith had almost entirely recovered his strength, and had proved it by climbing to the upper plateau. From this point his eye, accustomed to estimate heights and distances, was fixed for a long time on the cone, the summit of which he wished to reach the next day. The mountain, situated about six miles to the north-west, appeared to him to measure 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. Consequently the gaze of an observer posted on its summit would extend over a radius of at least fifty miles. Therefore it was probable that Smith could easily solve the question of "island or continent," to which he gave, not without reason, the first place.

They supped capitally. The flesh of the capybara was declared excellent. The sargassum and the almonds of the stone pine completed the repast, during which the engineer spoke little. He was preoccupied with projects for the next day.

Once or twice Pencroff gave forth some ideas upon what it would be best to do; but Cyrus Smith, who was evidently of a methodical mind, contented himself with shaking his head.

"To-morrow," he repeated, "we shall know what we have to depend upon, and we can act accordingly."

The meal ended, fresh armfuls of wood were thrown on the fire, and the inhabitants of the Chimneys, including the faithful Top, were soon buried in a deep sleep. No incident disturbed this peaceful night, and the next day, the 29th of March, they awoke fresh and active, ready to under take the excursion which must determine their fate.

All was ready for the start. The remains of the capybara would be enough to sustain the five companions for at least twenty-four hours. Besides, they hoped to find more food on the way. As the glasses had been returned to the watches of the engineer and reporter, Pencroff burned a little linen to serve as tinder. As

to flint, that would not be wanting in these regions of Plutonic origin. It was half-past seven in the morning when the explorers, armed with sticks, left the Chimneys. Following Pencroff's advice, it appeared best to take the road, already traversed through the forest, and to return by another route. It was also the most direct way to reach the mountain. They turned the south angle and followed the left bank of the river, which was abandoned at the point where it formed an elbow towards the south-west. The path, already trodden under the evergreen trees, was found, and at nine o'clock Cyrus Smith and his companions had reached the western border of the forest. The ground, till then very little undulating, boggy at first, dry and sandy afterwards, had a gentle slope, which ascended from the shore towards the interior of the country. A few very timid animals were seen under the forest-trees. Top quickly started them, but his master soon called him back, for the time had not come to commence hunting—that would be attended to later. The engineer was not a man who would allow himself to be diverted from his central idea. One would not even be mistaken in asserting that he did not observe the country, either in its configuration or in its natural productions, his great aim being to climb the mountain before him, and therefore straight towards it he went. At ten o'clock a halt of a few minutes was made. On leaving the forest, the mountain system of the country appeared before the explorers. The mountain was composed of two cones; the first, truncated at a height of about two thousand five hundred feet, was sustained by buttresses, which appeared to branch out like the talons of an immense claw set on the ground. Between these were narrow valleys, bristling with trees, the last clumps of which rose to the top of the lowest cone. There appeared to be less vegetation on that side of the mountain which was exposed to the north-east, and deep fissures could be seen where, no doubt, there were water-courses.

On the first cone rested a second, slightly rounded, and placed a little on one side, like a great round hat cocked over the ear. A Scotchman would have said, "his bonnet was a thocht aje." It appeared as if formed of bare earth, here and there pierced by reddish rocks.

They wished to reach the second cone, and proceeding along the ridge of the spurs

seemed to be the best way by which to gain it.

"We are on volcanic ground," said the engineer, and his companions, following him, began to ascend by degrees on the back of a spur, which was connected with the first plateau by a winding path.

The ground had evidently been convulsed by subterranean force. Here and there stray blocks, and much *débris* of basalt and pumice-stone, were met with. In isolated groups rose fir-trees, which, some hundred feet lower, at the bottom of the narrow gorges, formed massive shades, almost impenetrable to the sun's rays.

During this first part of the ascent, Harbert remarked upon the footprints, which indicated the recent passage of large animals.

"Perhaps these beasts will not let us pass by willingly," said Pencroff.

"Well," replied the reporter, who had already hunted the tiger in India, and the lion in Africa, "we shall soon learn how successfully to encounter them. But in the meantime we must be upon our guard!"

Meanwhile they ascended but slowly.

The way was long, and its tediousness increased by detours and obstacles which could not be surmounted directly. Sometimes, too, the ground suddenly fell, and they found themselves on the edge of a deep chasm which they had to go round. Thus, in retracing their steps so as to find some practicable path, much time was employed and fatigue undergone for nothing. At twelve o'clock, when the small band of adventurers halted for breakfast at the foot of a large group of firs, near a little stream which fell in cascades, they found themselves still half way from the first plateau, which most probably they would not reach till nightfall. From this point the view of the sea was much extended, but on the right the high promontory prevented their seeing whether there was land beyond it. On the left, the sight extended several miles to the north; but, on the north-west, at the point occupied by the explorers, it was cut short by the ridge of a fantastically-shaped spur, which formed a powerful support of the central cone.

At one o'clock the ascent was continued. They slanted more towards the south-west and again entered the thick bushes. There under the shade of the trees fluttered a number of gallinacæ belonging to the pheasant species. They were tragopans, ornamented by a pendent skin which hangs

over the throat, and by two small, round horns planted behind the eyes. These were about the size of a fowl, the female uniformly brown, while the male was gorgeous in his red plumage decorated with white spots. Gideon Spilett, with a stone cleverly and vigorously thrown, killed one of these tragopans, at which Pencroff, made hungry by the fresh air, had looked with greedy eyes.

After leaving the region of bushes, the party, resting on each other's shoulders, climbed for about a hundred feet up a very steep acclivity and reached a level place, with very few trees, where the soil appeared volcanic. The object was, to ascend by zigzags, and thus make the slope more gradual, for it was very steep, and each had to choose with care the place to put his foot. Neb and Harbert took the lead, Pencroff the rear, the captain and the reporter between them. The animals which frequented these heights,—and there were plenty of traces of them,—must necessarily belong to those races, of sure foot and supple spine, the chamois or the goat. Several were seen, but this was not the name Pencroff gave them, for all of a sudden he shouted—

"Sheep!"

All stopped, about fifty feet from half-a-dozen animals of a large size, with strong horns bent back and flattened towards the point, with a woolly fleece, hidden under long, silky hair of a tawny color. They were not ordinary sheep, but a species usually found in the mountainous regions of the temperate zone, to which Harbert gave the name of musmon.

"Have they legs and chops?" asked the sailor.

"Yes," replied Harbert.

"Well, then, they are sheep!" said Pencroff.

The animals, motionless among the blocks of basalt, gazed with astonishment as if they saw human beings for the first time. Then, their fears suddenly aroused, they disappeared, bounding over the rocks.

"Good-bye, till we meet again!" cried Pencroff, as he watched them, in such a comical tone that the others could not help laughing.

The ascent was continued. Here and there were traces of lava. Sulphur springs sometimes stopped their way, and they had to go round them. In some places the sulphur had formed crystals among other substances, such as whitish cinders

made of an infinity of little feldspar crystals.

On approaching the first plateau formed by the truncating of the lower cone, the difficulties of the ascent were very great. Towards four o'clock the extreme zone of the trees had been passed. There only remained here and there a few twisted, stunted pines, which must have had a hard life in resisting at this altitude the high winds from the open sea. Happily for the engineer and his companions, the weather was beautiful, the atmosphere tranquil; for a high breeze at an elevation of three thousand feet would have hindered their proceedings. The purity of the sky at the zenith was felt through the transparent air. Perfect calm reigned around them. They could not see the sun, then hid by the vast screen of the upper cone, which masked the half-horizon of the west, and whose enormous shadow stretching to the shore increased as the radiant luminary sank in its diurnal course. Vapors,—mist rather than clouds,—began to appear in the east and assume all the prismatic colors under the influence of the solar rays.

Only five hundred feet separated the explorers from the plateau which they wished to reach in order to establish there an encampment for the night; but these five hundred feet were increased to more than two miles by the zigzags they had to describe. The soil, as it were, slid under their feet. The slope often presented such an angle that when the stones worn by the air did not give a sufficient support they slipped to the ground. Evening came on by degrees, and it was almost night when Cyrus Smith and his companions, much fatigued by an ascent of seven hours, arrived at the plateau of the first cone. It was then necessary to prepare an encampment, and to restore their strength by eating first and sleeping afterwards. The second cone of the mountain rose on a base of rocks among which it would be easy to find a retreat. Fuel was not abundant. However, a fire could be made by means of the moss and dry brushwood, which covered certain parts of the plateau. While the sailor was preparing his hearth with stones, Neb and Harbert occupied themselves with getting a supply of fuel. They soon returned with a load of brushwood. The steel was struck, the burnt linen caught the sparks of flint, and by the aid of Neb's breath a crackling fire showed itself in a few minutes under the shelter of the

rocks. Their object in lighting a fire was only to enable them to withstand the cold temperature of the night, as it was not employed in cooking the bird, which Neb kept for the next day. The remains of the capybara and some dozens of the stone pine almonds formed their supper. It was not half-past six when all was finished.

Cyrus Smith then thought of exploring in the twilight the large circular layer which supported the upper cone of the mountain. Before taking any rest, he wished to know if it were possible to get round the base of the cone in the case of its sides being too steep and its summit being inaccessible. This question preoccupied him, for it was possible that from the way the hat inclined, that is to say, towards the north, the plateau was not practicable. Also, if the summit of the mountain could not be reached on one side, and if, on the other, they could not get round the base of the cone, it would be impossible to survey the western part of the country, and their object in making the ascent would in part be unattained.

The engineer, accordingly, without regarding his fatigues, leaving Pencroff and Neb to arrange the beds, and Gideon Spilett to note the incidents of the day, began to follow the edge of the plateau, going towards the north. Harbert accompanied him.

The night was beautiful and still, and the darkness was not yet deep. Cyrus Smith and the boy walked near each other, without speaking. In some places the plateau opened before them, and they passed without hindrance. In others, obstructed by rocks, there was only a narrow path, in which two persons could not walk abreast. After a walk of twenty minutes, they were obliged to stop. From this point the slope of the two cones became one. No shoulder here separated the two parts of the mountain. The slope, being inclined almost seventy degrees, the path became impracticable.

But if the engineer and the boy were obliged to give up thoughts of following a circular direction, in return an opportunity was given for ascending the cone.

In fact, before them opened a deep hollow. It was the rugged mouth of the crater, by which the eruptive liquid matter had escaped at the periods when the volcano had been in activity. Hardened lava and crusted scoria formed a sort of natural staircase of large steps, which would

greatly facilitate the ascent to the summit of the mountain. Smith took all this in at a glance, and without hesitating, followed by the lad, he entered the enormous chasm in the midst of increasing obscurity.

There was still a height of a thousand feet to overcome. Would the interior acclivities of the crater be practicable? It would soon be seen. The persevering engineer resolved to continue his ascent until he was stopped. Happily these acclivities wound up the interior of the volcano and favored their ascent.

As to the volcano itself, it could not be doubted that it was completely extinct. No smoke escaped from its sides; not a flame could be seen in the dark hollows; not a roar, not a mutter, no trembling even, issued from this black well, which perhaps reached far into the bowels of the earth. The atmosphere inside the crater was filled with no sulphurous vapor. It was more than the sleep of a volcano, it was its complete extinction. Cyrus Smith's attempt would succeed.

Little by little, Harbert and he, climbing up the sides of the interior, saw the crater widen above their heads. The radius of this circular portion of the sky, framed by the edge of the cone, increased obviously. At each step the explorers made, fresh stars entered the field of their vision. The magnificent constellations of the southern sky shone resplendent. At the zenith, glittered the splendid Antares

in the Scorpion, and not far the *Beta* in the Centaur, which is believed to be the nearest star to the terrestrial globe. Then, as the crater widened, appeared Fomalhaut of the Fish, the Southern Triangle, and lastly nearly at the Antarctic Pole, the glittering Southern Cross, which corresponds to the Polar Star of the Northern Hemisphere. It was nearly eight o'clock when Cyrus Smith and Harbert put their foot on the highest ridge of the mountain at the summit of the cone. It was perfectly dark, and the vision could not extend over a radius of two miles. Did the sea surround this unknown land, or was this land connected in the west by some continent of the Pacific? It could not yet be made out. Towards the west, a cloudy belt, clearly visible at the horizon, increased the gloom, and the eye could not discover whether the sky and water were blended together in the same circular line.

But at one point of the horizon a vague light suddenly appeared, which descended slowly in proportion as the cloud mounted to the zenith. It was the slender crescent moon, already disappearing. But its light was sufficient to show clearly the horizontal line, then detached from the cloud, and the engineer could see its reflection trembling for an instant on a liquid surface. Cyrus Smith seized the lad's hand, and in a grave voice exclaimed: "An island!" at the moment when the lunar crescent disappeared beneath the waves.

(To be continued.)

MY RIVER.

SING out, laugh out, O River, glad and new—
Sing out, ring out, the wooded gorges through.
Sing, sing, and bring from meadows, morning sweet,
The slippery shadows on your silver feet.
Your fairy shallows glitter in the sun,
And deftly row the rowers, all as one.

Sing louder, River, for the noon is high
And swifter speed the freighted barges by,
And deftly row the rowers as they sing:
"That which we bear away we never bring."

O river, westering towards an unseen tide,
Your slowing current seeks the yielding side,
And heavily row the rowers as they feel
The long waves lapsing underneath the keel;
Sing low, sing low, O river, winding slow,
The sea is near—the darkness falls—sing low!

AUGUST LILIES.

"Holding a lily in his hand
For Death's annunciation."

WHAT time the white day-lilies lift their faces
Serenely splendid to the August sun,
And crimson-streaked petunias over-run
With lavish color all the garden-spaces;

When purpling grapes upon the trellis cluster,
And bloomy plums drop ripely from their hold,
And peaches turn to globes of honied gold,
And pears grow sleek with mellow gloss and luster;

When a translucent haze the sunshine follows
And veils the fervent sky in dreamy light,
Involves in mist the luminous mountain-height,
And fills with violet shade the mountain-hollows;

When the still nights their dewy sweets surrender,
When stars recede, and on her throne serene
The full moon sits a solitary queen,
And floods the land and sea with silver splendor;—

Then comes again, in shadowy completeness,
A face that faded once when lilies came;
A face the whitest lilies could not shame
For lack of any lovely grace or sweetness.

Nine years ago, in silent desolation,
I watched the fading of that perfect face—
Until I knew His presence in the place,—
The awful Angel of Annunciation.

The August sun had set in all its glory,
And when the pomp of clouds had trailed away,
And gold and flame were melted into gray,
I read the ending of love's sweetest story.

The balmy night came dewy-soft and stilly,
With light winds trembling over beds of bloom;
Above the silence and the scented gloom
I felt the waving of the mystic lily.

And oh! I saw, as one sees in a vision
Where spell-bound, one may neither cry nor stir,
Its dreary shadow stealing over her,
And darkening lips and eyes with slow precision.

Nine years ago. But still the memory thrills me:
All the wild sorrow and the yearning pain
Come back to wring my quickened soul again,
And the same sense of desolation fills me,

Whenever through the summer darkness sighing,
Some wandering wind has brought me suddenly
The scent of lilies, as it came to me
That night in August when my love lay dying.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DO WE KEEP OUR LOVE TO PAY OUR DEBTS WITH?

SHE awoke with the morning sun shining full upon her, conscious of a delicious warmth and restfulness. How heavy her shawl had become! Then she rose hurriedly.

"Professor Dyce, you have forgotten your coat."

He took it from her hand and proceeded to put it on gravely.

"You do not mean,—you surely have not,—" she began, her eyes still upon the coat.

"I have not suffered in the least, I can assure you. And now will you have a cup of coffee?"

"Let me run down to the brook and bathe my face, first," Katey replied humbly, forbearing to thank him. It was all beyond words, but she should never forget.

She came back in a moment, her cheeks and finger-tips glowing from contact with the stream which had served also as a mirror before which to re-arrange the dark braids of heavy hair, and tie again the knot of flame-colored ribbon at her throat. She was looping the skirt of her pretty, gray gown over the bright petticoat beneath it as she approached the fire, trying with deft fingers to hide the numerous rents, the result of the forced march in the dark the night before.

"A blessing on the man who invented pins," she said, putting the last in place, and taking up the lunch basket; "and now, where are we, please?"

In spite of the light tone, her eyes, sweeping the unfamiliar landscape, where was no trace of road or cultivated field or homestead, were full of anxiety.

"Just where, or how near to La Fayette, it is impossible to tell," replied the Professor. "But there is a well-traveled road not far from here; probably the turnpike upon which we came from town yesterday; we have only to follow that."

"But first, breakfast," and Katey took out the remains of the last night's supper. "How fortunate that I brought this basket away! But now I think of it, Miss Wormley gave it to me."

"She had no intention of starving us, then; that is something," said the Professor in a low tone. But Katey had caught the words, and knew that his suspicions were the same as her own. The scanty breakfast was soon over. Professor Dyce scattered the brands of the fire as they prepared to leave their camping place.

"It was to have served a double purpose," he said grimly; "one would have sufficed. No, we will leave the basket," when Katey took it up from force of habit.

"There is still a little coffee."

"We will take it and the cup; though we shall reach some village or La Fayette itself, before noon, without doubt. Are you equal to a long tramp?"

"I think so;" and certainly her appearance was as fresh as when they started from town the day before. The bivouac under the stars had only brightened her eyes and reddened her cheeks.

They set off over the rough fields glistening with dew in the early morning sun, where they had wandered vainly in the darkness for a little while the night before. They climbed more than one low wall, the Professor leading the way in so straight a line that Katey knew he had explored it while she slept. The road was gained at last and he spoke for the first time.

"It cannot be far, whichever direction we take, to some village or farm-house. We need not hasten so."

Katey, breathless from the haste with which they had begun their journey, was glad to slacken her pace. It was much easier, too, to follow this well-beaten road than it had been to make their way over the rough fields, full of snares to unwary feet. The sun, though rising higher and higher, shone upon them still with only agreeable warmth; the air was fresh and exhilarating as they went on mile after mile, strong in the conviction that the next turn of the road must bring some human habitation into view.

But morning merged into noon; the sun had long since drank up every drop of dew, and poured down now blinding, vertical rays upon the white stretch of road, and still no village, no single farm-house even, had greeted their eyes. The belt of woods spread out, until it skirted the road

upon one side; upon the other the rough, neglected land stretched away to the horizon. Somewhere among the valleys hidden in the distance, villages might nestle, but they were not visible from this point, as again they hastened towards a bend in the road, only to find themselves upon the brow of a low hill with the same unchanging landscape before them.

Katey sat down upon a low, flat rock by the side of the way. She was faint and dizzy. They had eaten their scanty breakfast almost at day-break, and had been hours on the road. She rested her arms upon the rock and dropped her head as everything whirled around her.

"Do not be discouraged," said the Professor, with the patient cheerfulness which went to her heart. "We will rest at the foot of the hill under a clump of trees I see there, build a fire, and as a brook has straggled out of the woods most opportunely, you shall be served with coffee as you sit in the door of your tent. Come!" and thus encouraged, Katey made one more effort.

She lay down under the trees, when they were gained, her shawl rolled into a pillow, while the Professor gathered a little heap of sticks and dried leaves and essayed to light a fire. He uttered a quickly repressed exclamation. She opened her eyes. The match in his hand had gone out.

"But you have more?"

"I am afraid not;" and he made a fruitless search.

She burst into tears. It was silly and childish, and she was ashamed of her weakness, but this was the last straw.

"Don't," he said gently. "Pray, don't. We shall certainly come to a house soon; this cannot last much longer. If I could only do something!" he broke out in sudden despair.

"I am sorry, I am ashamed," sobbed Katey. "You, too, must be tired and faint, and discouraged."

"Not discouraged," he said quickly; "nor very tired. I am stronger than you, you know. It is annoying, that is all. There, that is a brave girl," as the sobs became less violent. "Now, try to sleep awhile."

But Katey sat suddenly upright, instead.

"I had forgotten this," she said, dragging at her watch-chain. "Will not this light a fire?" and she held out a tiny globe of colorless rock-crystal.

"We will try it, at least," he replied. He

set himself to gathering the driest grasses, the most inflammable material within his reach, adding scraps from an old letter and placing them all upon a stone already heated by the sun. After repeated attempts, the little bauble thus turned unexpectedly to use, was coaxed to act the part of a burning-glass; a faint breath of smoke hovered over the pile, thickening, bursting into a feeble flame. They had succeeded.

Ah! no nectar of the gods ever equaled the draughts from the tin cup, a little later; no rest was ever to Katey like the short hour in which she lay curled up in the shadow of the long, thick branches of the laurels, the rough open fields about her.

They went on with new strength and courage, less impatient than before. But what we desire and seek after in hot haste, comes presently when we least expect it; we turn aside for a little time weary of the search, and lo! we stumble upon it. A break in the woods, and suddenly, almost in their faces, rose a little old farm-house, peaceful, quiet, homely, and not in the least disturbed by the encounter, which is more than can be said of one of its inmates,—a frowzy Scotch terrier who rushed out to meet them, uttering shrill yelping cries which brought the mistress of the house to the door.

"Our troubles are over;" said Katey. It was the Professor who lagged now.

"They have but just begun," he replied, in a low tone which did not reach her ear. "Wait here a moment," he said aloud, and went on to the door alone.

"My good woman," he began, raising his hat to the tall, raw-boned specimen of womanhood, who had yet a kindly face; "could you give us some dinner and by any means send us on to the next town?"

Surprise and curiosity at sight of the two who had apparently dropped from the skies, since there were no signs of ordinary human conveyance, changed to suspicion in the woman's countenance.

"I don't no," she replied slowly.

"You shall be well paid for the trouble."

"Tain't the money." At this moment Katey approached. She gave her a sharp, keen glance: "Well, you can come in, I reckon; an' I'll find ye something to eat," she said at last, leading the way into a low kitchen, bare enough, but neat in its appointments, where a couple of tow-headed children playing upon the floor immediately hid themselves under the table.

"Perhaps you could give this lady a

room where she could rest while I see what can be done about going on," suggested the Professor; and Katey found herself shut into a tiny bed-room opening from the kitchen, with an outlook through its one window upon the green grass-plot before the front door. Here she strove to remove the traces of travel, making her toilet before a little glass hanging above the high chest of drawers, which distorted her features oddly. When, after a time, she returned to the kitchen, the woman had taken herself and her family out of the way, a lunch was spread upon the table, and the Professor stood with his back to her, before the window, alone. He turned as she closed the door after her. There was an expression of annoyance upon his face, which cleared at sight of Katey.

"I suppose we may sit down," he said, moving towards the table. His manner was constrained, and absent. They ate in silence; Katey wondering, but not daring to ask, what information he had gained, or how they were to proceed to La Fayette.

"I am going to find the man of the house, and see what means he has of sending-us on," the Professor said when they rose at last. There had come a strange consciousness into his face, almost like embarrassment. He paused with his hand upon the door. "You had better remain in your room until I send for you. I will tell the woman that you are lying down, so that she need not disturb you. One never knows what such people may say," he added hastily, "don't talk with her." Then he went out, and shut the door.

"What they may say?" thought Katey. What *could* they say? She was too tired to think about it. She went back to the little close room, and threw herself upon the bed to rest during the brief time of waiting. Some one stood over her presently. It was the woman of the house, who touched her arm.

"Your husband would, like to have you come out, ma-am, as soon as you are ready." Then she left her to herself again.

Katey sprang up, her face tingling, her fingers awkward over the tying of her hat. One never, indeed, knew what these people might say! She stood a moment, her hand upon the door latch. What if the Professor had heard the summons! She was shy at the thought of meeting him. Then, putting away her silly fears, and

making herself brave for the moment, she went out. The woman was alone in the kitchen, clearing away the remains of their lunch.

"He is in the parlor," she said without looking up, going on with her work, but nodding her head towards the door. Long afterwards that little room rested in Katey's memory—with its dull, home-spun carpet, its homely furniture set at ungainly angles, the queer silhouettes over the high mantel, the tiny window-panes, against which the branches of an apple-tree outside, stunted and gnarled, tapped unceasingly. The flush had not died out of her face, and there was a little tremor in her hands as she pushed open the door. The Professor rose from the sofa where he had been lying.

"What is it?" he said quickly, closing the door after her. "What has she said to you?"

"Nothing;—or nothing of any consequence," Katey replied, angry at herself as she felt the color mount to her hair.

"I wish you would tell me—if you can."

Then she told, stammering over the words: "She only said—that is, she thought—that I was your wife."

"Oh!" he seemed greatly relieved by the brief sentence which had so embarrassed her. "It is my fault—if there is any,"—he went on, hesitating over the words, and yet speaking quite calmly. "I gave her to understand so."

"What do you mean? How dared you?" Katey turned upon him in indignant astonishment. But there was neither shame nor quailing in the eyes which met hers.

"You are very angry, then?"

"It was not true," she said faintly.

He led her to the sofa, and made her sit down. "Think a moment," he said. "How could I bring you to the door here, and say that you were nothing to me?"

"O, wait," cried Katey in distress. A painful, bewildering light was breaking upon her. Her hot face dropped into her hands.

"We are twenty miles from La Fayette. We must have shortened the distance in our wanderings across the country," he went on. "I hardly think we can have walked so far as that. It is full twenty miles by the road, this man informs me and there is no way of reaching there from here, but by proceeding to A—ten miles farther on, and taking the train back to-night."

He rose and began to pace the room. Katey had made no reply. She had expressed neither surprise nor assent. She sat trembling and shivering in the corner of the old sofa.

"It will be better," he said, presently, drawing a chair and sitting down before her, "to understand the whole matter. Indeed, I must talk this over plainly with you. I had the misfortune, if it be one, to incur Miss Wormley's resentment a few weeks ago. She uttered some threats of revenge then, of which I thought nothing at the time. I am inclined to believe now that she has bided her time and taken this opportunity to wreak her vengeance. I could laugh at it, but for you. You can think, perhaps, what she may do for us in La Fayette," he added. "She could not have chosen a better time, and every hour of absence has weakened our position there."

"Let us go back at once, then," and Katey made a hurried, trembling movement to put on her shawl.

"We cannot start at present. A stage will pass here in an hour or more on its way to A——. We must take that."

Again he rose and paced the floor. Then he paused. "You promised yesterday that when I bade you leave La Fayette you would go, did you not?"

"Yes."

"What, if I say now, do not return there? Indeed," he added quickly, "there is but one way in which I dare let you go back. Child! what might they not say to you—do to you! Go home to your sister."

"And let the teachers and the girls believe I was ashamed to return? And have strange stories come creeping after me? O never! How can you ask it? Besides, I cannot, if I would. Mrs. Estemere is abroad. The house is closed."

"But you have a brother."

"Yes, Jack," and Katey's eyes shone as she spoke his name. "He is on his way to the Army of the Potomac, I believe, before this time. His wife will follow him to Washington—perhaps she has already. You see I have no other home just now. I must return to La Fayette."

"But you have friends—the Durants."

"And could I go to any of them like this? Professor Dyce, you mean to be kind, but you are cruel."

He went away to the window without a word. He stood staring out into the apple tree.

"Why don't you think of yourself?" she asked presently, breaking the stillness of the room with the voice which held a little tremor yet. "What will you do? How can you go back? They distrust you now. You are a marked man in the town, I know. You acknowledge that you may have to leave at any time. They will say—"

"What will they say?" He turned his head but not his eyes, as he waited for her to go on.

"They will say—"

"Well?"

"That you have run away with one of the teachers."

"But if I return?"

"That will make no difference. They will ask what has become of me."

He crossed the room and stood before her. "Miss Earle, will you be my wife?"

Katey shrank back without speaking. A shadow touched his face.

"It is too soon, I see," he said.

And "You are too generous," she replied at the same moment.

"I fear I am not generous at all," he said. "I have thought for a long time that I should some day ask you that question. Years hence, perhaps, when I dared hope you would not say no."

"And you ask me now because I am homeless?"

He took up her words eagerly.

"Yes, because you are homeless, and in trouble; because there is no one now to care for you but me! I wish with all my heart that you were alone in the world, as you are alone here. I could almost desire you to be cast out and despised, so that I—"

He stretched his arms towards her, but Katey, drawing back into her shadowy corner, gazed at him with fixed and frightened eyes. His arms fell, he turned abruptly to the window.

There was silence in the little, low room. Then by and by a hand touched the Professor's arm. Katey's face was very pale and grave.

"Would it be better for you—would it be easier for you to go back if you were married to me?"

"I suppose so. But don't think of that. I shall do well enough," and he made a little effort to shake off her hand.

"Then if you please," she went on meekly, "I will be your wife."

"And sacrifice yourself in your generosity? Not to me."

"Then you will not take me?"

A great flood of red swept over his forehead. He leaned his head against the window-frame.

"Go away, please, or I shall say yes, and be ashamed of myself afterwards."

"And—and it wouldn't be a sacrifice. It frightened me at first, it was so strange; and it seemed such a little time since—" Then she broke down.

He laid her head against his shoulder, and stroked her hair, as he might have done to one in trouble, not so dear to him as she.

"You cannot love me? That is so, is it not?" and a sigh moved Katey's cheek where it lay.

"I don't know," she answered, hiding her face.

"I think I will be persuaded to take you," he said with a little low laugh. "The benefit of the doubt is mine." Then he was grave again. "At least you are not afraid to put your future into my hands? You can trust me, can you not?" He raised her face so that he could look into her eyes.

"Entirely," and she laid her two hands in his as the door opened.

CHAPTER XXV.

A BEGGAR-MAID.

It was the mistress of the house who thrust her head in to say,

"The stage is coming down the hill."

"Very well, we are ready," replied the Professor. "Our preparations for departure are tolerably simple," he added, taking up his hat.

It was a heavy, old-fashioned coach which drew up before the door at sight of the waiting party, after an alarming swoop at the small house. The driver swung himself down from his place. There was but one passenger inside; an old lady of prim, genteel air, with soft curls of white hair upon each side of her delicate face, and a large black satin reticule in her lap. Katey was conscious of painful embarrassment as she took the seat beside her. The judgment of the world, the speech of people had become all at once matters of most vital interest. She felt the old lady's eyes fixed upon the rents in her gown, which would obtrude themselves in spite of her efforts at concealment. Her companion was wondering

who this girl could be?—aristocratic in appearance, picked up at a lonely farmhouse, with not so much as a hand-satchel for luggage, dressed in a pretty, but shockingly torn gown, with a gentleman attendant of whom she seemed strangely shy—and her wonder checked the sentence upon her lips—a passing remark about the weather. Katey felt the glance without seeing it. She felt too, the slight drawing away of the neat black skirts. "O dear!" she thought, "it must be that I do not look respectable!" and involuntarily she glanced down upon the poor despised gown, and the one glove, held fast from an instinct of propriety, the other having disappeared somewhere in her wanderings. Was Professor Dyce ashamed of her? She turned anxiously to the corner where he sat, only to meet the questioning glance of a pair of keen, gray eyes, and a smile which set her fears at rest. She could bear it if he did not care, and she shook out her drapery as though it had been rustling silk, and settled herself anew before closing her eyes and resigning herself to sleep. She was conscious occasionally of the rolling, rattling motion as they flew down the long rough hills, or climbed others slowly, swinging to and fro; of a pause once, and the sound of voices; then at last the jolting over pavements aroused her. They were descending again, but more deliberately, a wide river wound away below them; the street was crowded and noisy, and full of life; beyond the river another city spread itself as far as the eye could see. Katey rubbed her eyes, bewildered by the change. There was a heavy lurch, a smooth roll, a pause, the snort of steam, the sound of machinery.

"Where are we?" she asked aloud, and sat upright.

"We are crossing the ferry to A——," the Professor replied.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the driver thrusting his head in at the window.

"We will get out here, and walk up," and the Professor assisted Katey to alight. "Good bye," she said pleasantly to the little old lady in the corner. "O, I am not at all dreadful; only I have spoiled my gown," she wanted to add, as the twinkling eyes stared in perplexity a moment, then the white curls bobbed graciously. They reached the other side, and, mingling with the crowd, pressed forward up the narrow, dirty streets, and out at last into an open

space, edged by the water upon one side and by a thronged street upon the other. Here where the river bent and bore away, a bit of the shore had been reserved from commerce, squalor and dirt. Broad, white stones were under one's feet, all around were trees and flowers jealously guarded,—poor, gaily-dressed prisoners behind iron bars,—and scattered here and there seats, where the tired and foot-sore might rest. Away beyond all was the open bay, blue and twinkling under the bright sky, ploughed into snowy furrows by the steamers, or white with gleaming sails.

"O, how beautiful!" cried Katey. The wind seized the little gray hat with its scarlet wing; it caught her frayed gray gown as she stood with her bare hands clasped, her face like a song. A party of handsomely dressed people turned to stare at the figure. One of the young men raised his eyeglass and scanned her with open, impertinent admiration. "I tell you, Guy, there's a study;" he said to his companion.

Katey caught the words—met the stare.

"O, please, let us go on," and she hurried forward, glad to be hidden again in the crowded street. They were approaching the first of the many spires she had marked from the boat. It was upon an old church, left here by an odd chance, it would seem, in the midst of the whirl of business, like some grim old apostle planting its feet firmly upon the pavement, though jostled and edged and pushed by men in their greed for gain. And the text swung out on its silvery chimes in summer's heat or winter's cold, when storms wrapped the belfry round, or the sunshine fell like a blessing upon the wild, restless heart of the city, was ever the same: "*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon! Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!*"

Upon one side was the church-yard. Ah! how heavy must be the slumber which all this tumult had no power to awaken! Upon the other, a little garden, full of flowers—gay verbenas, tall, gaudy dahlias, and close against the wall a tangle of sweet peas. Some street children, straying in through the tall iron gate, moved about the narrow paths, staring awe-struck and wondering at the blossoms. Religion, of which these waifs knew nothing, may seem more beautiful some day—who knows?—for the fragrance of the flowers growing under the shadow of the church walls.

Katey paused to peer through the open

gateway. The Professor pushed aside the gate, and went in like a man who has a purpose. She followed, but it was only when she stood in the deep-arched doorway and he looked back to her, with his hand upon the door, that she realized why they had come here.

"Is it *now*?" she asked with a frightened voice, leaning against the stones.

"Are you sorry? Do you repent? Wait—think a moment," and his hand fell from the door. "It is not yet too late."

The noise of the street was in her ears; the voices of the children, the odor of the flowers, came to her. Afterwards, when she remembered this time, all these were more vividly present to her mind than any words.

"You are not a child, that I should lead you against your will. Still, God knows, I have thought this best for you. And yet," he added, "if you should ever regret it! I could not bear that, Katey!"

The children shouted at their play. Their shrill voices sounded above the roar of the city. All at once the tones of the organ rolled out, bearing the chanted prayer to her ears. She had not thought of a service at this hour, and upon a weekday, as it was. It came in a great wave, dying away in the lingering "A-men." Katey had listened breathlessly. She drew a long sigh at its close.

"I am not sorry," she said softly. "It frightened me, that is all. It is so sudden and strange. No, I do not repent, and I am ready now."

He pushed open the inner door. The service was just concluded, the last strains of the organ floating off among the groined arches of the roof. A soft twilight enwrapped the clustered columns; the rays of sunlight through the rich stained windows fell aslant upon the floor in quivering rainbows. There was no congregation, save an old woman, who rose from kneeling in a pew behind one of the pillars to shuffle softly out, and a party of strangers—an elderly gentleman and a young girl who had been sitting near the door. They, too, rose now and began to walk about, pausing to examine the carved designs over the organ-loft.

The clergyman, in his white gown, closed the book before him with a hasty movement, and disappeared through a little door behind the desk. He was a young man. Did he find the service a weariness so soon? Or was he impatient

that the prayers had died away among the pillars without response?

The silence, the hush of the place, the noise of the city, subdued to a great sobbing sigh, like that which comes from an over-full heart, the faint chill which fell upon her as she stepped in out of the sunshine, brought a strange awe to Katey, sitting in one corner of the great, dark pew by the door. The Professor had followed the minister. Left thus alone, she nevertheless did not consider deliberately and gravely the step she was about to take,—the new life she was entering upon with so little preparation. In that last confused moment, before any great event in life, there is no sober reflection. Hopes and fears, recollections, and a sense of the commonest things around us, crowd close against the door about to be opened. They jostle and tread upon each other.

Shivering in her corner, partly from nervousness and partly from the chill of the place, Katey watched the rays of light falling at her feet from the painted window above her, and remembered the tinkling pendants to the candelabra in the old house on Poplar street which she and Jack had placed in the sunlight many a time, evoking rainbows more wonderful than these. Dear old Jack! Would he be angry with her for this? And Delphine, what would she say? A sudden misgiving and fear seized her—a desire to push open the folding door behind her and run away from her promise; out into the crowded streets, somewhere, anywhere. He would not pursue her; he would never try to bring her back. And then there was a little stir in the distance, the closing of a door; and just as it comes to us all sometimes, when we are tempted to do the wildest, most unconventional deeds, a spirit of mischief or recklessness having entered in and taken possession of us, suddenly the lights are turned on, the bell rings, the curtain rises, we shake out our draperies, draw on our gloves, and step out before the audience which greets us each and all daily, without a thought, even, of the moment before and its temptation. So, as Katey bent forward, half-rising, her hand upon the back of the seat before her, her head turned to the door, all at once there was a movement in the further corner. The clergyman, in his robes, appeared again; the Professor was coming towards her. She rose, to be sure, but she had already forgotten the door, the streets, and

her wild impulse. They passed down the aisle in the dim, soft light, her hand trembling a little upon the Professor's arm. And yet she was not afraid; she did not repent, now that the time had come. The words of the exhortation passed like the rustle of leaves in the wind upon her hearing. What was this her own voice was saying? A break in the service brought her back to herself.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

A silence followed the words. No one had been provided. They were a strange, forlorn bridal party, without friends. "Jack ought to be here!" thought Katey, with a little, sobbing gasp.

All in a moment, before she breathed again, a deep, pleasant voice behind her spoke: "Will you allow me?" The elderly gentleman whom she had noticed when they entered the church stepped forward and took her hand, and the service went on, the Professor removing a ring from his own finger to put upon hers.

In the moment of confusion, at its close, Katey found herself receiving congratulations from the gentleman who had offered his services so opportunely.

"I shall feel an interest in your future, Madam," he said, "since I have had a hand in its disposal."

He beckoned to his daughter, who came up timidly. She was a sweet-faced young girl; and when she hesitated and then held up her lips, Katey brightened and warmed inwardly. It was not an utterly forlorn wedding-party, after all; it was something to have had good wishes, even from strangers. They came down the aisle together; but as they neared the door, Katey hung back, and their new acquaintances politely bade them adieu.

"They are stopping at a hotel close by," said the Professor, who had exchanged cards and some words, which Katey did not hear, with the old gentleman, as the two followed the young lady and herself down through the church. "I wish I had taken you there. It is not too late now. I must leave you somewhere for an hour. Our train will not start until late,—I think about nine. I will inquire and telegraph to Professor Paine."

"Must I go there,—to the hotel?" and Katey still hung back. "I'm afraid—" and then she hesitated. She laughed blushing a little over the confession. "I don't believe I could bear the eyes of the

women. They would stare so at my gown."

The Professor glanced hastily from the scarlet wing in her hat to the tip of the slender, dusty boot.

"I confess my ignorance as to such matters," he said, "but I thought your costume very picturesque and becoming. I am sure more than one turned to look after you as we came up the street."

"And no wonder," laughed Katey; "to kilt one's gown like this, especially on such a bright, clear day, would attract attention almost anywhere."

The Professor knit his brows in thought. "Suppose you let it down?"

"But it is so torn." And she spread out the folds. "I have lost my gloves, too. A great many sins might be forgiven a woman, but not bare hands in the street," she added; "and I'm afraid altogether that I do not look respectable. At least, I have not that inner consciousness of being well-dressed which makes one equal to any occasion. I—I—I can't go. Don't think I mind it," she said quickly, "only," she added truthfully, "*I believe I do.*" At which womanly way of stating the difficulty the Professor laughed.

They had moved on slowly to the porch. Doubtless no bride had ever before stood here devising her trousseau!

"Could you not go out and buy some of these things? We have time enough."

If time were only truly money!

"I could—yes; but, you see, I—I neglected to bring away my purse."

She tried to hide her embarrassment with a sweeping courtesy, spreading out the folds of the torn gown.

"King Cophetua, I look very like a beggar-maid, do I not?" she said, with another little laugh.

"You look——" began the Professor, but an old, gray-headed sexton shambled out from the church at that moment and stood in the doorway, and the sentence never was finished. "That can easily be remedied," the Professor said quickly, "if we only have time. I will leave you here, then. I shall not be gone more than an hour. You will not close the church at present, I suppose?" he said to the sexton.

"Eh?" and the old man turned his face towards them.

The Professor repeated the question.

"Close 'e church? Lord! no. We don't never close her. 'Cept for an hour or two at midnight. And that's all the thanks we get; just a-prayin' here and a-prayin', and the choir a-chantin', and my newew a-spendin' his strength a-blowin' at the belluses, and all for nothin'; folks don't care enough about their perishin' souls to come in and say amen." And still muttering to himself, he wandered back into the church again.

"Then you had better stay here," said the Professor to Katey.

(To be continued.)

"SEALED ORDERS."

WHEN ship with "orders sealed" sails out to sea,
Men eager crowd the wharves, and reverent gaze
Upon their faces whose brave spirits raise
No question if the unknown voyage be
Of deadly peril. Benedictions free,
And prayers and tears are given, and the days
Counted, till other ships, on homeward ways,
May bring back message of her destiny.
Yet, all the time, Life's tossing sea is white
With scudding sails which no man reefs or stays
By his own will, for roughest day or night;—
Brave, helpless crews, with captain out of sight,
Harbor unknown, voyage of long delays,
They meet no other ships on homeward ways!

A LOST ART.

FOUR years ago, in the month of February, I entered the square in Pisa, which contains the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo.

From the street by which I approached, the Cathedral is viewed from the side, and an obliquity of the cornice which runs above its first story (marked 2 in Fig. III) immediately struck me as being scarcely less curious than the inclination of the Tower. There is a corresponding obliquity in the cornice of the transept, both falling toward the point of meeting at the junction of the latter with the main building. The hypothesis of sinking is inconsistent with the fact that the pilasters of the wall below are built in corresponding graduated height, and that the plinth and substructure are perfectly level and intact.

Puzzling over this obliquity, I turned for a walk beyond the city wall, in order to get the view from the road near the railway to Lucca—a view which may well leave the visitor in doubt if any building in the world has greater claims to fame than the Pisa Cathedral. It was in returning from this round, and not far outside the gate a few streets east of the Cathedral, that a singular freak in the roof cornice of a small chapel induced me to enter, although its exterior was so unattractive that on one side not even a window broke the monotony of its walls. Within was found the key to the results set down in this paper.

I wish first to draw attention to proof of design in the leaning western front of the Pisa Cathedral; second, to evidence of perspective intention in the oblique cornice; third, to proof of intention in a curve; fourth, to evidence that the whole building is constructed on principles of subtle architectural illusion.

That the Cathedral façade leans towards the Baptistery is not generally known, although Mr. Ruskin has remarked it in his "Seven Lamps." He says (Lamp of Life): "The whole west front literally overhangs, (I have not plumbed it, but the inclination may be seen by the eye by bringing it into visual contact with the upright pilasters of the Campo Santo), and a most extraordinary distortion in the masonry of the southern wall shows that the inclination had begun when the first story was built.

The cornice above the first arcade touches the tops of eleven out of its fifteen arches but it suddenly leaves the tops of the four western-most, the arches nodding westward and sinking into the ground, while the cornice rises (or seems to rise,) leaving, at any rate, whether by the rise of the one or the fall of the other, an interval of more than two feet between it and the top of the western arch, filled by added courses of masonry." Figures II and III (pp. 434-5) present this distortion, together with still another, which proves that the inclination is *not* to be explained by sinking. It will be seen that the dark stripes of the wall (white and dark green marble) although broken abruptly downwards at the fifth arch from the western front, still enter its corner pillar at right angles; thus their change of direction will at once mark and measure its inclination, the deviation from the horizontal, which these obtuse angles indicate, being an index of the deviation of the pillar from the perpendicular.

The architects began their corner pillar with a wedge-shaped base (Fig. II. G). The succession of dark stripes entering the pillar at right-angles to its rising line marks the fact that they continued it with rectangular blocks. *The resulting inclination was, therefore, intended.* Measurement in detail of the masonry below the first dark stripe, between the point of deflection and the façade, *proves that the downward deflection of the stripes is produced by the cutting away of the block a, b, c, and d.* From the height of the façade, (according to Kugler, 104 ft. 2 in.) the lean may be approximately calculated without plumbing, by the divergence of the fourth pilaster from the fifth, the former being parallel with the corner pillar, and the latter approximately perpendicular. The second stripe, F, is two centimeters longer between these two pilasters, than the first, E, the distance between the stripes (F & E) being seventy centimeters. This gives a lean of one in thirty-five or about three feet for the inclination of the façade. The measurements of the drawing are from the southern wall, the same downward bend of the stripes occurs on the northern side, the base at the northwestern pillar is wedged three centimeters; the variation (between five and a

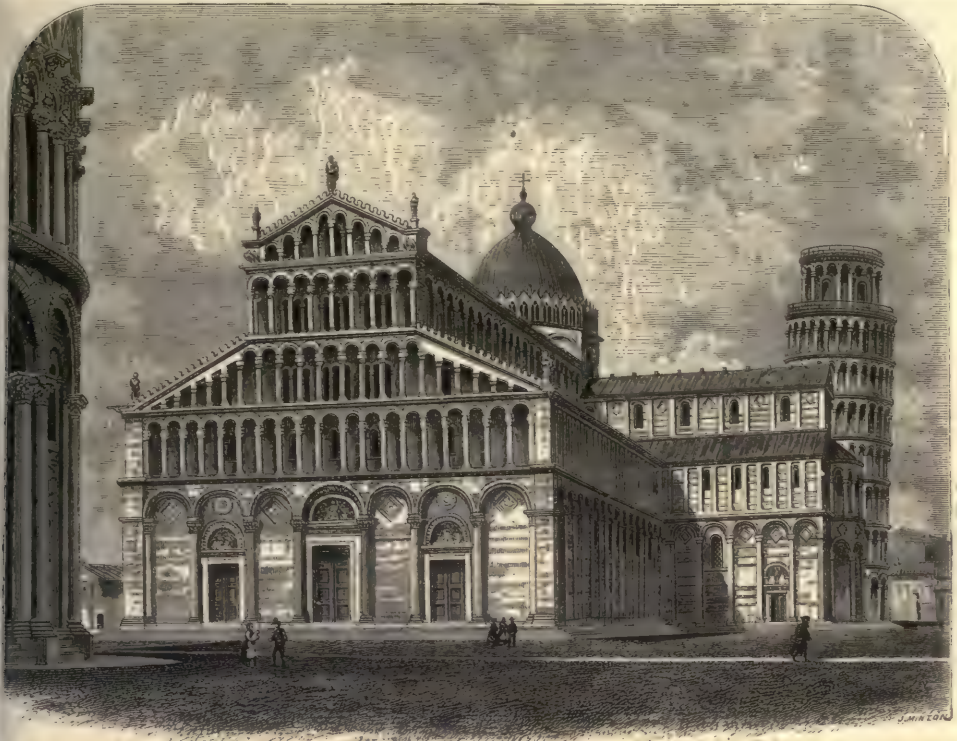


FIG. I.—THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

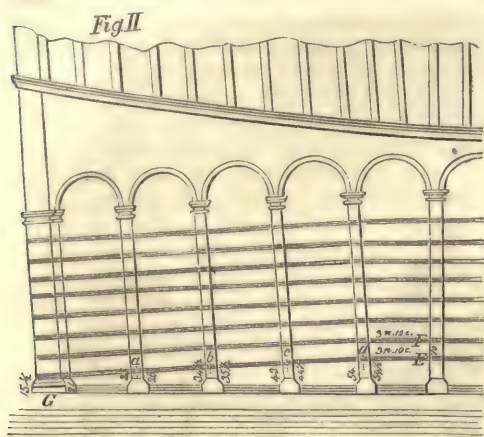
half and three) equalizes an upward slope of the ground at the south-western corner; the ground is quite level on the western side. Deflection produced by the cutting of masonry of course cannot be referred to sinking. Fig. I. presents certain additional facts which preclude any resort to this theory, the cathedral being surrounded by a carefully graded raised pavement, sloping downward from the walls to the five steps by which it is ascended, and the plinth supporting the walls nowhere sinks below it nor breaks its line.

Mr. Ruskin, as already quoted, has remarked that the cornice (marked 2 in Fig. III. See also Fig. II.) suddenly leaves the tops of the four westernmost arches but is evidently not aware (since he questions whether these four arches fall or the cornice rises) that the cornice rises throughout its whole length at nearly the same angle and that the remaining eleven arches rise with it. In the wooden model of the cathedral kept in one of the galleries, its oblique direction is accurately copied. How is it that so marked an obliquity should be unnoticed by an eye engaged in noting ir-

regularities and with attention directed toward the cornice?

Obliquity of horizontal line is a perspective effect to which the eye is accustomed from every standpoint except the single one in which it is equally distant from two extremities of a line, and is therefore easily mistaken for it. The above cut is copied from the ordinary photographic view of the Cathedral. It is evident, for instance, that from the standpoint here taken, the heavy cornices falling toward the junction of transept and main building, appear to fall from perspective effect. The Cathedral simply appears larger than it is.

There may be an additional reason why this obliquity is not generally noticed. It has been shown (figures II. and III.) that the distortion in the stripes of the Cathedral is connected with the inclination of the façade, and this distortion is doubtless a device to deceive the eye into believing the façade to be upright by causing the stripes to enter its corner pillar at a right angle. But is it not possible that the distortion has an effect beyond this? viz.:



SECTIONAL VIEW OF DEFLECTED STRIPES.

that of making the cornice appear horizontal by leading the eye to believe that its divergence from the line of the stripes is owing to the palpable bend downwards of the latter. Should this be so, the divergence of the line of the arches from the line of the cornice would be also explained; it would be an attempt to make the eye believe that the cornice does not rise, but that the arches fall—an attempt we must call at least a partial success in the case of Mr. Ruskin, for he says, as already quoted, “the cornice rises (or seems to rise), leaving at any rate, whether by the rise of the one or the fall of the other, an interval of more than two feet between it and the top of the western arch.” Doubtless this divergence and that of the stripes assist in preventing the eye from perceiving the perspective deception.

The story above the cornice repeats nearly, though not quite, its divergence from the horizontal. With regard to the roof line of the main building it is not quite so easy to determine, but of the transepts it is certain that the roof lines follow the obliquity of the cornice, and that the obliquity of cornice in both transept and main building is owing to the arrangement of masonry courses.

Figure IV. presents a partial ground-plan of the Cathedral, showing a curve of the southern wall at its western extremity. As already noted, the cathedral is surrounded by a pavement delicately sloped and graded; this pavement is decorated with a black stripe running beside the wall. Its corresponding curve furnishes at this spot proof of design in the curve of the wall; for its component

blocks are cut and fitted at the necessary angles. (See figure IV., 2.) It is evident that this change in the direction of the southern wall, amounting to twenty-eight centimeters, gives an effect of greater width to the whole church to any one standing within and near the entrance door, for the standard of the nearer part is always taken by the eye as a standard for the whole. From any point of view outside, south of this portion of the southern wall, the wall is nearer than the eye believes it, appears larger, and gives a false standard for more distant parts.

Is there not an architectural illusion produced by these irregularities aside from the apparent increase of material size, and if so, was this fact recognized on principle by architects in Pisa? That variety in corresponding parts, and deviations from strict symmetry are the soul and the life of all decorative art and all architecture, is a fact which no æsthetically trained person pretends to ignore; as little will any such one deny that herein lies the superiority of the Greek temple and the mediæval church over all modern copying and supposed imitation. I have, however, evidence to show that not only was this law of “life” a recognized principle of building in Pisa to an extent undreamed of even by its most ardent advocate,—Mr. Ruskin in the “Seven Lamps,”—but that a still more subtle effect was habitually studied. Say, for instance, that an observer stands opposite the oblique cornice of the Pisa Cathedral at the point where it appears to be horizontal. With an ordinary building the point where its horizontal lines are not subject to perspective obliquity is exactly opposite the center. As there is an actual obliquity in the line of the cornice in question, it will not appear horizontal unless the observer stands at some distance to the right of the real central point (in looking at the southern wall), and here there is a marked inequality in what, from the horizontal cornice line, the eye supposes to be two equal halves of the building. We have assumed that the spectator stands at the point where the oblique cornice appears horizontal, in order to illustrate plainly the optical contradictions between apparent fact and actual appearance—but these must exist from any point of view in which the cathedral is seen. Is there not in a building so constructed an architectural illusion springing from this mystification of the eye.

Mystification of the eye is the secret of all "life" in art, is the secret of the charm which the variations of the Greek scroll-work, of the arabesque pattern, of the medieval detail, from dead symmetry have for all of us.

Here the whole building is made to vibrate in an architectural illusion of the same character. On me, at least, the Pisa Cathedral, as seen from the Lucca railroad, made the effect of a ship under sail.

Let us take again the inclined façade. Why should so delicate and expensive a device be employed, if it is not for the life breathed into this wonderful creation by reason of the fact that the eye, assuming the façade to be upright, is mystified in making the unconscious rectification required by its inclination. I query if there is not a continual wavering of the eye between the innumerable possible lines of rectification lying between base and summit, resulting in a suggestion of mirage.

With regard to the curve described I would also put the inquiry if the continual variation in the lines of the building which the curve produces, does not in like manner mystify the eye, and thereby again contribute to the optical effect?

Thus, having first established the facts of an intentional inclination, an intentional obliquity, and an intentional curve in the Pisa Cathedral, I have raised the question if their optical effect is not something more than the pure and simple apparent increase of material size undeniably present in the two latter irregularities. I propose to debate this point by offering some cumulative evidence as to other intentional irregularities and leaving it to the reader to determine if they can have any other purpose.

The very perceptible inclination of the

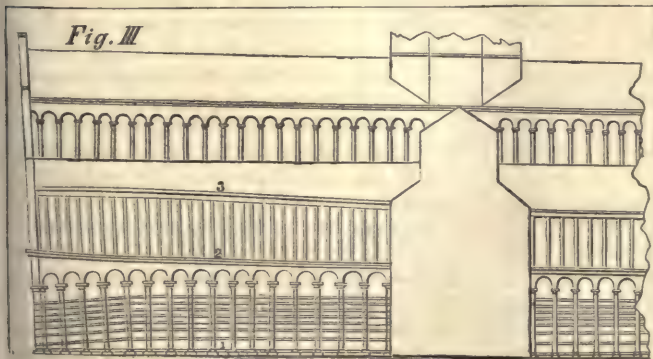
Pisa Baptistry is not generally remarked by travelers. On figure V., 1, may be found a series of measurements that go far to show that this inclination was intended. It must be borne in mind that the *polygonal* surrounding pavement rises from its edge toward the *circular* wall of the Baptistry, being as carefully joined at the edges of its sections as a piece of veneered furniture. On the face of things, therefore, the preservation of this delicate upward sloping grade on all sides is good presumptive proof against sinking. But, still farther than this, the foundation layers above the surface of this pavement are cut in gradually lessening height in the direction of the greatest inclination. These foundation layers (fig. V., 4) of masonry are three in number, arranged in step fashion; above them is a string-course cut in so rich a profile that wedging (*i. e.*, cutting the block in converging lines) would be impossible, and above this is the wall proper.

The measurements of the three foundation layers at each particular point are given as added together. Observation will reveal the fact that the Baptistry has a very perceptible inclination in the direction where these measurements would lead us to expect it.*

May not this leaning of a round building have an optical effect? The eye not especially directed to the fact of the lean-

*Figure V₄ gives a view of the foundation layers, figure V₃ of the delicate provisions for drainage, the want of which is the general cause of sinking foundations, the gutter below each polygonal side of the pavement curves upward toward the center; (C, c=12 centimeters, B, b=15½ centimeters). In fig. V. 1, the marks on the circle show the position of the pillars; the position of each measurement denotes approximately the spot where it was taken. The measurements are at unequal distances, and must be tested at exactly the same

positions for the following reason: The rising slope of the polygonal pavement makes the lines at the junction of the segments rise higher because they rise farther. (Compare, in drawing V., cut 3, the lines a, B and e, F). At each segment line, therefore, the first foundation layer is cut to equalize this variation. (A, a=16⅓ centimeters, and E, e=18 centimeters.) The measurements were, therefore, taken invariably at the center of each segment, and were omitted where this falls at the base of a pilaster, and opposite the doors, because in these places the line of the foundation layers is broken into.



PLAN OF PISA CATHEDRAL, VIEWED FROM THE SIDE.



FIG. VII.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

ing will insensibly partially or wholly rectify it, and the result of seeing the building in a position it does not occupy may produce an effect of optical vibration similar to that I have suggested as existing in the case of the façade, the cornice and the curve. It would appear that all those who have looked at the Pisa Baptistery without perceiving its pronounced inclination must have made this unconscious rectification. (See fig. VI.)

We will now return to the ground plan of the Cathedral, in order to remark the fact indicated in figure IV., that the wall of the main building, on the southern side, meets the transept wall at an *acute* angle.

The corresponding angle in the surrounding pavement ($4\frac{1}{2}$ centimeters in 56)

is more than twice as acute as the angle of the walls (2 centimeters in 56). The neat cutting and fitting of the masonry at both points is proof of an intention. The question rises again here, was the small increase in apparent length of the building hereby gained the only motive, or was a still more subtle optical effect designed? The divergence of the line of the pavement from the line of the building, which the difference in the angle produces, is palpably a device to conceal the strong curve at the western end of the wall by *making the outer line of the pavement straight throughout its length without sacrificing approximate equality of width at the two ends.*

It not only furnishes a second incontestable proof of design in the curve, but also enables us to measure it: (5m. 84—5.76)

+ (6m. 4—5m. 84) = 28 cent. Another irregularity may be noted before passing to the interior. The line of the wall proper both on the northern and southern sides does not correspond with the line of the plinth on which it rests, but curves in and out along its whole length. In the diagram the wave line of the wall is indicated, without representing the line of the plinth. Measured on the northern side the distances (in centimeters) of the wall proper from its supporting plinth, vary in fifteen equal distances as follows. $3\frac{1}{2}$ —4—4— $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ —5—4— $5\frac{1}{2}$ —6— $6\frac{1}{2}$ —5—6—3— $4\frac{1}{2}$.

Those who know the Pisan masonry will neither here nor elsewhere be disposed to speak of carelessness. It is an instance of the carefulness in detail of the architects of these buildings, that of all the pilasters of this wall not one has a base profiled like its neighbors, although all profiles are of Athenian grace.

I have preferred to rest my case for the numerous external curves on one which admitted of direct personal examination of the masonry. Of two others it can be said, at least, that they are not the result of sinking, the cornice and first roof line of the northern side (reproduced in fig. III) of the southern side, curve strongly in *opposite* directions, (compare lines 2 and 3).

Passing to the interior, I would first call attention to a perspective deception of very obvious effect. Of the two large arches (fig. VII) spanning the nave at its junction with the transept, that nearest the choir is round, and the other pointed; the apparent width of the transept space in the direction of the choir is thereby very much increased. Of a more subtle character is the arrangement of the galleries. The northern gallery rises from the transept toward the western end, as far as the seventh arch from the transept, twenty centimeters—here the line of the gallery is broken abruptly downward, and falls twenty centimeters in the remaining three arches; the western gallery rises from north to south twenty-three centimeters, and from its southern extremity the south-

ern gallery rises eleven centimeters in the first three arches, where a break similar to that in the corresponding point on the northern side takes place, but not at so marked an angle; the line of the southern gallery from this point to the transept being nearly horizontal. Thus at the third arch from the western entrance the southern gallery is fourteen centimeters higher than the northern (eleven + twenty-three—twenty), and at the transept is thirty-four centimeters higher, (approximately fourteen + twenty).

The hypothesis of sinking would here shipwreck not only on the perfect joints of the masonry, and well-preserved substructure and plinth of the north-western angle, but also on the fact that the unbroken oblique cornices without correspond to the broken oblique galleries within; the cornice forbids us to assume sinking for the gallery, and *vice versa*.

This variation in the height of the galleries is made still more perplexing for the eye, because there is a stripe of white masonry above the northern arches, but none above the southern (see VII); the latter being, therefore, not higher in proportion but disproportionately higher. As this inequality in the height of the galleries would be a perspective effect from any stand-point south of a central line drawn east and west through the nave with galleries of equal height, it follows that in any part of the nave the eye is deceived



FIG. VI.—THE BAPTISTERY AT PISA.

as to its real stand-point, and, therefore, mystified and deceived as to the proportion of the building. The gentle curve of the

oblique ground plan,—San Matteo, San Pietro in Vinculi, and the celebrated little gothic chapel, Maria della Spina,—whereby an effect similar to that suggested for the leaning façade may have been contemplated.

What I claim for all these deviations of alignment, obliquities, inclinations and curves is, first, that they tend to mystify and perplex the eye by depriving it of its ordinary standards of measurement,* and so produce an effect of indefinite (*i. e.*, of greater) extension; and, second, that they throw the building into a species of optical vibration by making upon the eye, at whatever standpoint, the varying effects of different standpoints, at one and the same moment. The arrangement of corresponding objects in unlike dimensions or unlike positions, is an additional element of optical effect, by giving the eye so many additional varying effects of shadow and new stopping points from which to begin afresh its computation.†

The fact that no two contiguous arches of

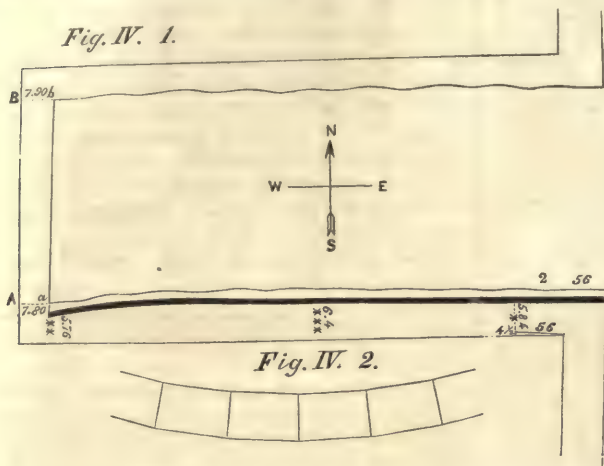


FIG. IV. 1.—GROUND PLAN OF CATHEDRAL BETWEEN FACADE AND TRANSEPT.
2.—ENLARGED SECTION OF BLACK STRIPE OF PAVEMENT.

pilasters supporting the great arches of the nave from the base outward is represented in drawing VII, and in the Pisan Church of Santo Paolo Ripa d'Arno, where the same appearance repeats itself, measurement of the masonry will prove that the blocks are cut and fitted at the necessary angles. (In the cathedral the masonry is not accessible.)

In the alignment of the columns will be found considerable irregularity. No two bases are in the same line, and the eye loses thereby its standard for computing the length of the rows. One is inclined to believe the irregularity designed, on examining the stripes of the pavement and cutting of the blocks. Most wonderful of all is that the columns are inclined from the perpendicular by wedge-shaped bases, varying as much as a centimeter in the height of the opposite sides. The effect, as compared with that of erect and perfectly aligned columns, has the superiority of the forest vista over the symmetrically arranged trees of an artificial plantation.

In some cases, where the base is not wedged, the column proves to have been already cut in antiquity for a leaning position. In the Pisan Church of St. Frediano the wedged bases (here half a centimeter variation) are all turned in one direction, which precludes the idea of chance, both rows of columns leaning the same way. Three churches in Pisa have façades of



GROUND-PLAN OF THE BAPTISTERY AT PISA.

*A correspondent of the N. Y. "Nation," May 21st, 1874, notes the enormous perspective effect of the interior of the Pisa Cathedral as contrasted with its actual size.

†It is a curious fact that Jacob Burckhardt, one of the very greatest of living art critics, has recognized the existence of this latter principle in the architectural deformities of the Bernini period, in the 17th century decadence (pages 369-377 "Cicerone," vol I, not translated), but has failed to see its infinitely beautiful application in the Pisan buildings of the 11th century. Ruskin, on the other hand, recognizes the idea of "life" in the varying size of the Pisan arches, of which no two contiguous ones, either within or without, are equal.

the Pisa Cathedral are equal must, therefore, increase its apparent size.

A longitudinal section of the little chapel (not St. Stefano within the walls) first mentioned is given in fig. VIII; its length is twenty-three paces. The five arches on either side lessen in width toward the choir and fall in height correspondingly. The roof falls fifty-six centimeters between entrance and choir. The distances between the pillars were measured with a stick which I lost before taking its length. In my note-book only the remainders over are given in centimeters; the numbers will give the proportion, however: 7 lengths, 6 lengths and 17 centimeters; 5 and 34 centimeters; 5 and 27 centimeters; 5 and 23 centimeters. The chapel appears three times its real size to the spectator turned,

Fig. V. 2.

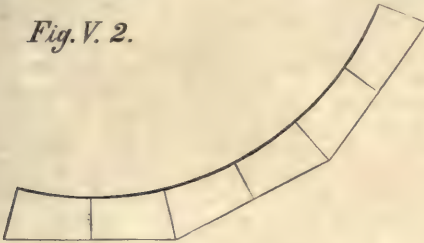


Fig. V. 3

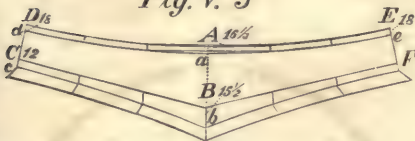


FIG. V. 2.—A SECTION OF GROUND PLAN, SHOWING POLYGONAL PAVEMENT.

FIG. V. 3.—SECTIONAL OF SAME, ENLARGED.

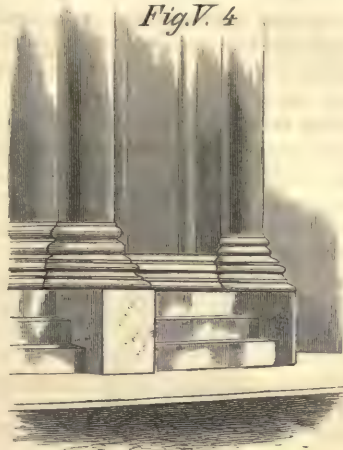
as all worshipers are, in the direction of the choir. This finger-post in the history of Pisan architecture was, of course, the work of a village builder wanting the means and the subtlety of his city neighbors. It proves conclusively that perspective illusion was employed in Pisa.

Is it necessary to say that I consider the Leaning Tower as the extreme phase of the Pisan irregularities?*

(*Seven Lamps, Lamp of Life,) but without suspecting the optical deceptions with which the Cathedral swarms, proven by the masonry to be designed, and of which I consider the unequal arches simply a phase. Förster (Italian guide-book, Germ., not translated,) having noticed, as few can fail to do, the more prominent irregularities of the Cathedral, considers them, like the Tower, as evidence of a clumsy medieval objection to regularity (vol. I, p. 364), without attempting measurements or giving a word to the subject in his more lately published history of Italian Art.

*It might be supposed that clearly visible irregularities are inconsistent with optical illusion, but such is not the case. To show this, a simple experiment may be tried in any parlor

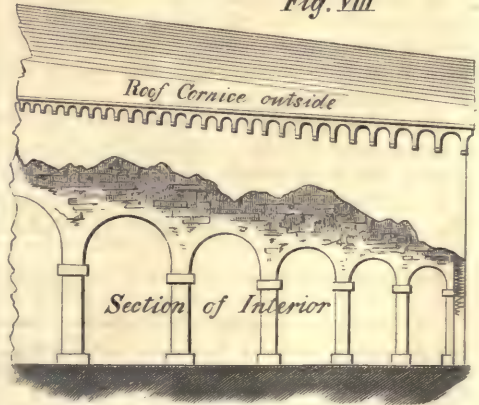
Fig. V. 4



FOUNDATION LAYERS OF BAPTISTRY.

sinking foundation rests on the fact that it curves from the fourth story toward the perpendicular, whence the conclusion that sinking took place when the building had reached this height. We see, according to Mr. Ruskin, that the inclination of the façade had also begun when the first story was finished. What break-neck fellows these Pisans must have been, to go on with

Fig. VIII



ST. STEFANO.

by laying obliquely on the floor a rug of striking color, somewhat smaller than the room. The room will appear larger, and its walls will appear to recede, each in the direction of the widening angle. The eye perceives that the rug is awry, but assumes a line half way between the edge of the rug and the wall as the rectangular line. The walls will appear oblique in spite of all knowledge to the contrary. In the same manner, a tendency of the eye to partially rectify the inclination of the Tower would contribute to its effect of "life," and it is not entirely absurd to assume this tendency in view of the numbers who fail to notice the pronounced inclination of the Baptistery and of the façade. That Kugler and Burckhardt resort to a purely hypothetical sinking after the statement of facts made in the "Descrizione di Pisa e suoi contorni," by Ranieri Grassi. 3 vols., 1837, can be only explained by supposing the work unknown to them.

their buildings, already in a sinking condition before half way done, exactly as if nothing had happened! And how curious the chance which arrested further yielding forever afterward.

At any rate, whatever the bearing of the measurements recorded in this paper on the question of the Tower, close observation and masonry measurements will reveal the fact that perspective illusion was not confined to Pisa, but practiced on a most extensive scale throughout Italy and the whole of Europe in the Middle Age.

It was in 1837 that the horizontal curves of the Parthenon were discovered by Mr. Pennethorn, although such curves are also prescribed in Vitruvius, the only antique architect whose writings have come down to us. Since then the masonry measurements of Penrose have established the intention of the curves, together with the existence and intention of many other remarkable irregularities in the Parthenon and the majority of Greek temples.*

All the horizontal lines of the stylobate, architrave, frieze, cornice, &c., curve upward and outward. The columns of the colonnade lean inward, as do also the side walls, the architrave, frieze and pediment, while the cornice, acroteria and subordinate faces lean outward; the end walls are perpendicular, but the antæ, or pilasters of the projecting wall-ends at the corners lean outward; "perpendicular faces are the exception, not the rule."

Thus far it has been customary to follow the lead of Penrose in explaining these curves and inclinations as designed to *correct* optical effects. I hold, on the contrary, that they were intended to *produce* them.

Penrose is himself surprised at the re-

sults of his measurements as to intention for the outward inclination of the antæ; here, as regarding the also intended inward leaning of the door-jambs, his theory is at fault, and he has no explanation for the direction of Vitruvius, which he quotes, that *all* faces above the columns,—architrave, frieze, and pediment,—shall lean outward. Penrose also proves a deviation of *level* in the substructure to be intended, for which his theory affords no solution.* Viewed in connection with the similar manifestations of the Pisa Cathedral, do we not gain new insight at once into the purpose of the Greek refinements, and the origin of those in Pisa. Pisa was in most intimate commercial relations with the Greek civilization of the Byzantine Empire. In the Levant, where Italian is universally spoken, it is still the Pisan dialect (not the Venetian) which is used. For eighty years of the eleventh century, from the close of which the cathedral dates (1063), *the Doge of Pisa was also Duke of Athens*. That we are dealing in the cathedral with *Greek* architecture is certain; its builders are recorded to have been Byzantine Greeks. Is it not a link in the history of civilization that irregular spacings, curves, inclined faces, and leaning columns, characterize Greek architecture alike in B. C. 440, and A. D. 1100; that the façade at Pisa obeys the prescriptions of Vitruvius, and copies in its inclination the antæ of the Parthenon?

* The variations in application of this optical illusion are exactly what we should expect them to be, according to the laws of *structural* art. The Greek temple is simply a shrine for the statue of the Divinity; it is not intended to be large, nor to look large. The Christian cathedral of the Middle Age is the material embodiment of its spiritual unity. It must hold the community, and must look as though it could, hence the enormous development of *perspective* illusion. Since public building has ceased to be the highest expression of national pride, and, with its adornment, the sole expression of the art-sense of the community, it can no longer be expected that money will pay for, or taste demand, the subtle refinements of Greece and the Middle Age. This does not diminish our interest in them; viewed from the standpoint of either art or history they teach some lessons that are eminently practical.

* "An investigation of the principles of Athenian architecture, or the results of a recent survey, conducted chiefly with reference to the optical refinements exhibited in the construction of the ancient buildings at Athens, by Francis Cranmer Penrose. London, 1851."

THE OLD STATE ROAD.



"RIGHT-ABOUT WITH A DASH CAME THE FOUR-IN-HAND."

CUT through the green wilderness down to the ground,
 Straight over the hills by the route of the crow,
 Now black as the bird, where the hemlocks abound,
 Then through the dim pines, half as white as the snow,
 By a cataract's track sunk away to the gulf
 That yawned grim and dark as the mouth of a wolf,
 Up hill and down dale like the trail of a brave
 From the Mohawk's wet marge to Ontario's wave,
 When the world was in forest, the hamlet in grove,
 Ran the stormy State Road where old Benjamin drove.

THE OLD STAGE.

THE rude rugged bridges all growled at the stage,
 The rough rolling ridges all gave it a lift,
 You read off the route like a line on a page,
 Then dropped out of day into twilight and rift!
 Through the sloughs of October it heavily rolled
 And lunched like a ship that is mounting a sea,
 O'er rattling macadams of torrents untold,
 Now in silence and sand midway up to the knee.
 It visioned the night with its yellow-eyed lamps
 Like creatures that prowl out of gun-shot of camps,
 When plunging along in the gloom of the swamps,
 With halt, jolt and thump and the driver's "ahoy!"
 It struck with a bounce on the ribbed corduroy,

And from hemlock to hemlock, log in and log out,
 The coach jumped and jounced in a trip-hammer bout—
 Through Gothic old chasms that swallowed the night,
 Out into the clearings all golden with light,
 Where flocks of white villages lay in the grass
 And watched for the stage and its cargo to pass.

JOHN BENJAMIN, DRIVER.

THE boys and the girls all abroad in high feather,
 The heads of the horses all tossing together,
 Flinging flakes of white foam like snow in wild weather,
 All swinging their silk like tassels of corn,
 'Twas Benjamin's time! And he whipped out the horn!
 'Twas the drone of king bees and a myriad strong—
 'Twas *fanfare!* and *fanfare!* with a bugle's prolong,
Chanticleer! Chan-ti-cleer! I am coming along!

The bellows dropped down with a vanishing snore,
 The smith in black crayon gave the anvil the floor
 And leaned on his sledge in the cave of a door;
 The landlord in slippers cut away at the heel
 Shuffled out on the stoop at the rattle of wheel.
Click-click—went the gates, and like yarn from a reel
 Smiling women wound out and looked down the wide street
 Where the driver swung plumb in his oriole seat,
 The mail, chained and padlocked, tramped under his feet.

He tightens the reins and whirls off with a fling
 From the roof of the coach his ten feet of string;
 The invisible fire-works rattle and ring,
 Torpedoes exploding in front and in rear,
 A Fourth of July every day in the year!
 Now lightly he flicks the "nigh" leader's left ear,
 Gives the wheelers a neighborly slap with the stock,
 They lay back their ears as the coach gives a rock
 And strike a square trot in the tick of a clock!

There's a jumble, a jar and a gravelly trill
 In the claunch of the wheels on the slate-stone hill
 That grind up the miles like a grist in a mill.

He touches the bay and he talks to the brown,
 Sends a token of silk, a word and a frown
 To the filly whose heels are too light to stay down.
 Clouds of dust roll behind with two urchins inside
 That tow by the straps as the jolly-boats ride,
 From the boot rusty-brown like an elephant's hide.
 With a sharp jingling halt he brings up at the door,
 A surge to the coach like a ship by the shore,
 He casts off the lines and his journey is o'er.

If king were to banter, would Benjamin trade
 His box for a knighthood, his whip for the blade
 That should make him Sir John by some grand accolade?

JOHN BENJAMIN "CIPHERS."

Ah, few whips alive in their cleverest mood
 Can write with a coach as old Benjamin could,



"I SEE HIM TO-DAY ALL EQUIPPED FOR THE SNOW."

And you ought to have seen the sixteen feet
 With their iron shoes on the stricken stone
 When they waltzed around in the narrow street
 To a time and a tune that were all their own,
 Like the short sharp clicks of the castanet
 By the Moorish girls in a dancing set,
 When, as free as the sweep of a wizard's wand,
 Right-about with a dash came the four-in-hand!
 'Twas crackle of buckskin and sparkle of fire,
 And never a rasp of a grazing tire,
 As he cut a clean 6 and swept a bold 8,
 Like a boy that is trying his brand-new slate!

JOHN BENJAMIN'S PICTURE.

I SEE him to-day all equipped for the snow
 In a wonderful great-coat that falls to his heels,
 With its ripple of capes on his shoulders a-flow,

And a plump-visored cap that once was a seal's
 Drawn snug to his eye-brows down over his head;
 In gloves of tough buckskin so wrinkled and brown,
 With muffler begirt, (an equator of red!)
 A shawl round his neck like a turban slipped down;
 A couple of cubs are his buffalo shoes
 Asleep on the mail-bag that carries the news.
 All through of a size, in his Esquimaux guise,
 He read off the road and he breasted the storm,
 No sign of the man but his hands and his eyes,
 His heart below frost—ah! it always kept warm.
 "Afraid?" If bright Phoebus had told him to try
 His horses of fire down the steep of the sky,
 With the motto *Ich dien*,—I faithfully serve,—
 He would grasp the gold reins, no falter of nerve,
 And, foot on the brake, he would drive down the Blue
 Without breaking an axle or losing a shoe!
 A touch of North-easters had frosted his tones,—
 He always must talk so his leaders could hear,—
 Ah, men preach from grand pulpits and sit upon thrones,
 Whose vision of duty was never so clear!
 He loved the old route with its hemlock and rock,
 Its sprinkle of mayweed, the breath of its hills,
 The girls trailing out in bare feet from the flock
 That ran alongside when the horses would walk
 Till they wore a small path like the travel of rills!

Ah, hero of boyhood! Asleep in thy grave,
 Last station of all on humanity's route,
 In measureless peace where the lombardies wave;
 But time and its tempests have blotted it out.
 I letter his name on the Way Bill of Death
 To tell who he was that is waiting beneath:

Good night to John Benjamin, King of the Road!—
 Who sleeps till the blast of the bugle of God:
 In feverish noon, on the Highway of Strife,
 Make the driver's old rule the law of your life:
*Keep the track if you can, but mid-day or mid-night,
 Whatever you do, always turn to the right.*

WHELEW REID.

THE story of the career of the present editor of "The Tribune" is that of distinguished effort leading to success in life. Rarely have great power and influence been wielded by a writer, journalist, and man of affairs, at so early an age as that of Whitelaw Reid. He has attained the highest honors of a profession which no longer is the fourth estate, and is so earnest in advancing its scope and dignity that his fellow-journalists watch with visible in-

terest the progress of the famous newspaper over which he has control.

Almost every instance of genuine success in life, premising that a man starts with talent and integrity, will be found to result not only from industry maintained by his ambition and strength of will, but also from a clear perception of his own gifts and a wise choice of the direction in which they shall be exercised; especially, moreover, from that good fortune which secures

him the right training and conditions favoring his chosen pursuit. Mr. Lincoln declared his chief vexation to be that the round pegs were always getting into the square holes. Half the wrecks of life are due, not so much to the lack of proper faculties, as to want of the training and circumstance for their development and successful application.

So far as education is concerned, we believe that in the United States, where our brightest men practically have to *train themselves*, a better average result is attained than in countries where people of rank select professions for their children in order of seniority. An American boy, with his own instincts for a guide, rarely goes wrong, except through some defect of character. He may seem unstable for a time, while groping for his place in the ranks; but really is essaying one pursuit after another, until he finds the work for which he is adapted and the chance to do his share of it. This may be early or late, but meanwhile his growth is progressing in the schools of thought and experience. When the calling is found,—and in this country where the occasion so surely presents itself,—every lesson of the past is turned to use and profit.

Reid's abilities and strength of moral character came to him by legitimate descent. They are inherent in his pure Scotch blood, which flows so vigorously and kindly in a stock transplanted to American soil. His education has consisted of that self-dependent experience which belongs to the freedom of Western life, refined by the solid culture of the schools. Either is worth much, but each is somewhat incomplete without the other; and in the training of our most successful Western writers the two are frequently combined.

Whitelaw Reid was born in Xenia, Ohio, October, 1837. His father, Robert Charlton Reid, had married Marian Whitelaw Ronalds, who came in a direct line from the small and ancient "Clan Ronalds" of the highlands. His paternal grandfather emigrated to this country from the south of Scotland, and settled in Kentucky, one of the earliest pioneers; but crossed the Ohio river in the year 1800, and bought several hundred acres of land upon the present site of Cincinnati. He was a stern old Covenanter, and found his conscience uneasy, owing to a condition of the deed which required him to run a ferry across

the river every day of the week. Sooner than violate the Sabbath, he parted with his new property, and, removing to Greene county, became one of the founders of the town of Xenia. It seems likely that, but for the pioneer's scruples, the wealth of the family might have precluded the necessity for the grandson's early struggles and the experience that has brought him to his present reputation.

Reid was early fitted for college by an uncle, the Rev. Hugh McMillan, also a Scotch Covenanter, and endowed with the vigor and conscientiousness of his race. Mr. McMillan was a trustee of Miami University, and principal of the academy at Xenia—at that time the foremost high school in Ohio. He bore a fine reputation as a teacher of the classics, and was the best instructor in the State. Under his discipline, young Reid was so well drilled in Latin that at the age of 15 he entered Miami as a sophomore, with a rank as a Latinist equal to that of scholars in the upper classes. This was in 1853, and in 1856 he was graduated with the "Scientific honors," the "Classical honors," first tendered to him, having been yielded to a classmate at Reid's own request. Just after his graduation he was made the principal of the Graded Schools in South Charleston, O., his immediate pupils generally being young men older than himself. Here he taught French, Latin, and the higher mathematics, confirming his own mastery of those branches, and acquiring a ripe culture which has been of such service to him in later years. Out of his salary he saved enough to repay to his father the expenses of his senior year at college. At the age of 20, returning home, he bought the Xenia "News," and for two years led the life of a country editor. Directly after leaving college he had identified himself with the Republican movement, then just beginning, and, boy as he was, had gone upon the stump for Fremont. His opinions undoubtedly were influenced by the "Weekly Tribune," which he took at college—becoming thoroughly versed in the views and aspirations of the great humanitarian journalist whom he was destined to succeed. The "News" was edited by Reid with vigor and success, its subscription list being doubled during his administration. In 1860, with wise premonition, and in spite of his attachment to Mr. Chase, he advocated the nomination of Lincoln, his journal being the first West-

ern newspaper, outside of Illinois, to take that course. Its influence caused the election of a Lincoln delegate to the Chicago Convention. After Mr. Lincoln's famous speech at the Cooper Institute, Reid went to Columbus to meet him, formed one of his escort to Xenia, and introduced him at the railroad station to the citizens of the place. After a brief first visit to Washington, the young Ohioan now took an earnest interest in the campaign, stumping effectively in his own region, and acting as secretary of the Greene County Republican Committee. His exertions were too much for his health, and he was suddenly compelled to withdraw from the conflict. He found needful vacation in a rapid but extensive trip through the great North-west, in which (by way of St. Paul, St. Cloud, and Crow Wing—the celebrated Chippewa trading-station), he finally, as one of an exploring party, visited the extreme headwaters of the Mississippi and St. Louis rivers, returning across the site of the now famous Duluth. Again at home, he plunged once more into the campaign, speaking, writing, and in other ways assisting to push the canvass to its successful close.

Mr. Reid now rested upon his homestead farm until the winter of 1860-'61, when he went to Columbus, resolved to try his fortunes as a legislative correspondent for the press. Upon his north-western journey he had written to the Cincinnati "Gazette" a series of letters which were favorably received. After various efforts, he effected an engagement with the Cincinnati "Times" to furnish a daily letter for just enough to pay his board,—a pittance of five dollars per week,—and was glad to get even this foothold by which to prove his quality. Schenck was running against Chase for the Senate; three other candidates,—Dennison, Horton and Delano,—were in the field. There is nothing like active service to bring one's talents into recognition and demand. In a few weeks came a request from the Cleveland "Herald" for a daily letter, at a weekly salary of \$15, which offer was promptly accepted. Lastly, the Cincinnati "Gazette" made a like request, with a proffer of \$18. Reid undertook these three engagements, and was then in receipt of a good income for those days, but at the expense of professional drudgery which required all the pluck and strength of youth to undergo: the task of writing three daily letters, distinct in tone, upon the same dreary legislative themes. It was a dis-

cipline, however, which rendered him equal to anything, and made his later journalistic labor seem light and attractive by contrast.

At the close of the session his special career may be said to have taken form. The "Gazette" offered him the post of city editor. He accepted its duties, so full of varied training, and held it until Capt. McClellan was sent to West Virginia at the outset of the civil war. Reid immediately left Cincinnati and started for the front as the war correspondent of the "Gazette." Gen. Morris was in charge of the advance, and Reid, as the representative of what was then the foremost Ohio journal, was assigned to duty as volunteer-aid with the rank of captain. He thus began his famous series of army-letters, over the signature of "Agate;" was in the advance against Garnett, and after the latter's death was commissioned to escort the remains to Gov. Letcher of Virginia. After various romantic adventures, in one of which he narrowly escaped from the fire of our own troops, he succeeded in his mission. The first Virginia campaign thus having given him a taste of active service, he went back to the "Gazette," and wrote leading articles for a time, but soon was again in the field this time upon the staff of Rosecrans, and bearing his old rank. He served throughout the second campaign, which culminated at Carnifex Ferry and Gauley Bridge; wrote up those battles; then resumed his editorial post, and helped to organize a leisure the staff of correspondents which the "Gazette" soon found it requisite to employ.

Reid was now fairly established as a writer and journalist from whom unusual achievements might be looked for. Only a brief allusion may be made to important features of the brilliant service which marked his subsequent connection with the Western press. In 1861-'62 he went to Cairo and Fort Donelson, and recorded the Tennessee campaign. He arrived at Pittsburg Landing six weeks before the battle of that name; afterwards left a sickbed to be present at the fight, and was the only correspondent who witnessed it throughout. His masterly description of the battle occupied over ten columns of the "Gazette," and stamped him as a great newspaper correspondent. It was widely copied, brought out in extras by the St. Louis and Chicago papers, and, in fact, was a decided "hit," for which he was complimented by an advance in his already

liberal salary. At the siege of Corinth Reid was appointed by the correspondents chairman of a committee to "interview" the martinet, Halleck, upon the occasion of the latter's difficulty with the "gentlemen of the press"—which ended in their dignified withdrawal from the military lines.

Mr. Reid went to Washington in the spring of 1862. His reputation had extended, and he was now offered the management of a leading St. Louis newspaper. Learning this, the proprietors of the "Gazette," which had largely profited by his services, gave him an interest in their establishment, selling him a handsome portion of the stock at a fair price, and allowing him to pay for it out of the profits. The latter for the first year amounted to two-thirds of the cost, and laid the basis of his fortune. He took a noteworthy position as correspondent from the national capital, receiving, also, an appointment as Librarian to the House of Representatives, which office he held until his resignation in 1866. From the first, he had the friendship and intimacy of Mr. Chase, who heartily commended him to Senator Wade, Winter Davis, and other eminent men. Among the latter was Horace Greeley, who was greatly impressed by Reid's literary and executive talents, and, failing at that time to induce him to come to New York, subsequently asked him to take charge of "The Tribune" branch office in Washington, and from that time forth was his appreciative and unswerving friend.

One of the most admirable pieces of work performed by Mr. Reid during his experience in Washington was his graphic letter describing the battle of Gettysburg, and written from the field. To this day it remains the most accurate description, outside the official reports, of that momentous conflict, and certainly is the most clear and picturesque. Written in an unpretentious, yet delightful, style, it presents the scenes of the three-days' fight most vividly before the reader, and is not without traces of pathos, fervor and patriotism, that come from a true American heart.

In 1865 Mr. Reid went South as the companion of his venerated friend Mr. Chase, upon the tour which the late Chief-Justice undertook at the request of Mr. Johnson. Mr. Chase, ostensibly traveling for his health, really was invested with a secret mission of observation with regard to the interests and condition of the white and black races in the Southern States. A

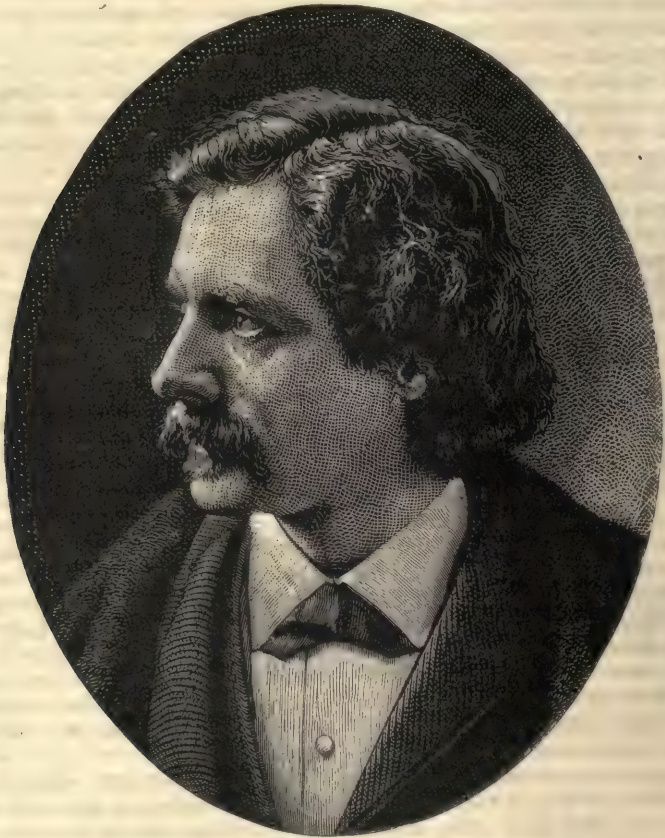
revenue-cutter was placed at the disposal of the tourists. They went along the coast, touching at all points of moment, to Key West and Havana, and thence, *via* Mobile and New Orleans, up the Mississippi to Cincinnati. A result of this journey was Reid's first sustained contribution to literature, a duodecimo volume entitled "After the War; A Southern Tour." The book is a fair reflection of its author's independent and healthful mind and practical experience as an observer of men and affairs. Written with some haste, it is always clear and restrained, and is an invaluable record of the state and aspect of the South during the years of re-adjustment which followed the war. Passages relating to the condition and habits of the freedmen are numerous, and of lively interest; the negro dialect and manners are rendered in a style worthy of our realistic novelists, and set off with a kindly humor which is a conspicuous feature of the whole work.

The author's attention was diverted, during his tour, to the chances afforded the cotton-planter by the high prices still ruling under a scant supply, and he resolved to make an experiment as a producer of the great Southern staple. With this end, in the spring of '66, he leased three plantations in Concordia Parish, opposite Natchez, in partnership with General Francis J. Herron. The bold novices planted the large number of 2,200 acres with cotton, hiring and working no less than 300 negroes. The speculation was admirably managed, cotton was still at a high premium, and all promised well. The crop had almost ripened, and an immediate fortune seemed secure as the result of this one season's labors, when,—just as the picking was about to commence,—the fields were invaded by the destructive army-worm. In a week the situation had sadly changed. Only one-fourth the promised crop was saved. Even this, however, sufficed to bring out the planters without loss, and encouraged Reid to try his fortune another year in Alabama. The conditions here were not so favorable, and at the end of two years he found himself not a loser, indeed, but a gainer only in business experience that strengthened his already pronounced and self-dependent executive abilities.

Meanwhile his pen was not idle, and during the three years which ended with '68 he wrote and compiled an extensive historical record, which always will remain

the great authority upon its special theme. "Ohio in the War" is contained in two large octavo volumes, of over 1,000 pages each, and is without doubt a model work of its kind. Involving immense labor, it is a surprise how it could have been done, and so well done, in the allotted time, by a man engaged in any other pursuits. The first volume is mostly occupied with the story of Ohio's achievements in the war, and especially with critical biographies of the most distinguished leaders contributed

fact, what first impresses every reader is the overweening influence which Ohio had upon the war, through the eminence to which so many of her soldiers sooner or later attained. Nearly all of the most conspicuous Northern generals and civil leaders, with McDowell, McClellan, Rosecrans, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, Buell, Stanton, and Chase, at their head, are here claimed for Ohio, either by birth or adoption. With respect to the author's opinions, the correctness of his estimate of



WHITELAW REID.

to that struggle by the Buckeye State. The remainder of the work is devoted to the roster and statistics, compiled from official sources or furnished by the regiments themselves, of all the patriot troops placed by Ohio in the field.

This work, in its entirety, is a monument of industry and discriminating thought. The style is clear and incisive; often, in battle-descriptions and character-painting, truly historical. In the author's matter of

each of these famous men, in the brilliant critical sketches prepared so early after the close of the conflict, is a subject for admiration. Subsequent history and the test of public opinion have so largely confirmed Reid's judgments, that at the present day there scarcely is a word which he need wish to alter. As character-sketches they are remarkable. He reviews, for example, the career of McClellan, finding him great in organization, but indecisive in attack.

and, upon the whole, "too military to be warlike." He vindicates the skill, bravery, and patriotism of Rosecrans, and attributes the latter's downfall to an infirm temper and to lack of knowledge of human nature. He does not hesitate to rebuke Sherman for the disorders upon the march through South Carolina greatly extols his restless and determined genius, and pronounces him, in contrast to McClellan, "too warlike to be military." To General Grant he concedes talent, but the sketch of this soldier is so severely critical that, although written in 1867, it contains nothing inconsistent with the present views of "The Tribune" with regard to the abilities and characteristics of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. Sheridan receives the author's hearty admiration in the longest of these biographical sketches, which are as terse and memorable as any literature resulting from the war, and which no future historian can afford to pass without consulting.

Still holding his ownership in the "Gazette," Mr. Reid in 1868 resumed the duties of leader-writer and editor-in-charge. He made an excursion to Washington, and described with care the Impeachment of President Johnson. Before long an important turn was given to his life by Mr. Greeley's successful renewal of the invitation to connect himself with "The Tribune." The political staff of the great newspaper needed strengthening by the addition of an able writer—one, also, in accord with its special views. With an instinct which never failed him in journalistic management, Mr. Greeley selected Reid as the man of all others for the place. The connection thus formed remained unshaken through the Founder's life, and it would almost seem as if, with a sense of his decaying strength, he had looked around for some younger man, thoroughly after his own heart, who might become his successor. Mr. Reid took the post of first editorial writer, with a salary next to that of Mr. Greeley, and answerable directly to the latter, instead of the managing editor, Mr. Young. He wrote the political "leaders" throughout the campaign which ended with Grant's first election. Shortly afterward a difficulty occurred between Mr. Young and the publishers, resulting in the withdrawal of the former from his post, and in the Spring of '69 Mr. Reid was installed as managing editor. In this advancement, he retained

to the last the unbounded confidence and affection of his venerated chief, despite the predictions of many who, since Mr. Dana's withdrawal, had observed the uncertainties and dangers attending this most arduous of journalistic positions.

In 1870, the new editor, by a bold expenditure that stimulated his brilliant force,—headed by Mr. Smalley in Europe,—to the greatest exertions, surpassed all rivals at home and abroad, in reports of the Franco-Prussian war, securing his own foot-hold, and giving his newspaper a prestige of the highest value. From that time, with full power, he gradually re-organized his staff, bringing into it that new blood and strength which have made the latter days of "The Tribune" its youngest and freshest. That journal, whatsoever its shortcomings, has always been famous for the groups of trained literary men and women, of professional authors, that have taken part in its production. Mr. Reid secured the best efforts of those already belonging to the staff, and recruited their lessening ranks with the ablest writers to be procured. Of both these classes, during his administration, such assistants have strengthened his hands as Ripley, Taylor, Congdon, Smalley, Hunt, Winter, Cook, Col. Hay,—who joined the staff in 1870 at Reid's desire,—Noah Brooks, T. W. Higginson, Isaac H. Bromley, J. R. G. Hassard, W. H. Huntington, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Runkle, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Davis, and many other editorial writers and correspondents, with such lively occasional contributors as Mark Twain, Bret Harte and C. H. Webb. Reid first became acquainted with W. F. Shanks, his city editor, at the siege of Corinth, where that gentleman rose into prominence by a brilliant series of letters to "The Herald."

Having perfected his organization, and thoroughly renewed the energies of "The Tribune," the editor was ready to look about him—when the campaign of '72, so impetuous and resulting in such sweeping changes, came to hasten the progress of his journalistic career.

The story of that campaign is fresh in mind. Mr. Reid, after the nomination of Mr. Greeley, was made editor-in-chief of "The Tribune," an office accepted by him with genuine reluctance, but with courage and determination. The columns, from that moment, were established on the modern basis of independent journalism. The new editor had ideas of his own, well

set forth in an Address entitled "Schools of Journalism," originally prepared at the request of the Regents of the University of New York.* Though supporting with vigor, and in every honorable way, his former chieftain's claims to the Presidency, he gave full and impartial reports of the movements and opinions of his opponents. It was also a proper time for new departures in other directions. Mr. Reid's personal knowledge of the South and West enabled him to comprehend the rights and wrongs of those sections. Untrameled by traditions, he placed his journal upon the platform of a broad and catholic Americanism, and, as one of the younger generation, superadded to the historic strength and purpose of "The Tribune" fresh elements of dignity, polish and refinement. In organization, so complete a system of division of labor, and of responsibility bearing upon heads of departments was introduced, that the complex duties of the office went on with half the jar and rumble of old times. Some of the ancient oracles in the publishing department, whose idea of an editor was the stock conception,—a man with coat off, sleeves uprolled, perspiring, inky, always driving his pen,—could not realize that more and better work was done under the new system. Hence arose a feud, which, developing itself after the lamented death of Mr. Greeley, resulted in a brief and decisive struggle between the old management and the new.

Scholarly and sagacious veterans of the establishment, who had learned to rightly estimate Reid, rallied to his support; but those who best knew him were surprised at the friends and resources which his tact and varied qualities had won for him during his few years of experience in New York. Capital was freely placed at his disposal, and he was enabled to obtain complete control of "The Tribune," and to associate its increased power and prosperity indissolubly with his own name. Certainly it never was more attractive than now, never more earnest, never more liberal and cultured, never so crowded with literary, æsthetic, and scientific intelligence; the journalists of the country seem to regard it as in some way representative of their own profession; even its rivals acknowledge that it never was more ably

managed than at present, and that its friends have reason to be sanguine with regard to the future.

Mr. Reid was so prominently connected with the latest Presidential campaign that his name and ability, even through the attacks made upon him, became as widely known to the public as they long had been to his own profession. Apparently indifferent to notoriety, his ambition seems to be that of a great journalist in the highest sense of the word. His scholarship, vigorous English, and rhetorical talents have made him in demand among the universities as an orator at commencement and other gatherings. His lecture upon Journalism was repeated at various colleges. In 1873 he was invited to pronounce the oration before the societies of Dartmouth, and delivered an able and mature production entitled "The Scholar in Politics," setting forth the obligation incumbent upon men of culture to take an active interest in the practical issues of the day. The end aimed at in this discourse calls to mind the words of Theodore Parker, who said to Sumner, after the latter's election to the Senate: "You once told me you were not in politics, but in morals; now I hope you will show morals in politics." In Mr. Reid's epitome of the great questions likely to occupy the attention of public men in America during the next twenty years, he certainly evinces a comprehensive purpose, and prophetic vision, which distinguish one who has made journalism the study of his life. This oration was repeated at Amherst and Miami, and finally became a valuable contribution to the pages of this magazine.*

By entering somewhat at length upon the details of Mr. Reid's career, we thus have shown in what manner his character, training, opportunity and varied experience have combined to bring him to his present position, and to make him the man of moment for the place. He has fairly earned it by years of unflinching labor; and himself says: "I never have had anything but what I worked for." He is recognized as a leader by the trained intellectual group which gathers around him, and has a remarkable faculty, grounded in natural honor and kindness, for winning enthusiastic and devoted friends. In return, he has the most loyal of comrades; especially considerate of the feelings of the gen-

* Published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, June, 1872.

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, September, 1873.

irritable with which he has to deal, he possesses a rare gift of bringing out and utilizing the best talent of his workmen. No editor in New York has been more esteemed by authors and writers, who look upon him as the staunch defender of their faith. He has found time to mingle much in social circles; is a welcome guest and an accomplished host, whether in his own home or at the clubs, of which he is an influential member, and over one of which he has for successive years been elected to preside.

Whitelaw Reid has the Western grit and muscle, refined by the habits and culture

of the East, which is his home. His tall, sinewy form and firm-set, yet handsome features, easily reveal a union of delicacy and strength. He is a resolute friend or foe, keeps his own counsel, and goes steadily on his way; a man of convictions, fearless in his advocacy of them. In every phase of life he is more solicitous to carry his point than to let his hand be seen; and if "The Tribune" has something less of "individuality" than under the forceful guidance of his predecessor, it may safely be declared to show an advance in breadth, refinement, dignity and other essentials of modern power.

STUDIES OF SOME BRITISH AUTHORS.

ANCESTRY: II.

THE ancestry of what the ingenious Mr. Horace Walpole calls the noble authors, concerning whom, and their royal ancestors, he has written more than most people care to read—the ancestry, I say, of several poets of whom I have written in my first paper, has touched royalty at times, and has appeared in important matters of state. It now figures in the most dreadful treason in English history, the Gunpowder Plot. Thomas Habington, the father of William Habington, the sweetest and purest of amorous poets, was the son of John Habington, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth. A commoner of Lincoln College, Oxford, he finished his studies at the Universities of Paris and Rheims, and returning to England joined the adherents of Mary Queen of Scots. He was suspected of being implicated in Babington's conspiracy, and imprisoned six years in the Tower. His life was spared, probably because he was godson to Elizabeth, for his younger brother, who was engaged in the same conspiracy, was executed at St. Giles's in the Fields. After his liberation Mr. Habington retired to a manor which his father had settled upon him, and married Mary, eldest daughter of Edward, Lord Morley, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Lord Mounteagle. One would have thought that he had faced danger enough, but he thought otherwise, for he concealed in his house two Catholic priests

who were concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. He was sentenced to death, but reprieved, and finally pardoned, through the intercession of Lord Mounteagle, his wife's brother, to whom, the day before the meeting of Parliament, the good lady sent the famous letter of warning. Our poet certainly had a heroic mother. Her husband was pardoned, but the condition of the pardon was that he should never stir out of Worcestershire. He complied, having grown a little wiser, and devoted his days to writing the history and antiquities of the county to which he was banished. He died in the same year as Milton's father, at the age of eighty-seven.

I have mentioned, I believe, only two poets whose ancestry as clerical, but it was not because there were not others of like descent. The Church of England has done her share towards lengthening the roll of British authors. Among the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of clerical ancestry, was Richard Crashaw, whose father was a divine of note in his day, and a preacher at the Temple Church, in London; George Sandys, the translator of Ovid, whose father was an Archbishop of York; Henry King, whose father was Bishop of London; and, among lesser names, John Philips, whose father was Archdeacon of Salop, Bishop Sprat, whose father was a private country minister, and John Cleaveland, the Cavalier satirist,

whose father was a Vicar of Hinckley. Later on we come to Tickell, Pomfret, Young, Blair, Churchill, Langhorne, Anstey, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Mason, Mickle, Bowles, Coleridge, Montgomery, Heber, and others, sacred and profane, whose infant cradles were rocked in the rectories and parsonages of England. We also come to greater names—Addison, Cowper, Goldsmith.

The clerical element was well represented in Joseph Addison, both of whose parents were descended from clergymen. His father, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, was sent as a poor scholar to Queen's College, Oxford. It was in the time of the Commonwealth, with which he had no sympathy, and, with the temerity of a young man, he became a violent royalist, and lampooned the heads of the University, who compelled him to ask pardon on his knees. His lot was a hard one after leaving college, for we are told that he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen church to the families of certain sturdy country squires in the Wild of Sussex, with whom loyalty was still a religion. When Charles the Second came in, he was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison at Dunkirk. Dunkirk was sold to the French, who had no need of an English parson, and he was transferred to Tangier, where he remained eight years, and where he could not enjoy himself. He employed his time as best he could in studying the manners and customs of the Jews and Mahometans about him, and on his return to England he turned his knowledge to account in a Narrative of the Revolutions in Fez and Barbary, a Life of Mahomet, and a volume on Hebrew customs and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He was rector of Milston, in Wiltshire, when Joseph was born, a weak little child, who seemed so unlikely to live, that he was christened on the day of his birth. Three years afterward Mr. Addison was prebendary of Salisbury, and later Dean of Litchfield, and one of the King's chaplains in ordinary. He was a man of considerable learning, and it can hardly be doubted that it was from him that his famous son inherited that seriousness of mind which made Mandeville call him "a parson in a tie-wig," and Tonson remark: "One day or other you'll see that man a bishop. I'm sure he looks that way, and indeed I ever thought 'him a priest in his heart."

The ancestry of William Cowper, although his father was a rector, was a distinguished one. The family can be traced back to Edward the Fourth, and the name, if not the family, appears repeatedly among the sheriffs of London. There was a Sir William Cowper in the early part of the seventeenth century, a baronet of Nova Scotia, who was afterwards made a baronet of England. He erected a monument to the Judicious Hooker more than thirty years after his death, and composed an epitaph for it in verse. A loyalist in the struggle between the King and the Commons, he was imprisoned at Ely House, with his eldest son, who died under his confinement; when finally released, he retired to his estate at Hertford, and was famed for hospitality, charity, and other virtues. The grandson of this gentleman, another Sir William Cowper, was the father of another William Cowper, who was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal by Queen Anne, and was raised to the peerage as Earl Cowper by George the First. The younger brother of Earl Cowper, Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, was the father of the Reverend John Cowper, D. D., chaplain to George the Second, and rector of Birkhamstead, where our William Cowper was born. Such was the ancestry of Cowper on the male side. On the female it was still more distinguished, his mother, whose maiden name was Anne Donne, being, it is said, a descendant of the poet Donne (whose wife's name, by the way, was Anne), and certainly a descendant of one noble house, as well as the royal one of Henry the Third. Cowper was familiar with his genealogy, but not elated by it.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies."

Little is known of the parents of Cowper, except what he himself has told us in his Letters, and in his imperishable lines "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk." We see with his eyes the devotion of his loving mother. She visits his chamber nightly to satisfy herself that he is safe and warmly laid. She washes his little cheeks with fragrant waters until they shine and glow, and she supplies her morning bounties,

"The biscuit, or confectionery plum."

When the school hour draws near, she wraps him in his warm scarlet mantle, puts on his velvet cap, and placing him, with a kiss, in his little coach, he is drawn to school by Robin, the gardener. Happy mother! happy child!

Cowper's mother died when he was about six years old, and the troubles of his life commenced, for shortly after her death he was sent to a boarding school, where his sensitive spirit was crushed. The grief of the child was as profound as the sorrow of the man.

"My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!"

"I can truly say," he wrote nearly fifty years afterwards, "that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say not a day) in which I do not think of her; such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

When Cowper was twenty-four years old, and an idle lawyer in the Temple, his father died, and the rectory of Berkhamstead ceased to be his home. "At that time I was young," he writes, over thirty years later, "too young to have reflected much. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no fee simple in the house and glebe he occupies. There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that county to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt for the first time that I and my native place were disunited forever; I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from which I once thought I never should be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties, as just when I left them behind me, to return no more."

Oliver Goldsmith was descended from a family in which the office of clergyman was hereditary. His father, the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was a minister out of employment when he married Anne Jones, the daughter of another minister, the mas-

ter of the diocesan school at Elphin. The marriage was not approved by the friends of either, and an uncle of Mrs. Goldsmith, who was the rector of Kilkenny West, was soon called upon to assist the imprudent couple. He lent them a house about six miles from the Rectory, where they resided for about twelve years, and where several children were born, Oliver among others. After the death of this providential uncle Mr. Goldsmith succeeded to his benefice. His fortunes do not appear to have bettered by the change in his prospects, for though his income may have been larger, there were more to consume it. Other children were born, and those who were growing up were to be educated. The little means that could be got together were spent on the education of the oldest son, Henry, while that of Oliver was neglected. It was the intention of his father to bring him up to trade, but his mother fancied she saw genius in him, and she persuaded her good man to give him a learned education. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, at the expense of an uncle and other friends, who contributed to his support, and who must have been disappointed at the figure he cut. "The Goldsmiths were always a strange family," we are told, "they rarely acted like other people: their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought." Goldsmith ought to have applied himself to his studies, but, being Goldsmith, did not. While he was at college his father died, and if he was not deeply mourned, he was very tenderly remembered by his idle, improvident, warm-hearted son, who has painted for us three exquisite portraits, of which he was the original—one in the *Man in Black*, in "The Citizen of the World," another in immortal Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the last in the *Village Preacher*, in "The Deserted Village."

One would hardly think that Goldsmith was desirous of being thought a man of good family, but such was the case, for he claimed affinity on his father's side with General Wolfe, and on his mother's side with Oliver Cromwell! One would never think that Shakespeare was guilty of the same weakness, but it looks very much like it, for the grant of arms which his father sought in vain, was applied for and obtained, about thirty years later, and in a very questionable way. One would

think, however, that Pope would have tried to make himself out somebody on the score of his ancestry, and one is not disappointed to find that he did so. It was in keeping with his mind, which was as crooked as his body.

Pope's claim to gentility was put forward in his forty-sixth year, when he was the most famous living English poet, and it would seem at first for the purpose of puzzling Curll. Pope did not appear in the matter, but one mysterious "P. T." who informed Curll by letter that Pope's father was of the younger branch of a family of good repute in Ireland, and related to the Lords Downe, formerly of the same name. If "P. T." was not Pope, he was some one in communication with Pope, who was always ready to furnish misinformation in regard to himself. His claim to reflected gentility in the persons of the Lords Downe, was repeated two or three years later, in a Note prefixed to his "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," in which his father is stated to be of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. This "fine pedigree," as it was called by one of Pope's kinsmen, who repudiated it, was an absolute fiction. There was an Earl of Lindsay, as there were Earls of Downe, but Pope was no more descended from the latter than he was from Pope Joan.

The Christian name of Pope's father, as well as his family, eluded all his early biographers, but it is now known to have been Alexander. When his son was born, he was a linen draper in Lombard Street, London. "He was an honest merchant," Mrs. Pope informed Spence, "and dealt in Hollands wholesale." Hollands were evidently in demand in the last years of the seventeenth century, for our dealer therein was prosperous enough to retire from business with what was then a large fortune—ten thousand pounds. Precisely when this occurred, we are not informed, but it is supposed to have been in the sixth or seventh year of the poet's age.

The elder Pope, with his elderly wife and young son, removed to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he had purchased twenty acres of land, and a small house. He was a Roman Catholic, and so rigid a one that Alexander was afraid to write verses and send profane letters in Holy Week under his eye. To be a Roman

Catholic then was not to be in favor with the powers that were, which is probably the reason why the retired merchant was said to have indulged in the unmercantile freak of locking up his money in a strong box, and living on the principal. The story is Warburton's, and unworthy of belief. We know now, what Warburton might have known, that, in addition to his house and grounds at Binfield, Pope's father possessed property in Surrey, and a yearly rent-charge upon a manor in Yorkshire, besides eight or nine thousand livres in French securities. In a word, he was rich.

The mother of Pope, whose name was Edith, was a daughter of William Turner, Esq., of Worsborough Dale, Yorkshire. We have the authority of Pope that she had three brothers, two of whom perished in the Civil Wars, while the third became a general officer in Spain. If Mrs. Pope, who was about forty-six when she gave birth to Alexander, had not been the tenderest and most careful of mothers, her son would not have lived long. He inherited from her a sickly constitution, which was perpetually subject to severe headaches, and from his father, his poor, crooked little body; physically it was "a heritage of wo." He charmed the household by his gentleness, and his voice was so sweet that he was called "the little nightingale." He was considered a prodigy from his infancy, and was one: I know of none greater, unless it be Chatterton. If the "Ode to Solitude" was written, as he claimed, when he was about twelve, he surpassed at that age every English poet. He could not remember when he began to write verses: he lisped in numbers. His father encouraged him, though he was no poet, as his widow quaintly remarked to Spence. "He used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased, and used often to send him back to new turn them. 'These are not good rhimes;' for that was my husband's word for verses."

The picture of this precocious young poet and his parents in the little house at Binfield is a delightful one—more delightful, it seems to me, than any that can be painted of his after life. He was as studious there as the young Milton had been at Horton, and was as free from anxiety about his future. He was happy among his books, he was happy in his father's gar-

den, and he was happy in the shade of his favorite beach tree—the tree under which, tradition says, he sat when he composed his poem in praise of Windsor Forest. He was happier for the moment, I think, when some one took him to Will's Coffee-house to see Dryden. "I saw Dryden when I was about twelve years of age. I remember his face well, for I looked upon him even then with veneration, and observed him very particularly." I must not write about Pope, however, and the great men he saw, and the noble friends he made, and the clever poems that he wrote, but confine myself to his parents, who continued to reside at Binfield until his twenty-eighth year, when they removed to Chiswick, exchanging the leafy avenues of Windsor Forest, for a row of pollard elms and a sight of the Thames. They had lived to hear a full song from their little nightingale, and were growing old; one at least was infirm. Pope's father died at Chiswick at the age of seventy-five.

"By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown.
His death was instant and without a groan."

Pope announced his death in a note to Martha Blount; "My poor father dyed last night. Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall."

About two years after the death of his father, Pope removed to his villa at Twickenham, taking his mother with him. *Genetrix est mihi*, he wrote to Atterbury, when he condoled with him on his loss. He was as unceasing in his solicitude for her as she had been for him in his tender years.

"Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death:
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!"

Mrs. Pope survived her husband sixteen years. Her memory was gone, but she was conscious of the affectionate attentions of her son, which doubled the necessity of his attendance on her, he said, and at the same time sweetened it. She died at the great age of ninety-three. "I thank God her death was as easy as her life was innocent," he wrote to Richardson, the painter; "and, as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her

countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, even of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint inspired that ever painting drew, and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow upon a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me." Richardson hastened to him, and made the sketch as he wished; but it was not a pleasing one. What had been Mrs. Pope was buried in Twickenham Church. There was nothing to suggest gentility in the funeral, which was as simple as possible. The body was carried to the grave by six poor men of the village, clad in suits of dark gray cloth, the gift of the poet, and was followed by six poor women, in the same sort of mourning. There was in his grounds at Twickenham a retired spot encircled with a plantation of evergreens, yews, and cedars. Here he erected a large obelisk in memory of his mother, and inscribed upon the pedestal this touching epitaph:

 AH EDITHA!
 MATRVM OPTIMA!
 MULIERVM AMANTISSIMA!
 VALE!

Shortly after Pope removed from Binfield to Chiswick, there came into the world, at the house of a scrivener in Cornhill, a poet whose constitution was as delicate as his own, and whose genius was of a higher order. He was the son of Mr. Philip Gray, the aforesaid scrivener, and his wife Dorothy, whose maiden name was Antrobus. He was the fifth of twelve children, and the only one who survived, the rest perishing in infancy from suffocation produced by a fullness of blood, a fate which threatened him, but which was averted by the courage of his mother, who removed a paroxysm which attacked him by opening a vein with her own hand. She was a brave as well as a loving mother, and she needed all the bravery that she possessed, for her husband, who is described as a respectable citizen, was a brute. When she married him she was in partnership with her sister Mary and her brother Robert, and carried on the trade of a milliner. A woman of business, she had positive ideas as to the rights of woman, and she took the precaution of tying up her property before she married Mr. Gray. It was agreed between them, and between them and her partners, that her

share in the trade should be employed by her sister Mary in the said trade, and that the same and all profits thereby should be for her, Dorothy's, sole benefit. It was further agreed that, if either she or her husband died, the property should go to the survivor.

This agreement, which was as stringent as the law could make it, was probably not drawn by Mr. Gray, who was scoundrel enough to have made it a defective paper. He was perpetually trying to break it, and to break her heart, for from the beginning of their marriage he treated her inhumanly, not merely showering upon her vile and abusive language, but actually beating her and kicking her, until she was at last obliged to quit his bed, and lie with her sister. This brutality continued, not a month or a year, but upwards of thirty years, and all the time she was bearing her poor, doomed children! But, great as was the brutality of her husband, it was exceeded, if that was possible, by his meanness. For during all these years she was not only no charge to him, but she found herself in all manner of apparel, and all her children also, and most of the furniture of his house, besides paying forty pounds a year for his shop, and providing for her son, for whom he would do nothing, when he was at Eton and Cambridge. There was a pretense of love, too, in this usage, for he appeared to be jealous of all men as far as she was concerned, even of her own brother! What he loved was her money, and it was in order to obtain it that he abused her so. Nor did he stop there. He gave her sister warning to quit the shop where they carried on their business, which would have almost ruined it, and would have compelled his wife to go with and assist her sister for the support of herself and her son. He threatened to pursue her with vengeance, and to ruin himself to undo her and the boy.

She was unconquerable, this brave old milliner, who, at the age of sixty-four, submitted her case to a practitioner at Doctors' Commons. The opinion he gave was not comforting. She was told that if she went to live with her sister, to assist her in her trade, he might, and probably would, call her, by process in the Ecclesiastical Court, to return home and cohabit with him, which the Court would compel her to do, unless she could show reason to the contrary. She had no other defense in that case than to make proof before the

Court of such cruelties as might induce the judge to think she could not live in safety with her husband, when the Court would decree for a separation. She was advised to bear what she reasonably could, and to give him no provocation to use her ill. If he forced her out of doors, the most reputable place she could be in would be with her sister. If he proceeded to extremities, and went to law, she would be justified if she stood upon her defense, rather perhaps than as plaintiff in the cause. Lastly, as no power of making a will was reserved by her marriage settlement, her original stock in trade, and likewise the produce and interest which should accrue, was settled upon her husband, if he survived her.

I have confined myself, as my readers have no doubt perceived, to the dry legal statement of the sufferings of Gray's mother, not wishing to blacken the memory of his father with any words of my own. They were simply terrible. They were inflicted, it is sad to think, not in Turkey, but in England; not the England of Henry the Eighth, but the England of Queen Anne and George the First; the England of Pope, Addison, and Steele, of Will Honeycomb, and Sir Roger de Coverley. Was the age of chivalry past, or did it exist only on paper? All things come to an end, however, even the lives of scriveners, one of whom, Mr. Philip Gray, went to his last account at the age of sixty-five.

What Gray owed to his mother may be imagined. It was she who saved his life when he was a child; and it was she who sent him to Eton, where he remained six years, and to Cambridge, where he remained three or four years, and to the continent, where he traveled with Horace Walpole, living the life of a thoughtful and elegant scholar. She lived to see twelve—is it harsh to say—*happy* years after the death of her husband, to see her love repaid by the genius of her son. As devoted to her as she was to him, he never mentioned her without a sigh. And when she died, full of years, he placed over her loved remains this most pathetic inscription:

Beside her Friend and Sister,
Here sleep the Remains of
DOROTHY GRAY,
Widow; the careful, tender mother
Of many Children, one of whom alone
Had the Misfortune to survive her.
She died March XI., MDCCLIII.
Aged LXXII.

Gray had written his immortal *Elegy*, and the greatest of his *Odes*, which were coldly received, and was adding to his immense stock of knowledge by reading and transcribing manuscripts in the British Museum, which had just been opened to the public, when, on a January day, in a little town in Scotland, a greater poet than himself, the song-writer of all time, was born. His parents were poor. They were born poor, they lived poor, they died poor. His father, William Burness, the son of a farmer, and one of a family of seven children, went out into the world in early manhood, with empty pockets, seeking his fortune, which never came. He went to Edinburgh, where he managed to save up a little money, which was dutifully sent to his parents. Then he became a gardener in Ayrshire, and finally took a lease of seven acres of land at Alloway, near the bridge of Doon, and upon this land built with his own hand a clay cottage. To this cottage he brought his newly married wife, who was ten or twelve years younger than himself. She was the daughter of a farmer in Carrick, and her maiden name was Agnes Brown. Her mother died when she was nine years old, and the care of four younger children was thrown upon her. There were servants on the farm, but their services were so valuable that they could not be spared for nursery work. She had been taught to read the Bible, and to recite the Psalms, by a weaver, who kept young scholars beside his loom as he worked, but now her schooling came to an end. She could not write—to the day of her death the mother of Robert Burns was never able to write her name. When her much-marrying father married again, she went to live with her dead mother's mother, who, when she was particularly pleased with her doings at the wheel, used to give her for lunch a piece of white bread, and a piece of brown bread, both being made of varieties of one kind of oat-meal. William Burness met her at a fair, courted her vigorously for a twelvemonth, and married her, a lass of twenty-five. Her figure was small and neat, her complexion fine, her hair a pale red, and her eyes dark and beautiful. She had a cheerful disposition, and a budget of old songs and ballads which she sang to her children, and sang well, too.

William Burness was a poor man, and his children which came to him increased, while they brightened, his poverty. He

determined that they should have an education, and sent Robert to school in his sixth year. A few years later he undertook to teach him and his brother Gilbert himself. He was a wise man, in his simple way; he treated his boys as if they were men, and lightened their labors on the farm by entertaining and instructive conversation. Burns was alive to the necessity of learning, and to the thoughtful anxiety of his father, who in turn was alive to his genius. "Whoever may live to see it," he said to his wife, "something extraordinary will come from that boy."

They were a happy family. The parents loved each other, and the children; and the children loved each other, and their parents. William Burness was a grave man; not averse to innocent gaiety, but naturally of a religious tone of mind. Christianity was the rule of his household. He was the sire with patriarchal grace whom Burns has painted so lovingly in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and the three tunes that the Cotter's family sang were the only tunes that he knew. The years went on, and the elder children grew up. They removed to Mount Oliphant, and to Locklea, but prosperity avoided them. The tall thin figure of the old man was bowed, and his scanty locks were gray. He went about his work wearily, but cheerfully. One day he came home from sowing, worn out with fatigue. He had used all the threshed-up grain, and more was needed for the horses' dinner. He must see to it. His wife insisted that he should rest, and taking her maid-servant with her went to the barn, where the two soon had the corn for the horses threshed and winnowed. He took to his bed one winter day, and rose no more. His daughter Isabella remembered being present at his bedside the morning he died, with her brother Robert, and that she wept bitterly. Her father endeavored to speak, but could only murmur a few words, such as were suitable for a child, enjoining her to walk in virtue's paths, and to shun every vice. He paused a moment, and said there was one member of the family whose future conduct he feared. He repeated the remark, and Robert came to the bedside, and said "Oh, father is it me you mean?" The dying man said it was. He turned to the window, the tears streamed down his manly cheeks, and his bosom swelled as if it would burst. When the pious soul of William Burness

had departed, his body was taken back to Ayr. The coffin was arranged between two bearing horses, placed one after the other, and followed by relatives and neighbors on horseback, it was carried to Alloway kirkyard. Mrs. Burness outlived her husband thirty-six years, dying in 1820, at the age of eighty-eight.

Three years after the death of his honored father, Burns was a great celebrity in Edinburgh, where he carried everything before him, as we all remember. He was at the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson on one occasion when his attention was attracted by a picture. It was a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. Under this print were six lines of verse, which probably suggested it, and which, with the print itself, affected Burns so that he shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and as none of the elders seemed to know, a lame boy, who was present among the youngsters, whispered the name of the author—Langhorne, to a friend, who mentioned it to the poet. He rewarded the lad with a look and a word of civility which were remembered for years. The name of the lad, who was barely sixteen, and not particularly noticeable, except, perhaps, for the height of his brow, was Walter Scott. He was the son of Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, and was apprenticed to his father, though his mind was devoted to pursuits that did not come within the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances. Of course he had a pedigree. "Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty." The ancestry of Scott was good. His father was a Writer to the Signet, it is true, but he had only to go back three or four generations, on both sides, when he reached gentle blood, lairds, knights, and the like. One of his ancestors, Walter Scott, of Harden, commonly called "Auld Watt," was a renowned Border free-booter. His castle was situated on the brink of a dark and precipitous dell, in the recesses of which he kept his spoil. They feasted while it held out, this grim old chieftain and his retainers, and when it was gone were notified of the fact by the production of a pair of clean spurs in an empty dish. Then it was

"Boot, saddle, to horse, and away."

The wife of this gentleman, who also was a Scott,—Mary Scott of Dryhope,—immortalized in song as the "Flower of Yarrow." Another and later ancestor of Scott bore the surname of Beardie, from his venerable beard, which was kept sacred from the touch of razor or scissors, as a signal of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stuart. There was a poet among those early Scotts, a Captain Walter Scott of Satchels, who called himself "an old soldier and no scholar," and who, toward the close of the seventeenth century, wrote a book of doggerel verse, wherein he traced the true history of several honorable families of the Right Honorable Name of Scott in the shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk. The object of the worthy gentleman, who had "no estate except his designation," was eleemosynary; he wanted his wealthy relatives to bestow upon him, out of their abundance, and in return for his compliments, some of their broad pieces, and it is to be hoped that they did so. Scott's father was the first of his family who adopted a civil profession. If he had any taste outside of Law it was for Church history, of which he was a voluminous reader. For imaginative writing he cared nothing. He was a well-meaning, kind-hearted, but rather antiquated old Scotch gentleman.

Scott's mother, Anne, was a daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and it was through her, or rather her mother who was a Swinton, that he was connected with the Earl of Stirling, the Scottish poet. She had more imagination than her husband, and was fond of poetry and fiction. She encouraged a taste for Literature in Walter, who used to read Shakespeare and the "Arabian Nights" in the family circle in the evening, and charmingly, too, if we may trust the recollection of one who heard him in his sixth year. When he began to write verse, which he did early, she preserved his childish attempts, one of which, written in a wretched scrawl, within penciled lines, was fourfold up in a cover, and inscribed by her "My Walter's first lines, 1782."

While young Mr. Walter Scott was limping vigorously along the streets of Edinburgh, there was living at Aberdeen a little lame boy, whose fiery spirit was the greatest elemental force since Shakespeare. He, too, had a pedigree, and when he grew to man's estate was prouder of it than of his genius. His ancestors, the Byrons,

Normandy, came into England with William the Conqueror, and possessed extensive manors in different parts of the kingdom. A bold and warlike race, they were always ready to follow their sovereigns to the field. They figured in the siege of Calais; two fell at Crecy; and a third, Sir John de Byron, fought at Bosworth Field by the side of Richmond. When the monasteries were despoiled by Henry the Eighth, they obtained by a royal grant the church and priory of Newstead. They adhered to the fortunes of Charles the Second, and one of them, Sir Nicholas Byron, who had served with distinction in the Low Countries, was appointed Governor of Chelsea. This gentleman had eleven sons, seven of whom fought at Marston Moor. Four fell in the royal service, and one of the survivors, Sir John Byron, was created Earl Byron. He was succeeded by his brother Richard, who was succeeded by his eldest son, William, and so on to the fifth Lord Byron, who was generally known as the "wicked Lord Byron."

He was a bad, bold man; and had he not been a Lord would have ended his days on the gallows, for the murder of his neighbor and relative, Mr. Chaworth. Tried by his peers, he was unanimously convicted of manslaughter; but on being brought for judgment he pleaded his privileges as a peer, and was discharged. Ostracized by men of his own rank, he retired to Newstead Abbey, where he lived in constant warfare with his tenants and neighbors. His cruelty to his wife was so great that she was obliged to leave him; but he is supposed to have consoled himself with a maid-servant, who was derisively called Lady Betty. He always went armed, and it is related of him that once, when a neighbor dined with him, a case of pistols was placed on the table, as if it was a customary part of the service. The last thirty years of his life were passed in solitary wretchedness at Newstead Abbey, where his chief amusement was the rearing and feeding of crickets, which he trained to crawl over him, and which he used to whip with a wisp when too familiar. His children were all dead, and knowing that the estate would descend to a younger branch of the family, he let it go to decay. It is charitable to think the wicked Lord Byron was mad.

He was not the worst of the Byrons, however, bad as he was, for his nephew John equalled, if not surpassed him, though

he neglected to commit murder. He was educated, and held a commission in the Guards, but was so dissipated that he was known as "Mad Jack Byron." He was one of the handsomest men of his time, but so profligate that he was discarded by his father, Admiral Byron, and shunned by the better part of society. In an evil hour he met the Marchioness of Carmarthen, who was living in the greatest happiness with her husband. He persuaded her to elope with him to the Continent, and after the Marquis had obtained a divorce from her, married her and broke her heart by his brutal conduct. This done, handsome Captain Byron, who had just turned thirty, looked about for a rich heiress, who, for the unspeakable honor of his hand, would pay his debts. He found one in the person of Miss Catherine Gordon, only child and heiress of George Gordon, of Gight, a descendant of Earl Huntly and a daughter of James the First. Her appearance was unattractive, her mind wholly uncultivated; but she had an estate, and he married her. It was no secret that he married her in order to pay his debts; yet she married him. If she was deceived with regard to his character, some of her countrymen were not, for one of them celebrated his wedding in an ominous song;

"This youth is a rake, frae England he's come;
The Scots dinna ken his extraction ava;
He keeps up his misses, his landlord he duns,
That's fast drawn' the lands of Gight awa!
O whare are ye gaen?"

It was a question that she must have asked herself very often. When she married Captain Byron she possessed, beside the estate of Gight, a considerable property in ready money, bank stock, and the like. This soon went, so pressing were the demands of his creditors, and a large sum was raised upon the estate by mortgage. This, too, went, and within a year after her marriage. They quitted Scotland and went over to France. After a time they returned to England, and Gight was sold, and most of the purchase money, upwards of seventeen thousand pounds, was swallowed up in the maelstrom of her husband's debts. Except a pittance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, which was secured to her by trustees, she was ruined. And it was only the second year of her marriage. They went to France again, and after a brief residence there re-

turned to England, where the little lame boy was born. When he was in his second year his mother took him to Aberdeen, whither, at his leisure, his father followed her. They lived together for a short time in Queen Street, and separated amicably, she occupying a lodging at one end of the street, and he occupying a lodging at the other end. They continued to visit each other, and take tea together, like the odd pair they were. When they no longer met they heard from each other, for Captain Byron often used to meet his boy and the nurse in the street. Once he expressed a wish to have the child stay with him a day or two, but Mrs. Byron demurred, until the nurse suggested that if he kept him one night, he would not want him another, when she consented. The woman was right. The tender father had quite enough of his darling, and she was told that she might take him home again. Captain Byron soon returned to England. He made one more visit to Aberdeen, but his wife refused to see him, though she still expressed great affection for him. She inquired about his health and his looks, he no doubt waylaying her servant with this object in view. He had another object, however, and he accomplished it; and that was—more money. He must escape his creditors. She gave him enough to fly to France, where, in Valenciennes, at the age of forty, he was considerate enough to die. When the news of his death reached his widow the poor woman shrieked so that she was heard in the next street.

If Captain Byron had outlived his uncle, he would have been the possessor of Newstead, and the sixth Lord Byron. He died seven years before him, however, leaving the lame little man at Aberdeen to inherit in his stead. Wicked Lord Byron was less considerate than his nephew, for he continued to live, and amuse himself with his crickets. He never communicated with Mrs. Byron, though he knew that her son was his heir, and when he spoke of the latter, which was seldom, it was, as "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen." He reached his seventy-sixth year before Death flung wide the doors of Newstead Abbey, and passed out with his burdened soul. A terror fell upon the place; the crickets deserted it the day he died, and in such numbers that the hall could not be crossed without crushing them!

George Gordon Byron, who was then in his eleventh year, was now Lord Byron.

Mrs. Byron sold her furniture, and with the proceeds of the sale, which were less than eighty pounds, started for Newstead, with the young lord and his nurse. When she drew near the Abbey she pretended not to know what it was, and asked a woman at the toll-house to whom it belonged. She was told that its owner Lord Byron, had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir?" "They say it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen." "And this is he, bless him!" cried the nurse, kissing the youngster in her lap.

If Byron's ancestry was a dark one on his father's side, it was an evil one on his mother's, who was an incarnation of all unreason. She was ignorant, she was silly, she was passionate; in her rages she was uncontrollable. She would indulge him to excess one day, and the next he was "a lame brat." When they were on good terms he would call her "Kitty Gordon," and when they were in their theatrical rages he would throw open the door of the drawing-room, and say: "Enter the Honorable Kitty." She was fond of him, in her wild, foolish way, and was generally at war with his guardian and his teacher. He was allowed, while at school, to spend Sunday with her; but that did not satisfy her, for she frequently kept him a week, and would not send him back. When his teacher refused to let him visit her she went to the school, and abused him so loudly that the scholars and the servants could not help hearing her. "Byron, your mother is a fool," said one of his schoolmates. "I know it," he answered, gloomily.

Whether Byron loved his mother may be doubted, but it is certain that he treated her with respect and deference. He repaired Newstead Abbey and placed her in it when he went abroad, and he frequently wrote to her, addressing her as the Honorable Mrs. Byron, a title to which she had no claim. She was proud of his genius, and read with eagerness all that she saw about him in print. When he returned to England after his two years' travel she was anxious to see him. He wrote from his hotel in London that he would soon see her, and in the postscript of his note said: "You will consider Newstead as your house, and not mine, and me only as a visitor." Superstitious at all times, she remarked to her waiting-woman when she read the note: "If I should be dead before Byron comes down what a strange

thing it would be." The strange thing came to pass, and was brought about by a fit of rage into which she was thrown by reading over her upholsterer's bills. Byron received notice of her illness, and started instantly to her, but arrived too late. She had breathed her last. "My poor mother died yesterday!" he wrote to his friend Pigot, "and I am on my way from town to attend her to the family vault. I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death. Thank God, her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, that 'we can only have *one* mother.'"

Byron was deeply touched by his mother's death, and the night after he reached Newstead, was heard by her waiting-woman sighing heavily in the room where her body lay. She entered, and found him sitting in the dark beside the bed. When she expostulated with him on the weakness of giving way to grief, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Oh! Mrs. By, I

had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!" On the morning of the funeral he would not follow the body to the grave, but stood looking from the Abbey door until the procession had moved off. Then he turned to his man, Rushton, who was the only person remaining, and, asking him to fetch the sparring-gloves, he proceeded to take his usual exercise with him. Silent and abstracted, he threw more violence into his blows than was his habit, as if to get the better of his feelings. At last the struggle was too much for him: he flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room.

The ancestry of the British authors whom I have been considering was substantially as I have related. They were all men of talents, some were men of genius; this genius, these talents—were they inherited? My readers must judge for themselves; my own opinion is that it was not. I feel sure that the genius was not an inheritance, but, on the contrary, was a divine gift to its possessor, who was the first, and, generally, the last of his race.

HARVEST.

SWEET, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
The sorrowful cry of the sea.
Oh, hush and hear!
Sweet, sweet, and clear,
Above the locust's whirr,
And hum of bee,
Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow-grass
The innocent white daisies blow;
The dandelion plume doth pass
Vaguely to and fro—
The unquiet spirit of a flower
That hath too brief an hour.

Now doth a little cloud all white
Or golden bright
Drift down the warm, blue sky;
And now on the horizon line,

Where dusky woodlands lie,
A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
Concealing,
Half-revealing
Things Divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
That exquisite music calls
The reaper everywhere—
Life and death must share.
The golden harvest falls.

So doth all end—
Honored Philosophy,
Science and Art,
The bloom of the heart;—
Master, Consoler, Friend,
Make Thou the harvest of our days
To fall within Thy ways.

SOME EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

OF MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS, the most prolific, if not the most excellent of epigrammatists, not much is known, save that he was born, of knightly rank, in the ancient kingdom of Aragon in Spain, anno Domini 43; that, on coming of age, he went to Rome; that he was one of the Tribunes under the empire of Titus and Domitian, who held the character and genius of the poet in high esteem; and that, displeased with the government of Trajan and offended by his neglect of literature, he returned to Bibilis, his native town, in his fifty-sixth year; where he soon after married and resided to the time of his death, the date of which is not recorded,—though it was certainly not till many years after his marriage.

Like nearly all the eminent satirists, he appears to have been a man of remarkable amiability of character and gentleness of disposition. His wedded life was singularly happy; and, while satirizing women, after the vicious custom of all the Roman bards, was himself the most uxorious of husbands. To the sneering question of Byron,

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?"

Martial (but for the anachronism) would have answered, with perfect simplicity, "Why not?" for he devotes many an epigram,—some of which are rather tediously eulogistic,—to the praise of his "Marcella," who seems, indeed, to have been well worthy of panegyric. We learn from one of his couplets, that the wife was equally opulent in love and money; since Martial praised her, in grateful terms, for having given him a magnificent house and garden, of which he declares Marcella has made him "monarch!" Her good qualities as a companion he extols, with singular terseness and felicity, in the words, "Romam tu mihi sola facis!" When his wife was tendering him her condolence on the loss of the elegant and admiring society of the metropolis, the poet answers, "You are my Rome, Marcella!" and hastens to tell the world so in a graceful epigram.

The writings of Martial, now extant, are wholly comprised in fourteen Books of Epigrams—an immense number indeed—of which, on account of the obscurity of

some, the indecency of others, and the dullness of many more, only a few of the fifteen hundred are worthy of translation. No criticism can be better than his own in the oft-quoted line in which he says of his epigrams, with equal candor and correctness, that "some are good; many indifferent, and the most worthless."

Of those which are admired for their wit, humor or striking sentiment, and for the terseness and elegance of their expression (a considerable number, altogether), there have been various translations, paraphrases and "imitations" in English verse, by several hands,—May, Wright, Fletcher, Hughes and others,—the best, perhaps, being the small number translated by Cowley and Addison.

Of those which appear in this article (now first collected), it is proper to say that they attempt to give the spirit of the original, and generally to preserve the author's point and conciseness of expression, with no pretense to verbal fidelity. The Latin caption of each epigram is retained for the convenience of scholars who may care to make comparison of the English with the Latin text—the omission of which the general and non-classical reader will not regret. So universal was the wit of Martial, that in reading the epigrams of the Roman poet, those who are versed in humorous and satirical literature, will be reminded, in turn, of nearly all the later epigrammatists: Voltaire, Piron, Lessing, Rogers, Moore, Sidney Smith and many others. Here is a sparkling epigram of maiden manners which might well have been written by Burns or Tom Moore:

AD FLACCUM.

"Which like you best," my friend inquires,
"A maid extremely bold, or shy?"
No man of sense, I think, admires
A leering or a lowering eye.
For me, the *juste milieu* I seek;
I fain would leave alone
The girl who rudely slaps my cheek,
Or volunteers her own!

Here is an epigram on a coxcomb, quite in the manner of the sarcastic repartees of Douglas Jerrold:—

IN EFFRONTIEM.

Your nose and eyes your father gave, you say,
Your mouth, your grandsire; and your mother
meek

Your fine expression. Tell me, now, I pray,
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your
cheek!

[The word here rendered "cheek" is *fronem* in the original; a word which, as employed by Martial, is the exact equivalent of our "slang" expression for *effrontery*—derived from the very word (*frons*) which was the Roman "slang" for impudence.]

The 43d Epigram of Book V. contains a beautiful sentiment which would seem at first to have suggested the famous epitaph inscribed on the tombstone of the good Earl of Devon and his wife:—

"What we spent we had; what we left we lost; what we gave we have!"

Thieves may purloin your gold; debtors retire
Beyond the reach of laws; earthquake or fire
Destroy your house; your ships may wreck or burn
With all the wealth it cost you years to earn;
But what you nobly give, kind Heaven secures
From Fate's caprice—that—that is always yours!

How many a modern *jeu d'esprit* has borrowed its point from the following:

IN MALUM MEDICUM.

Phlebotamus, a quack before,
Seeks now a soldier's fame;
A change of title—nothing more—
His trade is still the same!

The epigram on a litigious man is full of wit and wisdom.

IN GARGLIANUM.

What! twenty years at law, my friend!
Why didn't you contrive
To save your skin and make an end,
By getting beat in five?

The epigram on an ugly woman with a sweet voice is one of the best known and most admired:

IBIDEM DE VETULA.

When first I met thee—in the dark, alone—
And heard, entranced, thy voice's dulcet tone,
My heart was pierced with love's delicious pain;
But when I saw thee, I was well again!

The following on a rich man's establishment, which, like many other epigrams of Martial, somewhat exceeds the narrow limits now reckoned proper to the pure epigram, is extremely sensible and pithy:

IN HABENTEM AMÆNAS ÆDES.

Your parks are unsurpassed in noble trees;
A finer bath than yours one seldom sees;

Grand is your colonnade, and all complete
The stone mosaic underneath your feet;
Your steeds are fine; your hunting-grounds are
wide,
And gleaming fountains spout on every side;
Your drawing-rooms are grand; there's nothing
cheap
Except the places where you eat and sleep!
With all the space and splendor you have got,
O what a charming mansion you have *not*!

The relation of borrower and lender was clearly the same uncomfortable one two thousand years ago that it is to-day. It is a modern story—that of the man who, being asked if he did not find it embarrassing to be so much in debt, answered, "O no! it is my *creditors* who are embarrassed!" Here is the same view of the case expressed by the creditor himself in Martial's epigram:

AD FAUSTINUM.

You say you're sorry that you cannot pay
"That little loan" you promised me to-day;
I can't dispute you, since, in very sooth,
What you aver may be the simple truth;
Sorry or not, my friend, I much incline
To think your grief not half so deep as mine!

The 61st epigram of the 2d Book, which is but a couplet in the original, is here given in the extended form of an anecdote. The point, however, is perfectly preserved in the paraphrase, and is indeed rendered more obvious by the assumed circumstances of the case. In this place, as in many others, *Martial* is guilty of the fault of which Horace accuses himself, that, laboring to be brief, he falls into obscurity.

AD CÆCILANUM.

A wealthy old fellow whose table was bare
Of meats that were less than a week or two old,
One day, when a friend was invited to share
A remnant of mutton both scraggy and cold,—
Inquired of his guest how to manage his ice,
And where should he keep it?—"Why, keep it,
by Jove!"
Retorted the friend,—“Since you ask my advice,—
Keep your ice in your kitchen—shut up in your
stove!”

Cæcilanus seems to have been merely a niggardly fellow. Here is an epigram on one who was miserly to the last degree:

AD CINNAM.

If it be true, as grave historians say,
That, just by sipping poison every day,
King Mithridates grew at last to be
Quite poison-proof—'tis plain enough to see
Your style of dining makes it mighty clear
Death by starvation you've no cause to fear!

The epigram on a suicide puts, in a pointed manner, the illogical behavior of the unhappy *felo-de-se*. But *cui bono*? Who in his sane moments can tell how unwisely he may think and act when he has lost his reason? Perhaps the most cogent argument against self-murder was written by the author of *Lacon*, who afterwards died by his own hand.

DE FANNIO.

Poor Fannius, who greatly feared to die,
Embraced the enemy he fain would fly.
Strange contradiction, weary of the strife,
He ceased to live from very love of life;
With his own hand he stops his vital breath;
Madness extreme!—to die for fear of death!

Many of the epigrams of Martial are more distinguished for wisdom than wit, and aim less at humorous effect than at philosophical instruction expressed in a poetic aphorism. The brevity of human life suggested to the philosophical Pagan, no less than to the pious Christian, the value of the passing hour; and Martial, with Horace and Juvenal, delights in lessons on economy of time, as the Greek voluptuaries did before them.

"'Tis time to *live*, if I grow old!"

was the reflection of Anacreon, when his lady-friends told him, with gratuitous incivility, that his locks were whitening with the frosts of age. This is Martial's view of

THE WISE MAN'S MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always say;
In what blest region is that happy day?
So very long it lingers, prithee tell,
In Parthia or Armenia does it dwell?
So vast the distance, if it do not fail,
I fear you'll find the boon both dear and stale.
The wise man's morrow, I am bold to say,
Is always safe—he had it yesterday!

In the same spirit of amiable worldly wisdom is the epigram, "*Ad Fuscum*,"

IN FAVOR OF MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

You, worthy man, whose noble life commends
Your generous heart—and gives you many friends;
If in your breast a place there yet may be
For one friend more, oh! give that place to me!
Reject me not because I am not proved;
'Till they were known, not one of all was loved;
New as I am—the trial fairly past—
I'll prove, perhaps, "a good old friend" at last!

—a sentiment quite in accordance with Dr. Johnson's recommendation, that, considering the natural decrease of friends by death, removal, and alienation,—everyone should be careful to "renew his friendships."

The idea of defrauding the Superfluous Power (whose favor is supplicated in some great emergency) by a quibbling construction of the petitioner's promises, after the event, is one which appears in many amusing anecdotes, ancient and modern. Here is the way Martial tells the story:

DE MARONE.

Maro's dear friend was sick, and like to take
A trip, untimely, o'er the Stygian lake;
So Maro vowed, if Heaven would kindly spare
His crony's life, in answer to his prayer,
He'd build a church, to show his gratitude.
The friend gets well. Quoth Maro, "I conclude
Since prayers alone so perfectly succeed,
Of building churches there is little need."

Legacy-hunting is a favorite topic with all Roman satirists. The following epigram is pointed, very humorously, at a rich man, who sought to please his friends by promises of posthumous liberality:

AD MARONEM.

O foolish man! who never spend
A generous shilling while you live,
But tell us, often, you intend
Some handsome legacies to give—
Pray, can't you see you thus contrive
To put it in the listener's head,
How much one person, now alive,
Would be improved by being dead?

The following, on a spendthrift, tells the story of many a youngster whose estate—for his own advantage—would be much safer in the custody of the living testator than in the hands of the improvident heir:

AD PHILOMUSUM.

To you, while yet he lived, your father lent
Two thousand pounds a month—in folly spent;
Though large the stipend, each succeeding day
Brought fresh demands to melt the sum away.
Now, all his wealth is yours without his care;
You're disinherited by being heir!

A poor man of extravagant habits may wisely accept the admonition which Martial gives in his epigram,

AD CASTOREM.

Such lavish purchases, my giddy friend,
To thoughtful minds an auction-sale portend;
It needs no prophet, surely, to foretell,
Who buys so much will soon have all to sell!

The epigram *De Cinna* is a neat and subtle exposition of a character who may, in the paradoxical manner of the author, be termed

THE TRUTHFUL PRETENDER.

Cinna, who lives in such a splendid style
That many deem him rich, still wears a smile
Of mock humility, which says, "Be sure,
Whatever folks may fancy, I am poor;"
Ah! vain pretense to cheat familiar friends,
Who know full well he is what he pretends!

Juvenal declares that, of all the ills of poverty, one of the most intolerable is, that it subjects a man to be laughed at. When, however, an impecunious rogue is a pretender to economy and clever dealing, the ridicule is well deserved, as in the case of Martial's *Bassus*:

"See here!" cries Bassus, in a brand-new coat,
Worth, at the least, a fifty-dollar note;
"I got it at a bargain. Please to guess

How much it cost. A hundred? Vastly less!
There's not one man in twenty who can buy
A coat or hat one-half so cheap as I."
"That's true," quote Tom; "his surely is the praise
Of buying mighty cheap—who never pays!"

The poet's reply to a gentleman (*Fabullus*) who invited him to dine with strangers, is rather truculent than witty:

You bid me dine with folks unknown,
And wonder I decline;
Well, when I choose to dine alone,
I stay at home and dine!

Very witty and sensible is the author's comment on the criticism of a brother poet:

AD AUCTION.

A brother scribbler calls my verses wrong
In point of art; small merit he can see;
Well, since my readers like my simple song,
That, I am sure, is quite enough for me.
The man who gives a public dinner looks
To please his guests—not other people's cooks!

CINNABAR CITY.

You stand in the road looking up and west. Before you stretches the gorge between the stark mountains that tower inhospitable on either hand, above the two lines of buildings that have to burrow into the crowding feet of the opposite heights to make room for the road between them. At the upper end a sharp mountain face wedges down and splits the gorge into two, and on a shelf of this face are perched the school and the newly-built church. This is Cinncabar City.

Behind you the road winds out of sight down toward the lonely foot-hills, and already you can hear the echoing rumble of the coach from below, and will presently catch the rattle of wheels and jingle of harness. On the box of that coach sits a tall, travel-worn, not handsome passenger, whom the driver has carried before and to whom he shows respect. The driver is telling him about the mines and the growth of the city in the months he has been away, in which time Cinncabar has doubled itself once or twice.

Before the coach stops at the "Quick-silver Hotel," I must tell you the history of the man on the box-seat. His name is Garrett Colyer. He was born in an east-

ern country town, studied law there and went away to the city to seek his fortune, went back at an hour's notice to defend a scape-grace whose friends had no money to pay counsel, got him off by the skin of his teeth and out of reach of other warrants none too soon. The scape-grace was to reform, having already repented, and await his father and sister in the far west, and provide for them when they came out to him. They had no money to go with; Colyer spent his last cent on their passage and his own. Arriving in Cinncabar, whence the scape-grace had written a glowing letter, they found no scape-grace, but another letter less glowing, and explaining the superior inducements of Quartz City, and his intention of writing for them as soon as he had things comfortable.

Father, daughter and friend were forced to go to work for very subsistence at anything they could find, but they prospered, and after a while Colyer set out farther west in search of the scape-grace, and after months in the wild country returned alone. He formed a partnership with a young attorney named Ridley, and becoming engaged in a suit, involving the title of the

greater part of the land the town occupied, he went to Washington and gained his cause. Now he was coming back.

What had led him this roundabout tramp of years? He did not love the scape-grace nor admire his ne'er-do-well father, who had been dead now for nearly a year. No, he did not love old man Middlebrook nor his good-for-nothing son, but he did love their sister and daughter. All that and more he had done for Maggy Middlebrook's sake. Before he went east he introduced his partner to her and asked him to see that she came to no harm. Now he is coming back, and as he talks with the driver of ores and titles and changes, his heart goes forward with a great yearning to the one thing he prays may never change. And looking out from her eyrie upon the nose of the mountain, alone at her school-room window, and turning wearily from the exercise she is correcting, Maggy Middlebrook sees him getting down at the hotel, shaking hands right and left, receiving welcome and congratulation all along the street, but pushing on past all with only a smile and a word and coming—coming to her.

Now he came near and turned to cross toward the foot-path that zigzagged up to her perch through scraggy pines, and he stopped in the road and looked up and saw her. He waved his hand and passed out of sight, and when he had mounted the steep and emerged on the shelf of the mountain, she was waiting for him at the school-house door. He came close and took both her hands, and she smiled with a touch of soberness, and said:

"Oh, Garry, I'm very glad you've come."

He held her off and looked at her, and answered:

"Are you in trouble, Maggy? Has anything happened? Is there any difference between us?"

But she answered steadily: "No, I believe there's no difference."

"I'm glad of that," he said, drawing her closer. "You look tired; you must find teaching the little Pikes very wearying. But I'm going to be famous now, and you won't have to do it much more."

"You're very good," she said, "you've always been good to me. But, indeed, I like teaching here very much, and am only a little tired. I'll give it up whenever you say to; but don't be in any hurry on my account. You'll be here now, and I shall do very well, I'm sure."

So they talked together a good while, more gravely than one would have expected, and then came down the steep path and along the only street. He was watching her and talking to her when, glancing up, his eye caught his own name: COLYER & RIDLEY, LAW OFFICE.

"Oh, I almost forgot Ridley," he said. "He didn't come to meet me. How is he? Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes," she answered, "I saw him yesterday. He is not quite well now, I believe. He has been very kind while you were away."

He left her at her door and went in search of Ridley, and found him at the office.

"Oh, hello, Colyer!" he said. "Got back? Glad to see you." And he shook hands with great show of heartiness; but looked hard, and not so glad as his words.

"Why, Ridley," said his partner, "what's the matter? You don't look well."

"No, I'm sick," Ridley answered, speaking in a reckless way, new to Colyer. "This cursed hole don't agree with me, and I've got to get out of it. I want you to come in and get things in hand, and square up accounts. I'll see you in the morning."

He was going out, but Colyer stopped him.

"Oh, hold on, Ridley," he said. "What's the matter with you? What the devil is it all about?"

"I'm sick, I tell you," Ridley answered, roughly. "I'm going to bed. I don't know what it is; maybe it's the mercury in the air. I've got a bad turn, and I'm going to bed. Don't come with me; I'm as ugly as Satan, and not fit to be spoken to."

Colyer sat alone in the office thinking till the day went out. Then he locked the door and went along the dark road beyond the flaring lights of the town, and turned to the east up the transverse gorge. The moon got in between the heights here, and lighted up the road and one of the walls of rock, while the other towered in the shadow. A few houses straggled along the forlorn suburb of the "city," and Colyer stopped before one of them on the dark side, and while he stood a moment in the moonlit road somebody came out of the shadow by the doorway, and approached and spoke his name.

"Come, Maggy," he said, "I want to speak to you."

On the lighted side of the gulch, and a

little higher up, a small clump of pines grew on a shelf of the mountain, not hard to gain, and he led the way thither. When they stood among the trees he said:

"Maggy, you said you believed Ridley was not very well. He says he is sick, and I don't think he was glad to have me back. He is much changed and acts very strangely. He left me to go to bed and I saw him on the street just now. Do you know what's the matter with him?"

He spoke steadily and gravely, and she turned pale visibly with the white moonlight on her upturned face. And she answered: "Yes, I suppose I do." Her voice was steady, though very low; but she put her arm about the trunk of a pine tree and hugged it ever so tightly to keep him from seeing that she shook from head to foot.

"And how long have you known?" he asked.

"Only since yesterday."

His eager ear caught the faintest tremor in her voice now, and it shook him like a great wind. He turned his face away and looked at the moon without saying or seeing anything for a little while. Then she said:

"You ought not to be so offended with him. If any one's to blame, it is I, and not he. I don't know what I was thinking of not to see it before. He did not know about us, and is very much hurt. He is going away directly, and I think you ought to be sorry for him. I am very sorry."

He looked at her without any apparent motion, and only asked—

"What did you say to him?"

She flushed up, and began to answer quickly, "I told him the truth, do you doubt?" But when she saw him more plainly her voice broke up suddenly, and he sat down where she was, and began to sob and bemoan herself. And Colyer sat down near her, but not touching or speaking to her; and his hands finding the rocks beneath him strewn with loose shingle, he began idiotically tossing bits of stone over the ledge, and remembered having sat in the gravel so once when a child, and tossed pebbles into the water. And when her passionate sobbing was somewhat abated, he spoke again quite calmly; it seemed as if his heart and nerves were asleep or dead, he could feel neither pain nor compassion, and his voice sounded strange to himself: "Did you tell him the whole truth, Maggy?"

And she answered passionately: "Oh, you have no right to ask me that. I do not deserve it. I have done you no wrong. I sent him away as soon as I knew of it. I was sorry, and told him so; but I told him I could never think of anybody but you, and I thought he knew all the time. I told him how good you had always been to me, and how easily you were hurt, and he promised to go away as soon as you came. Don't be unkind; it's not like you." And she reached out both hands to him appealingly.

He looked at her, and down at her outstretched hands, but did not move towards her; and he asked just as before—

"Is there nothing more?"

She drew back her hands, and lifted her head. "You have no right to ask me," she answered, speaking rapidly, and unsteady with passion. "You have no right to ask what I would not let him ask; what I would not ask myself, nor let myself think of. I am true to you, and that is all I can do, and all you have a right to expect. You are cruel, and if you keep on you will—"

She stopped short in her rapid speech, and Colyer spoke slowly:

"I have a right to know the truth. I do know it. I knew it when I first met you to-day."

The girl began to rock herself, and to cry again, disconsolately now, and with fear.

"Oh, I can't help it," she sobbed. "I don't know how it came about. I don't think we were to blame. It's a forsaken place, and I had no friends when you had gone. And you know you introduced us, and told me to be kind to him. And he was very pleasant, and helped me not to be lonely; and I know I meant no harm, nor thought any could come of it, any more than you."

"But it is none the less true," he continued slowly. "When you look back over all that has passed between us, it seems a little pitiful, doesn't it?"

They were silent, and seemed to listen for some intimation of an escape from their dismal quandary. But only the breeze sang under its breath in the pine boughs of the sea so hopelessly far away, and a stone, loosened from the frowning heights, clattered down the steeps aimlessly.

Colyer stood up, and looked down at her, lingering. "I'm going away now," he said. "Good night."

She stood up, and took hold of his arm. "No, don't go," she said, and looked down.

"Why not," he asked. "Is there any more?"

"Oh, don't speak like that," she said, with a sudden hoarseness. "You're not going to hurt him? Promise me you won't hurt him."

"Oh, indeed!" he answered with a laugh. "So you don't want me to hurt him? Did you ask him not to hurt me? Maybe he's on the watch for me now down the hollow here. But don't trouble yourself on my account. I'm not much scared." Then, with a swift change of manner, he turned facing her, and took hold of her arms. "Look here, Maggie," he said, "he might a great deal better have lain in wait for me, and shot me, than have done what he has." Then he turned from her abruptly, and left her alone among the whispering pines.

He went straight to Ridley's room, which was also his own, but found no one there. Then he went out and hunted the stores and hotels, but did not find him. Coming out of one of these places, he was met by a man named Bruce, editor of the "Cinnabar Mercury," and a prominent citizen, who fastened on him and told him something about a committee of arrangements for a proposed reception of the city's distinguished counsel, and celebration of the happy termination of the lawsuit fraught with such important results to the mountain metropolis, as he was confident Cinnabar was soon to be.

Colyer bade him roughly to let go of him, and consigned him to perdition with his celebrations. Many other hands and voices greeted him, but he pushed past without heeding, and answered no one a word.

He came out of the "Suburban" Hotel, and the town was behind him. He looked up to the dark outlines of the heights, and saw above him the tower of the little church, tipped by the moonlight, and dim, lower down in the shadow, the school-house, perched like a bird-house on the cliff. He climbed the break-neck path, and came out beside the silent building. Here, on the point of the ledge, where a pine or two made a little shade in the daytime, he had sat with her that happy afternoon before he went away. It had seemed so hard to go then, and now he looked back to that parting as to a great and unattainable happiness. All the months he was away he had seen her sitting there, with the sunlight slanting down from the peaks, and flickering through the pine

needles on her face; and he had hungered for the meeting her there again! He wished he had never come back, that he had died with that thought of her in his heart. He lay down on his face on the bare rock where she had sat, and did not move for a long while. In the saloons and hotels of more towns than one, the news spread that night that Colyer of Cinnabar had come back; and many a man envied him his good luck or praised his well-earned success, and prophesied a golden future for him. And the rock felt the pressure of his face, and the wanton wind played with his hair, and the only thing that pitied him was the heights that cast their shadows over him and hid him from sight.

By and by he got up and went slowly down the path and through the town. The saloons and hotels were the only places open now. He went up to Ridley's room and found him there asleep. His disordered head was over the edge of the bed, and the bed-clothes half on the floor. The moon had got round by this time, and lighted this upper room. All Colyer's movements were slow and heavy, like the motions of an old man. His first fierce passion had been hatred, blind, unreasoning, overpowering; but even in the unresisted sway of it his habitual keen perception had seen the futility of it, and while he had hunted Ridley eagerly, he had been glad as a by-stander might that he had not found him. An immense pity for himself, a feeling of astonishment that such a tremendous hurt was possible, and that he, of all the thousands, should suffer it, too, possession of him, and pushed away petty jealousy almost out of sight. The unendurable pain that must yet be endured, the awful sense of loss, the loss of the worth of everything in life, and yet the burden of the empty, intolerable life still to be borne. Nowhere to turn—everything futile—no help or understanding. It was so terrible, and it might so easily not have been; yet it was irremediable. He wanted nothing but what he had lost, and that was gone, and neither haste nor revenge, nor death could bring it back. That was the intolerable part of it—the futility of everything. The only possible solace was the thing lost, and that was—lost! He did not love Ridley, but the sting of it was that that made no difference, and that nothing made any difference. His overwhelming feeling was the pity of it, the pity of himself.

He lifted the disordered head, and laid it on the pillow; sat down on the edge of the bed, and looked at him with introverted eyes and a face full of wrinkles. And Ridley opened his eyes and stared at him.

"What are you at now?" he asked, roughly. "What do you want?"

A sudden flush shot into Colyer's face, and he cursed him and took him by the throat. "Don't speak to me like that," he said; "I'll kill you if you do. I want what you've stolen from me. Give it back to me, will you?"

Then his look changed as suddenly back to the old one, and he lay down on his face beside Ridley.

Ridley sat up and looked down at him, scowling and wondering a little while, then stepped over him softly and pulled on some clothing, watching the motionless form that lay dark in the shadow. Then he stood over him a minute, turned away, and wheeled about two or three times, put his head out of the window, and looked up and down the street; finally came back abruptly, and bent down and lifted Colyer bodily and set him heavily in a large chair by the window. He took two pipes from the shelf and filled and lighted one, and pushed it into Colyer's hand; filled the other and lighted it, and drew a chair and sat right in front of his partner, so that their knees touched.

Ridley puffed hard a minute or two, staring squarely into Colyer's face, who, for his part, held his pipe between his teeth, and let it go out. Ridley leaned forward and looked into the bowl of Colyer's pipe, and knocked it roughly with his own.

"Why don't you smoke?" he said, harshly; and he tipped the fire into it out of his own, and by so doing put them both out. Then he got up and laughed, and went about the room shaken and doubled, and startling the night with deep-toned, tumultuous laughter. And he stood still and cursed himself and Colyer for a couple of babies and fools.

"I'm condemned," he continued fiercely, "if I know myself or you. Here are two great hulking fellows who have faced wild beasts and wild men, who have tasted famine and loneliness, and cold and heat, and conquered them; who have shared good and evil fortune, and risked life together, and we come and sit down here as if the whole world were one little school-teacher and there was only room enough

for one of us two to walk in, and the only path for either of us was over the other. Look here! it's fate that's tied us up; let fate settle it."

He took up a backgammon board, threw himself down in his chair again, and set the board on their knees between them. He took the dice-box then, and pushed it at Colyer.

"Throw," he said.

And Colyer said, "You first."

"I don't want any odds," Ridley answered. "I'll toss up for first. I say heads."

He threw up a cent, and it fell on the board head up. He took up the dice and threw. Colyer bent forward and looked.

"That's it," he said. "I might as well not throw."

The cast was a double-six.

Ridley had picked up the dice and thrown them into the box, and he sat holding it for a minute as if for Colyer to take it, staring at him with a dark, doubtful face. Then he threw the box on the floor and got up, upsetting the board.

"D—n the dice," he said.

He drew up a table before Colyer and brought out his chess-box, and rapidly spread the board and set up the men.

"You taught me the game," he said.

"You can't complain of your chance. Will you play?"

And Colyer sat forward with a sudden, resolute light in his face, and moved his queen's bishop's pawn two squares.

"Hold on a minute," Ridley said.

He unlocked a drawer and took out a tin box, opened it and took out a bundle of papers and threw them on the table. Colyer knew what they were,—Government bonds,—the proceeds of a legacy which had just come into Ridley's hands. Ridley took his watch and chain from under the pillow, and laid them on the bonds.

"I play them," he said; "I play my horse, my gun, my books, my share and good-will in the business; and if I have anything else, I stake it on this game."

So they fell to and played pawn against pawn, knight, and castle, and bishop, and queen, keenly and grimly, with heads bent over the board, the moonlight falling white on their stern, intent faces, and darkening them with blank shadows. They played long, not relaxing an instant, now and then removing a piece from the board or muttering the few low words that were part of the game. By and by Ridley paused longer

than usual before moving, and then moved slowly and heavily; and then, without haste or hesitation, Colyer put out his hand and moved also. Then they both leaned back and stood up; but Ridley did not stand straight. They stood opposite one another for a minute, and then Ridley lifted his head with a motion as if it hurt him, and said harshly:

"Let me alone now; I want to sleep. I'll go in the morning."

He took a small bottle from the shelf, and drank a mouthful out of it and threw himself into the bed, making it creak alarmingly. Presently Colyer heard him breathing heavily in a drugged slumber.

Colyer sat facing the window, watching the ghastly square of moonlight creep across the floor and up the legs of the little table; and, sitting there alone in the still night, a fierce conflict of passion and blind yearnings waged within him. The overpowering longing to have things as he had never doubted they were, to have what he had lived for, and done everything for, and was all that he cared for, possessed him entirely. He had played no man false; he had honestly won his prize, and no man could gainsay it. Why should he question, then? Why was he troubled or divided? But his hurt pride, wounded and in the dust as it was, stood up and asserted itself. Had he forgotten or grown cold through absence, or let another creep into her place? Had she not made him second? Did he want a mended faith? Then his half-drowned reason took her part against his pride and pain. Had he not her esteem, her strong friendship, her confidence, her unfeigned gratitude? Had she power to give him more? Could debt, or duty, or willingness give more? Did he owe her anything, that he gave her all he had! Yes, he owed to her, or to his thought of her, all that was best in himself—all that was pure, or strong, or true. And had he been altogether unselfish, after all? Had he, indeed, done all for her sake only? Behind that had he not hidden his own immense gain—his soul's one desire? Was not she, too, in trouble to-night, and had he not put her pain aside as not comparable to his own? How did he know his was the greater? And, was she to blame? Who was to blame! Honestly, he could not tell.

And all the while that he was questioning and combatting with himself, his bitterness and awful sense of loss were none the

less above all that. The waters of desolation went over him, and swept him to and fro, yet would not the brave man within him suffer him to be borne altogether from his foothold. Some words said by Robertson of Brighton came to him vaguely to the effect, that though a man should lose everything, even to his faith in God, yet would it still remain to him to do justice and love mercy and truth. In some grim way there was a certain satisfaction in the thought of his still being able to trample himself under foot, like the pang of pleasure one feels in the crushing grasp of the forceps on an aching tooth. But this counter current of self-assertion lay deep beneath the flood of misery that overwhelmed him.

Yet, though his breath came hot and biting with pain and anger towards her and Ridley, in his deeper and more abiding self he was forcing himself to be just, and acknowledge that neither was especially to blame, and that both were in trouble as well as he. His heart swelled against the inscrutable fate that had wrought it, as Ridley said. And yet, even in that dark passage, he held fast to his abiding faith in the right and justice of the Hand that guides the world, whose grasp upon our hearts becomes, in times like that, so palpable and awful a reality. He knew it was right; not that he understood or comprehended any sense of the word in which it could be right, but he felt that he and those others and their trouble were parts, as were the stars and the dark heights before his eyes, and the whole struggling, suffering, laughing, unseeing race of men, of one infinite whole, that finite thought or word could no more comprehend than a fool's rule gauge the waters of the sea. A great humility overcame him, and his heart went out with a deep pity for all his blind stumbling, foolish brothers, and a strong yearning to understand. Hurt as he was almost unendurably, he yet clung to what was left—to truth, and honesty, and mercy. At any other time he would have said courage also, but he felt no great bravery then.

He got up slowly, as if a great weight pressed him down, and moved about in the same way. The square of moonlight had climbed upon the table, and lighted up the chess-board, and the game they had played. He now first noticed that Ridley had pushed the bonds and the watch across the table at the end of the game, and it hurt him

and made him ashamed. He pushed them back, and sat down and went over the closing moves. Yes, he had played the better hand, and the checkmate was complete, and yet he had lost the game. He took up the dice from the floor, and cast them over and over, but the highest count he could make was a double-five. He changed the arrangement of things a little, moving about silently, then went out, and shut the door softly behind him.

He went down to the street, and his steps turned instinctively toward the house up the cañon. He stopped at the fence, where shadow and moonlight met, and looked up at a certain window. When he had stood there a minute or two, there was a stir of drapery at the window, and then a face appeared for a moment, white in the moonshine. It disappeared, and quickly afterward some one came out of the door and timidly down toward the gate. She stopped a little way off, still and as if in doubt.

"It's me, Maggy," Colyer said.

She came near and looked up at him with an anxious, distressed face and, seeming not to know what to say, put up her hands deprecatingly, and he took them in his.

"So you are up too, Maggy," he said gently, and smiled in a pitiful fashion.

"Oh yes," she answered with a thickness in her throat at first. "Do you think I could sleep while you are in trouble? Indeed I am not so ungrateful. I am very, very sorry!"

He turned away his head; he thought she might have told him it was not true, that it was all a horrible dream. But no; she was sorry, very, very sorry—because it was all too true. He turned to her again and spoke with an apparent coldness.

"I've been pretty faithful to you, Maggy; don't you think I have?"

"And she answered: 'Yes, you have indeed.'"

"I think I would have died for you any time these four years. I have made you my first thought in everything; I have put your good and happiness before everything

else, or have meant to at any rate, I am quite sure. I thought I was unselfish, but I don't know now; I don't know whether there's any such thing. But there's only one thing to do now."

"And do you think I can do and endure nothing?" she answered passionately. "Oh, do not go. I will show you I am not forgetful or ungrateful."

He leaned back in the shadow and said nothing. Her last word stung him again. He had hoped against hope that she would prove his resolve unnecessary, but everything she said only confirmed his conclusions. He did not want her gratitude.

"No, it's no good, Maggy," he said. "I'm not finding fault with you, and I do not mean to blame you. It's a mistake, that's all; and now we've found it out. I'm sorry if I've pained you; I'm sure I never thought I should. God bless you, Maggy. Good-bye."

While she was trying to gather her senses to answer him, he turned about and she saw him move away and pass out of her sight, walking slowly and with the motions of one long sick.

He felt faint; the shadow of the heights weighed him down. He got his horse from the stable; his hands fumbled weakly with the saddle and bridle. He took no provision, no weapon of defence.

He had no conscious thought or care which way he went; only these stark, black gorges were a horror to him, and the thought of the boundless plains drew him somehow. Out of the fitfully-sleeping, God-forsaken settlement, and into the awful loneliness of the lower defiles, he rode to meet the morning coming up the eastern slopes.

When Ridley awoke from that drugged slumber, Colyer was gone. He found the watch and chain pushed partly under his pillow, and the bonds in their case lay in the open drawer. The chessmen had been replaced in their box and set away. In their stead on the table stood the dice-box and a penny lay beside it with the head turned up. The dice lay together as if thrown, and the count was a double-six.

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" IN MANUSCRIPT.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, is a fortunate man.

"But let me not anticipate."

"If you would have your eyes dance, come to my office to-morrow morning," wrote a friend who, like Mr. Wegg, is much given to dropping into poetry.

I went, I saw the manuscript copy of "Our Mutual Friend," the last completed novel of everybody's friend, Charles Dickens.

How did it get here? Where did it come from?

If I remember rightly, when "Our Mutual Friend" first appeared, E. S. Dallas, a brilliant journalist, wrote an appreciative review of it for "The London Times," which largely increased the sale of the book, and fully established its success, for even genius can be made or marred by the pointed criticism of clever quills. In grateful acknowledgment of this review, Dickens presented the manuscript work to Mr. Dallas, and now, with one of those strange turns of Fortune's wheel, whereby everything sooner or later gets upside down, this manuscript crosses the Atlantic to find a welcome home in the library for Mr. Childs. Happy Mr. Childs! Were I not opposed on general principles to breaking the commandments, I should covet that which is within my neighbor's gate.

At least it soon will be within my neighbor's gate. Now it lies before me, and, as I study it, I become more and more impressed by Dickens's wonderfully systematic way of working out his ideas. Buffon is right—"Patience is genius." Yet there is nothing so impatient *as* genius, and it is this life-long fight between conception and execution that wears out the body. Conception is fire, execution ice. Ideas burn, but do not take form until congealed. What wonder, in struggling between these extremes, that genius exposes its mortality!

Here are two quarto volumes of equal size, bound in calf.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
OF
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
CHARLES DICKENS.

On the fly-leaf of Volume First is written in the well-known hand, "Charles Dickens.

Thursday. Fourth January, 1866." The publication of the novel extended from May, 1864, to November, 1865, so that this presentation was made two months after the appearance of the last number.

Almost always writing on thick blue note-paper and with blue ink, Dickens has been faithful to his rule in this manuscript. By unfolding his note-paper he has converted it into large-sized letter-paper, and by pasting this on still larger-sized and thicker white paper, he has made the two volumes as durable as possible. Towards the end of Volume First, there is one bit of manuscript in black ink. All the rest is in blue ink, but not always of the best, and the fineness and closeness of the writing are enough to render the most amiable of experienced printers temporarily insane. There is no lover of Dickens so ardent as to willingly read a page through, nor would the most mercenary peruse both volumes for less than their weight in gold. Added to a microscopic chirography is erasure after erasure, such as, I am told, cannot be found in his earlier manuscripts, marking either greater care or less fluency of thought. Descriptions undergo most correction, and so deftly does Dickens cancel himself, that I defy the greatest expert to decipher what the author does not wish to have read.

There is but one exception. In Chapter Fifteenth of the last book, Dickens first determines to make Wegg and Pleasant Riderhood become a couple, but repents the union and substitutes Mr. Venus. This is the only change of individuals he makes in his notes, and is the one decipherable alteration. The erasures at the beginning of "Podsnappery" are absolutely appalling. The entire first page looks as though it had been cut into as many pieces as there are lines, and then been carefully darned. No grandame was ever neater in her repairing. There's not a blot to be found, and the only soiled pages are those memorable ones that Dickens had with him when he escaped from the jaws of death—an escape described in his "Postscript." "On Friday the ninth of June in the present year, (1865) "Mr. and Mrs. Boffin (in their manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Lammle at breakfast) were on the South-Eastern Railway with me, in a terribly de-

structive accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into my carriage,—nearly turned over a viaduct, and caught aslant upon the turn,—to extricate the worthy couple. They were much soiled, but otherwise unhurt. The same happy result attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding-day, and Mr. Riderhood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as he lay asleep. I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever, than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—The End."

On the fifth anniversary of that dreadful accident which ever after haunted him, "the Uncommercial Traveler for the Great House of Human Interest Brothers" wrote his last words, made his last journey.

Most interesting of all are the nine notes preceding the novel in each volume. Dickens takes the world into his confidence, opening the door of his workshop, and a curious, well-regulated shop it is. After thinking out his plot and characters, Dickens puts down on the right hand side of his page the chapters with *dramatis personæ*; on the left he tells himself what he shall do, or asks himself questions about the doing, which he answers affirmatively or negatively, either at the time or after. Here is a transcript of the first note:

Open between the bridges.	Our Mutual Friend.
It is tow.	No. I.
THE VENEERINGS.	Chapter I.
(Who is their oldest friend?)	On the Lookout.
At their dinner party lay the ground carefully.	The man in the boat watching the tide.
Wrong servant.	Gaffer The Gaffer.
Late Mr. Harmon.	His daughter rowing—
Lead up for old servant.	Jenny—Lizzie. Gaffer Hexam.
Next No.	Taking the lady in tow.
"Man's Drowned."	His rejected partner who has
Work in two witnesses—name for end of story:	"Robbed a live man"
Ship's Steward—Potterson.	Riderhood
Job Potterson.	this fellow's name.
Passenger Mr. Jacob Kibble.	Chapter II.
Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich.	The man from Somewhere.
4 Books,	The entirely new people.
	Everything new.
	Grandfather new, if they had one.
	Dinner Party.—Twem-

I.—The Cup and the Lip.	low, Podsnap, Lady Tippins.
II.—Birds of a Feather.	Alfred Lightwood? also
III.—A Long Lane.	Eugene,
IV.—A Turning.	MORTIMER. Languid story of Harmon, the Dust Contractor.

The questioning upon the three first chapters of Book the Second runs thus:

3 CHAPTERS.

Lizzie Hexam? Yes,	
and her brother? Yes.	
and Eugene? Yes.	
Mr. Venus? No.	
Any new character? YES, SCHOOLMASTER	
Podsnappery? Only incidentally.	and Mistress.
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle. No.	Miss Pitcher and her pupil,
Miss Peacher—Not Pitcher.	Mary Anne.

All the notes are equally curious, and in the embarrassment of riches I am forced to select as does the unhappy investor in a grab-bag.

Face to face with Chapter XIV. Dickens notes:

Little Bella with the Boffins.	Her father? Yes.
Also Rokesmith	Yes
And establish Wegg at the Bower.	
On a false scent.	Yes.
The orphan? YES.	

Preceding Chapter XV. I find;

The Hexams. Lizzie? No.	} Hold over for the new book.
And the boy? No.	
Wind up the book I, as skillfully and completely as I can.	

Opposite Chapter VIII. Dickens writes:

Work out the story towards:
Mr. and Mrs. Boffins showing their disinterestedness.
Taking Bella Wilfer to live with them, and Rokesmith becoming Secretary.
Get all the characters square, and the Boffins square. Clear the ground behind and before.
Glimpse of Wrayburn.

There never was such a man for getting everybody "square" and not trusting to his memory. The moment he thinks out his plot, down it goes. Here is a glimpse of Boffin's Bower:

Lady Tippins? At the marriage of mature young lady and do. gentleman.	Our Mutual Friend.
Twemlow? do.	No. II.
Veneerings? do.	Chapter V.
Progress of that artful match? between mature young lady and mature young gentleman.	BOFFIN'S BOWER.
	S. Wegg at his stall.
	Solomon? SILAS?
	Yes. "Our House."
	Seems to have taken his wooden leg naturally.
	So, Mr. Boffin.
	Teddy Boffin.

Betty Higden's flight and death.

Lizzie finds her.

Lizzie and Bella come together.

Another Boffin?

And Pottemitt?

Yes

Lizzie & nook's influence on Sally's character, at its winding point.

May, born for the best husband?

Yes

On the Dust Ground?	Nicodemus
CERTAINLY.	"Noddy Boffin."
Harmony	Leads up to Boffin's
or Boffin's Bower.	Bower, and to "declining and falling off the Rooshan Empire."
	Mrs. Boffin a High Flyer at Fashion. In a hat and feathers.

Before Chapter III. of Book III. Dickens bids himself remember that with the chorus rest:

Hambur, Social and Parliamentary.
Twemlow's promise as to Georgiana
Mrs. Lammle's development
Fledgely's use of power

There remain besides for implements and otherwise:

The Wilfers (notably Rumty)
George Lampson
Riah

Betty Higden

Lightwood

Riderhood and his daughter

The six jolly fellowships, Miss Abbey

Potterson

Job Potterson

Jacob Kibble.

In Chapter V. Dickens's Daemon advises him to

Keep Bella watching and
never suspecting

while on the other page "Mr. Wegg's unspeakable affection for Mr. Venus" is to be brought out, and in Chapter VI. Wegg is to be "made as comic as possible."

But how can type give any idea of manuscript? Let engraving do its best with the original pen and ink sketch.

"Lead on carefully to Bella in No. XV. Make all the ground," Dickens writes in Chapter XII. Bella is his favorite, for soon after his memory is enjoined with triple scorings to "make the most of Bella."

Book IV., being the last, gives Dickens the greatest concern and receives the most attention. Before Chapter VI. he instructs himself to go

Back to the
opening chapter
of the book
STRONGLY.

In the Chapter "A few Grains of Pepper," Dickens propounds a conundrum—

Kill Mr. Dolls?

and answers it with

Funeral of Mr. Dolls.

When it comes to the last five chapters, the notes for which are compressed into two pages of the blue note-paper, the chirography becomes copper-plate. Dickens bullies his Daemon.

Bella always faithful,

he insists. She proves "to be the best and dearest of girls," and is "Mrs. John Harmon, and comes into no end of money."

Then arrives the hour of unwinding the tangled skeins. In Chapter XIII. he must

Unwind Boffin's story chiefly through Mrs. Boffin

With
great care
BABY

engagements of any kind could draw him from the Senate while the session lasted. Up to the time he received his injuries, an inspection of the "Globe" will indicate few absences on his part when the "yeas and nays" were called.

The Senate having adjourned, Mr. Sumner would, if it were early, return to his desk; but if it were near the dinner hour, would walk for a short time—that is, if his long, quick stride could be called a walk. As his mantle was generally shingled over with dinner invitations, several deep, he seldom dined alone; but when he did, it was at a neighboring restaurant, from a single dish. After dinner, he might make a call or two; but, as a rule, nine o'clock found him again in his room and at his desk. Now came the time for solid work. Reading he thought recreation rather than labor. During those late hours, when his brain was at its best, when he had rested from the fatigues of the day, and had gotten his second wind, as the athletes say, he wrought at those ideas which fill his works. His power of labor knew little of limit. When preparing for a great effort, he would seldom leave his desk before two in the morning. He has been known to write the long night through, to be surprised by daylight at his desk, and to resume work again immediately after his bath and his breakfast. He has said that when he could change his clothing completely, retaining no article that he had worn the preceding day, not even a necktie, that he felt sufficiently refreshed to go on with his labors, even though he had sat all night at his desk. He thought faster than he could write. He always had some special work on hand, in addition to the current business of the day; but he was always ahead of his public duties. No committee waited for him to finish a report or draft a bill, or draw a resolution. He was rather in advance of time. He constantly anticipated actual necessities; but it was this very power to meet emergencies, this forecasting the nature of requirements, that kept him so unflinchingly busy; and hence he was always ready. This habit of work followed him through life—while in the doctors' hands, while suffering from great physical exhaustion, and even when feeling nothing of the spur of immediate requirements. In his latter days, when sitting with no committee, and prohibited by his physicians from speaking, he still kept up his habit of midnight toil.

In speaking of the limitations against which he fretted, if driven to the corner, he would confess that the most irksome was that which required him to retire by midnight.

The Senator seldom denied himself to visitors. He was the most accessible of men. No matter how busy, unless he was working against time, he would receive those who sought to see him; but when actually working he would leave the conversation to the caller, greeting him with "How are you? Sit down;" and, unless spoken to, he was liable to forget the presence of his visitor. Unless the conversation called for earnest thought, he was apt, especially when writing letters, to continue his work while listening or speaking. Often the embarrassed visitor would say: "I see you're busy; I'll call again," when the Senator would reply, "But I'm always busy—what is your point?" and the visitor, under this pressure, would condense his statement into a five minutes' explanation, when he had expected to talk perhaps for hours. Mr. Sumner was ready to receive or give information; but, unless in a quiet mood, was little inclined to conventional conversation with casual visitors. He would seldom refuse to answer a card sent him in the Senate, but he would rush out upon his visitor, making him feel the value of each minute, and taking him into the lobby would, by force of will, compel him to condense his ideas into few words. His power of condensation was great, not only as to his own thoughts, but as to those of others. He would listen, with pen suspended, to a query, make his reply, return to his paper, and complete his unfinished sentence without glancing at its beginning. As to losing the thread of his discourse, whether in conversation, in writing, or in debate, this seemed to be impossible to him.

His correspondence was enormous; but the word fails to give any adequate idea of the letters he wrote and received. It was the business of his secretary to open his letters and arrange them in piles at his elbow, except when he received them, as he often did, at his breakfast or dinner table. Few men have been such slaves to their mail. He would often receive over a hundred letters at a time, and each was read at the moment of opening. His ability to take in a mass of manuscript was peculiar. A four, even an eight-page letter, was read with such rapidity that an

observer would suppose he had but glanced at it; and yet he would indicate on the corner, in pencil, if it were one of routine matter, the disposition his secretary should make of it. But he reserved to himself scores of letters, and wrote with his own hand, with almost lightning speed, answers short or long, as necessity required. Of these letters he never retained copies. They were enveloped, addressed, franked, and then thrown into the mailing basket, all by himself, as fast as they were completed, and the answered letters were pigeon-holed or destroyed, according to their importance. Of these letters received, perhaps one in a hundred was saved; and yet one hundred and twenty-four volumes of Shipman's Patent Letter Files, containing from 250 to 500 letters each, were packed and sent to Boston to his literary executors after his death. These letters probably represented the correspondence of a couple of years. The letter books prior to that time were already in Boston. There were, however, among these, the books containing all the letters from certain personal friends, such as Howe, Longfellow, Motley, Whittier, Felton, and his blood relations. His biographer will find material for his life in these letters, and those he wrote in answer to them. In fact, they contain his biography.

Of late years the Senator had a movable book-case behind his desk, where he had at hand the books needed for immediate reference. They were usually his dictionaries,—English, German and Classical,—and the Statutes at Large. On the shelves of his writing-desk, immediately before him, were a line of pigeon-holes labeled "Select Letters,"—meaning those from his very personal friends,—"Foreign Letters," "Business Letters," "Applications for Office," and two labeled "Drafts." Of late years that labeled "Applications" was usually empty. On the single shelf above these pigeon-holes were stacks of pamphlets, House and Senate Bills, and similar matters. Six books, however, were on this shelf within reach of his left hand, usually arranged in order of size. First, was Hazlitt's "New Elegant Extracts from English Poetry." This he had at college, as his name and the date on the fly-leaf gave evidence. The book had been twice rebound while he was in the Senate. Then came his Shakespeare—also a college book, as the title-page and notations show. This,

by the way, was found opened, face down, on his desk on the day of his death. Curious to see what had interested him at this point, I scanned the page. It was the passage from Henry VI., and a part commencing "Would I were dead" was marked in pencil with a heavy hand.* Next it on the shelf usually stood his copy of Hickey's "Constitution of the United States." This book would fall open at certain pages. It, too, was heavily marked in pencil. Words were underscored in single, double and triple lines. Marginal letters and figures referred to the collocation of the words, and the book was much strained in its binding from the many marks which had been placed between the leaves. Then came Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words," and it also bore marks of frequent reference. The fifth book was "The Rules and Usages of the Senate." Its condition accounts for the Senator's thorough knowledge and skillful use of this arsenal of Parliamentary weapons. No man knew these rules better than he, for he was forced to study and employ them with the utmost skill in the old days, in order to obtain even a hearing before the Senate. His French dictionaries were generally lying about this desk, having no fixed place. He was curious in dictionaries. He had five of the English language among his tools. His Webster and his Worcester were presentation copies from the authors. Walker, Pickering and Johnson were often brought down from the Congressional Library. It was no unusual thing for the Senator, when in full tide of work, to call to his secretary to look up a word in Worcester and to read the secondary meanings and quotations. Then to refer to Webster, then to Walker, then to Johnson, then to Pickering, and finally the word was used or thrown out, according to the weight of authority. It was hardly safe for him to examine a dictionary for himself; for if he once got started, especially in Johnson's, he would read on by the page. There was found by his bedside, with his watch, his glasses, and his mother's Bible, his pocket edition of Webster, the latest issue, which he was accustomed to carry with

* To whom God will, there be the victory!

* * * * *

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?

O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain.

King Henry VI. Part III., Act 2, Scene V.

him as one might carry a pocket diary. Its cover shows the hard usage it had sustained. The remaining book, and the one nearest his hand, was another Bible. The copy which he brought with him to Washington was given him by his mother; but it was transferred from his desk to his dressing-table when its place was supplied, in 1865, by the copy given him by Miss Fannie Seward shortly before her death. From it Dr. Sunderland, the Chaplain of the Senate, read when conducting religious exercises at his house on the day the Senator died. This copy, as well as the other, shows wear. The Senator had large knowledge of the Scriptures, as his speeches show. While he had a Concordance of Tennyson and many like works of reference, he had none, and apparently needed none, of the Bible. He could find in it a desired passage with a quickness surprising even to clergymen.

His book, the non-completion of which he so mourned on his death-bed, was the edition of his speeches, letters, etc., now in course of publication. The eighth volume was on his table; the ninth has since been published. Material for the twelfth was found in his desk, which brought the work down to 1866. Provision was made in his will for the expense of finishing the work; and the material, which he had carefully gathered, was so arranged that, though the form may be crude, his literary executors can finish the work on his own plan. Their labor will consist in editing the immense mass they will find ready to their hands. He gave much patient labor to this matter. All his public letters, in fact everything necessary to the work, he had carefully collated in chronological order. As far as he went, he verified every quotation. Even his classical allusions were traced to their source, credited, and, in many cases, quoted in foot notes. Reference has been made by the daily papers to the employment of the learned Mr. Nichols, of Cambridge, to assist in this labor, but even his severely critical work underwent the additional scrutiny of the Senator's austere taste. He would correct the corrections, and revise the revisions as long as time would permit.

In one of his great speeches, that on "The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations," Mr. Sumner alludes to the strange ceremony of drinking their blood in wine, by which the old chevaliers be-

came bound as knights-companions; and, though sure such a rite had been practiced, he was rather discomfited to find no reference to it in any book in his library. He was so anxious to have his text correct, even in such minutiae, that this failure at verification disquieted him; and he vainly sought information from several of his intimates, better versed in politics and current literature than in mediæval chivalry. In the height of his trouble one of his friends, Mr. William D. O'Connor, in whose conversation he took great pleasure, came in, and it was delightful to see the boyish eagerness with which Mr. Sumner welcomed the new-comer. With one hand he clutched his proof-sheets, and gave the other to his caller, while he exclaimed, "Now we shall see—I'm so glad you've come;" and, to the exclusion of the four or five persons present, and sitting so close that the dark hair of the poet almost mingled with the Senator's grey locks, the two plunged into an animated discussion on several points in the proofs. Finally, with an air of *naïf* anxiety, the Senator broached the point of the blood drinking. His satisfaction was quite evident when O'Connor said he was right in his recollection, and that full account of the custom would probably be found in St. Palaye, or the annotations of Nodier, or in Menestrier, or, perhaps, in the old memoir of Du Guesclin. The comfort the Senator took in these suggestions was delicious to see; and he at once declared he should ransack the Congressional library the next day. Meantime, O'Connor, on going home, bethought himself that the reference would most likely be in Du Cange, where, in fact, he found it. The next morning, armed with the book, he laughingly came into the breakfast-room, where the Senator sat at table, chatting with the Marquis de Chambrun and several other friends, and "here's your blood-drinker!" he joyously exclaimed brandishing the old volume. Mr. Sumner started up with a great "ha!" seized the book, and, forgetting his guests, and their demands on him, or rather taking them with him in his triumph, read out in sonorous tones, in his rich rhetorical manner the sounding old French of Du Cange. It is impossible to over-state his intense and boy-like gratification at finding himself right, when he had begun to fear that he had been wrong. This incident, though slight, was so characteristic, that it is given as a specimen of the untiring man-

ner in which he hunted down his authorities.*

In this edition of his works he weighed his words well, and frequently changed them, but the ideas are preserved intact. He always sought laboriously for words to express the exact shade of his meaning. His study had been carried so far that the expression used conveyed to others one shade of meaning, while to himself it had another; hence offence was sometimes taken when none was meant. In his speeches, thus edited, he has here and there translated the language at first used into words which convey the meaning he intended. Sheets were found among his papers, covered with several trial phrasings of the same thought; and the one finally adopted differed decidedly from the rest in its crispness and nervous strength. But no reply made to him will lose aught of its force, because of verbal changes in his collected speeches.

Mr. Sumner's nature was inexpressibly sweet, gentle, genial and tender. Those brought into personal relations with him simply loved him. His personal wants were few, and were, as far as possible, supplied by himself. His servants felt their work to be a labor of love, and they were so seldom called upon, and, as one of them expressed it, were so sweetly thanked, that they were on the alert to supply his wants, and often used artifice to accomplish what they felt was necessary to his comfort. They were sometimes hurt especially during his feebleness, that he would suffer alone and unattended when they were within call.

* Warriors like Du Guesclin, rejoiced to hail each other as brothers. Chivalry delighted in fraternities of arms sealed by vow and solemnity. According to curious and savage custom, valiant knights were bled together, that their blood as it spurted forth, might intermingle, and thus constitute them of one blood, which was drunk by each. 'So did the powerful Emperor of Constantinople confirm an alliance of friendship with a neighbor king. The two monarchs drank of each other's blood; and then their attendants, following the princely example, caught their own flowing life in a wine-cup, and quaffed a mutual pledge, saying, "We are brothers of one blood."

Du Cange, *Dissertations sur l'Histoire de Saint Louys* par Jean Sire de Joinville, Diss. XXI. Ibid.: *Petitot, Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, 1re Série, Tom. III. p. 349. *Sainte Palaye, Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, Part III. Tom. I. p. 225. The same attempt at Brotherhood appears in the "Loka-Lenna, or Strife of Loc," quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his Notes to the Metrical Romance of "Sir Tristrem," p. 350.

"Father of Slaughter, Odin, say,
Remember'st not the former day,
When in the ruddy goblet stood,
For mutual drink, our blended blood?"

He would sometimes, in warm weather, sit a little at twilight in the beautiful square, —a gem of a park,—opposite his house. Here many little folk would be at play. It was no unusual thing to see a curly head between his knees, or a small hand playing with his fingers. He did not play with them, nor did he seem really sensible of their presence, but he would pat their heads and toy with their curls in an absent kind of way, as one after another would, without his summons, steal up to his seat, and look up into his eyes. So, too, was it among the families he visited. He seldom lifted a child to his lap, but if there was one in the room, it was apt to be found near his chair.

One of his secretaries, who had returned to the city after a long absence, came by appointment to see him, bringing with him his wife and a little girl of two years. The Senator showed them through his house, among the paintings, books and autographs for hours. The child, a patient little thing, toddled about with them, but at last began to show signs of uneasiness. Mr. Sumner was first to notice, as he had her cuddled up against him. "Isn't this child hungry?" said he, and then he rang for a servant; and when the cup of milk he ordered was brought, he gave it to the child himself, but in the most matter-of-fact manner, without at all interrupting the conversation. After this she remained with him till they all left.

It was curious to notice the ways of dogs when near him. After circling round him they would lie down near his feet. Once, when sitting alone, reading, on the piazza of Prof. Longfellow's cottage at Nahant, there were four dogs, each from neighboring places, posted around him. One shaggy water-dog had laid his head on the Senator's knee. Yet he had been in the place less than twenty-four hours, had never called them or noticed them; but somehow they seemed to know that he took pleasure in their presence. When in the country he always had a dog or two at his heels.

He loved horses, although he owned none; but he seemed to think more of blooded cattle. He had many pictures of the latter and none of the former, except the Dray-horses, by Herring. Farmers have said they could learn more of him than he could of them about their own business, but particularly as to cattle.

Mr. Sumner's language in ordinary conversation was free from the blemishes which

disfigure the talk of so many men. During twenty years' acquaintance I never heard from him a single coarse or profane word. He used to say that "to swear was neither brave, polite nor wise." No heat of indignation, no great or petty vexation, could draw from him any word obnoxious to criticism. What many repressed, he simply lacked; it was not in his nature.

He constantly respected and was tender of the feelings of others, when they did not conflict with his ideas of what was right. When conversation took such a turn that one present must be hurt, he was apt to so tone down an untimely remark as to draw its sting and to convey to its maker a mild rebuke. One Sunday morning two young men met in his room. When the bells rang, one said he must take his leave, as he was going to church. The other sneeringly said: "Well, if you must go, pray for me." The Senator, looking between rather than at either of them, repeated, in a reverential tone, Hamlet's words to Ophelia: "Nymph, in thine orisons be all my sins remembered." The one guest, conscious of the rebuke, apologized to the other, who left the room with tears of gratitude in his eyes.

It was in 1859 that I last saw Mr. Sumner at church. He had gone to the Unitarian Church to hear Rev. W. H. Channing. Coming in late, when the building was quite full, he had taken the first vacant seat, which, it happened, was in one of the pews reserved for colored people. There were already two blacks in it, and shortly after two others came in; so there sat the Senator, conspicuous by his tall figure, in the middle of the pew, supported on either hand by two of the race for whom he was doing so much. The city papers commented unpleasantly on this purely accidental grouping, as they did on most matters personal to Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Sumner had an inveterate dislike to ostentatious secrecy. When any one whispered to him he was sure to speak in reply louder than he would had he been addressed in a conversational tone. Still, he was himself reticent on those matters on which he did not choose to speak. While he was opposed to the theory of secrecy in executive session, no Senator was more rigid, in fact, than he, as to keeping within the spirit of the rule. Always open to the visits of the members of the Press, they could learn nothing from him he was unwilling to tell, for, when so minded, he

would simply make no reply to their questions or remarks. As this was his rule, his silence could bear no sort of interpretation. A similar course toward those who asked questions on any subject he did not choose to discuss, put upon them the necessity of retreat and of a change of subject. But his manner was not that of rebuke; he simply ignored the question to which he thought it improper to reply. He was as genial as before when the tabooed subject was dropped.

Since the war he had availed himself largely of his privilege of *pater senatus*, and more especially of his condition as an invalid, to avoid what was always unpleasant to him—paying visits of ceremony and returning formal calls. While he made his friends welcome at his own house, it was tacitly understood that their calls would not be returned. But he never dropped his habit of going to those of his friends who were sick or in prison, whether they were of high or low degree. Captain Drayton and his fellow-prisoners, the New Bedford slave rescuers, felt their confinement lightened by his frequent presence in their cell, and they owed their pardon to his efforts; and finally, their escape from the Virginia blood-hounds was brought about by his foresight and liberality. It was he who threw their hunters from their track, and who provided the private conveyance which took them to Baltimore. When Thaddeus Hyatt was thrown into the old Washington Jail for refusing to answer Jeff. Davis's questions as to the John Brown raid, Mr. Sumner was his most frequent visitor, and it was on Mr. Sumner's motion that he was at length set at liberty. When Messrs. White and Ramsdell, of the New York "Tribune," were imprisoned in the Capitol for refusing to answer certain questions relative to the publication of the Treaty of Washington, Mr. Sumner was an almost daily visitor to their apartments and a jealous critic of the conduct of their jailors, as well as a frequent protester against their continued confinement. Each of his several secretaries who have been ill while in Washington have been visited by him. Indeed, sickness on the part of any one near him, be he colleague, friend or servant, at once set up a new relation between them. Many a sufferer has been soothed by remembrances in the shape of flowers, fruit, wine or delicacies from his own table. He was as curious in tea as in wines; and seemed to have as many an

as choice kinds. A little package of choice tea has often been sent with a kind message to the sick wife or daughter of a friend. His own house was seldom without flowers that came from friends. Fruits in the season and various table delicacies found their way to him from those who had received like gifts at his hands. Little girls who, when ill, had received oranges or pears from him, sent in return baskets of berries of their own picking. Loaves of brown bread, quaint preserves, curious jellies, new-laid eggs, all manner of similar delicacies, would make their appearance at his table from those who had been obliged by him, and these little things, indicative of such personal kindness, always touched and pleased him, and he was never slow to show the pleasure they gave him.

Mr. Sumner did not hesitate to speak of measures and matters in which he had borne a leading part, but he had none of the offensive forms of egotism. He spoke of himself as of any other actor in the scene he described. Like Æneas, he could speak best of scenes he had himself witnessed, and in which he had borne a large part. He never spoke of what he had done, been, seen or said, except to answer direct questions or to illustrate some point in the best manner. He would no more violate the truth of history, by leaving out his own share in any transaction, than he would by making his own part too prominent; he spoke of himself as of a third person. But he could not speak of public matters, or of the progress of ideas among us for the last quarter of a century, without speaking of himself, so large a part had he borne in our affairs. Senator Thurman well said, in the eulogy he pronounced on the memory of Mr. Sumner: "It may be true that, tried by the standard of modern manners, he was egotistical; but tried by that standard with which his learning had made him so familiar, compared with Demosthenes or Cicero, he was a modest man."

Mr. Greeley was not more opposed to "having something for nothing" than was Mr. Sumner. He was constantly desirous to make a return for whatever he received. If an author presented him with his book; if an engraver sent him a proof of his last picture, he made haste to acknowledge the courtesy by a letter which could be, and generally was, published. But no one could venture even upon his friendship to present to the Senator any

article of value, as he would decline to receive it unless he were permitted to return its money value. This peculiarity was noticeable in the most trifling matters. Did he chance to share a carriage with another, he would insist on sharing the expense. Did a friend pay the fare of both in the street-car, he insisted on repaying the half-dime. He may have been so far educated in the European custom in such matters that it had become a habit with him. It was evident that he did not know he was singular in this, as he spoke of it as odd that others should make it difficult for him to do as he desired. In one case, when he had gone some distance to speak in a doubtful district, by invitation of a Member whose re-election was pending, and was entertained at the Member's house, he persisted in paying his part of the expense of the carriage to the depot; and when his friend refused to receive from him the amount paid for the railroad ticket he procured for the Senator in advance, Mr. Sumner returned him the price of it by post the next day.

Mr. Sumner so ordered his affairs that he always lived within his means, no matter how small those means were. Without having any rigidly arranged plan, without, apparently, giving the matter particular attention, he made income and outgo balance. It may be doubted whether he ever owed a dollar he had not the means to pay. In his latter days, when walking was painful, and locomotion was still a necessity, he did not keep a carriage simply because he could not afford it, or, rather, he could not afford it unless he denied himself the books and pictures of which he thought he had a greater need. But when he looked forward to returns from some of his investments, he wavered between the picture-gallery he wanted and the carriage he needed.

He once had on his desk a tabular statement, compiled by himself, of noteworthy men who, having done much brain work, died between their 65th and 66th years; and he seemed to lay out his work as if he expected to live to a similar age. But his affairs were kept arranged as if he supposed he might go on any day. He spoke of such a contingency without emotion, and as he might speak of a journey. But when such references would occasion emotion in others, he would deprecate it, saying, as he once did to General Wilson, that were

his book finished, and the Civil Rights Bill become law, he would welcome death more gladly than any other visitor. He used to say that he omitted the prayer against sudden death from his readings of the Litany. His physicians, who were constantly protesting against any such effort on his part as a public speech, could not prevail with him by saying that death would follow such exertion. But when they threatened him with paralysis, or with loss of mind, he was more amenable to reason.

After acute attacks of pain, symptoms of the *angina pectoris*, he would, for a while, keep perfect faith with his medical advisers. But, as strength came back, he would again become unmindful of their directions. This pain he described as a cold hand feeling about, and then compressing his heart. "Sometime," he said, "that hand will close, and that will end my life."

Little can be said of the Brooks assault within these limits; but there are some points in it which may be touched.

The assault occurred May 22d, 1856, the second day after the speech on "The Crime Against Kansas." On the day before, Brooks, of South Carolina; Keitt, also of South Carolina; and Edmundson, of Virginia, came into Gautier's about six in the evening, and, after carefully scanning the faces of the people at the table, walked out without having seated themselves. Gautier's was then the Delmonico's of Washington. It was at this restaurant that Mr. Sumner frequently dined. These persons had evidently looked for him there, and, failing to find him, and being tired of waiting, it chanced that their act took on, as it were, a more historic character, by being committed in the Senate Chamber.

The Senator was busily engaged writing when Brooks stole in upon him. He was sitting at his desk in the Senate, which was held down by angle-irons screwed to its legs and secured to the floor. He was seated in a heavy chair drawn so close to the desk that his legs were confined under it. Brooks approached from the front; but, as the Senator had his face very near his desk, being rather near-sighted, his assailant was almost as much protected from view as if he had approached from behind. According to the Senator's sworn testimony before the House Investigating Committee, Brooks spoke and struck so nearly at the same moment, that the Senator lost

consciousness before he heard the end of his sentence. The blow was given with a gutta-percha cane about an inch in diameter. It broke in three pieces; but enough of it remained to form a bludgeon like a policeman's club. During the Mexican War Brooks had served with the dragoons, and the scar on the Senator's head, V-shaped, with the apex toward the spine, shows that Brooks struck with his cane as he would have struck with his saber. The first blows deprived the Senator of consciousness, but not of power. He instinctively sprang at Brooks, fettered as he was by desk and chair, with such force that the screws of one leg of the desk were wrenched from the floor, those of two others were broken off, while the clamp on the left front leg brought out a short piece of the yellow pine flooring with it. The horrible wrench of the muscles of the loins, which accompanied this tremendous feat, must have told on his frame throughout his future life. But the great strength used and the plunge forward, shows what would have happened, could he have reached his assailant. While the unconscious body was hanging across the uprooted desk, and while the legs were held down by the overturned chair; while Sumner was thus in a position of helplessness, Brooks, as if infuriated by the sight of blood, continued to mangle the victim he had apparently killed, until he was forcibly drawn away by his own friends.

Finally the limp, unconscious body was placed on a sofa, and taken to an ante-room, when the nearest physician, who had been hastily called, did what seemed at the moment necessary. The Senator was then taken to his lodgings, at the house of the Rev. Dr. G. W. Samson on 6th, near E. street. He had lost much blood; his clothes were drenched with it, and he presented a ghastly spectacle. When I came to him, about an hour after, consciousness had returned. He was lying on his bed and the physician was still with him.

He was now able to converse; but he was quite reticent on the subject of the assault. He seemed calm and unexcited. His only expression referring to the matter, which I can now recall, was a reply to a sort of an "I-told-you-so" remark—when he said, "I could not believe that a thing like this was possible." I have often heard him speak of the matter, but this is the strongest phrase I ever heard

him utter. He never denounced or spoke ill of his assailant; he never characterized the assault. He often spoke of his injuries, or referred to the period when he received them: but if they had been inflicted by a railroad accident; if the assault had been made by a mad bull in the street; if he had been knocked down and run over by a runaway team, he could not have spoken of the direct cause of his hurts with less feeling. He betrayed no resentment toward Brooks by word, written or spoken. When friends, by whom he was immediately surrounded, threatened vengeance, he said nothing, or else gave them so unequivocally to understand that he would have none of it, that such talk ceased in his presence. He would take no part in the legal proceedings instituted against the conspirators. When subpoenaed to attend the Court before which they were tried, he replied from Silver Spring, Francis P. Blair's country-seat in Maryland, that he was not only unable to respond, because of his physical condition, but that he declined to take any part in the prosecution not legally required of him. It was not that he did not comprehend the extent of the injury done him. Far from it. His injuries had made his life a burden. Previous to the assault, he had scarcely known a day of illness; after it he scarcely knew a day of health. It was not that he was of a peculiarly forgiving temperament. It was rather from the sublime austerity of his nature. It was Slavery that had done this. Brooks and his confederates were but tools in the hands of Slavery. For them he had no more feeling than for the weapons they carried. But for Slavery, their inspiration and their moving power, he felt a hatred so intense that it left no room for any petty resentments. They were lost sight of in the grander feeling with which he was possessed.

And here it may be well, as far as possible, to dispose of some of the ridiculous stories still current. It has been said that the coat, stiff with blood, worn by the Senator when assaulted, was preserved. One touching statement details the awe-struck appearance of Old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, when the coat was placed in his hands. An item went the rounds of certain papers, stating that the bloody shirt was once on exhibition at Exeter Hall, and that it is still preserved by the English Abolitionists as a holy relic. It has been

also asserted that the desk and chair the Senator occupied when assaulted were kept in his study.

No person could be more averse to the preservation of such souvenirs than Mr. Sumner. The facts are that the coat went within the week to the cleaner, and the shirt to the washerwoman, and both into immediate use. The desk is still in the Senate Chamber, and is now occupied by Senator Ferry of Connecticut. The chair is used by another senator. They have never been taken from the Capitol.

On June 14, 1860, Mr. Sumner spoke in the Senate, for the first time, after the injuries inflicted by Brooks. His speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery," described by John Bigelow as "the best arranged, and by far the most complete exposure of the horrid rite of slavery to be found within the same compass in any language," produced a tremendous effect. It was known for some time previous that the speech was to be delivered; and it was charged that in it the Senator would show his scars, and dilate upon his sufferings. But his enemies were disappointed, for he did not make in it any allusion, not even the most distant, to any matter that could be considered as personal to himself. The Southern Congressmen had, however, determined that whatever was said they would not again appeal to the bludgeon. Their policy was stated in the short rejoinder made by Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, in which he said: "We are not inclined again to send forth the recipient of punishment howling through the world, yelling fresh cries of slander and malice. These are the reasons * * * * why we can take no notice of the matter." Mr. Sumner, in replying, said: "I exposed to-day 'The Barbarism of Slavery;' what the Senator has said I may well print as an additional illustration." But this promise, so publicly given, that "no other notice would be taken," could not be carried out. There were those who emulated the example, and panted for the plaudits received by Brooks, and who were not to be controlled by their party leaders. On the fourth day after, while Mr. Sumner was sitting alone in his lodgings, on F. street, near the Treasury, a person was shown in who announced himself as a Southerner, and a slaveholder, and one of the class slandered in the recent speech; and he demanded "an explanation," or he would hold its author responsible. The Senator simply ordered

him out of the room. The man then became abusive, when the Senator quietly told him if he did not go at once he would be thrown out of the window. The intruder dropped his stilted tone, and, while retreating, threatened vengeance. Among other things, he said he was one of four who had come from Virginia for the express purpose of holding Mr. Sumner "responsible," and that they proposed to do it at all costs. This person had been gone but a few moments when I came in; and it was not until I had spent some moments at my desk, that the Senator, in a calm and almost indifferent manner, told me what had occurred, and suggested that I had better tell General Wilson, and ask him to step in if he were passing that way in the course of the evening. Naturally much moved, I started at once; when it occurred to me to offer the Senator my revolver. Mr. Sumner looked at it curiously, and asked how it was worked. When it was explained, he declined to accept the pistol, and when urged, on the ground that his visitor might return with others to back him, replied that he thought he could do better with the poker than with the revolver, for he was used to the one, and strange to the other.

General Wilson was easily found, and he quickly joined his colleague. Mr. Burlingame was then sought, and found with several other congressmen in the room of Hon. John Sherman. On being told why he was wanted, he at once informed the others, and they all but one went directly to Mr. Sumner's rooms. From that one spread the news that the Senator was again in danger, and, in consequence, there was a constant succession of calls and proffers of service, only ceasing when the house was closed for the night.

While General Wilson was with Mr. Sumner, and before the arrival of the others, a person came to the door, and asked particularly to see Mr. Sumner alone, but, when told who was with him, declined to enter. His manner was so singular that the door-girl was alarmed, and declined to answer the bell again that night. At about nine o'clock, and while several friends were in the rooms, three persons came to the door, and they also asked to see the Senator alone. On being told that others were with him, they sent this word by the servant: "Tell him that Mr. — and two friends called to see him privately; but, not finding him alone, they would call again in

the morning for a private interview, and if they could not have it, they would cut his damned throat before the next night." Mr. Sumner laughed at this as the vaporing of drunken men; but his friends viewed it more seriously, especially when they found that three different parties had called on the same errand at three different times. Hence they remained. Mr. Sumner had returned to his desk, after going through his evening mail, and, though chatting at intervals, was occupied in writing, and from time to time urged his friends to leave him. He had no apprehensions. He felt there was no danger. But they knew the public mind better than he. They knew what was in the atmosphere, and felt that, while there might be no danger from Southern Congressmen, there was danger from those who had the brutality to follow Brooks's example, without sufficient reason to see that they could no longer be sustained, even in the South, in following it. So, in spite of the hints to go, they stayed. At last, the Senator excused himself, and, though it was much earlier than his accustomed hour, went to bed, leaving his friends in possession of his study. Then Mr. Burlingame took charge. It was arranged that four of us should remain in the house that night, and that the rest should reserve their strength for future needs. A mattress was placed in front of the bedroom door, and on this Mr. Burlingame and myself slept, while Mr. Dawes and Mr. Gooch each attempted to sleep on *tête-à-tête* sofas, too short for either of them. Mr. Sherman, now chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, and Mr. Dawes, now chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means, were then both members of the latter committee, and they utilized the time spent in the room in going over the details of some matters belonging to their committee as methodically as if in their committee room, while Burlingame tried to interest Gooch in a plan of defense in case of a concerted attack on the house, but with little success.

At about ten o'clock Mr. Sumner had so far prevailed on his friends, that they had agreed to leave him, on condition that he would permit Augustus Wattles, a stalwart Kansas lover of freedom, who had fought with old John Brown at Osso-wattamie, to remain in his apartments, and be responsible for his safety. The next thing was to find Wattles. He had attached himself to Thaddeus Hyatt, who had

done so much for Kansas, and who was then confined in Washington Jail, for refusing to tell the Senate Committee, of which Jefferson Davis was chairman, what he didn't know about John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry. Our man was in lodgings near the Jail. Mr. Dawes undertook, with my aid, to find him, in what was, to us, an unknown part of the city. The adventures we met, in the dark and the mud, among the dogs, who objected to us on general principles, the negroes, who mistook us for slave-hunters, and the policemen, who could not be persuaded that we had any legitimate business in that part of the city, at that time of night, we remember to this day. But suffice it to say, though we could not find Wattles in person, we found his lodgings, and left a message which brought him to us in good time.

There was no disturbance during the night, but our beds were not sufficiently inviting to make it pleasant to sleep late in the morning, so we were early at the windows, when our attention was attracted to several people on the other side of the street, who were walking up and down, apparently without concert of action, except in that they did not pass from the block. Their course was so unusual that we connected them with the mysterious callers of the previous evening, and began to consider what was to be the next step, when one of them was recognized as the very Mr. Wattles who had been sought the night before. When this was understood, the congressmen went home, feeling that they left the Senator in safe hands. But, before going, they told me that they would return whenever needed, that these new comers were at my orders, and that I should be held personally responsible for the Senator's safety. The rest may be better told in Mr. Sumner's own words.*

"The friends of Mr. Sumner did not feel entirely relieved. Among them was his private secretary, A. B. Johnson, Esq., afterwards Chief Clerk of the Light House Board, who, untiring in friendship and fidelity, without consulting him, arranged

protection for the night, and a body-guard between his lodgings and the Senate. The latter service was generously assumed by citizens of Kansas, who, under the captaincy of Augustus Wattles, insisted upon testifying in this way their sense of his efforts for them. Apprised of Mr. Sumner's habit of walking to and from the Capitol, they watched his door, and as he came out, put themselves at covering distance behind, with revolvers in hand, and then, unknown to him, followed to the door of the Senate. In the same way, they followed him home. This body-guard, especially in connection with the previous menace, illustrates the era of slavery."*

Mr. Sumner, who was never fully persuaded of the actual necessity of these efforts for his safety, was only prevented from putting an end to them, by being reminded that if he had listened to the warnings of his friends, and taken the precautions they advised in 1856, the assault of Brooks might have been prevented. As it was, when he found that friends were determined to follow him, he gave them no assistance. He ignored their existence, and if he had actually intended to escape their shadowing, could hardly have been more successful. There are many ways by which to leave the Capitol; so he frequently eluded his guard, much to their discomfiture. On leaving the house for evening calls, he made no statement of his purpose, as was usually his habit; so, to keep him in view, his guard had to be constantly on the alert. Though they were much annoyed, they were never angered.

Notwithstanding Mr. Sumner's wish to keep the matter from the papers, it soon became public. The then Mayor of Washington, Dr. Berret, came to the Senator's house to inquire into the matter, and invited him to lodge formal complaint. The Senator declined, saying that he and his friends had no inducements from the past to rely upon Washington magistrates. But the Mayor was untiring in his efforts to get at the bottom of the matter. Finally he ascertained who it was that had personally insulted the Senator, and he brought the man, a well known Washington office-holder, from Virginia, to Mr. Sumner's rooms, where the culprit apologized for his conduct, charging it to the effects of drink, and denied all knowledge of the visitors

* The Senator wrote this paragraph, not only to record a fact, but to gratify one who took pride in his service. This has been brought to my knowledge, since his death, by the friend to whom he read it when fresh from his pen. It may seem like egotism to quote such words from such a man, but I cannot refrain, as the fact that they were written to give me pleasure, shows something of the warmth of his attachments, and the kindness of his heart.

* Sumner's Works, Vol. V., page 129.

who, later in the evening, left the brutal message.

This affair grew out of a dinner party given by a Department clerk, just fallen heir to a small estate, of which some slaves formed a part. The newly fledged slaveholder felt that his class had been insulted by the speech against "The Barbarism of Slavery," and he was forced to attempt to carry out his vaporings about calling the maker of the speech to account, by his comrades, who were delighted at the prospect of a row of any kind. There is little doubt that those who came to the house after his call, were of the same party. When the effect of their wine had passed, they were very ready to make such amends for their conduct as were in their power.

The foregoing, at this distance of time, seems a small matter to cause so much stir. But this speech had been long expected, and there had been many threats as to what would be done if it were offensive; and these threats had been duly considered by those who were determined that there should be at least free speech at the Capitol. The feeling was stronger at the North even than at Washington. The letters which came to the Senator, to his private secretary and to his colleagues, showed that bodies of armed men held themselves in readiness to come to Washington in his defense. They were only kept away by the knowledge that others were before them, and that a systematic plan for defense had been organized and was being carried out. Had the Senator prevented the operations of this plan, which positively pained him, he would possibly have precipitated the revolution which followed within the year.*

* The anxiety in Boston was shown in a letter under date of June 9, from his friend Hon. Edward L. Pierce, saying:

"We have just heard of the threat of violence made to you last evening. Dr. Howe and others meditate leaving for Washington forthwith." ***

Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge, book publishers, wrote at once from Boston:

"If you need assistance in defending yourself against the ruffians of the slave power, please telegraph us *at once*. . . . There is strong feeling here, and we can raise a small body of men who will join your Washington friends, or who will alone defend you."

In reply to an inquiry from home, Hon. James Buffinton, [then and now] of the House of Representatives, [from Mass.] wrote:

"The Massachusetts delegation will stand by Mr. Sumner in his late speech. There will be no backing down by us."

See Sumner's Works. Appendix to speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery." Vol. V., page 128.

The following account of the last hours of the Senator is from a letter to the nearest relative of the deceased, written before the funeral obsequies had been performed.

On Monday morning, March 10th, as I came down from my room, Mr. Sumner called from his bed, and after asking the time, remarked that he had experienced slight return of his old trouble during the night, which had kept him from sleep until four in the morning. On Monday evening, about ten o'clock, he sent for the doctor, lest he should have another sleepless night. He told the physician, on his arrival, that he was suffering somewhat, and feared he should suffer more, unless he found relief in sleep. The usual remedy, a sub-cutaneous injection of bi-meconate of morphia, was administered, when he immediately became more quiet, and soon fell into a healthy sleep. He slept well during the night, and felt less of reaction than was usual, after this remedy. At breakfast he was more than usually genial. It was his custom to occupy himself with his mail, on its arrival; but this morning it failed to come for nearly an hour after its usual time. Of all the breakfasts we had together in the past years, I remember none so pleasant. Waiting for the mail, his conversation was naturally desultory. It touched on many topics; he spoke of many persons, of various events, and always in a kindly, genial, pleasant tone. Indeed, such had been his manner since the Massachusetts Legislature had rescinded the resolutions of censure.

That evening I was spending at the house of Dr. Taber Johnson, the Senator's physician. About nine o'clock we were startled by the announcement that Mr. Sumner was ill. We at once went to him. The doctor found him lying on the bed, suffering, but as a man might suffer with a violent toothache. He was advised to go to bed, as it would be unwise to attempt, as he intended, further work that evening, and he reluctantly obeyed. The hyperdermic of the before mentioned preparation of morphia, a prescription made by Dr. Brown-Sequard, was administered; but the pain increased, and the remedy did not act as it usually did. In about twenty minutes the Senator asked for another dose; and as the first had been but light, the doctor gave him a second. As the pain continued to increase, the doctor ordered a foot-bath of mustard and hot

water. This appeared to relieve him. He presently said, "There now, I have turned the corner, the pain is decreasing; I shall sleep." We then retired to the study, closing the door, and awaited evidence that he was asleep.

During this time he had often groaned, and he frequently spoke to himself rather than to us. We could understand but little he said, but we plainly distinguished the words "My book! my book! If it were not for my unfinished book, I should not regret this;" referring to the volumes of his works, for the twelfth of which he had been preparing matter that very day. These words, "My book! my book!" were frequently repeated while he was writhing in the most acute pain man could suffer and live. He finally said, "But the great account is closed;" and then he never mentioned his book again. Before the narcotic began to act, he only used disjointed sentences; after it began to dull the pain, he spoke in a more connected manner. But the Doctor discouraged all conversation, as it was not good for him.

While sitting in the study we waited anxiously, but not more so than on many previous occasions, and finally his regular, full breathing gave assurance that he slept. But it so happened that the Doctor and myself remained chatting longer than customary. Some twenty-five minutes had elapsed when, just as the Doctor was about leaving, a groan came from the sick room. The Senator had awakened. On speaking to him it was found that the pain had returned. The Doctor now gave him another hyperdermic, and his limbs were chafed to assist his circulation. Presently he became more quiet, and sank into the stupor produced by the narcotic. This quick recurrence of the attack gave grave cause for alarm. The Doctor, who had sat by the bedside holding the pulse of the Senator, at twenty minutes past ten announced that the usual reaction had not taken place, and that his patient was in serious danger. The pulse was so faint that it could scarcely be felt. He sent at once for the most powerful restorative, and called another physician into consultation. Mr. Hooper and Mr. Pierce, of the Massachusetts delegation, and two other friends were sent for. The consulting physician fully approved of the treatment, and could suggest no change or addition. Meantime bottles of hot water had been placed at the extremities, and under the arms. His limbs, which were

becoming cold, were separately wrapped in flannel. Mustard plasters were applied to the chest and abdomen. Others were tied to the wrists. The breathing had become more regular. To all appearance the patient was easier. The only indication of his alarming condition was the weakness of the pulse, and the clammy coldness of the extremities. At half-past one o'clock the consulting physician went home, and he was followed by the friends who had been called in. All of us, possibly excepting the doctors, hoped for recuperation with the morning. Stimulants were administered at short intervals during the night. At five o'clock A.M. on the 11th, as no change had taken place, a long telegram was sent by the attending physician to Dr. Brown-Sequard, at New York, in which the condition of the patient was minutely described. He was requested to come on by the first train, and also to prescribe by telegraph. The physician in charge now called another consultation. At eight o'clock, A.M., Dr. Barnes, Surgeon-General of the United States Army, and Dr. Lincoln joined him at the bedside. After a careful examination, and a short consultation, the three concurred in the opinion that the patient was in a hopeless condition, and that no change in the treatment was advisable. But while life lasted hope remained, and every proper effort was made. Nourishment was administered in various forms; iced champagne was given when thirst was indicated, and so were brandy and ammonia when opportunity offered; the mustard plasters were renewed, as there was no indication that the first had taken effect, and these simple efforts to assist nature were continued to the end.

The news of the Senator's condition had spread throughout the city, and many of his friends hastened to his house. In order that I might give my whole attention to the sick-room, I placed his long time friend, Major Ben. Perley Poore, in charge of the first floor, and his colleague, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, in charge of the second floor, that no one might be allowed to approach the sick room whom they could prevent. Major Poore summoned to his assistance two of the Capitol police; but the concourse of friends,—among them the most noted people of the land,—was so great, that they filled the rooms and the passages. Governor Boutwell was unable to leave his sick bed, but the ladies of his

family came to the house offering services. Lady Thornton came for the same purpose, as did many other ladies, several of whom offered to take charge of the sick room. It was, however, considered that the strong, loving and familiar hands then about the Senator, and the persons to whom he was accustomed, were sufficient, and so these kind offers were declined. At an early hour two colored men, Mr. Wormley, proprietor of the Hotel in this city, bearing his name, and Mr. Downing, the famous New York caterer, came to the sick-room, where they remained as nurses. They were both fully competent, and had proved their devotion in other days. The Senator, in recognizing them, expressed pleasure at their presence. They were of much service in lifting his great weight, and in aiding him in various ways. From time to time other friends, who would not be denied, made their way to the room. Senator Schurz was often by the bedside; so was Judge Hoar and Mr. Hooper. Other friends came in at intervals, but as far as possible they were restrained by the physician, who desired to keep the room quiet.

Up to ten in the morning the stupor continued. After that the patient would, from time to time, recognize friends with a word or two of greeting. On one occasion, when we had changed his position, my arm had been caught under him as he was laid back on his pillow, and to make my position more tolerable I had kneeled by the bedside. With his eyes on mine he said: "Don't let the bill be lost." Supposing he referred to some household account, I replied in a way to quiet him, when, with a motion of his hand toward the other side of the bed, where Judge Hoar was standing, and whose voice he had just heard, he said to me, "You mistake;" and, after a pause, he called, "Judge!" Then he said: "My bill!—don't let it fail!" The judge said, "Certainly not;" but the Senator persisted, as if he was not certain he had made himself understood: "The Civil Rights Bill—don't let it fail!" The Judge assured him he would do his best for its passage. At another time, hearing the Judge's voice, he called to him, "Judge, my bill—Civil Rights—save it!" and again he was assured that all that was possible should be done to carry out his desire. About two hours before his end, when his sight and much of his strength had returned, and when Judge Hoar was sitting on a low chair by his bed, chafing one of his hands.

the Judge said, "I am trying to warm it," and the reply was, "You never will." His eyes were now fixed on the Judge's face with a look of painful and growing intensity, and he began to speak slowly, and with a certain effort, as if he were struggling with a known indistinctness, and in a voice full of the most piteous entreaty, he besought him: "My bill—the Civil Rights Bill—don't let it fail!" His friend, strong man as he was, broke down completely; he sobbed like a child; but he said through his sobs, in words like those of a solemn vow, and in tones that carried conviction to the soul already within the shadow of the dark valley: "IT SHALL NOT FAIL!" and, as he spoke, he lifted the cold hand to his lips, and kissed it. The Senator was satisfied. He never mentioned the matter more. A peaceful look overspread his face, and he sank to sleep again. While the dying man was pleading for the Civil Rights Bill, Wormley and Downing were in the room, and Frederick Douglass, trembling with emotion, and supporting himself on a chair, was standing in the next room, but within the sound of his voice. The study was now crowded with senators and members, among whom was Speaker Blaine. These utterances when repeated to them produced a sensation which words could not express. There were no dry eyes in that room. They knew that the Senator was dying, and they felt that his words were to them as well as to him who was specially addressed.

He spoke to Senator Schurz, for whom he felt much affection, many kind words at various times, but in short broken sentences. His sight had failed him, but he recognized his friend's voice, saying, "I hear you, Schurz, but I cannot see you." He spoke many other words, which might have seemed of little moment, but for their manner. He manifested pleasure, also, when Mr. Hooper was present, and when he knew Mr. Pierce was near; but he showed impatience at seeing other than familiar faces in the room. He frequently asked the time, and once said he must soon dress and go to the Senate. Once he expressed a fear that news of his illness would get into the papers.

Toward one o'clock he regained much of his strength, and his sight, in a measure came back. He recognized faces readily. He would turn in bed and move about easily, though an hour previous we had to lift him. But voluntary movements gave

him so much pain, he would ask to be lifted as before. He complained of great fatigue, but of no pain, except when he moved of his own strength. He was, he said, tired in every nerve and muscle, even in his bones. He wanted rest, and he begged for more morphine to allay his weariness.

By this time the opinion became prevalent that reaction was taking place. Senator Schurz now went home to his wife with the good news; other friends went to lunch, and I was left to care for the patient, with the two colored men. The Senator now became more restless, and frequently asked to have his head and shoulders raised. I found the easiest way to lift him was to pass my arm behind his shoulders, and, kneeling on the bed, exert my full strength. On laying him back, my arm would be pinned down until he again moved. Once, while in this position, his head resting on my shoulder, he seemed to be conscious of my uncomfortable position, and, as he had at other times, deprecated the trouble he was giving; but this time in these words: "My poor Johnson! You must be very tired; but you can soon rest." Soon after he said to Judge Hoar, who had come, and who now stood on the other side of the bed: "Tell Emerson I love and revere him." Judge Hoar replied, repeating the Senator's words, that he might be certain that he understood them: "I will tell Emerson you love and revere him; for he told me that you had the whitest soul of any man he ever knew." The Senator's head, still on my shoulder, had turned toward me, and in response he said, so indistinctly that I repeated it for the Judge: "I always loved him." In a moment after he changed his position, and my arm was released. Just then Mr. Hooper appeared by the bedside. Some one said (Wormley, I think): "Mr. Hooper has come to see you." The Senator motioned toward a chair, and said, somewhat indistinctly, "Sit down." Mr. Hooper did as he was asked, but quickly retired, as the Senator had now sunk to sleep again. These were the last words Mr. Sumner uttered.

Let me here remark that I am firmly convinced that the Senator at no time knew he was dying. The words uttered meant no more, to me, than utterances during former attacks. His words concerning his cold hands meant, to me, no more than that they could not be warmed

while the attack lasted. His message to Emerson was such as he might have sent from his dinner table. But I am principally convinced of this, from the fact that he said no word of his sister, to whom he was tenderly attached; he sent no message to any friend, except Emerson; he gave no directions concerning his affairs; and he said to me no word of farewell. I lay stress upon this last fact, because I had never, of late years, parted with him, even for a short journey, without a hearty "God bless you," and an affectionate "Good-bye." I feel assured that, had he known his condition, some word of this kind must have escaped him. Hence I think that no friend, no relative, however dear, has reason to feel slighted or forgotten. Each friend may believe this the reason that the Senator sent no word of farewell. Had I not been with him so much during the last twenty years; did I not know so well the meaning of his words and his ways; did I not know much of his mental processes, I should not dare say this in view of the contrary opinion held by others who are themselves so competent to judge.

When the doctors announced the hopeless condition of the patient, I asked that he might be informed. One of them replied: "He has but one chance in a thousand; to excite him would be to destroy that chance;" and they absolutely forbade the disclosure. I then asked permission to call in a clergyman; it was due him and the people who sent him here that the voice of prayer should be heard in the house. It was decided, however, that to hold religious exercises of any kind at the bedside would be equivalent to telling the patient of his condition, and, therefore, could not be allowed. Finally it was decided that the chaplain of the Senate should be sent for, and that services could be held in another part of the house. The idea was carried out; Rev. Dr. Sunderland came. After seeing the dying man he went to the library, where were gathered as many friends as could be crowded into the room, while in the hall and in the drawing-room others were assembled; and there he read the xiv. chapter of John, and made a fervent and touching prayer. This was, under the circumstances, all that could be done. The patient was so far under the influence of narcotics that waking moments were infrequent and short. But, after all, no more was needed, except for the consolation of the sorrowing friends. He for whom they

mourned had long been ready; he had longed to go hence and be at rest.

At about half-past two o'clock, Dr. Lincoln, one of the consulting physicians, dropped in. The Senator was sleeping calmly, lying on his back, with his head and shoulders well raised. The Doctor, after watching him a few moments, came to me at the further side of the room, and was speaking of the hopeful symptoms lately exhibited, when the patient slightly stirred. The Doctor sprang to the left

side of the bed, and I to the right. The Doctor placed his fingers on the pulse and I passed my arm under the Senator's head to steady the pile of pillows supporting him.

He opened his eyes; then came one strong convulsion; the right hand closed with great force upon the hand of Mr. Downing, who had grasped it; and then the Doctor, whose ear was at the heart, announced that all was over.

THE CRISIS IN THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT CHURCH OF GENEVA.

SWITZERLAND is passing through a crisis both political and religious. If the little republic is but a tea-pot, it manages to furnish a very considerable tempest. A revolution is being wrought within the Roman Church *versus* Ultramontanism. The work goes steadily on—in some Cantons quietly, in other localities, as in the Bernese Jura, with the enforced help of the military. The State Protestant Church is also agitated to its very foundation. The contest is here between the two faiths, the Evangelical and the Liberal. The edict in the interest of the latter, sweeping away all confessions of belief, has gone forth from the Cantonal Government of Neuchâtel, resulting in a large secession from the national establishment. And now the blow has fallen upon the Church of Geneva. It is of the nature of a *coup d'église* brought about by the State. The action was consummated on Sabbath, the 26th of April, 1874—one week after the popular ratification of the revised Federal constitution. The suddenness of the event is a marked feature; it fell as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. There was no agitation among the people; no clamoring for change. There were no signs foreboding the eruption; it was an explosion in the National Establishment, startling the unsuspecting sentinels themselves; and the fuse was lighted by those within its own walls. As a result, there has been a remarkable agitation in the Church of Geneva. The secretly long-considered and well-digested plot of the Liberals was to strike a death-blow to the Evangelical party. The con-

sequences may pass beyond the thought of the arch-agitators, and happily prove fatal to the Establishment itself. They destroyed better than they knew.

If we seek for the cause of this revolutionary action, we find it to be the following. The Church existed under the Constitutional Provisions of 1847. The guns of the hostile parties within the same fold from time immemorial have been directed against each other. Of late the hostility has waxed greater, and there has been superadded the bitterness of a family feud.

It is a ghostly contest between the shades of Calvin and Voltaire. Upon the one side are the Liberals, whose ranks are composed of those in the religious world called Radicals, of sceptics with different degrees of progressiveness, and of pronounced infidels. Over against this non-descript and dangerous combination are the Evangelicals, who hold to the fundamental truths of the Word of God, as commonly accepted by Evangelical Christendom. The latter had obtained a large majority in the pulpits of the city and canton. Of the thirty-one pastors within the canton of Geneva, twenty-three are claimed to be in sympathy with this wing of the Church. The theological professors in the Seminary of the Establishment are about equally divided, while there is but one theological student of Liberal proclivities. In the Consistory, the highest ecclesiastical body, and in the Civil Councils, including both the Council d'Etat and the

Grand Council, the Liberals are undoubtedly in the ascendency. There is, however, what is termed "The Venerable Company of Pastors," composed of ministers in office and professors of theology. It has been the traditional prerogative of this ancient body to superintend religious teaching and theological instruction in the Establishment, and also to pass upon the admission and consecration of candidates for the ministry. Hence this "Company" controlled the pulpits; and in the present condition of affairs no Liberal could aspire to a Church living; hence the complaint and the revolutionary action. The Liberals argued that the rights of the people were not guaranteed, and that the principles of democracy were violated. And "The Venerable Company," with its hated Evangelical preponderance, the safe-guard of the faith, the check of Radicalism, they would sweep out of existence.

Instigated by a prominent Liberal, the new measure obtained favor with the Grand Council. There was needed, however, ratification by the people in order to give it the sanction of law. Great excitement preceded the day of the popular vote. Both parties bestirred themselves as for a death-struggle. Secret conclaves and public meetings were held. There were lectures, addresses, sermons. There was a newspaper warfare conducted alike from a religious and a political standpoint, in the two general languages of the country, the French and the German. The Free Church appointed the day as one of humiliation and prayer, in sympathy with their brethren of the State Church in the hour of trial. Their common faith was the object of attack. Great interest and deep solemnity pervaded the religious services upon this occasion. At the close the congregation rose *en masse* in the renewal of their covenant of allegiance to the faith of their fathers. It was a scene sacred and imposing. The new body of old Catholics, also, took the alarm. Père Hyacinthe hurled one of his most elegant philippics against infidelity. He felt the citadel of the Church to be in danger. He pronounced unbelief to be a greater enemy than Ultramontanism. Not satisfied with doubting and resisting the truth, it seeks the pulpit. "I wash my hands of all sympathy with this false liberalism of to-day. Formerly when one received not the faith he withdrew from the Church, or founded new organizations. Now they will come

in, and substitute for the faith their own negations. Here, where you come not, where you pray not, where you commune not, you wish to be masters. Our church will be one of believers, not one of unbelievers. In this pulpit one doctrine, one morality will be preached, not two. If this should ever be impossible, I will retire and take refuge in the true Universal Church, and wait for the time of reform." These words of courage and sympathy elicited the hearty thanks of Protestant pastors. But all was of no avail. Placards covered the walls. The Liberals posted their bills. "Vote this new law, because it is a work of progress. It ensures entire liberty of belief. This is the true character of a National Church. It is a work of progress because it destroys the remains of the ancient Calvinistic spirit which for three centuries has been the strongest support of the Genevese aristocracy. Radical citizens, the contest is more political than religious. It is a contest between liberty and intolerance, democracy and authority, progress and the clerical spirit. *Vive la Democratie! Vive Genève!*"

The day came, a beautiful sacred Sabbath. During the hours of divine service, while men were crying unto God, and exhorting the faithful to steadfastness, votes that affected the destiny of the Church were dropped into the urn. Men who never entered the portals of the Church, men who were in deadly hostility to all faith, rejoiced in the exercise of their newly gotten franchise for its overthrow. And the victory was won. Out of eight thousand votes the Liberals polled a majority of eight hundred.

The Church has been thus bound, and taken captive by the minions of the civil authority. Voltaire and Rousseau have become the tutelar deities of Geneva. It is no longer the city of Calvin. "The 26th of April," cry exultingly the victors, "has buried its most terrible antagonist, intolerance. Liberty of conscience, written in the soul of the Genevese people, is now written in the constitution. The Church is at last constituted upon a basis democratic and liberal, consequently more true and Christian. It is a Protestant progression (?) in harmony with modern aspirations." The Evangelical party acknowledge and bewail their disaster. They declare "the former National Protestant Church of Geneva has ceased to exist, and there is nothing left in its place but a

species of religious establishment which is not a church, in the sense at least, that has hitherto attached to the term." They affirm that the Church has now lost the right "even to constitute itself upon any Christian basis whatever."

A secession from the establishment of this party was thought to be inevitable. Their leading organ, the "*Semaine Religieuse*," declared this to be the only possible step to be taken. After many anxious and prayerful deliberations, however, a contrary conclusion has been arrived at. The Evangelical pastors united in issuing an address to the people, recording their protest against the action that had been taken, but stating that, having maturely reflected upon this grave and solemn question before God, they had come unanimously to the determination to remain within the establishment. They then proceed to adduce the reasons therefor. They remain in order to be faithful to the souls committed to their charge. They remain to raise still higher, and hold more firmly, the standard of positive Christianity; making no compromise with error, defending the truth against every foe. They remain to cement together all the vital forces in the National Church, to form a closer and more sacred union, "to organize within the establishment the true church, the church of believers, in waiting for the day when the separation of the Church from the State being decreed, all religious beliefs can be constituted upon the ground of liberty." And they again solemnly make their confession; "affirming the Holy Scriptures, divinely inspired, to be the sole and sovereign authority in matters of faith, and that there is no other salvation save through the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, who died for our offenses, and rose for our justification."

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Evangelical laity responded to and unanimously concurred in the address and proposed action of the pastors. And here for the moment the matter rests.

There are those without who condemn the step taken, or rather the step not taken, in that good men refuse to shake the dust from their feet of a corrupt, politico-religious establishment. There are those among the purest Christian believers and most earnest Christian workers of Geneva who look upon the death-blow the National Church has received as a deserved judgment from God, inasmuch as it has

long connived with error, evangelical men within its fold giving to the Gospel in too great a degree an uncertain sound, their voices not being raised in firm and united protest. And more than all that the ban of this same Church, against Gaussen, Malor and D'Aubigné, of sacred memory, has never been revoked, the anathema to-day resting upon their honored graves. Others rejoice that it is a long stride towards disestablishment. This consummation devoutly to be wished would indeed seem, in the present aspect of affairs, to be inevitable and near at hand.

If one examines the new ecclesiastical law for the city and canton of Geneva, he will not adjudge the language of the Evangelical pastors, with reference thereto, to be too strong. The chief innovations are as follows: The entire city of Geneva shall constitute one parish. The whole body of electors, not excluding Romanists, are entitled to vote upon questions affecting the Protestant Church. Thus, the political majority, of whatever faith, can place a minister in any pulpit without respect to the wants or wishes of the individual parish in which such pulpit is located. The Liberals, with their acknowledged majority can foist upon every church in Geneva a Liberal pastor. Again, under the old constitution, pastors could only be chosen from the National Protestant Church and those who had prosecuted their studies in the schools of Geneva. Under the new law there is no such limitation. Herein is a radical change, begotten by the extremity and in the interest, of Liberalism. Candidates from any land may now be inducted into the Genevese pulpits.

It is also provided by the new measure that each pastor shall teach or preach freely on his own responsibility. This liberty shall not be restrained by any confession of faith or liturgical forms. This is a most startling innovation. It makes the quasi-church free indeed. A person of any belief, or of no belief, may proclaim his peculiar views from the pulpit. It is not required that he even be Protestant; he may be Romanist, Jew, Mussulman, Deist or Atheist. There is nothing to controvert his liberty and independence. He may do away with Christian baptism or with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; there is no redress. The power is virtually lodged in the Council d'Etat, and the occupation of "The Venerable Company of Pastors" is gone. It is no longer a union of Church

and State, but a subjection of the Church to the State. Politicians will henceforth control its destiny.

Such developments, such crises, reveal afresh, and more glaringly, the abominations of a State Church. It is to-day the curse of the continent of Europe. It displaces a living faith by a political tenet. It makes the very name of church and priest odious to the people. It transforms that which should be the messenger of peace and good will into an instrument of strife and bitter hate. It entrusts sacred things to

the unclean hands of reckless demagogues.

Its days, however, are numbered. The incubus will be lifted from the peoples. Events are marching rapidly on in the old world. The great question of Europe is the question of Church and State. It affects the internal peace of empires, and the attitudes of States towards each other. Through the irresistible logic of events will be severed the long-held and closely-knit bonds; and the voice of the people concerning the Church will go forth: "*Loose it and let it go.*"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Charles Sumner.

THE eulogists have paid their tributes, and those tributes have been hearty, elaborate and eloquent. The American Press has been just and even generous in its praise of one who has occupied a place in the front rank of those who have wrought in American institutions and American politics a great evolution. Poesy has brought its flowers to mother in beauty and sweetness the great man's grave. He rests from Herculean toil; from the obloquy of enemies; from the fawning of friends; from forensic strife, and from the perplexities that addressed him from a turbulent future. It is not likely that his genius will be estimated at its exact worth during this generation, or that his work will be discriminatingly and impartially weighed. That he was a great man, there is no question. That he was a man of strong convictions, of honest and earnest purposes, of genuine patriotism, of fine learning and remarkable gifts is, we suppose, universally conceded. Still the question remains to be settled whether, in any proper sense, he can be regarded as having been a wise statesman or an astute politician.

As we remember him, throughout his public career, he seems only to have been a moral reformer, clothed with political power. He was only more powerful than Phillips and Garrison, in that he had the vote to give which they had not, and an opportunity which they did not possess, to discuss a question of common interest to the three on the floor of the United States Senate. That he did his work no better than his great anti-slavery compeers could have done it, in the same place, may legitimately be doubted. He was one of them, actuated by the same motives, driving first, last and always to the same thing. Slavery, to him, was the great crime of the nation and the age; and to its destruc-

tion, and the destruction of the political power that was built upon it, he bent all the force of his powerful nature, and contributed all the wealth of his culture and his character. He subordinated everything to this. This was his mission, and by following it, with the exclusiveness and persistence that characterized his course, he voluntarily relinquished,—though unconsciously,—that impartial consideration of public questions which characterizes the wise and comprehensive statesman, and that adaptation to conditions and emergencies that makes the politician. After all the credit shall be given to Mr. Sumner that of right belongs to him as a legislator, it will be found that to take out of his career all that he achieved within the lines of his great reform, will leave next to nothing on which to build a public reputation. General Wilson, with little of his power, and none of his erudition, was a better and safer worker in the ordinary practical affairs of legislation than he. We are aware that this is a point on which he was sensitive, and on which his most ardent admirers are not less so; but we believe the judgment we have rendered will stand. The truth is he could no more have been a statesman, or a politician, with a great moral issue before the nation, than he could have been a traitor. It was his nature to seize upon this and to hold to it, subordinating everything else to it. He may have been greater or less for this: that involves a question which each man will settle for himself.

The unlovely side of Mr. Sumner was exposed in Mr. Curtis's eulogy—by far the best, most comprehensive and sympathetic of all the eulogies that have been uttered. When the eulogist, on one occasion had ventured to suggest that the Senator had sincere opponents, and that there was some reason on the other side, he responded; "Upon such a question there is no other side." This response was

entirely characteristic. Mr Sumner was an enormous egotist—partly so by the superlative strength of his convictions, and partly by natural constitution. He saw but one side, he admitted that there could be but one side, and assumed that he held it. In his position there could be no greater despot than he. It is no secret that with his compeers of the Senate Mr. Sumner was not a favorite, even among those who voted with him, and who acknowledged him in some sense to be their leader. He was arrogant, dictatorial, imperious. His bearing was that of a man who saw no peer. This, of course, rendered him unpopular with all those who felt such an assumption to be a personal insult. During a portion of his career,—the early portion,—this egotism was not without its good results. The North had been brow-beaten by a band of accustomed legislators, who understood the uses of arrogance, and were not bashful in employing it. To this Mr. Sumner had the privilege and power to oppose a nature and temper so wonderfully self-assured and self-sufficient that no headway could be made against him. He was a rock that not only stood unmoved by the waves of arrogance that beat against him, but hurled them back upon the angry sea, shattered into harmless spray. It was around him and behind him in this attitude that the strength of the North gathered.

As the smoke of the great conflict in which he bore so prominent a part has cleared away, and the animosities and antagonisms begotten of his imperious temperament are forgotten over his grave, it is delightful to find so many who loved him tenderly, to learn that to the distressed he was beneficent; to the humble, kind; to those who served him, gracious; and to his friends, genial and companionable. The tributes that have come to him from the humble walks of life are those which speak loudest of the fine quality of his manhood.

Mr. Sumner follows the rule of great men, however, in his personal friendships, and in the exhibition of the better, or more lovable, side of his nature. Very few great men are loved by their peers. There is only space in one room for one great man. Every great man is the center of a system, and the system is always made up of lesser orbs, which have no dispute with him as to preponderance or pre-eminence. This establishes the conditions of gracious intercourse and personal attachment. Mr. Webster, Henry Clay, and all the rest were like him in this. Mr. Webster's friends were his worshipers, and so were Mr. Sumner's; and the attitude they assumed was one which would have created amiability, even if it had not been already there waiting to be evoked.

To the young men of America, and particularly to those who are ambitious of political distinction. Mr. Sumner's life conveys a very important lesson. Whatever his friends may urge to the contrary, he was throughout his career, a *doctrinaire*: a theorist in politics, a moralist in statesmanship. When he came into political life, he saw one great wrong to

be uprooted, one malign institution to be overthrown, one political power to be destroyed. In this view, he beheld his mission; and apprehending it clearly, he assumed it. From that day to the day of his death, he devoted himself to this one thing, and on his death-bed the principal cause of his anxiety was an immature bill which seemed necessary to the completion of his work. That all his work was wise we do not believe. That the closing measure which gave him so much solicitude was most unwise, in many of its features, we are certain. But it is easy to see that this work, so conscientiously followed through so many years, has made him immortal. While hundreds of his fellows have come and gone, with their intrigues and compromises and show of statesmanship and party expedients, he has won the laurel. He has carried a dominating moral principle into politics, and kept it there, in defiance of hate and spite and violence; and he carries off a crown. He was armed to do right, and to institute and organize right, for right's sake, and humanity's sake, and his country's sake. He has won the plaudits of more than a moiety of his countrymen, and if he has accomplished his great object, the years are not far distant when he will be universally regarded as one of the nation's greatest benefactors.

Prof. Swing.

THERE is one aspect of Prof. Swing's case that has failed to elicit the comment which its significance demands, and to this we purpose, briefly, to call attention. He has had, from the moment of his arraignment before an ecclesiastical tribunal, the sympathy, both of the Christian and unchristian public. Before the public knew definitely what the charges were against him, and after those charges were published, he had the open and outspoken good-will of all classes, all sects, and all free-minded individuals. It would have made no difference with the public if the decision in his case had been what Prof. Patton desired, except, perhaps, to have given him the unction of a martyr and made him even more popular than he is. Why?

On the roughest Sunday of last winter the writer of this article was in Chicago, and responded gladly to an invitation to hear Prof. Swing preach. He went to a large, cold theater, and found it filled. We venture to say that not a church in that city had half as many attendants on that inclement day, as had eagerly gathered to this theater to hear Prof. Swing. The building was as cold as a barn—so cold, that the preacher was obliged to curtail his services somewhat, though not a soul left the house on account of the discomfort and the danger. The man who could command such an audience, on such a day, became naturally an object of curious study and the most the writer could make out of him was that he was a clear, vigorous, independent thinker. Orator he was not. Charlatan in any sense he was not. There was about him none of the clap-trap

that so often accompanies popular pulpit gifts. The sermon was written, and was not thoroughly well delivered; but by its clear argumentation, and powerful and brilliant illustration, it made a profound impression upon the memory, and left a strong desire to drink again at the same fountain. It was a Christian sermon in spirit, purpose and effect; and differed only from many other strong sermons, from other lips, in that it left the impression that the preacher did his own thinking with perfect independence of all written formulas of faith.

This we believe to be the secret of his hold upon the people of Chicago, and upon the sympathies of the whole country; and the confidence in him at home, and the faith in him among those who do not know him, come from the popular conviction that he preaches the truths of Christianity precisely as he, in his individual judgment, apprehends them; that he preaches them purely in the interest of Christianity and humanity; and that he has the fortunes of no sect or party to serve. We believe this to be a fair exposition of the secret of his hold upon the people. There are, probably, others in Chicago with as much learning, as fine rhetorical and dialectical skill, and as pure a Christian purpose as Prof. Swing. There are preachers there of finer presence and greater eloquence than he; but there is something in him that draws the masses, alike of cultured and uncultured men and women, which those preachers do not possess. If that something be not the precise something which we have indicated, we should be glad to hear it named. Here is a good test case, and when it is thoroughly examined, we shall find that the people throng to hear Prof. Swing simply, or mainly, because he is a free man, saying nothing because his written creed requires it, and refraining from saying nothing because his written creed condemns it. He holds his reason and his common sense above the dogmatic theology of the schools, and takes his Christianity directly from the Gospels, unformulated by the hands of other men.

It is said that error, and what is called liberal Christianity, are attractive to the unchristian world. This is given as the reason why Theodore Parker and Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Collyer have attracted large crowds. The reason does not apply in this case. Those who have tried Prof. Swing declare that he is not guilty of heresy, and those who have heard him preach know that he is thoroughly true to what may be denominated the evangelical ideas of Christianity. He has preached a pure doctrine and a true Christian life. He has been reverent to the Scriptures, and true to the Master, and yet he has been, and is, as popular as any of those whose names we have written. And when we come to the real reason of the popularity of the men called heterodox, we shall find it precisely the same as that which makes Prof. Swing the popular favorite that he is. Their absolute freedom is their charm. There is, undoubtedly, something

deeper than the demand for freedom in our teachers which has had something to do with this case. It is coming more and more to be understood that the great end of Christianity is character,—to transform bad character into good character, to make good men out of bad men, to substitute benevolence for selfishness, as the rule of life,—this is recognized, more and more, as the mission of Christianity. More and more, too, is it seen that all the sects hold their Christianity in such form, that in numberless instances this supreme consummation is reached. Therefore it is that dogmatic theology is deemed of comparatively little importance. A church may be orthodox, and by the confession of its own members, be cold, inefficient and even dead. Orthodoxy saves nobody; Christian love and Christian character save anybody. Therefore it is that when a useful, efficient, laborious and popular Christian teacher is pounced upon as a heretic, with the definite intention of curtailing his influence, the public heart rebels. Results are what the world wants. It is seen to be more important that men be saved and edified into a Christian manhood, than that maintenance shall be given to some non-essential dogma that has found its way into the creed of the sect with which the preacher finds himself associated. It is safe to say that any free Christian teacher in this country, who drives straight toward the true Christian end, will have hearers in plenty. If there is not something to be learned from this fact, among those who find their churches growing thinner year by year, then they are neither wise in reading the will of their Master, nor quick in interpreting the signs of the times.

The Struggle for Wealth.

No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and faring meanly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. There is a sad side to this pleasant picture. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly come from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better. An impassable gulf exists between them and the educated and aristocratic classes—a gulf which they have recognized from their birth; and, having recognized this, they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no far-off, crowning good for them to aim at, so they try to get

what they can on the way. They make much of fête-days, and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power to labor lasts.

In America it is very different. A humble backwoodsman sits in the presidential chair, or did sit there but recently; a tailor takes the highest honors of the nation; a canal-driver becomes a powerful millionaire; a humble clerk grows into a merchant prince, absorbing the labor and supplying the wants of tens of thousands. In city, state and national politics, hundreds and thousands may be counted of those who, by enterprise, and self-culture, and self-assertion, have raised themselves from the humblest positions to influence and place. There is no impassable gulf between the low and the high. Every man holds the ballot, and, therefore, every man is a person of political power and importance. The ways of business enterprise are many, and the rewards of success are munificent. Not a year, nor, indeed, a month, passes by, that does not illustrate the comparative ease with which poor men win wealth or acquire power.

The consequence is that all but the wholly brutal are after some great good that lies beyond their years of toil. The European expects always to be a tenant; the American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for his home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and its rewards comparatively bountiful, so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself, works early and late, and bends his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great good that beckons him on from the far-off, golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation, it is purely for health's sake, and at long intervals, or in great emergencies. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquirement. So America presents the anomaly

of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain. Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more childlike, when acquired among genial, everyday delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than a dollar's worth of anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but the present, they will be a happy people—happier and better than they have been. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," may not be an accepted maxim in political economy, but it was uttered by the wisest being that ever lived in the world, whose mission it was to make men both good and happy.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHEN you sit near the fountain in the square in the evening, eating strawberries from a brown paper cornucopia, and a belt of lights stretches across the view, about one-third of the way up from your feet to the stars—lights of the windows around the square, lights of the theater and hotel entrances, of the drug stores and the bar-rooms, and the lights of the fruit-stalls; when two or three green flags among those that grow at the edge of the water flutter and dance crazily all by themselves; when the crashing street noises grow softer; when people do not hurry by so fast, as if only taking the square in their race for the boarding-house; when a gentle breeze stirs among the branches and flurries about the fountain; when the fountain itself makes a gentle dark gray against the sky (perhaps that is the gentlest thing of all); when the man in his shirt-sleeves, with a stick in his hand, walks around on the curb and will not let you catch cold by sitting on the stones, and will not let you pick the forget-me-nots just inside the basin; when you wonder whether, as your Philistine friend approaches, you shall hide your strawberries or offer him some; when you take a simple pleasure in looking at the young men and young maidens who do not mind your looking at them while they hold each other's hands and talk audibly, though not ostentatiously, about their sincere affection for each other; when you refuse to have your boots blacked by any one of seven; when you are surprised to see a couple get up and go away, for it seems so much like a play or an opera, with reserved seats, and you are not prepared to have people leave suddenly; when men begin to fall asleep here and there, and the policeman shakes them up and makes them move on; when you begin to think it is getting a little cool, and perhaps you had better go in, and therefore every moment is a stolen sweet—there, in the queer, glimmering, splashing, half-darkness; when you cannot see but feel afar off the fatherly, outstretched hand of General Washington on horseback—"Bless you, my children—don't stay out too late;" when the very air seems to be burdened with the fragrance of the words carved around the base of the Lincoln Monument—then it is perplexing beyond description to think of your friend Judas Iscariot, and know that in your heart you have forgiven him, now and here, malice and not charity. I say your friend Judas Iscariot, you will understand that I do not mean any person of that name, mentioned either in sacred or profane history, but a gentleman of this century and city, for whose intellectual and moral attributes you have always had the most supreme and just contempt. And if I say "you" when I mean "I," neither will you be long deceived by that merely introductory euphemism.

It is true that this is a man of whom his biographer will say that he stood high in the community. His biographer has, indeed, already said it in the Biographical Dictionary, where you will find a paragraph containing all those details upon which a man lovingly lingers when called upon to write a sketch of his own life. The newspapers have also said it. To-morrow morning's "Reticule" will say it again. I speak with confidence, for I saw J. I. himself coming out of the local editor's office at a late hour this very afternoon. Some of his latest acquaintances will, doubtless, declare that I malign an agreeable gentleman—a gentleman of polished manners and refined sensibilities. They see no connection between the person mentioned, and him of the thirty pieces of silver—which only means that there is nothing large, adventurous, or tragic in this man's baseness. He has no soul for a great crime. He is small in his treacheries, ridiculous in his pretensions, hollow as to his reputation, underhand and petty in his dealings with his washerwoman, his wife, his neighbor, and his God; false at heart; a fawner; a flatterer; a self-seeker, and a sycophant. If I should drop into tautology in describing his contemptible qualities there would be no excuse for me, because there are a thousand sides to his character, and they are all unpleasant. I have known other mean and disagreeable persons; I have even known persons who had every one of his vices, and not a single redeeming virtue. But this man has so to speak, a patent on the combination. I have believed from childhood that the Lord loves every human being he has made; but how the Lord can love this creature of his is almost as great a mystery to me as the origin of evil. Perhaps if I could understand one, I could understand the other.

I intended, when I began this essay, to sketch the characters of two or three other persons towards whom I find it difficult to be charitable. But I am afraid they would look like pigmies beside this giant of respectable iniquity. I have played my best card.

Yes, you are right, my Biblical friend—"The greatest of these is charity." Here I sit with the most pleasant surroundings imaginable; having not an enemy on earth that I know of; with pleasant prospects in life; with my heart running over with good-will toward all mankind—until suddenly some one happens to pass by who reminds me of Judas Iscariot; and all at once, morally speaking, I become a ravening lion—a malicious and uncharitable monster. O Abraham Lincoln—Salvator Patriæ—how could you do it! And if you couldn't do it, how did you have the face to say it!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Word for the Children.

OUR summer exodus is, perhaps, the only instance of a freak of fashion which has broadened into a great social movement, founded on common sense and prudence. A few wealthy people, two generations ago, fell into the habit of frequenting the watering-places, to find amusement for themselves, or eligible matches for their daughters; but now, every clerk or mechanic who can afford a few spare dollars, sends his wife and babies to a Long Island farm-house, or the Jersey beach, and runs down himself over Sunday, in the hope of laying up a stock of strength to last them all through the drudgery and bodily drain of the rest of the year. Many, of course, go because it is "the thing" to go; but be their motive what it may, there is no wiser or more necessary social movement than the periodical emptying of the cities during the heated malarious months of July and August into the pure air and calm healthy expanse of the mountains and seabeaches. There is one class, however, who are forced to remain in town, for whom we have just at this time a word, and a most urgent word, to speak. We mean the children of parents too poor to give them the fresh air, which, during the diseases of the first five years of their lives, is absolutely necessary to them, and for the want of which, in the seaboard cities, they are dying by the thousand, every year. The records of mortality for the three summer months almost invariably apportion two-thirds of the deaths to the children from, teething or cholera infantum, for which the only cure is pure air. During the intense heat of '72, the deaths from these causes in New York were double those of any equal time since the foundation of the city. Verily, it was a wholesale murder of the innocents, cruel and causeless as that of Herod! These are the facts of the case. If any of our readers, floating down some shady stream with this page before them, or lying idly beside the cool, creeping tide, could be brought back to town for an hour, and see the wan, dying little creatures carried by their miserable mothers, in the evening and morning, into the shade of the squares for the chance of the breath of pure air for which they are struggling, they would find the terrible pathos of it. There is ample provision for every kind of disease and need in New York but this—the most fatal of all. It is true that a few hospitals, under the control of private charitable associations, are accustomed to take those of their own patients out of town who require it; but, with these exceptions, there is no summer refuge for sick children away from the city, where they can receive the nursing and especial medical attention which they need. Philadelphia, we believe, has children's hospitals in the country and at Atlantic City, to

which the poor are admitted every summer. Now this great and crying need is, we think, a matter which concerns our homes and society quite as much as the last adVICES in fashion. We choose to urge it, therefore, on every man who is enjoying his summer holiday at ease and in quietude. Free excursions are well enough as far as they go, but how far do they go towards saving the life of a child dying of cholera infantum or marasmus? A costly building and high-salaried permanent corps of nurses are not needed for this charity. A vacant farm-house on the coast or in the mountains which could be rented for a few weeks, would answer; the expense of fitting it up with temporary beds, &c., would be a mere tithe of the annual sum required to maintain our large hospitals, while the saving in life would be more certain and larger. Could—a much more commendable plan,—how easy would be for any one of our readers to find boarding in some farmer's or fisherman's cottage for some poor mother and her child for this month of August always the most fatal of the year. The price of a new *fichu*, or bit of bric-à-brac, would give to an over-worked woman, at least, health and rest, and certainty for the rest of her life of beauty and quietude which she had almost forgotten were in the world, and to her dying baby all that it asks—unpoisoned air to breathe, and a chance to live.

The Tent under the Beech.

It is safe to say that of the thousands who start this month summering along the beaten track in the mountains, at the springs, and beside the sea, but very few will return in the fall thoroughly satisfied with the summer's experience. There seems to be a growing prejudice against the fashionable centers, and all of them are discovered to have disadvantages which are rather increased than diminished by years of prosperity. To those of a limited purse, who are obliged to consider the matter in financial aspects, the exorbitance of the charges is the first and greatest objection. The accommodations are often meager and of an inferior quality, and the repose of informality is impossible. The result is, that the American pleasure-seeking public is eager to find some method of eluding the general expensiveness and the necessity of elaborate tolls incurred at these centers, without falling into the snares of the traditional cheap boarding-house, with its bad bread and slipshod society.

We have recently heard of a party, consisting of eight or ten families of neighbors, who, after a careful estimate of expenses, decided to spend the summer camping out on the shore of a beautiful lake about six miles from the city of M——. They took with them thirteen tents—one for the dining-room, a second for the kitchen, and a smaller one for

visions, etc. Each of the others contained one or two beds, a washstand and a bureau, though others who have tried this plan prefer a trunk to the bureau. The parlor consisted of a sheltered wooden platform, rustically furnished, and commanded a superb view of the lake scenery. Hammocks were suspended under the dense foliage, and here the ladies brought their fancy work, books and periodicals. Accompanying the party were three cooks and two coachmen. A carriage and a light wagon were sent to the city every morning, and the freshest provisions thus supplied. Milk was readily procured from a farmer's near at hand, where the horses were also stabled. Light, loose and healthful clothing was generally worn. The youngsters were dressed plainly, and turned out to romp and gather flowers, and climb trees, and delve in the dirt to their hearts' content. The "urchin" element received full recognition and encouragement, to the corresponding improvement of both health and temper. The lake afforded the finest rowing and fishing, the air was pure and the scenery picturesque. Excursions of all kinds were made in every direction, and at the end of six weeks the party voted unanimously to return to the same place in the succeeding summer.

One charm of this plan of living is its elasticity. As many servants and nurses can be taken as occasion may require, and the details may be arranged to meet the circumstances and tastes of the party.

Tube-Drinking.

DURING these warm days, the temptation always is to drink more liquid than is best for us. A good way to obviate this, and at the same time to slake the thirst fully, is to take water, lemonade, or iced tea, through a small glass tube—the smaller the better. By this method, the liquid seems to reach the palate more directly, and certainly quenches the thirst with half the quantity taken after the ordinary manner. You may test this to your satisfaction by using and dispensing with a tube on alternate days. A number of persons of our acquaintance who have been in the habit of drinking so much water in summer as to render themselves uncomfortable, have tried the tube, and been surprised at the reduced quantity needed, and at the increased satisfaction gained. An old-fashioned "straw" will answer the purpose, well enough.

Losing Money.

MEN are incessantly talking of woman's proneness to lose money through carelessness. It might be said, in behalf of the latter, that they have and handle so little money, that they never learn how to look after it. But a more direct and practical reason is that they usually carry pocket-books too small for the accommodation of bank-notes or even fractional currency. In order to crowd their money or change into their porte-monnaies, they are obliged

to fold it in such a manner as to render it liable to fall out whenever the porte-monnaie is open. If they would buy pocket-books a little more spacious, they would have less of this trouble, and be comparatively free from anxiety on the subject. The pocket-book should be long enough and deep enough to contain, without rumpling, a folded bank-note, or the largest denomination of fractional currency, without folding.

Just here may be mentioned the habit into which many women fall in making purchases, of not counting the change they receive. Some refrain from this from indolence, nervousness, or heedlessness. Others again are influenced by the absurd notion that they shall seem mean—the bugbear of Americans generally, who really show their regard for money by affecting to despise it. Tradesmen much prefer that change should be counted before customers leave the shop, since they are often annoyed by requests to correct errors which they believe they have not made. Outside of this country, everybody, whatever his or her wealth or position, examines bills and counts change carefully; and the sooner we learn to do the same, the sooner we shall reach the plane of common-sense and business dealing.

Two Games.

RING Toss and Magic Hoops are so nearly alike that one description almost serves for both. The former has a slender wooden post, securely fastened in a wooden base, and a number of slender, wooden hoops of the same size. The game consists of trying to throw the hoops on the post, from a distance of fifteen or twenty feet; scoring a certain number for each hoop. The number of rounds is determined by the players.

Magic Hoops has a similar post; but several hoops of various sizes, scoring different figures when caught round the post. These two little games, which seem to amount to nothing, are really entertaining; provocative of interest from their deceptive simplicity. No one can tell how difficult it is to toss twenty feet a light, wooden ring, that offers no resistance to the air, and have it alight in any place aimed at. These are peculiarly wet-weather amusements, because they are as well adapted to the parlor and piazza as to the lawn.

Children and Money.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:—A very sensible article is that in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for March, about "Children and Money." But why not go a little further and suggest that children be taught to do little necessary things for which they may receive a just compensation, the money so earned to be their own for "experience" to teach them how to spend wisely. Can "experience" teach the "merest youngster" how to wisely spend money he never earned? Is not the "sense of responsibility" of having in our possession money to spend, more earnestly felt, if we have the added responsibility of having first earned it? Will not children, as well as those who have reached more mature years, have a clearer idea of the value of money when they have learned by "experience" just how much brain or muscle work it takes to

acquire "sixpences and shillings?" If children were taught to judiciously earn, as well as to judiciously spend what others earn, would not there be fewer dishonest men and women, and fewer bank defaulters, and would not the "desirable feeling of self-dependence" be more thoroughly gained? Is not the principle of depending on the fruits of others' labor, without rendering a just equivalent, a principle only one step nearer honesty than the one that impels children, as well as grown men and women, to appropriate for their own use what they know does not belong to them?

Yours, &c., W.

We are not sure about this. We have known parents not only to abstain from hiring their young children to do anything for them, but to teach them not to take money from anybody for anything, without first consulting them; and we have known the effect to be not so much loose notions about money, as very strict notions about meanness—in fact an apparent annihilation of any possible sordid tendencies.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Cottier & Co.

UNTIL the good time coming, when any carpenter who knows his trade will be able to make us furniture that shall unite comfort, solidity, and good looks, we must be content, we suppose, to depend upon the cabinet-maker and the "decorator,"—two purely modern make-shifts,—for anything elegant or distinctive by which we may hope to vary a little the monotony of our houses, or to relieve their common-place.

In the old time, in the wondrous mother-age, the carpenter and the cabinet-maker were one and the same man; and "stuffing" was confined to the fowl, as it should be now. Yet, "it is not but a little while ago" that a carpenter who had gone through the mill of apprenticeship could make any piece of furniture that is in common use, in a style that would at least give no offense to an artistic eye. It must be admitted, however, that there are very few such carpenters left, though there are some, even to-day, who can carry out in a thorough and sympathetic style any design that may be furnished them by an architect—provided it do not call for too much carving. And even this difficulty, which, a few years ago, was a serious one, is much diminished since Mr. Ellen came to us from England.

But, although the rule that makes us dependent on the cabinet-maker and upholsterer is now and then broken, it is inevitable that, for most people, the only thing to be done when the question of house-furnishing comes up is, to go to the Marcottes, and Herters, and Rouxs, if they have Fortunatus's purse, and to Canal street, if they have only the widow's purse, before she gave the mite. There is, of course, Sypher's, and, for certain people, Sypher's is the very place. For the majority, however, it is too unconventional, requires too much independence, and implies too sentimental a love of the past and its fashions. We are speaking now of the antiquarian part of Sypher's establishment, the part that distinguishes it from the cut-and-dried cabinet-makers' shops. It is the only real bric-à-brac maga-

zine we have in New York, and with money and taste in equal quantities, a young couple may make even a New York house attractive, by picking up, now a chair, and now a table; to-day a lot of china, and to-morrow a looking-glass in a quaint frame. But they must expect to do this sort of thing in a leisurely way. It takes time and patience, besides no little judgment, and one must make large allowance for mistakes and disappointments. Sypher's is a pleasant place to move about in, and we owe him many of our household treasures, but we are aware he won't do for everybody, and the great majority of people, who are bent on being in the fashion, and up to the times, and who have no weak sentiment about grandmothers, must be cared for;—and the place for them is Cottier's.

There can hardly be a more delightful surprise for the lover of rich color and beautiful form than to pass directly from the dull uniformity and architectural ugliness of the Fifth Avenue into the show-room of Cottier & Co. This room seems as strange in New York, as a rose-bed with nightingales and a fountain would be, come upon in the back yard of a First Avenue tenement-house. Looking at the best of our rich men's houses, where individual taste has but little play, and where the whim of fashion and the hour is fed, not by men working in the domain of art, but by shopkeepers whose business is only to exchange their tawdry for the rich man's money—the effect of this apartment, so splendid and yet so quiet, exhilarating and yet soothing to the sense, teaches a good, solid lesson—that money can do nothing by itself, it must be content to take its place as a servant, and it is only when used by taste that enjoys what it produces, that anything artistic or decorative worth having, is produced. For, all this wall and ceiling decoration is produced at a cost far less than would be imagined by those who know what the regulation-drill get-up of New York drawing-rooms costs the unhappy people who feel obliged not only to sleep in the Procrustes-bed of our society, but to pay for their lodging beside

It is not, however, the fitting-up of this room that will be of the most interest to those seeking to make their homes beautiful, for it would rarely be worth while to spend so much money and time on a landlord's house as this would call for; it is the furniture, the chairs and tables and side-boards, the curtain-stuffs, the glass and china, that will excite the heart's desire. It is small praise to say that things like these have never been seen here before, because there has never existed a taste here that demanded such satisfaction. Indeed it is only within the past ten years that even in England,—where household decoration is now far in advance of what it is in France,—it has been of a character to please an artist's eye or a layman's cultivated taste. And there can be no complaint that we Americans are slow to be taught. Let a few years pass and we are sure the lesson that Messrs. Cottier are teaching us will have been so learned, that they will be put upon their mettle to keep up with us. For in America, there is a real love of comfort and of beauty; we love our homes, and gladly welcome any news of how to make them more agreeable to our friends and to ourselves. We are all sick of tameness and copying, and only ask to be shown the better way, to walk in it with a will.

George Eliot in Verse.*

THAT the poet is born, and not made, writers like George Eliot are constantly convincing us. They have naturally, or they teach themselves, "the accomplishment of verse." They know and practice its laws, and are skillful in the use of its devices. All that can be learned is theirs—all but "the vision and the faculty divine." This eludes them, and, search for it as they may, it is not to be captured. It comes unsought to men like Burns, and Bloomfield, and Clare. "The huts where poor men lie" are its chosen haunts.

George Eliot is a woman of genius. It is the fashion just now to say that no living English novelist is her equal. This may or may not be true. But we can name a dozen living English poets whose verse is in every way superior to hers. Miss Angelou is one, to begin with the ladies, and Miss Rossetti another; and, as for the gentlemen, surely her ardent admirers would not name her in the same breath with Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, Allingham, and the rest. Why, Allingham's little fairy song, "Up the airy mountain," is worth more, as poetry, than her two volumes of labored verse. Her intellect may be, and perhaps is, of a larger order than theirs, but unhappily for her it is not a poetical intellect. It is too hard, too cold, too metaphysical, ever to win for her more than the semblance of success as a poet. Her sense of form is good, but she has no sense of color. She reasons, but she does not create. Her lines scan well, but

there is no movement in her verse. It goes like a well-regulated instrument. You hear in the beginning the click of the machinery which sets it going, and when you reach the end, you expect to hear it still; but it has stopped, because it has run down. She has twice essayed the English heroic measure, or one which passes for it now, and which, to our thinking, is better than the heroic measure of Pope and Dryden—the measure of Keats, in "Lamia," of Hunt, in "The Story of Rimini," and of Marlowe, in "Hero and Leander." "The Legend of Jubal" is one of these essays; "How Liza Loved the King" is the other. Neither is successful. The "Legend" is dull reading. It is full of prosaic lines that appear to have been written for some purpose which we have not been able to detect. If it was to convey an idea of remoteness of time and simplicity of manner, it has failed. Tennyson has shown George Eliot the way to success in this direction in "Dora," if she had but known it, and Clough has bettered the instruction of the Laureate in his "Jacob," and "Song of Lamech," which are noble Biblical productions. As representative, and, in a certain sense, dramatic, studies "A Minor Prophet" and "Stradivarius" are entitled to considerable praise. They recall Browning, whose manner, which at its best is violent, is quietly improved upon. The poem of the volume, for there is one, is "Brother and Sister"—a series of eleven sonnets, made up of little episodes of child-life. They are apparently real,—that is to say, they read like genuine recollections,—and they are certainly charming.

Art versus Heart.*

THE poetry of the period puzzles us more and more. Judging it by the eye and the ear, we have no fault to find with it, but judging it otherwise we find a thousand faults with it. We do not understand much of it, and we certainly do not feel it. If we could have reached its writers before they wrote, we would have said to them—"More matter with less art." To which they would have doubtless replied, in the words of Polonius:

"Madam, I swear I use no art at all."

And they would probably have emphasized the "Madam," for to give advice to a writer of to-day, particularly a young one, is to sink in his estimation to the level of the veriest old granny. Here is Mrs. Piatt, now—we wish we could impress upon her mind the necessity of putting more heart into her poetry. She has art enough, and more than enough, but lacks sentiment, tenderness, feeling. It is a curious deficiency, too, when we look into the substance of some of her poems. "Sometime," for example, touches upon a thought which must come into the mind of every loving wife and husband, *i.e.*, that one will have to die before the other.

* The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems, by George Eliot. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, etc. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"Well, either you or I,
After whatever is to say is said,
Must see the other die,
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,
Sometime."

The theme is pathetic, but there is no pathos in the poem. How has Mrs. Piatt missed it? One would think there was something touching in the recollection of a dead child, but we do not find it in "Their Lost Picture." "Sweetness of Bitterness," a poem of wonderments, shows far more feeling.

"I wonder if my hair were gray,
It would not then be sweet to see
Some other head in gold, and say,
Shaking my own: 'Ah me! ah me!
How very pleasant it must be
To have such lovely hair as she!'"

Mrs. Piatt is at her best when she is writing for and about children. Her child-poems are dainty and imaginative. "I want it yesterday" is so charming that we overlook its unnecessary moral.

Regarded as art-work simply, the present volume is an advance upon "A Woman's Poems." Its chief fault is that it plays round the head, but comes not near the heart.

Christlieb on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief."

DR. THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, of Bonn, whose address at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in this city, last October, gained for him immediate and wide recognition as one of the ablest of living theologians, has laid the English-speaking world under new obligations by issuing a translation of eight of his lectures on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief" (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) These lectures are published in a neat octavo volume of 550 pages, the translation having been chiefly made by the Rev. H. U. Weitbrecht, Ph. D., a relative and former pupil of the author. Dr. Christlieb has himself given to the work careful supervision. The style is generally clear and accurate, though somewhat sluggish; for, unhappily, few of the orthodox writers of Germany have attained to the piquancy and vivacity of Strauss.

This volume covers the ground of Professor Christlieb's lecture at the Alliance, and considerable more, which was not then occupied. Moreover, that lecture was necessarily but an outline sketch of the arguments against modern infidelity, while in these lectures the field is pretty carefully gone over, and all the strong denials of the modern skeptics are fully met. We know of no treatise in Christian apologetics at once so thorough and so well adapted to the needs of this time. Many of the old books of Christian evidences, when read in response to the criticisms of the recent skeptics, are like the Irishman's echo: they answer back boldly enough, but their answers are not always pertinent. If the questions raised by modern unbelievers are in substance the same as those raised by the unbelievers of fifty years ago, they are in form quite different; and the reply must be addressed to the form as well as to the substance of the questions.

Dr. Christlieb thinks that it is not well "to adhere to the forms in which the old faith has crystallized, and to try to force the intellectual convictions of them upon our time in total disregard of the progress of science. By this course," he says, "the breach [between Culture and Christianity] can only be made wider. Our course is rather to endeavor to penetrate more deeply into and present more comprehensively the old truths of faith by the aid of the growing light of science." Such a avowal as this will win the respectful attention of multitudes of men of this generation who hold with firm faith to the substance of the old doctrine, yet who wish for some modification of the terms in which it is stated. It is Professor Christlieb, not Dr. Blauvelt, nor Mr. Swing, who says: "It must then be confessed that the Church theology of the last century deserves the chief blame for the general apostasy which then began from the Christian faith. Yet it is this theology of the Reformers, not only in its substance, but also in its literal forms, to which men are required, even now in this country, to assent on entering the ministry of several of the Christian denominations. It is to be hoped that the protests of Dr. Christlieb will be heard through all our borders.

The first of these lectures, on "The Existing Breach between Modern Culture and Christianity," is the ablest and most important discussion in the volume, excepting, perhaps, the chapter on "Modern non-Biblical Conceptions of God." In the first lecture the author discovers to us his method, and it is this which distinguishes him from most of the apologists. With absolute candor he will consider the arguments of doubters; he will concede all the truth they urge, and find, if he can, a common ground upon which he and they may stand together. Thus he hopes that the divorce between the Church and modern science may be prevented.

The culture which denies Christianity, and the Christianity which despises culture are, in his opinion, equally in error. "Christianity is itself culture; the true normal and highest form of culture and culture, in the highest sense of the word, is impossible without Christianity." This is the main idea of the first lecture, and it is enforced with marvelous clearness and power. Professor Shairp's delightful little book on "Culture and Religion" has the same motive; but the German's grip is stronger, and his range is wider.

The lecture on Modern Conceptions of God is also most timely. This is the spot where the battle is now hottest. The leading question in theology is the question of the existence of a personal God. "Formerly," says Dr. Christlieb, "the issue lay between Biblical Christianity and Deism. Now it lies between Christianity and—nothing; between belief in God as the personal Spirit, who is Love and the denial of God, which must be the annihilation of man's spiritual and moral being." The establishment of the doctrine of a personal God

makes probable every essential truth of supernatural Christianity. The apprehension by the writer of this, as the critical point in modern apologetics, demonstrates his clear vision; and the logical analysis to which he subjects the claims of Atheism, Materialism and Pantheism, shows him to be an acute and profound philosopher.

Books on Art.*

A FEW years ago it was not easy to find in our book stores elementary works upon art, except those written in a foreign language. The little paper-covered series, published by the London color-dealers, Winsor & Newton, were almost the only books of this kind within the reach of our art students. It is a pleasing sign of a wider interest that American publishers now find it worth while to print so many text-books of art.

The most important volume on our list is Miss Frothingham's translation of Lessing's "Laocoon." Some books suffer oblivion by reason of their renown. We are all supposed to have read them, and, therefore, do not take the trouble to do so. Lessing's "Laocoon" should be studied by all cultivated persons, and yet of E. C. Beasley's translation, published in England in 1853, only a very few copies found their way to America; and we may be sure it has been little read here in any form. The whole ground covered by Lessing is, we may almost say, the whole question of art, as art. To a thorough classical equipment this author adds the keen perception of a great poet—then with the gusto of a born critic, he analyzes, compares, explains, and, in the end, places the reader in the way of reconstructing. It is not until the entire essay is well read that his elaborate details are found, each bearing directly upon the main point—namely "the limits" of the various expressions of art. The chief lesson of the book certainly was never more needed than to-day—that painting is out of place in poetry, and the literary element out of place in painting. It was a difficult piece of translation, and is well done, though Lessing's delicate sarcasm, like the fine irony of Heine, is apt to escape in the transfer from the German to a foreign idiom.

Charles Blanc, in the preface to his "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," refers to the need, in France, of

a lucid *résumé* of all accepted ideas touching the arts of design. How much greater has been the want this side the Atlantic! Ignorance always answers your protest against some piece of bad taste with the reply,—supposed to be unanswerable,—“Well, that is *my* taste; every man his own!” In vain you urge the existence of standards; of academies that judge of merit; of trained and honest critics who examine its reasons; of refined classes who take an intelligent interest in meritorious work. What have they to do with principles to whom art is a pleasure of the senses, limited only by the individual's accidental degree of culture, perhaps by a crude apprehension of beauty undeveloped by special training. It is evident that with ignorance there can be no argument. The only thing to be done is to do away with the ignorance—give the special training, and let the culture be no more accidental in art than it is in geography. There has been a strong movement in Boston and New York during the last ten years to counteract this almost universal plea of the indolent; and the most effective method has been adopted—that of giving elementary artistic instruction to the young. Our readers know something of the work in the schools of the Cooper Institute and the Academy of Design in New York. In the Boston High Schools the experiment seems to have been so far successful. There is much yet to be accomplished by these and other means. Meanwhile our critics fill our newspapers with guesses, and every reporter thinks himself competent to sit in judgment upon the work of a master. Worse than all, the artists themselves,—accustomed to an uncultured public and an unreliable criticism,—slight education, and carry out, in the making of statue, picture and public building, the happy-go-lucky system which is the natural result of their surroundings. M. Blanc's book may not be sufficient for an entire art education. France and Germany have twenty books, not one of which a well-taught connoisseur can do without; and for the artist this work is hardly technical enough. But it is imbued with reverence (that virtue which we rule out in America), and cannot fail to convince the candid student of his own liability to error. It is itself candid, and not unduly devoted to any one school or man—a tendency which forms an element of dissolution in the teachings of so stimulating a writer as Ruskin; nor is it bound with the iron rings of a system which, in the works of a critic as eminent as Taine, fills you, from the outset, with an involuntary distrust. In style it is familiar and lucid, and though apparently written with ease, condenses a great deal of history, as well as criticism, into its three hundred and odd pages. Mrs. Doggett's work is carefully and agreeably done. It gives the impression of having been a labor of love; indeed the clearness of the French has such a charm for the translator, that sometimes she keeps altogether too literally to the idiom of the original.

* Lessing's *Laocoon*. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The *Grammar of Painting and Engraving*. Translated from the French of Charles Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," by Kate Newell Doggett. With the original illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The *Old Masters and their Pictures*. By Sarah Tytler. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Modern Painters and their Paintings. By Sarah Tytler. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Painters, Sculptors, Architects and Engravers, and their Works. By Clara Erskine Clement. With illustrations and monograms. Second edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The *Theory and Practice of Linear Perspective*. From the French of V. Pellegrin. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Paradoxes and Puzzles. By John Paget. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Imported by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

The author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls" could not fail to give a simple interest to any subject about which she undertook to write for young people. In "The Old Masters" she has not allowed the charm of her subject to carry her too far into the romantic legends of their lives, and in "Modern Painters" personal impressions have not outweighed received authorities. In both, she has given the general verdict with a sincere attempt at fairness. Of course English modern art holds the largest place in the second volume, and she refers most frequently to Ottley, Ruskin, and Redgrave. In French painting her references are to Hamerton; in American to Tuckerman, so that in the latter department the artists of the last fifteen years are excluded. German art suffers most, however, as she mentions no schools but those of Overbeck and Kaulbach. Mrs. Tytler's style is not always fortunate—in the endeavor to be child-like she is sometimes absurd.

Mrs. Clement's book is a dictionary of sculpture and painting, especially useful for collectors and travelers. It includes all the great names except those of living artists, and has much valuable reference in regard to engravings in metal, and wood-cuts. When the interest in great art shall make such a book possible, we wish Mrs. Clement might undertake a dictionary of the drawings of the most interesting masters, with some account of where these are to be found, their variations upon the same theme, etc.

Pellegrin's book on perspective is a convenient little volume, containing the few elementary rules by which the most elaborate linear problems may be worked out. The author has the sanction of the French Ecole des Beaux Arts, where the mechanical parts of art are more thoroughly understood than any where else in Europe.

Mr. John Paget's "Paradoxes and Puzzles" are principally historical and judicial, but the author throws in some "Essays on Art" at the end of his book, which may, at least, be called lively reading. There is an irritating dogmatism about Ruskin, which makes it agreeable to hear some one say "fiddlesticks," at the close of the great critic's edicts: and that is Mr. Paget's refreshing way. To be sure, we should be better pleased if the critic's critic, in offering a substitute for Mr. Ruskin's method for beginners, did not encourage the copying of Retsch's outlines—drawings which have just enough charm to allure the beginner into a pernicious mannerism.

"The Heart of Africa."*

THE unexplored territory of the unknown continent is growing beautifully less, and the great geo-

graphical problems which have perplexed the ages are finding, their solution, one by one. Strangely enough, the one, the solution of which has been longest and most industriously sought, is the one which is likely to be last determined. One source after another of the Nile has been reached by one after another of the various explorers who have risked life in their adventurous efforts. And yet the great river is a mystery still, and waits for one more enterprise, at least, to give a complete and conclusive answer to the question of its source.

Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, whose great work, translated into English, has been put before the American public by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, must have the credit of discovering the source of one of the important branches of the White Nile, in the low mountain region, north-east of the Albert Nyanza; and of determining the water-shed by which the Nile basin is separated from the adjacent river-system terminating in Lake Tsad. In this achievement he has rendered a geographical service of very great, though not of the greatest, value. We can appreciate the enthusiasm with which, after long months of patient and laborious exploration, along water-courses which tended always to the northward and the north-eastward, he came at length upon the great, broad river Welle, of which he had long heard the rumor, but which now his eyes beheld, and found it flowing surely and directly westward. That moment the limits of the great Nile basin, in one more section of its great circumference, were positively determined.

This was Dr. Schweinfurth's chief geographical discovery. And it must have been hard for him, after having accomplished so much and reached the very heart of the continent where the secrets of all its water-system are locked up, to be obliged to turn back without achieving the successes which were waiting to be won only a little way beyond. Between Schweinfurth's furthest point to the southward and Livingstone's furthest point to the northward, there is less than five hundred miles of unknown territory. The English traveler had reached the very border land of mystery on one side. The German traveler was close upon it from the other. In that five hundred miles the course of the great river Congo, which flows westward to the Atlantic is waiting to be mapped out. In that five hundred miles is the missing link which is to prove whether Livingstone was, as he believed, upon the upper waters of the Nile, when he was following the stream which he had traced almost from the very fountains of Herodotus in its northward flow; or whether that unknown river, by the side of which at last, he fell, tired out, and yielded up his weary life, was, (as the geographers almost with one voice maintain,) the Congo. To no one man, to no two or three men even, is to belong the glory of determining beyond all doubt this ancient question of geography. Only by degrees and grudgingly will

* The Heart of Africa. Three years' travels and adventures in the unexplored regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer, with an introduction by Winwood Reade. In two volumes. With maps and wood-cut illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros.

the great continent give up its mighty secret. Meantime, every approach to the complete discovery makes the uncertainty all the more intensely interesting and enticing.

Dr. Schweinfurth is, in some respects, the most fortunate of African explorers. He is still a young man; but he has lived for three years consecutively in the most deadly and inhospitable of savage countries without serious illness, and almost without serious peril from the hostility of the savage tribes among whom he journeyed and sojourned. The cannibals even, treated him as a man and a brother, did not disguise from him their little peculiarities of diet, made him at home in their simple, unconventional domestic life, welcomed him, we will not say to their hearth-stones, for that phrase might be misunderstood, but to their villages and fields and forests. His descriptions of the Niam-niam,—the very name has, as it is spoken, a sound as of gnashing teeth,—is full of interest. It may indicate a depraved and morbid taste on the part of the readers of books of travel, but, as a matter of fact, stories of well authenticated cannibalism are always popular, and exert an influence of dreadful fascination. Dr. Livingstone, in a private letter (never yet published) sent by Mr. Stanley's hands to an American correspondent (the late Mr. W. F. Stearns), speaks doubtfully of the Manyema people among whom he journeyed, as, "if cannibals, not ostentatiously so." But about Dr. Schweinfurth's Niam-niam there can be no doubt. And his narrative is, of course, all the more delightful, for that ostentatious certainty.

Concerning the race of dwarfs or pigmies, Dr. Schweinfurth has also much to say. And he was fortunate enough to secure the custody of a living specimen, whom he had hoped to bring in person with him on his return to Europe. But little Tikitikki died before he ever saw the sea. Evidently, Africa will not reveal her secrets—will not let her wonders go, if she can help it.

Dr. Schweinfurth's style is straightforward and unpretending, but most readable. And the translation, except for an occasional inelegance, is all that could be desired. His geographical and ethnological researches were apparently incidental to the main object of his journey. He is by profession a botanist, and it was in the interests of that branch of science, particularly, that he conceived the enterprise of which these two stately volumes give the record. But the general reader will chiefly value the general information which the volumes contain, rather than the special details of scientific investigation. And it is as a book of travel that we have chiefly considered it, and give it cordial and emphatic commendation.

Agassiz.*

It means very little to say that the death of Agassiz was a loss to science, in the ordinary sense. Of course any branch of human knowledge must wait a little longer in its development, when so ardent and intelligent a votary ceases to cultivate it. But the position of that eminent savan among the scientists of this country was peculiar in this respect, that on the one hand a crowd of admirers will suppose that without him the sciences he pursued must be neglected or unfairly read, while on the other many thinkers will hold that in his departure an obstacle to their true interpretation is removed. Both will argue that they are right, because he maintained the successive creation of distinct species, and combated evolution. As regards that disputed doctrine, it would benefit people whose minds are fixed in the habit of satisfying themselves with words alone, to read Winchell's late clear exposition of the different senses in which it may be taken ("The Doctrine of Evolution," Harper & Brothers.) There is a doctrine of evolution which reduces the universe to unintelligent force, and reasons away a personal creator. There is another doctrine of evolution which regards the original endowment of simple force and matter, or of force alone, with the capacity to unfold into the marvelous web of the universe, as a grander act of creation than is a stated interference in producing species. Agassiz believed in neither doctrine, yet he might easily have adopted the latter, and still held the most orthodox views of theologians, if he could only have raised them to his level. As it is, though science loses much in the cessation of his earnest investigations, it loses more in his bold objections to extremes, and his obstinate resistance to those who persist in arraying it and religion against each other, while professing merely to disconnect them. He affords a curious illustration of the rapid advance of thought in our day. It was some centuries before any one dreamed of excusing Galileo for frightening the church by the assertion that the earth moves. Agassiz could say of himself twelve years ago, "I know that I have been considered by many persons an infidel, because I have not taken for my guidance, in the study of science, the dictum of certain creeds," and yet long before his death could hear himself reviled by one party for theological narrowness, and applauded by another as a champion of faith. The lectures here reproduced were delivered in 1862, and are devoted to the demonstration that the structure of animal life, in its plans and its gradation, denotes the constant working of a present intelligence.

* The Structure of Animal Life: Six Lectures, by Louis Agassiz. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Hay Fever.

IN 1868 Professor Helmholtz, announced the discovery of low organisms in the secretion of the nasal cavity of persons suffering from hay fever, and Prof. Biny, in a recent letter on the subject says:—I have suffered since 1847 from this catarrh, the attack coming on regularly in the hay season, and the specialty being that it ceases in the cool weather, but on the other hand, quickly reaches a great intensity on exposure to sunshine. It is attended by violent sneezing and a thin corrosive discharge. In a short time a painful inflammation of the mucous membrane and often of the skin of the nose supervenes, together with fever and headache. In a cool room these symptoms are relieved, but there remains a soreness of the membrane, which after a time disappears.

The curious dependence of the disease on the season of the year, suggested to me the thought that organisms might be the origin of the mischief. In examining the secretions, I regularly found in the last five years certain vibrio-like bodies in it, which at other times I could not observe in my nasal secretion. They are very small, and can only be recognized with the immersion-lens of a very good microscope. It is characteristic of the common isolated single joints that they contain four nuclei in a row, of which two are more closely united. Upon the warm objective-stage they move with moderate activity, partly in mere vibration, partly shooting backwards and forwards in the direction of their long axis; in lower temperature they are very inactive. It is to be noted that only that kind of secretion contains them which is expelled by violent sneezings; that which drops slowly does not contain any. When I first saw the statement regarding the poisonous action of quinine upon infusoria, I determined at once to make an experiment with that substance, thinking that these vibronic bodies, even if they did not cause the whole illness, still could render it much more unpleasant through their movements, and the decompositions caused by them. For that purpose I made a neutral dilute solution of the sulphate of quinine. I then lay flat on my back, keeping my head very low, and poured with a pipette about a teaspoonful into both nostrils. Then I turned my head about to let the liquid flow in all directions. The desired effect was obtained immediately, and remained for some hours. I could expose myself to the sun without fits of sneezing, and the other disagreeable symptoms coming on. It was sufficient to repeat the treatment three times a day, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, to keep myself quite free from the annoying symptoms.

An Ethnological Curiosity.

To the ethnologist the study of the peculiarities of different races is a matter of absorbing interest, and, at times, very singular fancies are discovered by those who examine into these matters. As an illustration we quote the following from the notes of an ethnological explorer among the groups of islands known as the Nicobars, about 150 miles south of the Andamans. Speaking of the customs of the inhabitants, the writer says: "One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the island, is the passion for old hats which, without exception, pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject alike, endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their life-time. On a fine morning at the Nicobars it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean, in the vicinity of the island, dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savages sit with nothing on but the conventional slip of cloth and a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Second-hand hats are most in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. This curious passion is so well-known that traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoa-nuts, the only product of these islands; a good tall white hat with a black band fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoa-nuts. Intense excitement pervades the island while the trade is going on, and fancy prices are often asked and received. When the hats or the cocoa-nuts have at length come to an end, the trader lands a cask so full of rum, and the whole population in their haste get drunk without intermission until the rum also comes to an end. It is curious that in far-away regions so profitable a market should be found for cast-off specimens of one of the most disagreeable symbols of civilization."

The Old or the New World?

THE recent expeditions for the geological exploration of the Western States have furnished results which tend to show that America has a better claim to the title of Old World than either Europe or Asia. Among the discoveries which have been made is the former existence of a series of great lakes between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Surrounding these there was a flora and fauna of a tropical character, and in the lower strata which at intervals come to the surface, many gigantic fossils are found, not only great extinct pachyderms, of which we have made mention in

former number, but also fossil turtles, elephants, mastodons, tigers, hyenas, wolves and camels.

Sex and Mind in Education.

"THE Fortnightly Review" contains an article on this subject by Dr. Maudsley, in which he assumes, on the authority of American experience, that the physical constitution of young girls is unequal to the strain of an ordinary school education, and that consequently the interests of the race demand that their instruction should have especial reference to their predestined duties as wives and mothers. As excessive stimulation of the mental faculties will quickly disturb the general health, the practical question to be decided by parents and physicians is, in each instance, the extent to which mental exercises may be permitted without interfering with a perfect parallel development of the other functions of the body. Whether differences in character and method of study should be made in accordance with the sex, depends on the extent to which the brain may be affected by differences that attend sexual organization; of these we are still ignorant regarding the details, though there can be no doubt of the existence of differences in cerebro-structure, just as there are differences in the types of mind.

Gigantic Cuttle Fish of the Northern Coast.

PROFESSOR VERRILL assures us of the existence of gigantic cuttle fishes and squids on the North American Atlantic Coast. Of the latter he says there are at least two kinds. The body of one that came into his possession must have been fifteen feet long and nineteen inches in diameter, the ordinary arms about ten feet long and seven inches in diameter, and the two extensile arms of unknown length. Another with a body ten feet long, had extensile arms about forty-two feet in length. A smaller specimen, caught in herring nets in Logie Bay, about three miles from St. Johns, had a body more than seven feet long. The two tentacular arms were twenty-four feet in length and two and a half inches in circumference. The short arms were six feet long and ten inches in circumference at the base. Each of the long arms bears about one hundred and sixty suckers on the broad terminal portion, all of which are denticulated.

A New Motor.

A CURIOUS experiment in capillary attraction has recently been devised by M. Lippmann. It may be described as follows: Place in a saucer a globule of mercury an inch or so in diameter, and pour upon it a little water acidulated with sulphuric acid and slightly colored with potassium bichromate. If the mercury is then touched on the side with the point of a needle, the globule will contract and withdraw itself from the needle, and then return to its first position. This brings it in contact again with the needle point, the contraction is repeated,

and so on indefinitely. The explanation of these movements is to be found in the fact of the alternate oxidation and deoxidation of the mercury, whereby its capillary condition is changed, and the alternate swelling and flattening produced. This movement M. Lippmann has utilized as a motor, and a machine has been constructed in which the fly-wheel has made a hundred revolutions per minute.

A Certain Proof of Death.

THE signs of death which can be implicitly relied upon, even by medical men, are comparatively few. Consciousness may be abolished, the pulsation of the heart may be inaudible and imperceptible to the touch or eye, the respiratory movements may be inappreciable, the surface may feel cold—and yet life may not be quite extinguished. It has recently been suggested as a good method of general application, to tie a piece of twine rather tightly around a finger. If after a few minutes the part beyond the ligature neither swells nor alters in color, life may be regarded with tolerable certainty as extinct. In a recent contribution on this subject, Dr. Leon Davis has proposed another plan, which, however, can only be practised by a surgeon. The plan proposed by Dr. Davis, is the denudation and section of an artery. If the artery be empty, the heart is dead; the heart dead, the whole body has ceased to live. The great advantage to be derived from the employment of this sign is, that the emptying of the arteries must be simultaneous with death, and if it be present, attempts at restoration should be abandoned. If this phenomenon is not present, the attempt to restore life may yet succeed. The temporal artery, by reason of its nearness to the surface, may be selected for the operation, as also for the slight degree in which it contracts. ["Academy."]

Crossing the Red Sea.

A PAPER recently read by Herr Brugsch, at Cairo, contains the following interesting statements: 1st. The hieroglyphic tablet, which has cast so much light on ancient Egyptian geography, shows that the city of Tanis was also called Ramsès. 2d. Herr Brugsch has satisfied himself that the Pharaoh under whom Moses lived was Ramsès II., and his son and successor Ménephthah, was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Near Mount Casius, in the north-east of Egypt, existed formerly the Serbonian Lake, which was subject to great inundations from the sea under certain conditions of wind. It was there that the Persian army of Artaxerxes perished in the same manner as the army of the Egyptian king, and there it is, says Herr Brugsch, that the latter perished in their pursuit of the Hebrews. He argues that the mention of the Red Sea only occurs in the "Cantic of Moses," a work composed a long time after the occurrence, and that in the true historical narrative of Exodus, there is only men-

tion made in a general way of "the sea," which was the Mediterranean. On this hypothesis all difficulties vanish. Tanis, Ramsès, Succoth, Migdol, Pithom, the Land of Goshen,—hitherto the despair of all the theorists,—can now be quite readily identified. It was not at Memphis, nor at Heliopolis, that the Israelites gathered together to cross the Red Sea or to traverse the salt lakes between Suez and the refilled bitter lakes on their way to the desert and the land of Canaan, but at Tanis, where Ramsès ruled, and where Ménephthah drove them to desperation. ["Academy."]

Memoranda.

EITHER coffee or milk alone, or taken at considerable intervals, contains valuable stimulating and nutritious elements. M. L'Abbé, however, states, that when they are mingled together the tannin of the coffee forms with the albumenoid substance of the milk an indigestible substance similar to that formed in the tan-vat when animal substances are immersed therein.

Careful experiments have been recently made in France to determine the respective effects of fully supporting a projectile along its whole length in the gun-barrel, and of balancing it upon two nearly central points. The same shells were used for both experiments, and the results obtained were greatly in favor of the method of supporting the shell along its whole length.

Mr. John Barrow recommends the use of naphthaline as a support for tissues in the section-cutter employed in making preparations for the microscope. Its advantages over wax are a low fusing-point, absence of contraction in the cutter, very little injury to the edge of the knife, and ready solubility in benzole or spirit, so that the substance may be removed at once from the section without injury.

F. C. Calvert finds that while eggs are not acted upon by dry oxygen, they change rapidly in moist oxygen, and are soon covered by a mossy growth of penicillium. In nitrogen, eggs pierced or whole, can be kept for three months. In hydrogen they also remain sound, also in carbonic acid and illuminating gas.

Mr. Garrod has proposed a new system for the classification of birds. It is founded on the presence or absence of certain muscles, these he designates by the letters A, B, X, Y, and thereupon constructs formula for the indication of the families, as is illustrated by the following examples; The ostrich family, BXY; the doves, ABXY; the falcons or eagles, A; the ducks, ABX, and so on through the list.

It is proposed to excavate a third Alpine tunnel. It is to pass under the St. Bernard, and will be 20,000 feet long. A shaft is to pass from the center of the tunnel vertically to the top of the mountain. In this an elevator is to be placed, and at the mouth

of the shaft a large hotel will afford accommodations to those who desire to visit the higher Alpine regions.

A new photometer has been invented, which depends for its action on the fact that light alters the power of certain substances to conduct electricity. The application consists in measuring this change by means of a current of electricity and a galvanometer.

In some English towns the determination of the amount of gas consumed by the street lamps is made by means of gas meters. One of these is attached to every twelfth lamp, and the average of the results obtained is taken as the average of consumption for each lamp.

"La Nature" states that the Museum of Natural History of Paris has recently received an entire skeleton of the Palæotherium Magnum. The most important result of the discovery of this specimen is the demonstration of the fact, that in place of being a bulky massive animal, the Palæotherium was very slender, with a graceful carriage, and a contour resembling that of the Llama.

M. Tissandier finds that in the course of twelve hours several pounds of dust fall on every half mile square of Paris.

Two French aeronauts have made a balloon ascent, during which they employed pure oxygen for the purposes of respiration. In this way an altitude of 7,400 meters was reached at this altitude, all aqueous lines in the spectrum disappeared. When the oxygen was not used, the sky appeared quite dark, but the blue color re-appeared as soon as the respiration of oxygen was recommenced.

A horizontal pendulum is described by Zöllner, in which the susceptibility was so great, that it was set in motion by the vibrations produced by a railway train a mile distant.

Ditaine, an alkaloid obtained from the bark of the "Dita," is recommended as a valuable and efficient substitute for quinine.

It is proposed to hold a fungus show at Aberdeen, in Scotland, for the purpose of directing public attention to the valuable qualities which many of these growths possess.

Regarding the great lava flow of the West, Professor Joseph Le Conte says: Its eastern and northern limits are not well known, but its extent cannot be less than 200,000 square miles, and the average thickness about 2,000 feet.

Baron Larrey states that he has frequently found young soldiers suffer from goitre, caused by the pressure of the bottoms or clasps of the tightly-fitting regulation collar.

Picric acid may be detected in beer by warming the fluid, and passing wool through it. The acid may then be removed from the wool by ammonia.

ETCHINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT who has the good taste to admire our Etchings, and the sagacity to perceive the accurate scholarship and the wide range of reading of which they are the playful result, a correspondent, we say, and, judging from her fairy-like MS., a fair one, wishes to know the exact meaning of the word, or words, "*bric-à-brac*," the happiest use of which, so far as she has seen, is on the artistic cover of a charming little book, which she has just read with unalloyed delight. We know many things—some profoundly, some well, and others, we have to confess, not so well. "*Bric-à-brac*," we are sorry to say, comes in the last category. Feeling from the start that the question, which our fair correspondent has asked, would be likely to be asked by others, not so fair perhaps, we consulted the best philological authorities within reach, by letter or otherwise, one of whom, who is now in England, cables a few remarks across the deep (at his own expense,) in regard to what he supposes to be its misuse on the artistic cover of the before-mentioned little book. Here is what his scholarship arrives at: "*'Bric-à-brac'* means *not* 'choice bits,' but literally 'odds and ends,' broken fragments, scraps, rubbish, etc., and is a phrase made by onomatopœia (as Max Müller would say,) from the sound made by smashing a thing to bits." An irreverent but facetious paragraphist in "*The Tribune*," entertained the same views as our cableist, when he first saw the book. He stared at it admiringly, removed his hat from his manly and capacious brow, and shouted—" *Brickbats!* "

We respect the opinion of these learned men, but as there are two sides to most questions, we quote against them the opinion of another learned man, than whom America has produced no riper scholar: "The use of the word '*bric-à-brac*,'" he writes, "is far from being so familiar to me that I should be able to speak with any authority as to its application. According to my understanding of it, you have used it very appropriately. There isn't any etymology to help one, and the phrase is one belonging to wealthy dilettanti, rather than men of earning, or the general public; it comes out of the French to us; and I have looked in *Littre's Dictionary*, with confirmation of my impression."

Admirers of "*Bric-à-brac*," you are like the young gentleman in the menagerie, "you pays your money, and you takes your choice."

AN epigram to be good must be very good, which very few that are written now-a-days are. The art of writing them seems to be lost, though many versifiers do not know it, or will not own it. Such one was Egerton Webbe, whose epigrams, so called, were cleverly bantered by Leigh Hunt in "*The London Journal*." His imitations, which have the solemn turns of the originals, are the best

specimens of mock wit that we recall. Here are some of them:

"CONCERNING JONES.

Jones eats his lettuces undressed:
D' you ask the reason? 'Tis confessed,
That is the way Jones likes them best."

"TO SMITH, CONCERNING THOMSON.

Smith, Thomson puts no claret on his board;
D' you ask the reason? Thomson can't afford."

"TO GIBBS, CONCERNING HIS POEMS.

You ask me if I think your poems good;
If I could praise your poems, Gibbs, I would."

"CONCERNING THE SAME.

Gibbs says his poems a sensation make,
But Gibbs, perhaps, is under a mistake."

"TO THOMSON, CONCERNING DIXON AND JACKSON.

How Dixon can with Jackson bear,
You ask me, Thomson, to declare;—
Thomson, Dixon's Jackson's heir."

Rogers, the poet, is credited with a terse epigram, which was written at the expense of Ward, the author of "*Tremaine*," who had somehow contrived to offend him:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

Sir John Harington wrote a stinging political epigram, which is as true to-day as it was in the days of James the First:

"OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none doth call it Treason."

As Harington's epigrams are little known, except among readers of old English verse, we subjoin a few of the best. Here is one which concerns the literary craft:

"AGAINST WRITERS THAT CARP AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest.
But what care I? For when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it,—not the cooks."

Harington did not enjoy criticism, as what writer does, except it be favorable:

"TO FAUSTUS.

Faustus finds fault, my epigrams are short,
Because to read them he doth make some sport:
I thank thee, Faustus, though thou judgest wrong,
Ere long I'll make thee swear they be too long."

What constitutes a debtor?

"OF DON PEDRO'S DEETS.

Don Pedro's out of debt, be bold to say it,
For they are said to owe, that mean to pay it."

Tailors, time out of mind, have been the butt of wits, who are never so happy as when chaffing them. It takes nine of them, they tell us, to make a man, (why nine?); they are given to cabbaging cloth, (why cabbaging?); they are associated with the goose, etc., etc. Harington's best epigram, if it is not too long to be called one, is a merciless onslaught upon this unfortunate sitting and sewing craft, and a witty satire on a sort of repentance that still remains in the world. Stripped of its antiquated spelling, it runs ruggedly as follows:

"OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, a man of an upright dealing,
True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colored silks displayed a banner,
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That one day he might find it all in hell.
The man affrighted at this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great Precisian.
He bought a Bible of the new translation,
And in his life he showed great reformation,
He walked mannerly, and talked meekly,
He heard three lectures, and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all companies unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "Truly:"
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the even was dressed.
And lest the custom that he had to steal,
Might cause him sometime to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff allowed fell out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclined,
He then should put the banner in his mind.
This done,—I scarce can tell the rest for laughter,—
A captain of ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet, and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slept away three quarters of the stuff.
His man espying it, said in derision,
"Remember, master, how you saw the vision."
"Peace, knave," quoth he, "I did not see one rag
Of such a colored silk in all the flag."

"HE is but a landscape painter," as Tennyson sings in "The Lord of Burleigh"; but once he was a physician, and, if his knowledge of medicine was equal to his knowledge of art, he was a very good physician. He was younger then than he is now, and he is not old, and he was greener—greener than any spring foliage he ever painted, and spring foliage, by the way, is a specialty of his. City born

and bred, he made a short summer visit into the country, and, while there, heard incidentally of a country doctor who wished to sell his practice. He was hesitating, was our young friend, about his final choice of a profession, having failed to procure any but poor patients, who could not pay, and having also failed to paint any but poor pictures, which would not sell. It was an even thing with him whether he became a starving artist, or remained a starving physician. He was earning no money as either, nor was he likely to, in the city. Why not try the country? Its inhabitants were honest, and simple-minded, he had somewhere read, and what, with the heat of the sun, and other novel peculiarities, they were, he thought, more liable to sickness than the denizens of a crowded city. Certainly the children were, for were they not perpetually eating green fruit? Yes, he would try the country, if, after looking into the practice that was to be disposed of, he could see a living in it. He called upon the disposing practitioner, who was but a little older than himself—an affable, good-natured young fellow, though rather verdant, he thought. The verdant one was willing to "vamoose the ranche," as he remarked, "for, between ourselves, there is a lady in California who is attached to me, though you wouldn't think it, perhaps." "But about your practice?" "I won't say anything about it. But to-morrow, if you like, say to-morrow forenoon, I'll harness up, and you can see for yourself. It is not sickly now, I must tell you, but it's going to be soon, especially among children and old folks. Men like you and I might live forever here, only they have no such men. Plenty of money though. My horse remembers the house of every patient in the neighborhood, and stops of himself at their doors. You can jot down the number as we jog along, and decide whether you'll buy me out or no. And now suppose we adjourn to the tavern (are you stopping there?) and have something cool? I'm thirsty, and want to smoke. Mustn't smoke in my office, you know. Here's a cigar, you can smoke. Try it." They adjourned to the tavern, had something cool, smoked, and came to an agreement regarding the sum to be paid for the practice, past, present, and future—especially the future!

The next forenoon the pair drove through the town, or rather the country doctor did, and was a considerable time about it, so often did the noble animal that drew the buggy stop. "Why, Doctor, nearly every person in the town must have been under your hands," remarked our delighted city-keeper, keeping a mental tally of the stoppages. "Yes,—suppose so,—at one time or another. Get up!" It was a constant "get up!" to the horse, who appeared to remember his master's practice better than his master did.

It was purchased at once for a good round sum in cash, and that very afternoon the retired practitioner proceeded to the station, accompanied by two or three acquaintances who were enjoying something

hugely. "Best thing out!" said one. "Beats all," replied another; "eh, Doc?" "Tol'ol," he answered coolly. The train stopped, took him on, and went screaming away with its precious freight—that affable, good-natured, verdant young person, who was going to California, where he had a tender attachment!

Days passed, and no patients. More days passed, and still no patients! What did it mean? Mean?—it meant that there was no practice there! The country M. D. had borrowed the horse of the milkman! That's all!

"Only this, and nothing more."

If it be true, as the poet says, that "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," it is equally true, as we say, parodying the line of the poet, that "The world knows nothing of its greatest fools." They abound in all professions, including the literary one, into which they rush with a temerity that is dreadful to behold, and that would be amusing, if it were not melancholy. They have no qualifications for it, and no chance of success in it at any time. They always aim high—as high as the amateur who is certain that he can play "Hamlet," when, in fact, he cannot acquit himself tolerably with the stage message,

"My lord, the dinner waits."

The writing of a good novel is considered rather a difficult feat by men of letters; at least Thackeray so considered it, as did also Dickens and Bulwer. Not so these literary amateurs, the most modest of whom,—supposing, indeed, that modesty ever existed among them,—is convinced that he, or she, has already excelled the great masters of fiction in the story which he, or she, has written, and which only awaits publication in order to astonish the world. Like Byron, they will wake up some morning, perhaps, and find themselves famous. Budding Thackerays are as plentiful as blackberries among our youth, and full-blown George Eliots are to be found at every young ladies school in the country. Fifteen is the ripe age at which one precocious Corinne produced her romance, which, alas, still remains in MS. Publishers are so hard-hearted, and their "readers" so indifferent! As with fiction, so with poetry. There are hundreds, thousands of young poets among us. "They rave, recite, and madden round the land." What is there they cannot do? What is there they have not done? Mr. Adolphus has written an idyl, which is as good as any of Tennyson's; Mr. Benoni has written a dramatic study, which is better than all of Browning's; while Mr. Carolus has written an ode, which is superior to the best of Swinburne's. Poetry—what is it? One sweet youth answers—"Honey and Gall." Another, "Asses' Ears!" Settle it between yourselves, gentlemen, if you can. Our opinion is the ears have it! How was it that the old school rhyme ran?

"Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds."

This great truth comes home to us whenever we encounter the poetry of the period, and what, with MS. and print, we encounter a great deal of it. Adolphus is sweet, but imitative; Benoni is strong, but unintelligible; Carolus is daring, but atheistic. They are not dull, we will say that for them. Dullness is the exception, not the rule. Once in a while they are funny, without intending it. Here now is a funny versifier, whose name we will not mention, out of consideration for his family, if he has one, and for himself, in case he should live to repent his "poetic effusions." He is moralizing on the serious thought—we know not what a day may bring forth, and giving examples of the uncertainty of life. Here is his first:

"I knew a lady friend who said,
'To-morrow will be pleasant,
For two dear friends are coming then,
How dreary seems the present.'
To-morrow came, also her friends,
She joyous ran to meet them,
Her heart leaped up with sudden bound,
With gladness then to greet them.
She caught their hands and said, 'How glad,'
No other words did utter,
But sudden fell before their feet,
Her heart had ceased to flutter."

And here is his third:

"Another, in proud manhood's strength,
Said, 'I will hunt to-morrow,
But while I think I'll load my gun,
That game may come to sorrow.'
He took his gun from off the rack,
And said, 'I wonder if it's loaded;
Wife, will you pull the hammer back
While I blow in the muzzle?'
A shudder shook her frame, she said,
'The gun it may be loaded,
And I might shoot you through the head—
Oft evil is foreboded.'
He placed the gun upon the floor,
His foot upon the hammer,
He thought not death was in its bore
Life on its slippery hammer.
He placed his mouth upon the bore
And blew down in its muzzle,
His foot slipped off on to the floor,
Leaden death shot down his palate.
To him to-morrow never came,
But with a flash life left him,
He tasted death that sudden came,
And took his cheeks to cash them."

Once upon a time a certain French banker expressed the wish to write a play with Scribe, the dramatist, which play he would bring out regardless of expense, provided his name figured on the bills with Scribe's as his collaborator. Scribe declined

the proposal in a note, in which he said that an ass and a horse never worked well together. He had his little joke, as he thought, until he received the banker's reply, which was: "What do you mean by calling me a horse?" If we have called—if we have insinuated even—that any one is a horse, we

apologize. If the verse we have quoted suggests the other useful animal, who was described recently as being without pride of ancestry, and without hope of posterity, the writer has accomplished by his writing the wish that was so dear to Dogberry!

PLIGHTED. A. D. 1874.



"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

NELLIE, *loquitur*.

BLESS my heart! You're come at last.
Awful glad to see you, dear!
Thought you'd died or something, Belle—
Such an age since you've been here!
My engagement? Gracious! Yes.
Rumor's hit the mark this time.
And the victim? Charley Gray,
Know him, don't you? Well, he's *prime*.
Such mustachios! Splendid style!
Then he's not so horrid fast—
Waltzes like a seraph, too,
Has some fortune—best and last.
Love him? Nonsense. Don't be "soft."
Pretty much as love now goes;
He's devoted, and in time
I'll get used to him, I s'pose.
First love? Humbug. Don't talk stuff!
Bella Brown; don't be a fool!
Next you'll rave of flames and darts,
Like a chit at boarding-school.
Don't be "miffed," I talked just so
Some two years back. Fact, my dear!
But two seasons kill romance,
Leave one's views of life quite clear.
Why, if Will Latrobe had asked
When he left, two years ago,
I'd have thrown up all and gone
Out to Kansas, do you know?
Fancy me a settler's wife!
Blest escape, dear, was it not?
Yes, it's hardly in my line

To enact "Love in a Cot,"
Well, you see, I'd had my swing,
Been engaged to eight or ten,
Got to stop some time, of course,
So it don't much matter when.
Auntie hates old maids, and thinks
Every girl should marry young—
On that theme my whole life long
I have heard the changes rung!
So, *ma belle*, what could I do?
Charley wants a stylish wife,
We'll suit well enough, no fear,
When we settle down for life.
But for love—stuff! See my ring!
Lovely, isn't it? Solitaire.
Nearly made Maude Hinton turn
Green with envy and despair,
Her's aint half so nice, you see,—
Did I write you, Belle, about
How she tried for Charley, till
I sailed in and cut her out?
Now she's taken Jack McBride,
I believe it's all from pique—
Threw him over once you know—
Hates me so she'll scarcely speak.
O yes! Grace Church, Brown, and that,
Pa won't mind expense at last,
I'll be off his hands for good;
Cost a fortune two years past.
My trousseau shall out-do Maude's,
I've *carte blanche* from Pa, you know,
Mean to have my dress from Worth!
Won't she just be *raving* though?

ALICE WILLIAMS.

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BOUND FOR TEXAS.

IN THE COTTON STATES: II.

THERE was a delicious after-glow over sky and land and water as I left New Orleans for Mobile one warm evening in March, the month which, in the South, is so radiant of sunshine and prodigal of flowers.

Nothing in lowland scenery could be more picturesque than that afforded by the ride from New Orleans to Mobile, over the Mobile and Texas railroad, which stretches along the Gulf line of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. It runs through savannahs and brakes, skirts the borders of grand forests, offers here a glimpse of a lake and there a peep at the blue waters

of the noble Gulf; now clammers over miles of trestle-work, as at Bay St. Louis, Biloxi (the old fortress of Bienville's time) and Pascoulouga; and now plunges into the very heart of pine woods, where the foresters are busily building little towns and felling giant trees, and where the revivifying aroma of the forest is mingled with the fresh breezes from the sea.

The wonderful charm of the after-glow grew and strengthened as the train was whirled rapidly forward. We came to a point from which I saw the broad expanse of water beneath the draw-bridge over the Rigolets, and the white sails hovering far away, like monster sea-gulls, on either side the railroad. The illusion was almost perfect; I seemed at sea. Along the channel I could see the schooners, and now and then a steamer, coming from the deep

canals that run from New Orleans to Lake Borgne. At a little pine-built village, completely shrouded in foliage, and seemingly lulled to sleep by the murmurous song of the birds and drowsy hum of the insects, a party of roystering negro men and women left the forward car, carrying banjos and guitars on their shoulders. Suddenly my next neighbor said:

"Did you see that white man thar, 'mong the niggers, with a beaver on, 'long o' that big black wench?"

"Do you think he really was a white man?"

"Yes, d—n him; p'raps his heart's black, too. Looks like that big nigger was his wife."

Then the voice grumbled itself away into silence.

This somewhat deadened the romance with which I was begining to invest the journey—for the mystical twilight creeping on, the strange panorama of vegetation flitting before my eyes, the sudden transition from forest to Gulf shore, and the somber calm of the horizon where blue wave seemed mutely kissing bluer sky, all combined to throw one into delightful musings. I retired to the platform of the Pullman car, and was once more giving way to the spell of the sunset, when a sharp voice behind me said.

"Cap'n, can't you sit inside, 'n let us shet the do'? The musquitoes is gitting so they bite powerful sharp."

Then darkness came treacherously and

suddenly, as it does in that strange Southern land; and we rolled rapidly through the edge of Mississippi; past the pretty Gulfside towns, where beauty and fashion fly in spring and summer—past inland across river, and turned landward to Mobile.

The lovely bay on which the chief city of Alabama is located extends thirty miles inland to the mouth of the Alabama river. One of the most charming promenades near Mobile lies on the Bay Shore. Bowling merrily over the shell road one super-March day, I was impressed with the tranquil beauty of the spot as never before. There was a light haze; Mobile Bay lay spread out before me, a dimly seen vision, the foreground dotted with masses of driftwood brought in by the tide, and with the long piers running out to pretty bathing houses.

There was a strange and sleepy air of quiet about the place; a tropical luxuriance of sunshine and blossom, so strangely at variance with one's preconceived notions of March, that it was a perpetual puzzle! A gentle breeze blew steadily inland, it seemed perfume-laden. The tide was coming in. Here and there we had glimpses of long beaches as fine in their rounded sweep as Castel-a-Mare, and massive magnolias, sixty or seventy feet high, threw noble shadows over the sheen of water, from which the haze gradually lifted. Vines, water-oaks, and pines, tall enough for the masts of Vikings' ships, bordered the way. Neat residences peeped

ed from rose-smothered gardens; negro women fished silently in little pools and inlets, made by the tide, never catching any fish, and seemingly content to regard the reflections of their own ebony faces in the water; their swarthy husbands lazily followed the mulatto drawn plows afield; urchins tumbled among the snags and drift-wood hauled up to dry; and goats and kids lingered and skipped distrustfully on the knolls by the roadside.



ON THE BAY ROAD, NEAR MOBILE.

Here was a garden filled with arbors and benches in cosy nooks: in its center, a latticed café, whose proprietor was opening soda bottles, and, bare-armed, dispensing cooling drinks to customers sprawling on seats, with their faces raised to catch the inspiring breath of the sea. There was no whirr of gilded equipages; the long avenue seemed all my own; I could almost fancy that the coast was mine, the islands and the light-houses were mine, and that the two negro hunters, loitering by with guns on their shoulders, were my gamekeepers, come to attend me to the chase. The delicate hint of infinity on the mingled wave and haze-horizon; the memories awakened by the sight of the dim line of Blakely Coast; the penetrating perfume wafted from magnolias and pines; the soul-clarifying radiance of the sunshine, which industriously drove away the light mist, all conspired to surround me with an enchantment not dispelled until I had once more gained the streets of the town.

We are indebted to Bienville, that prince of colonial guardians, for Mobile, as well as for New Orleans. He it was who, in 1711, built the defense called Fort Condé, on the present site of the town, and who gave the name of Mobile to the bay, because the Indians inhabiting that section called themselves Mobilians. On the west side of the bay he at one time erected a fort called "St. Louis de la Mobile." For half a century the present city was only a frontier military post, carrying on a small trade with the Indians. It was French in character and sentiment, and although but few of the Gallic characteristics are now perceptible in the manners of any of its inhabitants, there are hints of the departed French in the architecture and arrangement of the town. It fell into British hands in 1763, by the treaty of Paris, between Great Britain and France, and was too remote from the other colonies to succeed in doing anything against British rule during the American Revolution.



LOOKING SEAWARD FROM THE BAY ROAD, MOBILE.

After the British came the Spaniards, who drove out the former, and partially burned Mobile during the siege. In due time, as tract after tract was wrested from the Indians, the territory of Mississippi was formed, with Winthrop Sargent of Massachusetts as Governor, and to this government Mobile and its tributary country were accountable, after the departure of the Spaniards, until the thorough subjugation of the savage, and his expulsion from the Tennessee valley, and from his hunting grounds on the Chattahoochee, had opened the whole domain to the white man, and a portion of Mississippi territory was organized in March of 1817, under the name of "Alabama." By 1819, white settlers had flocked into the country in such numbers that Alabama was admitted to the Union.

Mobile is to-day a pretty town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, tranquil and free from commercial bustle, for it has not been as prosperous as many of its southern sea-port sisters. Government street, its principal residence avenue, has many fine mansions situated upon it; the gardens are luxuriant, and give evidence of a highly cultivated taste. Superb oak trees shade that noble avenue and the public square between Dauphin and St. Francis streets. The streets and shops are large, and many are elegant; but there is no activity; the town is as still as one of those ancient fishing villages on the Massachusetts coast when the fishermen are away. Yet there is a large movement of cotton through Mobile yearly. A

cotton exchange has grown up there within the last two years, and when I visited it, already had one hundred members. Mobile annually receives and dispatches from 325,000 to 350,000 bales of cotton, most of which comes from Mississippi, whose carrying trade she controls. Some of the cotton brought to Mobile goes eastward, but the mass of it goes to the foreign shipping in the "lower bay." The port needs many improvements, and the government has for some time been engaged in a kind of desultory dredging out there, but has not yet succeeded in affording a sufficient depth of water to allow large vessels to come directly to the wharves; and the lines of artificial obstruction, built across the channel of the bay during the war, to impede the passage of vessels, have not yet been removed.

In due time, with a revival of commerce and the development of the immense resources in cotton, coal and iron in the State, the channel through the bay will be properly deepened, and Mobile will have a wharf-line along its whole front. At present, however, it seems that foreign captains rather prefer to have their ships loaded from small crafts which come twenty or twenty-five miles down the bay with the cotton, as they thus avoid port dues and the danger of desertion of sailors. It costs but twenty cents per bale to convey the cotton down the harbor, and the captains, anxious to get their lading and depart, have none of the customary port delays and exactions to complain of. In 1867-8, Mobile exported 358,745 bales; in 1868-9, but 247,348; in 1869-70, sent away 298,523; in 1870-71, the number rose to 417,508; but in 1871-72, fell again to 295,629; and in 1872-73 was over 300,000. Of this cotton the greater portion was sent directly to Liverpool, the amount going northward yearly varying from 80,000 to 160,000 bales. Down the Alabama river, from the rich but lately unfortunate country around Montgomery and Selma, come thousands of bales on the light-draft steamers; and the river banks form one continuous line of cotton plantations. Nearly four hundred vessels, employing seventy-five hundred sailors, and having a tonnage of 275,000 tons, are annually employed in direct commerce with the port.



WAITING FOR A BITE.

This cotton movement does not, however, make Mobile either specially rich or active as a town, inasmuch as, aside from a few manufactories of minor importance, it constitutes the sole business.

The railroad connections of the city are excellent, and her citizens are anxious to improve them still farther. The New Orleans, Mobile and Texas line gives direct communication with New Orleans and Brashear City, the point of departure of the Morgan steamships for Texas; the Mobile and Ohio road connects Mobile with Columbus in Mississippi; the Mobile and Montgomery gives it a highway to the State capital, and thence via the South and North Alabama road through the wonderful mineral region, to Decatur and Nashville. It is intended to create a road from Mobile to Tallahassee in Florida, in due time, and the city already has connection with Pensacola, the most important of the northern Florida ports. All that section of the "land of flowers" contiguous to Alabama, will doubtless be annexed sooner or later; there is a growing sentiment in both States in favor of annexation. The present route to it from Mobile is round about; one has to make a triangular detour from Mobile to Pollard, on the Mont

gomery road, and thence return coastward on the Pensacola and Louisville route. At present the only connection which Pensacola has with Eastern Florida is via steamers to St. Marks, and thence by rail across the peninsula to Jacksonville. Pensacola has one of the most remarkable harbors in the world; it is thirty miles long, from six to eight wide, and nearly thirty-five feet deep. The average depth on the bar at the harbor entrance is twenty-four feet. Any ship, however heavily loaded, can readily approach Pensacola at any season of the year, and can reach the open sea in a couple of hours. The harbor is safe—differing in that respect from many of the Floridian ports, and is amply defended by three forts in good condition. A naval station, and boasting a marine hospital and a custom-house, Pensacola, with its four thousand inhabitants, already talks grandly of its great future. The immense quantities of fine timber which grow in lower Alabama and upper Florida, furnish an extensive lumber trade to Pensacola. The completion of the North and South railroad gives it also almost an air-line to Nashville and Louisville, and promises to make it in future one of the outlets, like Brunswick on the South Atlantic Coast, for the trade of the West.*

The Mobile and Montgomery road has done much for Mobile, placing the town upon one of the main lines of travel across the country. Two excellent bridges span the Mobile and Tensaw rivers; the old and tedious transfer by boats is done away; and to-day a stream of freight and travel passes through the city from North to South, bringing with it visitors and investors. The enterprise of the "Grand Trunk" railroad has not yet made much headway. It is intended to give an additional outlet from Mobile to the mineral regions, and its completion would develop a large section of valuable country. It will stretch four hundred miles into the interior, making new trade for Mobile,

but it is not likely to be built at once. It has been completed to Jackson, 59 miles from Mobile.

Mobile does not rank as high, as a commercial city, as in the palmy days gone by; but the peculiar advantages of her location, and the vast resources of the state, whose chief seaport she is, can but bring her a good future. At present her banking capital is small, hardly aggregating over a million and three quarters, and outside rates for money are ruinously high. There is a large and increasing capital concentrated in fire and life insurance companies; the manufactures are all of minor importance, except the Creole and the Mobile cotton seed oil works. Alabama produces nearly three hundred thousand tons of cotton seed annually, of which fully one half can be spared for sale. There is a similar prosperous factory at Selma. This industry may attain large proportions. Mobile has made active efforts to become one of the principal coffee markets of the Union, and claims that direct importation from Rio to Mobile is easier, less expensive, and more direct than to New Orleans. The retail trade of the city has been greatly injured by the establishment throughout the State



OUT FOR A DRIVE.

of a vast number of new stores, where the freedmen on the adjacent plantations now purchase the supplies which they once bought in bulk in Mobile. There is some hope that the city may become the coaling station for the steam navigation of the Gulf; the Cedar Keys and Florida rail-

* In 1872, eight hundred foreign ships entered Pensacola harbor, and probably a thousand come here yearly. Few come save in ballast, their object being to procure outward freights of cotton and lumber.

road is the medium of shipping much cotton and other produce directly to New York from Mobile, which would have been diverted elsewhere were it not for this advantageous route.

The construction of the proposed ship, canal across Florida would be very beneficial to Mobile, affording cheap water transportation to her commercial routes, while those routes leading to the South Atlantic ports must necessarily be fed by expensive railroad transportation.

My visit to Mobile was in Spring time, when the whole land was covered with blossoms. The drive along the quiet and secluded by-way to "Spring Hill" reminded one of the rich bloom and greenness of England, save that here and there were semi-tropical blossoms. Climbing to the roof of the Jesuit College on Spring Hill, I looked out over a lovely plain, once studded with beautiful homes, many of which have now fallen sadly into decay. A dense growth of forest still shrouds much of the surrounding country: in the distance the faint line of the Gulf seemed a silver thread. Along the hills over which I wandered flourished all the trees peculiar to the far South, and the Scuppernong grape grew magnificently in the college vineyards. The fresh and aromatic atmosphere of the woods, mingled with the delicate breath from the sea, made it difficult for one to fancy that pestilence could ever spread its wings above Mobile. Yet there, as elsewhere, from time to time the death angel inaugurates his terrible campaign, and the citizens are compelled to flee to the mountains.

Mobile Bay is replete with historic interest. One may perhaps think, in looking out over its placid waters, of Iberville's colonists coming, a motley and sea-stained gang, to land on Dauphin's Island, in 1799, and finding there so many human bones, that they called it Massacre Island; but one cannot forget the mighty naval battle when grim old commander Farragut was forcing his way past the fire of Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines, whose Confederate guns were at all hazards to be silenced. One cannot remember, without a thrill, how one day the squadron, which had hung steadfastly at the mouth of the bay during three long years of war, transformed itself into a fiery antagonist—a war-fleet, breathing forth fire and destruction; nor how, after the admiral had fought his way with his fleet past the forts into the harbor, the giant

ram, the "Tennessee," the pride and glory of the Alabamians who built her, stood out to meet her formidable foes, although she had seen the decks of all her other Confederate consorts transformed into slaughter-pens. One cannot forget how, even after the harbor was taken, and closed against the blockade runners, the little city held valiantly out another twelve months until the attack by Canby on the defense along the eastern shore was crowned with victory, until the Spanish Fort and Blakely Batteries Hager and Tracy were invested, besieged and taken, and the victorious columns, descending from Selma and Montgomery, had joined the others, bringing the coast under control of the Federal arms.

Mobile is the home of some Southern celebrities; among them are Admiral Semmes who lives peaceably and handsomely following the profession of law; Madam Octavia Walton Le Vert, Augusta J. Evans, authoress of "Beulah" and one or two other ultra scholastic novels; and Gen. John Forsyth, ex-diplomat, and one of the ablest journalists in the country. The "Register," which Gen. Forsyth edits is sometimes a little bitter in partisan politics, but altogether highly creditable to Mobile. The city is also famous for having inaugurated the masked secret societies, which have lately become such a feature of the Southern carnival, and which for several years held the field with the "Cowbellions" and the "Strikers," whose representations were always looked forward to with pleasure by the citizens of New Orleans and the whole Gulf coast. The Cowbellions, the Strikers, and the "T. I. A.'s," are New Year's Eve societies; and among the Mardi-Gras companies are the "Order of Myths," and the "H. S. S." Not even the war and the depression of commerce have been able to deaden the jollity of the genial maskers.

The home of many lovely women, Mobile has a thoroughly good society, cultivated and frank, and the assemblages of its citizens at church and theater are as brilliant gatherings as are to be found in the whole country. There are no public buildings of special beauty; the Custom House, the Odd Fellows' and Temperance Halls, the Catholic Cathedral, the First Presbyterian and Christ Churches, Mobile College, the Academy, the Bank of Mobile, are all pleasing structures, but devoid of any remarkable features. Both Catholics and Protestants

ants have well-conducted orphan asylums; in the numerous public schools the white and black children are pretty well provided for, education making progress as gratifying in the city as it is meager and discouraging in the country. Immigration and manufactures would make of Mobile one of the most attractive of Southern towns; it needs but a little aid to establish itself firmly and handsomely. The cemetery is somewhat dilapidated, yet filled with pretty monuments and those sweetest memorials of the dead—a profusion of delicious flowers.

Something should be done to arrest the drainage towards Texas; it is dwarfing the development of the Alabamian towns, and leaving them in an unpleasant predicament. There is a very large discouraged class in the State—people who were willing enough at the close of the war to accept its main results, and to devote themselves to a rebuilding, but who have been so embarrassed and hindered by the anomalous condition of labor and politics, and are so destitute of means with which to carry on new enterprises, that they prefer to fly to newer States. The spirit of nationality among the people in those sections of Alabama which have suffered most, has been somewhat broken, yet, according to the statement made to me by one of the most distinguished of Alabama's citizens, these same people need but the return of a little prosperity to make them contented.

The Commonwealth labors under a dreadful burden of ignorance; the illiteracy in some sections is appalling. With a population of a little more than a million, Alabama has more than three hundred and eighty thousand persons who can neither read nor write; and of these nearly one hundred thousand are whites. There are also large classes who can both read and write, but whose education goes no farther. Among the one hundred and seventy-five thousand voters in the State, there is a newspaper circulation of forty thousand only. The negro does not seem to care for the papers. A good public school system was inaugurated in Alabama in 1854, and three years later nearly ninety thousand children were attending school in the State; but the advent of the war annulled the progress already made, and since reconstruction educational matters have been somewhat embroiled. The conduct of the schools is now in the hands of what is known as the State Board of Education,

composed of the State Superintendent and two members from each congressional district. This board has full legislative



WESTWARD HO!

powers, the legislature being only revisory of its acts. The school fund receives from half a million to \$600,000 annually from the State, one-third of it being interest on the fund bestowed by the general government, and the remainder being made up of one-fifth of the commonwealth's general revenue—all the poll tax, the licenses, and the tax on insurance companies. This fund is nominally apportioned impartially to the whites and blacks in each county, and the trustees in each township are informed what their share is. Under this system, the average attendance at the various schools opened throughout the State, was one hundred and fifty thousand; but in 1873 the schools were all closed, (save those in the large cities,) on account of the inability of the State to pay teachers! This cessation has been productive of much harm and disorganization. Efforts have, however, been made to resuscitate the State University at Tuscaloosa, which is not in a flourishing condition, and a normal college, for teachers of both sexes,

has been started at Florence, in the northern part of the State. In Western Alabama, a colored university and normal col-



MARINE AND CITY HOSPITALS, MOBILE.

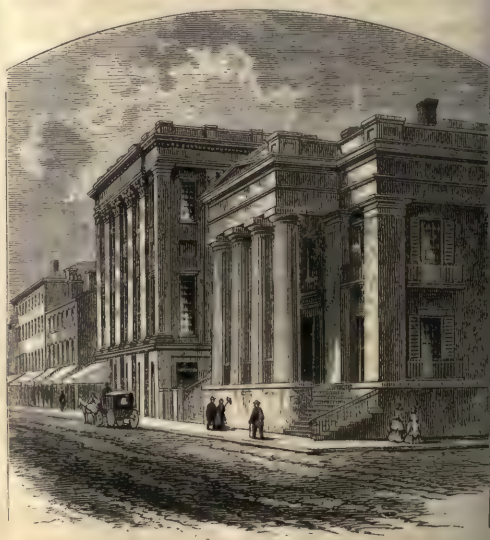
lege has been established at Marion, and a colored normal school is opened at Huntsville. The American Missionary Society also maintains a college for colored people at Talladega.

That which chiefly astonishes the stranger visiting Alabama, is that the superb material resources of the State should have so long remained undeveloped. He is told that, in a little less than a century, Alabama expended two hundred millions of dollars in the purchase of slaves; had she spent it in developing her elements of wealth, she would have been one of the richest commonwealths in the world to-day. The extraordinary extent and nature of her mineral stores, the fertility of her fields for cotton, cereals and fruits, the grandeur of her forests, the length of her streams, and her lovely climate, will render her, after the dreary transition period is past, one of the mightiest States of the South.

The expedition of De Soto through Alabama three centuries and a half ago, was one of the most remarkable of the time. This brave Spaniard, with his little band, was pushing across the new and hostile country to the harbor at Pensacola, where ships with supplies from Havana awaited him, when he was attacked by swarms of warriors under the chief Tuscaloosa, at an Indian town, said to have been near the present site of Selma, and there fought one of the bloodiest battles of early American history. Turning his face northward

and westward once more, he fought his way step by step to the Mississippi river, leaving the savages some ghastly memorials of Spanish pluck and valor, but having done nothing towards the colonization of the great territory later known as Alabama. One hundred and sixty-two years thereafter, another European expedition appeared at Pensacola, but finding the Spaniards in possession there, cast anchor at Ship Island, and finally at Biloxi. Iberville, who had been commissioned by France to found settlements on the Mississippi, planted the seed of the colonies, which Bienville brought to such abundant harvest. Slaves were introduced into Alabama, then a part of Louisiana, under the régime of John Law's great Mississippi Company, and rice, tobacco and indigo were successfully cultivated. A little more than a century after the first French occupation, Alabama had nearly two hundred thousand whites, and one hundred and seventeen thousand blacks within her borders, and seemed springing more rapidly into development than most of the other States of the Union.

The area of Alabama is 50,722 square miles, of which the cotton and timber regions comprise about 10,000, and the mineral section, 15,000 square miles. The cotton fields have been the basis of the



BANK OF MOBILE AND ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

State's wealth, and will continue one of her chief important supports; but to her minerals and manufactures must she look

for that development of huge manufacturing towns and wonderful increase of population which has marked the growth of other States, uniting, as she does, a superabundance of agricultural and mineral resources. It is supposed that not more than half the available cotton lands are at present under cultivation. From the rich Tennessee valley to the fertile Gulf coast there is such a combination of natural treasures as no country in Europe can boast. Alabama can produce all the grains and esculents of the Northern States, yet to-day whole sections of the State are dependent upon the Northwest for bread, because the foolish "all cotton" policy is continued from slave times. Lying at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, which, in the north-western portion of the State, bow their giant heads stupidly, and lean lazily toward the level earth, she possesses those grand mineral beds which crop out at intervals along the range through Pennsylvania, Virginia and Tennessee. Her river system is one of the noblest on the continent. It comprehends the Tennessee, which courses through eight Northern counties, and affords a fertile, although somewhat exhausted, cotton valley; the Alabama and her tributaries; and the Tombigbee, the Black Warrior and the Coosa. These are all navigable. The Chattahoochee river is the boundary line between Georgia and Alabama; and in the lower part of the State several of the rivers flowing through Florida to the Gulf furnish navigation to the border counties.

The improvement of the Coosa and the Cahawba rivers, so that they shall be navigable all the way from the mineral fields to their junction with the Alabama, is considered of the utmost importance. Some of the richest iron mines and coal fields in the State are on the Upper Coosa, beyond its navigable portion. Surveys have been provided for, under the reconstruction governments, but as yet little has been accomplished. The upper portion of the Black Warrior river drains the Warrior coal field, and could be made of vast service in future. The opening of the Coosa river would give to the markets of Montgomery and Mobile the produce of a section of Alabama which now finds its outlet in Georgia, and it would furnish the cotton belt of the State with cheap grain—a most important consideration; while, at the same time, it will afford fine water power for manufactures. Mobile is anxious to become a grain depot,

like New Orleans, for the corn trade of the West with Europe. The improvement of the Coosa river and of Mobile harbor would accomplish this. The needed opening of the Tennessee river, which I have alluded to elsewhere, would be of the greatest value to northern Alabama; and a canal from the Tennessee to the Coosa,



TRINITY CHURCH, MOBILE.

cut through at a point where the streams are not more than forty miles apart, would give a continuous water line from the north-west to Mobile Bay.* This would become one of the most popular and economical of national highways, and would be lined, throughout Alabama, with manufacturing towns.

The timber region of Alabama comprises a belt extending entirely across the lower portion of the State, bordering on Florida and the Gulf. It is rich in forests of long-leaved pine, and on the river lowlands grow white, black and Spanish oaks, and the black cypress. Cotton can be produced in the light, sandy soil of this section, but the gathering of naval stores is a more productive industry in these border counties. Between Mobile and Pascagoula Bays many settlements are springing up, and enterprising young men from the North and West are sending millions of feet of lumber to New Orleans. The lands can be purchased for a trifle; and there are many small bays and estuaries where

* Alabama Manuals.

vessels for any port in the world might load directly at the saw-mill.

In the cotton belt, which also extends directly across Alabama, from the Mississippi to the Georgia line, there are many large towns which would, in happier times, be flourishing, and whose appearance testifies to a long reign of wealth, elegance, and culture within their limits. Montgomery, Selma, Demopolis, Livingston, Eutaw, Greensboro, Marion, are all inhabited or surrounded by planters who are, or have once been wealthy, and who have gathered about them fine private schools, libraries and churches. Southeastward through the cotton country, from the capital, runs the Montgomery, Eufaula and Brunswick Railroad, intended as part of a gigantic line, some day to be completed, from Brunswick, Georgia, on the Atlantic coast to Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, and other lines are here and there projected. It often occurs to one that Alabama is indulging in an "overcrop" of railways considering the abundance of her superb water courses.

The soil of the Alabama cotton belt is inexhaustibly rich. This is the testimony of all observers, native and foreign. That it has in some sections been forced, so as to be, for a time, less productive than usual, there can be no doubt; but with anything like decent care it will grow cotton as long as will the soil of Egypt. But there has been a terrible fall in prices, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of planters have been utterly ruined. Good lands there once commanded \$50 per acre; those same lands now command possibly \$10, in some instances, \$5. The enormous fertility of this section is shown by the fact that in 1860, just before the slave system was broken up, it produced 997,978, almost a million, bales of cotton, or one-fifth of the whole crop of the United States for that year. The planters there, as elsewhere, would prefer the free labor which they now employ, rather than slaves, if the free labor could be relied on to work with a view to getting as good results for his employer as the slave did for his owner.

There are, of course, great multitudes of negroes on these cotton lands, who, as a rule, labored well, in spite of the savagery reversed experienced by the whole planting interest of Alabama for some years, until the continuous disaster discouraged them, and they took refuge either in emigration or the precarious dependence upon the charity of others but little richer than themselves. But whatever may be the condition of large planters, or the freed men, who are, of course, more or less ignorant and irresponsible, there is no doubt that industrious and capable immigrants settling in the cotton belt, and carefully cultivating from forty to fifty acres of land with ten in cotton and an equal number in grain and provisions, could enrich themselves. The main suffering, which has been great in Alabama, has occurred because the people raised but little with which to feed themselves. Relying entirely upon cotton, when that failed they found themselves penniless and starving. This suffering does not, however, reach the people, save when the crops are absolutely destroyed by the caterpillars or by rains. If the Alabama planters could succeed for a few years, they might have some money to invest in the much needed local manufactures, but at present they have none, and foreign capital does not flow to them.

I have dwelt, in the preceding paper, upon the principal features of Montgomery.



IN THE PARK, MOBILE.

and Selma. They are the most important towns in the Alabama cotton belt, and will grow as the region around them prospers. The strip of country extending between the cotton and mineral regions, and running from the north-east to the middle and eastern part of the State, is admirably adapted both to agriculture and manufactures. Opelika, Wetumpka, Centerville, Tuscaloosa, Scottsville, Prattville, Tallassee, Autaugaville, and other flourishing towns are located in it. It is traversed by the Selma and Rome, the Montgomery and West Point, the South and North, and the Alabama and Chattanooga, railroads. Lying directly on the high road between New York and New Orleans, and traversed by rivers flowing from the mountains, over many rocky barriers towards the lowlands,—thus forming innumerable falls suitable for manufacturing power,—it has already attracted much attention, and many factories are established within its limits. A goodly number of prosperous factories were destroyed during the war; but the extensive cotton mills at Tallassee, on the Tallapoosa river, the Granite factory in Coosa county, the mills in Prattville, and the Bell factory near Huntsville, all demonstrate the success which might attend similar new enterprises. It is observed that, in spite of the cheapness of labor in England, Alabama manufacturers will soon be able to take cotton from adjacent plantations, spin it into yarn, and sell it in England at a greater profit than the English manufacturer, who buys American cotton in Liverpool and makes it into yarn in England, can ever reach.* The advantage of the water power in such States as Alabama over the steam power necessarily employed in Great Britain, is also very large in point of expense. The crying need of the State is capital; she is like so many of her neighbors, completely broken by the revolution, and unable to take the initiative in the measures essential to her full development. With capital operating beneficently, Alabama could bring her cheap cotton, cheap coal, cheap iron, and cheap living, to bear upon the question of manufactures in such a manner that there would be no denying her a position in the front ranks.

North of the manufacturing region, and extending from north-east one hundred and sixty miles to the south-west, is the mineral region of the State. Railroads traverse it in all directions; the South and North binds it to Montgomery, and gives it an outlet towards Nashville and Louisville, via Decatur: the Alabama and Chattanooga gives it easy access to the rolling mills of Chattanooga; the Selma, Rome and Dalton cuts through it to connect with the Kenesaw route to New York. It is as yet in many respects a wild country, sparsely populated, and rough in appearance; in one day's journey along the line of the North and South railroad, I saw hardly any town of considerable size; in the forest clearings there were assemblages of rough board houses, and brawny men and scrawny women looked from the doors; now and then we passed a coal shoot, and now long piles of iron ore. There was little of interest save the material fact of the abundant riches of this favored section. The mountains were nowhere imposing; they were humpbacked and overgrown; but they held, it was easy to see, mighty secrets.

There are three distinct coal fields in the carboniferous formation, which, with the silurian, shares all but the southeast corner of this mineral region.

The most extensive is the Warrior-field, which has an area of three thousand square miles of a bituminous soft coal, lying in horizontal beds from one to four feet thick. It covers that portion of the State drained by the Black Warrior river and its tributaries, and extends quite into the north-eastern corner, between Lookout Mountain and the Tennessee river. The field along the Cahawba river has an area of beds from one to eight feet thick, extending over an area of seven hundred square miles. The Tennessee field, north of the Tennessee river, has large stores of bituminous coal, and the three together cover four thousand square miles. Close beside them run beds of red and brown hematite iron, from north-east to south-west, and limestone and sandstone are near at hand. The South and North railroad runs through the Warrior coal field for more than fifty miles. It is incredible that, with such superb facilities for transportation, more has not been done towards the development of this section. Grand highways run in all the principal directions across iron beds; it will only be necessary

* There are now a dozen prosperous cotton factories in Alabama, in its middle and northern portions. The Tallassee mills have 18,000 spindles; two at Prattville have 4,000 each; and others, averaging about the same, at Huntsville, Florence, Tuscaloosa, Autaugaville, and in Pickens county, are prosperous. These mills regularly pay large dividends; it is not uncommon for cotton mills in the South to pay twenty per cent., and twelve to fifteen is the average. White labor exclusively is employed.

to build branch tracks to cover every square mile with a network of communication.

I made a journey to Birmingham, the four-year-old child of the mineral development, and was surprised to note how solidly it had grown up. The route, from



CUSTOM HOUSE—MOBILE.

Montgomery to within a few miles of Calera, where the Selma, Rome and Dalton road crosses the South and North, lay through forests of yellow pine. We saw few farms, and but little cleared land. A little above Calera, we came into the Coosa river section. That stream runs to the eastward of the railroad, and for many miles offers excellent sites for the establishment of manufactures. In all the country round about lime-kilns are to be seen: it is said that one hundred and fifty thousand barrels of lime are annually made at and near Calera. The blue limestone of the Silurian formation, so abundant there, is especially valuable. The road also traverses the zone of the deposits of fibrous brown hematite, extending northeasterly from Tuscaloosa, where it is said to be a hundred feet thick. On this ore belt several prosperous furnaces—the Roup's Valley, the Briarfield, the Shelby, and the Oxford,—are located. An able engineer, Mr. Hiram Haines, of Alabama, says that the cost of the reduction of this iron at these furnaces is about \$20 per ton.

Crossing the Cahawba coal field, and Red Mountain, which forms the western boundary, I came into the valley of Shades

creek, which presents a very advantageous position for the location of iron works. Here are the Red Mountain and Irondale Iron Works, whose furnaces can produce forty tons daily. The vast bed of fossiliferous ore which extends along the northern ridge of Red Mountain, runs from a point a score of miles east of Tuscaloosa to the north-eastern limit of the State. Where the railway crosses it, it is thirty feet in thickness. The "mountain," like its famous compeer in Missouri, hardly merits its name; but is simply an elevated ridge. The ore is everywhere easily accessible; I noted from point to point excavations made close to the railroad—some of which had been very successfully located. The "mountain" is said to be one hundred miles in length, and it is estimated that it bears fifteen millions of tons of iron ore to the mile. The Pennsylvania iron-masters have not allowed this ore to go unnoticed, and the English have made it an especial study. A little beyond the gap which allows the railroad to leave the coal field, the projected route of the Mobile Grand Trunk road crosses the South and North; and, a short distance farther on, at the intersection of the Alabama and Chattanooga with the South and North, the town of Birmingham has sprung into a praiseworthy activity. In eighteen months from the date of the building of the first house there was a permanent population of four thousand people. The town was handsomely laid out in streets lined with imposing brick blocks, and the two finely built railways running through it brought to it crowds of daily visitors. If the development of the South justifies the building of the proposed route from Atlanta, Ga., through Birmingham to connect with the Southern Transcontinental: of the connecting link from Opelika north-westerly through Birmingham to the Tennessee at Pittsburg Landing: of the Grand Trunk road, and the Ashly branch of the Selma, Rome and Dalton road, giving a short line from the coal and iron country to the Gulf—the new mineral capital will be indeed fortunate!

Birmingham is very centrally located in the mineral region, which comprises most of Shelby, Jefferson, Bibb, Walker, Tuscaloosa, Blount, St. Clair, Calhoun, Talladega, Randolph and Cherokee counties. Red Mountain seems to have been pushed up above the unattractive soil in

these rude fields as a beacon, and a temptation to explorers. It looms up in Jones's Valley, the site of Birmingham, as the creator and guardian of the little city's destinies, and presents its treasures readily to the miner, for the iron is covered with but a thin coating of soil. The Red Mountain ores have a usual yield of fifty per cent., and at some furnaces, fifty-eight; and this mountain stretches, a narrow strip, for miles and miles, between two of the most wonderful coal-beds on the continent!

On my arrival at Birmingham, one afternoon, I found the good mayor of the little city in bed, for he, with other citizens, had been engaged all the previous night in quelling a negro riot, caused by the discontent and pressing necessities of the inhabitants of the back country. An armed band of blacks had ridden into the town, and some fires had been started in a low quarter, evidently with the design of diverting attention to the conflagration while the provision stores were robbed. But the citizens succeeded in capturing the would-be robbers, and providing them with food and lodging in jail. This incident served to show the really hazardous position in which the negro is placed in some portions of the State. Untoward circumstances and outside financial pressure leave him absolutely without anything to eat; for he depends almost entirely on the outer world for his supplies.

Birmingham lies in a charming valley,



A SCENE IN THE PARK AT MOBILE.

about ten miles wide, and extending about forty miles either way from the "city." It lies, perhaps, six hundred feet above the sea level, and the valley is supposed to be the result of a vast upheaval of the Silurian rocks, which upheaval or convulsion was evidently instrumental in dividing what was one huge coal-field into several. Another result of the rupture is a range of hills running down the center of the valley, and containing deposits of brown hematite ore. Along the slope of the Red Mountain there is a notable outcrop of variegated marble and sulphate of barytes, and lead ores are scattered throughout the neighborhood. The hematite ores, on the north-eastern slope of the Red Mountain, are exposed for a thickness of from fifteen to twenty-five feet; and many believe that a complete examination will show deposits one hundred feet thick. Here is a supply of iron for centuries to come; but Birmingham does not depend on the Red Mountain alone. To the west, the north-west, and the north there are fine deposits of iron ore, situated close to coal unsurpassed in quality for the manufacture of iron. The Elyton Land Company, which owned extensive tracts in Jones's Valley, took the initiative in building Birmingham, and succeeded so well that the little town is expected to have a cotton factory and extensive car shops, as well as to be girdled by a ring of iron furnaces. In the vicinity there are numerous furnaces. Pennsylvania ironmasters are developing Irondale; the Red Mountain Iron Works are undergoing revival, after a long sleep since the war; and the largest Southern and English firms interested in iron manufacture are investigating the resources of Alabama iron tracts, which they pronounce superb. The coal interests are receiving equal attention, and shafts have been sunk in the Warrior and Cahawba fields in a hundred places. The Irondale and Iron-ton furnaces are undoubtedly the most extensive on Red Mountain; the two together produce about forty tons of pig-iron daily, and the Alabama Iron Company, located seventeen miles above Birmingham, is yearly sending North great quantities of crude ore. All the way from Jefferson county, through St. Clair, until it loses itself in the Lookout range, the Red Mountain carries the

most abundant stores of iron. In Cherokee, Calhoun and Talladega counties, within easy reach of the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, there are furnaces in active opera-



CHRIST CHURCH—MOBILE.

tion. The Shelby Iron Works, in Shelby county, has an extensive foundry for working up the famous "brown ore." The Briarfield Iron Works, in Bibb county, are also famous, and in Clay county it is believed that there are sufficient indications of magnetic ore to justify the establishment of furnaces. It is evident that at some central point in this rich region a large town is to arise, and Birmingham seems to have secured the precedence.

The stores of copper and marl in Alabama are quite remarkable. In Randolph, Clay and Coosa counties, copper has been mined successfully, and lead has been found in Baker county. In eastern Alabama gold has been mined from time to time since 1843, being found in small quantities in numerous counties; there are silver shafts said to have been sunk by De Soto. The marble, granite and slate quarries of the State are rich, and will furnish cheap material for future cities, when the iron interest shall begin to build them. Of tin, plumbago, fire clay, and kaolin and lime, there are abundant stores. The marls of Alabama are expected, in due time, to furnish a very important branch of industry. They contain properties of the highest fertilizing character when applied to worn-out lands, and offer the sections of the State which have been unduly stimulated under

the old planting system, a chance of renewal.

It is certain that large manufacturing communities are to spring up within the next few years, in the mineral region of northern and north-eastern Alabama. The facility with which iron, coal and limestone can be reached, mined, and sent to furnaces or to market; the cheapness of labor and land, and the facilities for intercommunication, both by rail and water, are great recommendations to the attention of the foreign and Northern capitalist. The iron ores are so rich, and such fine steel can be readily made from them, that they are certain to tempt capitalists to unearth them. The manufactured iron can be produced at about the same price as that of the cheapest regions in England.

From Meridian, in Mississippi, through Livingston, Eutaw, Tuscaloosa and Birmingham, stretches the Alabama and Chattanooga railroad, consolidated from several lines, and purchased by a number of Boston capitalists. It runs through the beautiful Wills' Valley, near Chattanooga, and will, doubtless, draw much of the mineral interest of the Alabama district toward Chattanooga, the natural center of the vast coal and iron country, whose southern terminus is where the Alleghanies gradually sink to sleep on the swelling Alabama prairies.

There is much of quiet beauty in Northern Alabama, much also that is bold, rugged, even grand. The Tennessee Valley seems to combine the loveliest characteristics of a Northern, with all the fragrant luxuriance and voluptuousness of a Southern, climate. Here and there arise grand mountains; one encounters rapids and noisy waterfalls; vast stretches of forest huge areas covered by ill-kept and almost ruined plantations, where the victims of the revolution are struggling with the mysteries of the labor question, and the changing influences of the times. The Memphis and Charleston railway, which runs through this valley from Chattanooga, and which is the connecting link in the great through route from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, has done much in developing the country, but does not seem to have brought population to any large degree. There are some handsome and thriving towns along its line; pretty. Huntsville, Decatur, Tuscumbia with its miraculous spring, and Florence, Tuscumbia's near neighbor, at the present head of naviga-

tion on the Tennessee, with its cotton factory, are all indications of the beauty and vivacity which this section will boast, when population comes in. At Stevenson, whither the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad comes in its search for a passage through the apparently impassable mountains, the beauty of the great ranges is indescribable. The red loam of the Valley will produce the best of cotton and corn, rye and barley, and small farmers, in this favorable climate, and with some little capital to start upon, could once more give this section its old name of "the garden of the South." The large plantations are much neglected, in many cases ruined; the planters are discouraged, and the negroes perplexed and somewhat demoralized by the great changes of the past few years.* There has undoubtedly been a large falling off in the amount of cotton production in this section of Alabama, since the close of the war; and as the trail of the armies through it was marked with blood and fire, it is, perhaps, not very astonishing that the delay in restoration has been

short time. Inasmuch as the Tennessee river passes through the entire breadth of North Alabama from east to west, the State is as much interested as Tennessee in the opening of navigation at Muscle Shoals, feeling convinced that the manufacturing interests at Florence would be revived, that the valley would thus secure a cheap transportation route to market, and that the carrying of minerals, especially coal, would be made one of the great businesses of the section. Huntsville has the honor of being the county seat of the richest agricultural county in the Tennessee Valley, and is noted as the location of the convention that formed the State constitution, as the seat of the first legislature of the commonwealth, and the place at which the first Alabama newspaper was issued. The city, which has some five thousand inhabitants, sits upon a low hill, from whose base gushes out a limestone spring, ample enough to supply the population with water. Through this country the weight of war was felt heavily; the people of Huntsville suffered much, and the devastation in the country, caused by both armies, was very great. Huntsville has some fine schools for young ladies; the Greene Academy, a resort of great numbers of the young men of Tennessee, was destroyed during the war by the Union troops.

Decatur was nearly submerged when I saw it, so that I can hardly attempt a description. Rain poured heavily down: the Tennessee, on whose south bank the town lies, was rampant, and the railroad seemed running through a lake. From Decatur towards Nashville, Tennessee, the railway route leads through a wild, hilly country, where the land is not especially good. Tuscumbia, and its tributary country also suffered greatly in war time. It is noted for a spring, like Huntsville, but that of Tuscumbia is of pure freestone water, and springing from the plain in which the town is built, discharges 17,000 cubic feet of water every minute. Florence is connected with Tuscumbia by a branch of the Memphis and Charleston road, and was once a formidable commercial rival to Nashville. It was hindered by the war from completing the fine manufacturing enterprises which it was inaugurating, but is now making renewed efforts to centralize cotton spinning there. The Wesleyan University and the Synodical Institute, flourishing institutions, are located at Florence.

Farmers, and real farming,—not a loose



BARTON ACADEMY—MOBILE.

so great. If any portion of the South needs a total renewal of its population, it is this one: and an influx of Northern or foreign farmers would build it up in a

* In a succeeding paper, the reader will find the labor question, and the relations of planters to laborers, and of both to merchants and the outer world, as concerns the Valley of the Tennessee, and other sections of the South, fully, and, it is hoped, fairly discussed.

planting and dependence on cotton—are the principal needs of this section of the Tennessee Valley.

The people of Alabama are as varied as is the topography of their lovely State, but are all distinguished for frankness and generosity of character. It is a land of beautiful women; one even now and then sees among the degraded poor whites, who "dip snuff" and talk the most outrageous

dialect, some lovely creature, who looks as poetic as a heathen goddess, until one hears her speak, or she pulls from her pocket a pine stick, with an old rag wrapped around it, and inserts it between her dainty lips.

Here and there, in my journeys up and down the State, I saw the tall, long-haired, slender men who were so common a sight in the Alabama regiments during the war, and whose extraordinary height sometimes puzzled even the men from Maine and Minnesota. The countrymen in the interior districts were much like those all through the cotton districts, bounded, prejudiced and ignorant of most things outside the limits of their State; difficult to drive into any conclusion, but easy to lead; generally conciliatory in their demeanor towards Northerners, but possessed of some little distrust of their alert and earnest ways. The gentlemen of means and culture whom we met were charming companions, and usually accomplished. They had the flavor of the country gentleman, and much of his repose, with the breeding and training of city life.

Of course I encountered many bitter people—men who were not at all friendly towards the North, and who declared that



"SAH?"

they were dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs; who cursed the negro, their own fate, and the federal administration; but these were certainly the exceptions. The citizens of Alabama, as a mass, are as loyal to the idea of the Union to-day as are the citizens of New York, and have gone very far forward to welcome such reconstruction measures as are not instruments of oppression. In the sections where the lands are exhausted for the time being, or where crops have failed persistently, and the wolf of poverty is at the door, people have ceased to take any interest in State affairs, and are settling up their affairs, and hastening to Texas. Now and then one sees a few tired and soiled men and women on the trains, and on inquiring their destination, find they are on the return from Texas, which has not treated them as kindly as they anticipated; but, as a rule, those who go, remain.

Here and there ostracism shows itself. There is some bitterness in Mobile, but I doubt if to-day a Northern Republican voting conscientiously for the best men,—not installing ignorance and vice in power under the Republican colors,—would be criticised on account of his sentiments. The negro has such absolute freedom in Alabama that the whites have long ago given up any endeavor to check his extra-



STOPPING TO REST.

vagances. There is a law which prevents challenge at the polls, and gives the right to the challenged party to sue for damages

When a native Southerner turns and joins the Republicans, he is usually pretty thoroughly ostracised; and this was the case with the gentleman who was mayor of Mobile when I visited that city. As soon as he had joined the dominant party, he was "cut" in all the social relations; his wife and children were badly treated, and no name was thought too harsh to apply to him, although he had once been considered a citizen of distinction.

In some of the towns, as in Montgomery, and smaller communities in the region where the most distress prevails, the negroes seem to be absolutely dependent upon the charity of the white folks. Their lives are grossly immoral, and the women especially have but little conception of the true dignity of womanhood. One sees men and women, like Italian and Spanish beggars, slouching all day, from sun to shade, from shade to sun, living on garbage and the results of begging and predatory expeditions—a prey to any disease that comes along, and festering in ignorance. Some of them have been trying agriculture, and have given it up in disgust, because they do not understand farming, and there is no one to teach them. They have flocked into the towns, and there remain, seemingly nourishing a vague idea that something will turn up. It often struck me that the thousands of idle negroes I saw were in the attitude of waiting. Their expectant air was almost pathetic to witness. It was the same thing which we so often remark in animals—that quaint and curious, yet despairing look in the eyes and poise of the body, which seemed to say: "I would like to read the riddle of my relation to the universe, but I cannot." So they occupy themselves lazily in lounging about the sheriff's sales of mortgaged property,—always a prominent sight



THE CAPITOL—JACKSON, MISS.

in the South now-a-days, alas!—or in begging of citizens and strangers with the greatest persistency. On the plantations they are the same as everywhere else in the cotton States: not always honest when they work for other people, and reckless and improvident when they work for themselves.

That there is plenty of enterprise in the State, there can be no doubt—no more doubt than that there is no money to assist it. Indeed, it is safe to predict for Alabama a sudden upspringing sometime into a marvelous growth, something like that of Texas, because the railroad communication is already so perfect, and the resources are so immense. As soon as a little money is accumulated, or foreign capital has gained courage to go in, we shall see an awakening in the beautiful commonwealth. It is rich in grand mountains, noble rivers, swelling prairies, mighty forests, lovely sea-coast, and everywhere there is a wealth of Southern blossom and perfume. The northerner from America or Europe can readily accommodate himself to its climate, and can find any combination of resources that he may desire to develop.

Alabama and Mississippi together form a mighty domain; many an empire has been founded on less than either contains. Both States have suffered a good

deal from evils incident to reconstruction; both, I believe, are destined to a recuperation soon to come, and to a wealth and position such as neither, in the palmy days of slavery, dreamed of. Alabama, with her million of inhabitants, and Mississippi, with her nine hundred thousand, seem, to an European or Northern visitor, almost uninhabited. In each State there is still an immense tract of native forest. The railway lines, which are almost as numerous in Mississippi as in Alabama, run for scores of miles through woods and uncleared or unreclaimed lands. Both States are embarrassed by the presence of freedmen, suddenly raised to the dignity of citizenship, upon their richest lands. The slaveholders naturally sought out the best land to mass their negroes upon, because they were sure of the largest results, and now the freedman is settled there, rudely trying to work out the problem of self-government, which,—being too difficult for the white man, who has had superior advantages,—he, with his limited scope, cannot, of course, be expected completely to solve. There has been a marvelous widening and heightening of sentiment in each State, and something of national feeling is now manifested in both. A little money and consequent independence would enable the capable people to do a great deal, despite the encumbrances of the incapables. Mississippi has no minerals from which to predict a future growth; but her splendid soil grows cotton superbly, and Indian corn, tobacco, hemp, flax, silk, as well as all kinds of grains and grasses. At one end of the State the apple flourishes; at the other, one may luxuriate in orange groves and under the shade of the fig-tree. The sixty counties in Mississippi contain farms and plantations whose cash value, in 1870, was nearly one hundred millions of dollars. The rivers run southwest, to pay tribute to the mighty stream from which the State takes its name—save a few in the eastern section, which flow into the Alabama rivers, and thence reach the Gulf of Mexico. Property has fallen savagely in both Alabama and Mississippi; the former boasted, in 1860, a valuation in real estate and personal property, of nearly \$450,000,000; in 1870, \$155,000,000. Mississippi, at the outbreak of the war, had a valuation of \$509,472,912; and in 1870, \$154,535,527. The cotton production of Mississippi fell from 1,202,507 bales, in 1860, to 564,938 bales, in 1870; and the

wealthy planter vanished before the storm of revolution.

Corinth, in Mississippi, with its memories of the terrible battles of the late war which have made it famous, is the junction of the Memphis and Charleston railroad with the Mobile and Ohio. There Beauregard once sat haughtily entrenched until Halleck's persistence in assaulting drove him away; and there occurred that ghastly encounter between Rosecrans and Van Dorn which looms up, like a hideous vision, through the battle-smoke of our recent history. The land was as thoroughly camped upon as any in Virginia, and to-day the tracks of the contending armies are still visible, in the devastated timber and waste lands. There is good land thereabouts; Corinth, located on so important a line as the Memphis and Charleston, is gradually gaining, and a few thousand bales of cotton annually go to market from the vicinity. A cotton and wool manufacturing company, an extensive enterprise, with large capital, has been started near Corinth. Pushing down the Mobile and Ohio railroad to Meridian, past renaissance Okalona, which received such a terrible shattering during the war; past a host of tiny towns and villages where cotton bales, small wooden houses, and the depot, are the principal features; along the rich prairie lands, world-famous; over the pine slopes—one comes into the rich woodlands which fringe the country in which Meridian stands. From Okalona a branch line runs off to the new and thriving town of Aberdeen; from both towns and their neighborhood large quantities of cotton are annually sent to market.

Meridian, a new town in the woods, yet pretty withal, is the southern terminus of the Alabama and Chattanooga railroad, which runs through Birmingham to Chattanooga, in Eastern Tennessee. At the time of my journey along the line from Birmingham northward, the road was in one of those anomalous conditions into which Southern railways sometimes get a condition in which no one knows who owns it, and it is so hopelessly embarrassed that it is hardly considered worth while to inquire. No tickets were to be had at the depot; I was informed that it was uncertain that there would be any train that night. Reckoned the conductor ("captain," my informant called him) was running the train, and making what he could of it. But

the line is a remarkably fine one, and as soon as population comes in to support it, will be one of the great routes of Alabama. It passes, on its way northward, through Eutaw, pretty in its bowers of shade trees, along the fertile prairies, with their underlayers of limestone; and crosses the Tombigbee river, at a point where the whitish limestone bluffs are ranged in rows forming high banks as picturesque and imposing as the walls of an ancient temple. Here once was great wealth, and here thousands of slaves toiled. Now they have vanished; so has the wealth, and the planter is left behind to toil as best he can. Tuscaloosa, named after a valiant Indian chieftain of Alabama's early history, was for many years the capital of the State, and is the site of the State Lunatic Asylum, a United States Land Office, and many flourishing schools. The State University, already alluded to, has a group of handsome buildings on a commanding eminence not far from the banks of the Black Warrior River. But few students frequent it now. There is some hope that the University may be revived as Alabama grows prosperous once more. Situated on the borders of both the agricultural and mineral region of the State, Tuscaloosa has always been interested in the mining of both the iron and coal abundant near by, and the Kennedale cotton mill, near the town, has been in prosperous operation since 1868. The Black Warrior* is a fine stream, and serves as a highway for the transportation of coal and iron to Demopolis, and thence via the Tombigbee towards the Gulf. Demopolis was settled in 1818 by a colony of French imperialists whose devotion to Napoleon the First had compelled them to fly from France. Among them were many noted soldiers and ladies of the fallen Emperor's court. Many afterwards returned to France, and but few of their descendants at present remain in Alabama.

Scattered over the fifty-five thousand square miles which make up the State of Mississippi, there are but half a dozen towns of considerable size. It can readily support on its thirty-five millions of acres, a dozen millions of people. Vicksburg, Natchez, Jackson and Columbus are the principal towns; the rest are villages, into which the trade created by the sur-

rounding country has crowded. All the good lands are very accessible; railroads run in every direction through the State. The Vicksburg and Meridian route runs from Meridian through Jackson to the Mississippi river; the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern gives the capital easy communication with New Orleans, and, via the Mississippi Central, which runs from Jackson to Grenada, and from Grenada through Holly Springs and Oxford to the Tennessee line, sends a current of Northern trade and travel through the State. Columbus is an enterprising town on the Tombigbee river, in the center of a rich planting region, and depends mainly for its support upon the shipment of cotton to Mobile. Vicksburg and Natchez are described, in a succeeding paper, in their relations to the Mississippi river and the country which contributes to their trade; it remains, therefore, to give you some little idea of the Mississippi capital, Jackson.

First of all, Jackson is very pretty—a quiet, unambitious village of five or six thousand inhabitants, on the banks of the Pearl river, a charming stream, which makes its erratic way through lovely forests and thickets, and whose current is strewn with driftwood torn from them. At Jackson one begins to feel the ripeness and perfection of the far South; he is only twelve hours from New Orleans, and sees in the gardens the same lustrous magnificence of blossom which so charmed his eye in the Louisiana metropolis. The evenings are wonderfully beautiful, silent, impressive. Reaching Jackson from Vicksburg at dark, I strolled along the half mile of street between the hotel and the main part of the town; there was no stir—no sound; one might as well have been in a wood. At last, encountering a mule-car whose only occupant was the negro driver, I returned in it to the hotel, where I found that every one but the watchful clerk had retired.

The State Capitol, a solid and not unhandsome building, the Penitentiary, the Insane Asylum, the Land Office, a fine Governor's residence, and the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, compose Jackson's public buildings, all well built and commodious. In the long main street of the town, at the proper seasons, one sees lines of emigrant wagons, filled with hard-featured men and women bound for Texas or "Arkinsaw." These Ishmaels

* Tusca-loosee—meaning Black Warrior, was the Choctaw term for the river, and the town took its name from it.



HO! FOR TEXAS.

are not looked upon with any especial love by the inhabitants who intend to remain in their native State, and are often the subjects of much satire, which they bear good-humoredly. The Hebrews' names appeared to predominate on the signs; they monopolize most of the trade; negroes lounge everywhere, and there are large numbers of smartly dressed mulattoes, or sometimes full blacks, who flit here and there with that conscious air which distinguishes the freedman. I wish here to avow, however, that those of the negroes in office, with whom I came in contact in Mississippi, impressed me much more powerfully as worthy, intelligent, and likely to progress, than many whom I saw elsewhere in the South. There are some who are exceedingly capable, and none of those immediately attached to the government at Jackson are incapable. In the legislature there are now and then negroes who are ignorant; but of late both branches have been freer from this curse than have those of Louisiana or South Carolina.

A visit to the capitol showed me that the negroes, who form considerably more than half the population of Mississippi, had certainly secured a fair share of the offices. In the State Treasurer's department there was a staid and well-spoken black man; in the Auditor's office there were yet others; in the rooms of the Secretary of State there were negroes; the Attorney-General was a half-negro, the natural son of a distinguished Mississippian

of the old *régime*; the Speaker of the House of Representatives was black and the Superintendent of Education was of negro blood. The blacks who went and came from the Governor's office seemed very intelligent, and some of them entered into general conversation in an interesting manner.

The present Governor, ex-U. S. Senator Adelbert Ames, was four years Military Governor of Mississippi, and knows the temper of both whites and blacks in the State very well. At the outset of his administration, which began recently, he affirmed his determination to redeem the Republican party in that section from the charge of corruption, and the legislature has taken measures to second his laudable resolve. Mississippi's State debt is but little—some three millions; she was fortunate enough not to have any credit in the markets of the world when reconstruction began, and therefore escaped a good many financial dangers. Her repudiation of her honest indebtedness, years ago, did her infinite harm, and it would be wise to take up that debt, and pay it in future. Part of the money at present owed by the State is due the schools. The State tax is not large; it is the city and county taxation which is oppressive, but that is mainly because of the straitened circumstances of the people. The vicious system of issuing State warrants has been for some time pursued, but a bill was passed at the last legislative session, funding all these warrants and bring-

ing them up from sixty to eighty cents at once. A new law also requires that all taxes be paid in greenbacks. The State paper has, at times since reconstruction, been sold on the street in Jackson at forty per cent. below par. The return to a cash basis, will, it is estimated, save twenty-five per cent. in the cost of government alone. A general movement in favor of "retrenchment and reform" on the part of the dominant party is manifest, and the restoration of the State's credit will be the natural result of this. Gov. Ames is firm in his measures, and is not surrounded, to judge from a brief look at them, with men who are inclined to misuse their opportunities. To his military *régime* succeeded the government of Mr. Alcorn, now United States Senator from Mississippi, and when Mr. Alcorn was sent to the Senate, Lieut.-Gov. Powers took his place. Alcorn, returning from the Senate last year, contested the Governor's chair with Ames, but, not succeeding in a reelection, returned to Washington.

The State Superintendent of Education informed me that there are about seventy-five thousand children now in attendance upon the State schools, fully fifty thousand of whom are colored. He believed that here was at the time of my visit a million dollars worth of school property owned in the State, which proved a great advance since the war. In counties mainly Democratic in sentiment, there is formidable opposition to anything like a public school system, but in those where Republican or negro officials dominate, schools are readily kept open and fully attended. The superintendent said that he had in only one case endeavored to insist upon mixed schools, and that was in a county where the white teachers had refused to teach negro scholars. He had found it necessary to inform those teachers that, in that case, they must not attempt to keep the black children from the white schools, since he was determined that they should receive instruction. The school fund is quite large; there are normal schools at Holly Springs and Tougaloo; and the blacks have founded a university named after Alcorn. It occupies the site of

the old Oakland College near Rodney, on the Mississippi river, and receives an annual appropriation of fifty thousand dollars. A successful university has also been in operation in Tougaloo for several years. First-class teachers for the public schools are very much needed. Large numbers of very good private schools are maintained in the State by those citizens who still disbelieve in free public tuition. The University of Mississippi,* at Oxford, an old and well-managed institution, receives, as does Alcorn University, an annual subsidy of fifty thousand dollars from the State, and its average attendance is fully equal to that before the war. It has been properly fostered and nourished by the Republican government, and the motley adventurers in South Carolina might learn a lesson in justice and impartiality from the party in power in Mississippi. As soon as the funds devoted by the State to educational purposes are paid in greenbacks, or, in other words, when the evil system of "warrants" is thoroughly extinct, Mississippi will make sterling progress in education, and, in proportion, will grow in thrift, wealth and importance.

Jackson has two flourishing newspapers, "The Pilot" being the Republican, and "The Clarion" the Democratic organ. Socially, the town has always been one of high rank in the South, although some of the rougher Mississippian element has at times been

* Both this and Alcorn University have agricultural departments.



A SOUTHERN COTTON PACKET.



AN EMIGRANT TRAIN STOPPING FOR WATER.

manifest in that section. The residence once occupied by Mr. Yerger, who killed the military Mayor of Jackson, shortly after the close of the war, because that Mayor had insisted upon the collection of certain taxes, is still pointed out to visitors. There are many charming drives in the town; a little beyond it, the roads are rough and the country is wild. A garrison is maintained at Jackson, and now and then the intervention of United States authority is necessary to quell disturbances in interior districts.

The State has made efforts to secure immigration, but, like many other Southern commonwealths, finds it impossible to compete with the North-west, and becomes discouraged in presence of the objections made by white laborers to settling within its boundaries. The south-western portion presents really fine inducements for the cultivation of cotton, corn, tobacco, sugar-cane, peaches, pears, apples and grapes. In several of these south-western counties the yield of sugar has been one thousand pounds to the acre. The average yield of cotton is a bale to the acre. Fruit culture could be made a paying specialty throughout that part of the State. The rich stores of pine, pecan, hickory, oak, walnut, elm, ash and cypress timber form also an element of future wealth. Those lands fronting upon the Gulf of Mexico offer, in orange orchards and the miraculous oyster-beds along the shores, rare prizes for the emigrants who will go and take them. The land in the counties a little remote from the coast is

rich in a luxuriant growth of pine, and there, too, the culture of sugar and the grape has already been successful. The stock grazier, also, can find his paradise there; and there the ample water power of the Pearl, the Wolf, the Pascagoula, the Escalaufa, the Leaf and the Chickasawha rivers can turn the largest mills. The average price of lands in the State, accepting the testimony of the government immigration agent, is five dollars per acre. The mighty resources of the Yazoo delta, and the country along the Big Black river, will be considered in another article. Life and property are probably as safe as in any other State in the South; the reputation of southern Mississippi has not always been of the best, in respect to law and order; but the State seems to have entered upon an epoch of peace and confirmed decency since the inauguration of the new government. To read the provincial press, one would imagine that the most revolutionary condition of affairs prevailed in all sections, but it is only where the ignorance of the negro operates as an actual hindrance to development, and where the turbulence of rough whites, and their prejudiced intolerance of the new régime, hinders development and leads to quarreling. Mississippi has, undoubtedly, suffered immensely, in a material point of view, since the close of the war, but is now on the road to an upbuilding, and would spring into astonishing growth if the vexed labor question could only be settled in some manner.

An immigration to the Mississippi sea-

board, where there is so much magnificent timber, would be peculiarly advantageous to young men possessed of small capital. Pascagoula river and its tributaries give a water line thirteen hundred miles in extent through a dense timber region. Millions of feet of good lumber are now shipped from this section. The improvement of the harbor and the deepening of the channel at Pascagoula, and the elevation of that place and of Bay St. Louis into ports of entry, would greatly increase the trade of Mississippi in that direction. The people of the State have also long desired the connection of the Gulf coast with the central interior, by a railway line, and will demand it soon. Until it is accomplished, Mississippi will perforce pour streams of commerce into Mobile and New Orleans, while her own grand harbors remain unimproved and empty. Meantime, the completion of the network gradually covering the State goes on; and the Memphis and Selma, the Mobile and North-western, the Vicksburg and Memphis, the Vicksburg and Nashville, the Prentice and Bogue Phalia, and the Natchez, Jackson and Columbus roads are projected, and in some cases the routes have been partially graded. The Vicksburg and Nashville road had no very powerful reasons for existence, as its projected line was intersected at equi-distant intervals by three rich and powerful lines, in successful operation; and there has been a good deal of opposition to the surrendering to that road of the trust funds known as the three per cent., and the agricultural land scrip, amounting in all to some \$320,000.

Along the line of rail from Jackson to New Orleans there is much growth of sub-

stantial character. Mr. H. E. McComb, of Wilmington, Del., has built up a flourishing town not far from the Louisiana line, and named it McComb City. But the country is mainly still in a wild state, and one cannot help feeling, while borne along in the palace car through forests and tangled thickets, that he is gradually leaving the civilized world behind, imagining that each village which he sees, like an island in the ocean of foliage, is the last, and falling into a profound astonishment when he comes upon the cultivated and European surroundings of New Orleans. Northward, along the railway lines, it is much the same. All one day we rode along the line from Jackson to Memphis, and in the whole distance we came to only two towns of any mentionable size. The others were merely groupings of a few unpainted houses built against the hillsides, among the trees, and on the open plains.

The plantation life is much the same in one section of the State as in another, although the methods of culture and the amount of results may differ somewhat. The white man and the negro are alike indifferent to a safe and steady provision for the future by growing their supplies. The planters are nearly all poor, and very much in need of ready money, for which they have to pay exorbitant rates of interest; and at the end of a year of pretty hard work,—for the cotton planter by no means rests upon a bed of roses,—both whites and blacks find themselves little better off than when they began, and feel sore and discouraged. The negroes have been pushed from this condition into flight, and the white planters complain very generally of the want of labor.

OUR NEW NORMAL COLLEGE.

TEN years ago the traveler approaching New York City from the East, emerged from the railway tunnels at Yorkville, to look upon as uninviting a tract of shanty-covered rocks, sunken squares converted into stagnant lakes by unfinished streets, barren commons, cattle-yards and similar abominations, as could be found on the continent. For two miles northward from

Forty-Second street, the squares between Lexington Avenue and Fifth, contained scarcely a respectable building, save those of Columbia College, then a long way out of town.

Now, this same strip of land comprises one of the most inviting portions of the city. The shanties have been torn down, the rocks blasted away, the lakes filled up,



THE NEW YORK CITY NORMAL COLLEGE.

and the former site of unmitigated ugliness is covered with miles of handsome residences, interspersed with costly churches and public institutions, whose architecture corresponds with the importance of their several missions—hospitals, asylums for the young, and homes for the aged; the generous structure for the housing of the still more generous Lenox Library; and, not the least noticeable, the building figured in our illustration—the seat of our new Normal College.

Here, if the saying of the ancient school-master is true, New York has in training her future rulers, for here the guardians of the coming generation are fitting themselves for their high calling. The future of our public schools is in their hands; and in the schools, to great extent, lies the destiny of the city.

Though perhaps the least known of the institutions of the city, our Normal College, from the nature of its mission, must be ranked among the most important.

Of the twenty-three hundred teachers employed by the city, more than twenty-

one hundred are women. From so large a number,—the majority in early womanhood,—it is inevitable that many, for matrimonial or other reasons, should retire from the service every year. The number thus lost to the schools is, in fact, from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty a year; and at least an equal number of teachers must be annually added to the force to keep the ranks full. Whence shall we get them?

Experience, elsewhere as well as in this city, has demonstrated the impossibility of supplying so many vacancies suitably, unless special provision is made therefore. Formerly the majority of new teachers came direct from the grammar schools, whose range of study was altogether inadequate to secure the breadth of culture to be desired in teachers. And even if the requisite scholarship was forthcoming the necessary professional training for the teacher's work was pretty sure to be lacking.

To save the younger classes, therefore, from the blundering experiments of novices

and still more to ensure that uniformity in methods of teaching and modes of discipline so essential to a harmonious school system, it was imperative that the incoming instructors should be not only trained for their work, but trained uniformly; to accomplish which there was no way so sure as to establish an institution like the Normal College, capable of graduating annually at least two hundred young women competent to enter upon the teacher's labors understandingly.

But this was not the only reason which led the city to undertake so costly a work.

When the public school system was first organized, the founders wisely saw the need of a high school to carry on the education of the more deserving and ambitious of the pupils of the grammar schools, not only to give dignity to the system, but to serve as an incentive to and reward for industry in the lower schools. At that time women had not been recognized as the most suitable instructors of the young, and the demand for higher education on their part had not begun to be heard. The consequence was that the candidates for admission to the upper school,—the Free Academy,—came wholly from the boys' schools, and in time the academy got to be looked upon as their exclusive privilege.

In the meantime great changes were wrought in public opinion in regard to the education of girls, and the employment of women as teachers. And though the higher education of the graduates of the girls' grammar schools promised infinitely more for the public benefit than that of their brothers,—nine-tenths of the public school teachers coming from their ranks,—the discrimination against them was continued until the Department of Education was created by Act of Legislature in 1869.

By this time the demand for a girls' school of equal grade to that of the boys' high school,—now called the College of the City of New York,—could no longer be disregarded. Accordingly one of the first steps of the new Board was to establish such an institution, the Normal and High School for Girls, in temporary quarters, corner of Broadway and Fourth Street. The school was opened in February, 1870, and, though miserably lodged, soon demonstrated its right to be, by calling together upwards of a thousand young ladies, eager for higher culture than the grammar schools had offered them. The school, soon dignified by the title of Nor-

mal College, remained at this place until last fall, when it removed to the new and elegant home prepared for it up town.

The site selected for the buildings occupies the block bounded by Fourth Avenue, Lexington Avenue, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, an area somewhat more than thirty-two full-sized city lots.

The engraving will convey a better idea of the architecture of the buildings than any written description can. It is enough to say, that it satisfies every reasonable demand as to beauty, solidity, convenience and durability.

The plan of the College building may be represented by the letter T, the top of the letter fronting Fourth Avenue. A building corresponding to the Fourth Avenue front is now nearly completed on Lexington Avenue, for the use of a Model and Training School, giving the combined structure a ground plan resembling an expanded letter **H**.

The buildings are four stories in height above the cellar, which contains a janitor's kitchen, store-rooms, places for furnaces, fuel, etc. The top of the balustrade is seventy-five feet above the street curb. The height of the main tower is one hundred and forty-two feet, and that of the observatory tower one hundred and twenty-six feet. The last is surmounted by a revolving dome for astronomical purposes, the axis of the instrument being one hundred and sixteen feet above the street pavement.

The assembly hall, occupying the third and fourth stories of the main building, is, perhaps, the most spacious and beautiful room for its purpose in the world. Including the galleries, it will comfortably seat two thousand persons. Here the daily opening exercises of the College are held. In the first story of the same building is the calisthenium, fifty-one by seventy-four feet, besides a library, private rooms, store-room, and janitor's residence.

The extension, or class-room building, contains ten class-rooms on each floor above the first,—thirty in all,—besides private rooms, wardrobes, etc., divided by halls fifteen feet wide running the entire length of the building, one hundred and twenty-seven feet. The first story contains two spacious lavatories, retiring rooms, a room for promenading, seventy-five by one hundred feet, and, most important of all, two rooms twenty-eight by thirty, furnished with extra heating apparatus for



THE NEW YORK CITY NORMAL COLLEGE.

and the former site of unmitigated ugliness is covered with miles of handsome residences, interspersed with costly churches and public institutions, whose architecture corresponds with the importance of their several missions—hospitals, asylums for the young, and homes for the aged; the generous structure for the housing of the still more generous Lenox Library; and, not the least noticeable, the building figured in our illustration—the seat of our new Normal College.

Here, if the saying of the ancient schoolmaster is true, New York has in training her future rulers, for here the guardians of the coming generation are fitting themselves for their high calling. The future of our public schools is in their hands; and in the schools, to great extent, lies the destiny of the city.

Though perhaps the least known of the institutions of the city, our Normal College, from the nature of its mission, must be ranked among the most important.

Of the twenty-three hundred teachers employed by the city, more than twenty-

one hundred are women. From so large a number,—the majority in early womanhood,—it is inevitable that many, for matrimonial or other reasons, should retire from the service every year. The number thus lost to the schools is, in fact, from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty a year; and at least an equal number of teachers must be annually added to the force to keep the ranks full. Whence shall we get them?

Experience, elsewhere as well as in this city, has demonstrated the impossibility of supplying so many vacancies suitably, unless special provision is made therefor. Formerly the majority of new teachers came direct from the grammar schools, whose range of study was altogether inadequate to secure the breadth of culture to be desired in teachers. And even if the requisite scholarship was forthcoming, the necessary professional training for the teacher's work was pretty sure to be lacking.

To save the younger classes, therefore, from the blundering experiments of novices,

and still more to ensure that uniformity in methods of teaching and modes of discipline so essential to a harmonious school system, it was imperative that the incoming instructors should be not only trained for their work, but trained uniformly; to accomplish which there was no way so sure as to establish an institution like the Normal College, capable of graduating annually at least two hundred young women competent to enter upon the teacher's labors understandingly.

But this was not the only reason which led the city to undertake so costly a work.

When the public school system was first organized, the founders wisely saw the need of a high school to carry on the education of the more deserving and ambitious of the pupils of the grammar schools, not only to give dignity to the system, but to serve as an incentive to and reward for industry in the lower schools. At that time women had not been recognized as the most suitable instructors of the young, and the demand for higher education on their part had not begun to be heard. The consequence was that the candidates for admission to the upper school,—the Free Academy,—came wholly from the boys' schools, and in time the academy got to be looked upon as their exclusive privilege.

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the drying of clothing, umbrellas, etc., in wet weather.

Throughout, in planning and furnishing, the College is in every way such as the city may well be proud of. The cost of the buildings, with the land they stand on, was one million dollars.

The model school building will comprise accommodations for a primary department, numbering five hundred boys and girls, and a grammar department with three hundred girls.

The College buildings offer accommodations for upwards of one thousand five hundred students, the number now enrolled being about a thousand, with an average daily attendance of over eight hundred. The faculty numbers thirty professors and teachers, twenty-four of whom are women. The course of study covers a period of three years, with a grade for each half year. The first five grades are designed to give the students a careful training in Latin, French, German, History, Mathematics as far as Trigonometry, Physics, Botany, Astronomy, Zoology, English Literature, Rhetoric and Composition, Drawing and Music, these regular studies being supplemented by lectures on Mineralogy, Chemistry, Anatomy and Phy-

siology, and other branches of science. The last term is devoted more especially to the science and art of teaching, with experimental practice in the training school. But four regular recitations are required daily of each pupil, the rest of the time being devoted to miscellaneous exercise requiring no study, exercise in the calisthenium, recreation, etc.

No pretence is made to anything like the mastery of all the studies pursued. It were folly to attempt it in the time allotted. The instruction given is rather such as to develop habits of intelligent study while supplying the pupils with such general and fundamental information as will fit them for the work of elementary teaching.

Though passing through the most critical period of their lives, and one believed by many to be unsuited to study, the average health of the young ladies has been remarkably good. Indeed, in the opinion of President Hunter, the amount of mental work they have to do is physically beneficial, the most efficient sanitary measure for a safe passage from girlhood to womanhood being study enough to keep the mind occupied with other thoughts than those pertaining to sex and self.

A MALAY SAILOR RUNNING A MUCK.

A FEW years ago I left Bombay, India, as a passenger on the screw steamer "Penang," which at that time used to carry the regular monthly mail between Bombay, Muscat, or Mascat (a sea-port on the north-east coast of Arabia), and the principal ports of the Persian Gulf.

The steamer, a staunch vessel of about eight hundred tons, carried a full and very valuable cargo of merchandise, and her decks were densely crowded from stem to stern with deck passengers of both sexes and all ages, without exception natives of Asia and Eastern Africa, who, in their heterogeneous, highly picturesque Oriental costumes and characteristic attitudes, presented a striking *tableau vivant*.

We had a very pleasant passage across the tranquil, azure waters of the Gulf of Omân, and in due time sighted the bare and rugged cliffs of Râs-(Cape)-el

Hâd, 130 miles south-east of the harbor of Mascat, and, shortly after, the mountain chain which forms the coast of the torrid and dismally desolate maritime territory of El Omân.

Slowly and cautiously the steamer wound her way through the gorge. Presently she came in sight of three large, plain, stone buildings, fronting towards the offing, and standing on the beach at the head of the harbor.

The one in the center, the largest of the three buildings, looking somewhat like a three or four-story cotton factory, was the residence of the Imaum (Sultan) of Mascat; the one on its left side, similar in appearance, but with all the window-openings iron-barred, and the majority of them carefully screened with Indian matting, was the Imaum's "zenana," or harem; while the edifice on the right side of the Imaum's



THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

palace, a building much lower than the two former, but of a less forbidding aspect, owing to its whitewashed walls and a luxuriant garden within its spacious precincts, was the residence of Her Britannic Majesty's consul, or rather political agent, whose influence is scarcely less than that of the Imaum himself.

Not being a British subject, I cared more about seeing something of the every-day life of the people of Mascat than the honor of being introduced to a British consul, or even political agent; and so rambled on through the town in company with the second officer and the steward of the steamer, who proceeded to the bazaar, to purchase some fresh provisions.

After a protracted zig-zag tramp through the exceedingly narrow, tortuous and filthy streets, permeated by an atmosphere oppressively hot and positively sickening; brushing past closely muffled, carefully-veiled women, serious-looking, long-bearded merchants and tradesmen, ragged soldiers and Bedouins, all but stark naked fishermen, sailors, laborers, slaves, &c., we finally reached the bazaar, or market, where everything that is obtainable or manufactured in Mascat can be bought—from the

well-known locusts, a favorite article of food, to the most gorgeous diamond necklaces of the Orient.

My companions had just finished their purchases, and hired a couple of stout negroes to carry the goods to the beach, when all of a sudden we were startled by a general stampede of all the people of that portion of the bazaar which we had just left.

They came rushing madly after us, the men shouting, the women screaming, and all of them gesticulating in the wildest manner. What could cause such a sudden and universal flight of the population? Was it a revolt among the rabble? a dog afflicted with hydrophobia? a sudden attack of hostile Bedouins from the adjacent desert? or had the good people of Mascat all gone raving mad simultaneously?—questions more easily asked than answered by strangers.

We turned around to look for an explanation from our negro hammals (porters) whom we had engaged to carry the provisions to the beach, but not one was to be seen! They had dropped their loads and fled with the crowd, which still rushed past us in dismay, stumbling and rolling over the bags of provisions. Anxious to get

out of the way of the terror-stricken populace, which came down upon us like an avalanche, we quickly mounted the elevated platform of the nearest stall—a barber's shop, or rather a head-shaver's establishment, for Moslems rarely, if ever, shave their faces, but universally their heads.

From the exalted position we now occupied on the platform we had a good view over the entire crowd, pushing irresistibly on through the narrow street, and soon discovered the cause of the stampede in the shape of an athletic man, of dark-olive complexion, in a state of absolute nudity, and apparently as slippery skinned as an eel, bounding towards us with the velocity of a panther pouncing on its prey. An ugly-looking Malay "creese" (a dagger, at least fourteen inches in length, with a sharply pointed flaming blade) was tightly clutched in his right hand, gladiator-fashion, and dripped with blood; his head was bent low like a butting ram, and everything indicated that the fellow meant, nay, had already done, mischief. Indeed, we shortly afterward saw him plunge his knife up to the hilt into the breast of a poor old fisherman, who had not been fleet enough to escape him. No sooner had the villain withdrawn his weapon when a young shopkeeper, attracted by the general uproar, rushed out of a side street, and, unconsciously, right into the jaws of death.

The next object of attack was a phlegmatic, long-bearded, heavy-built "dervish" (Moslem monk), with three volumes of manuscript under his arm, who dropped his library, took to his heels in right good earnest, and disappeared around the corner like a shadow.

Frenzied by the escape of his intended victim, the human tiger darted madly on in his course of destruction, overtook and grasped savagely by the right arm a handsome young woman, who had been making strenuous efforts to get out of his way; but the well-known waddling gait peculiar to Moslem women, and mainly due to their far too spacious betasselled, lemon-colored, morocco-leather boots, was no match for the prodigious speed of the murderer. Just at this point the bloody career of the desperado was abruptly cut short by a well-mounted Bedouin, armed with a long lance,

which, on dashing up behind the murderer, he drove deeply into his back at the very moment when a well-directed slash of a sword in the hands of an armorer on the neck of the assassin almost severed his head from his body, and laid him out on the ground stone-dead.

A feeling of intense relief was manifested by all the spectators of the terrible tragedy; and my companions and myself, all armed with revolvers, felt heartily glad to have been spared the awful probability of becoming his executioners.

The corpse was soon identified as that of a Malay sailor, who had been known to be subject to occasional fits of insanity, or rather uncontrollable fits of frenzy, for few of these fellows who indulge in running a muck (by no means a very rare occurrence in certain parts of the Orient, especially in India and the Malay Islands) can be pronounced absolutely insane. Just previous to these freaks they usually shave off every hair on their bodies, and thoroughly oil or grease their persons from head to foot; they then start on their errand of destruction, armed only with a knife or dagger, and in a state of perfect nudity, in order to render their seizure all but an impossibility. Running at the top of their speed, they stab at every living creature, man or animal, within their reach; but rarely, if ever, stab the same victim more than once. They usually run straight ahead, never turning back or round abrupt corners, nor running into houses; nor will they stop until strangled by a running noose thrown over their heads, or until they are stunned, mortally wounded, or killed outright.

Running a muck by orientals is attributable to various causes, as, for instance, to the consumption of opium, hasheesh, (Indian hemp), etc., to religious frenzy, to a thirst for revenge, or to acute mental and bodily suffering of some description.

The casualties of the tragedy just described amounted to five persons killed outright, and about twenty others more or less seriously wounded. Shortly after the death of the desperado, and the removal of the killed and wounded, the locality gradually re-assumed its customary appearance, our fugitive hammals again appeared, and we returned to the steamer in safety.

THE PEPPER-POT WOMAN.

I HARDLY know how to make you understand which of those huckster-women I mean. Her beat (she sells berries and shad in spring, and pepper-pot in winter) lies between Race and Mount Vernon streets. Mrs. Fanning, whose artistic eye always enables her, she says, to find some distinguishing characteristic in that kind of creature, just as a drover can detect differences in the faces of a flock of sheep, would have known her, no doubt, by the unusual size of her brace of tin pails, and by the weight of her contralto voice, rolling out "Pep-per-y-Pot!" over all the din of the street. But apart from these signs Mrs. Fanning would have found no reason for picking out Sarah from the numberless middle-aged women, in ragged calico gowns, and with greasy tray-pads on their heads, who fill the market-wharves at early dawn like a flock of gray, ill-smelling birds. When we want to study a species, however, she would say, one specimen will do as well as another, and she had a pleasure in finding what can be made out of such species as this, after reminding us that Agassiz could find subject for a volume in an earth-worm. To be sure, it must be difficult for her, in the midst of her full, brilliant life, with its æsthetic certainties and chances, to spell out the dull facts in the existence of such women as Sarah. One might as well compare the gibberish of a Digger Indian with the language of an ancient Greek.

One day with both women, for instance. The bath and toilette with Sarah Fanning are exquisite pleasures in every sense. Sarah, the Pepper-Pot Woman, comes down the kitchen stairs before dawn, washes in the sink, slips into her greasy petticoats and sacque, ties her pad over her bald head, and is ready for the street. Young Van Nott, round the corner, had to defer modelling his Zenobia until he went to Italy; there was not a decent pair of shoulders or bust (of the large heroic kind) to be found on this side of the water. Those he used in Rome were flabby and shapeless beside our Pepper-Pot Woman's; but who would look under her dirty calico for a heroic model?

She fills her pails with the hot stew from the back of the stove, and goes out into the still gas-lit streets to supply the eating-stands. Their keepers are setting out

their half-eaten hams, musty pies and heaps of rolls. "Hello, aunty!" they call, as she comes up, yawning as they score down so many quarts against themselves in their leather pass-books. They keep the score, and pay her when they choose. Everybody knows how stupid she is about counting, but she never was cheated more than once or twice in her life. She laughed about it, and then said: "It was nateral," and that was the end of it.

She travels miles before day, knocking about among all sorts of people—on the wharves with the other hucksters, or down in the slaughter yards, where she can buy the tripe cheap, uncleaned. Butchers, and carters, and drovers hail her with "Hello, aunty!" She has the low, pleasant tone which market women acquire in towns where, as in Philadelphia, ladies buy their own provisions. She jokes back at them with a will; her wit is not as fine as Mrs. Fanning's, but it is quite as clean, and much better humored.

Stryker, the English butcher, wonders every day at the decency of the men and women about him. He misses the nastiness with which the same class at home flavor their chaff and horse-play of talk. This woman, now, going about her work in the dark, unmolested by a word! When he hears from some of the men that she has had one or two husbands in her day, and been married to neither of them, he tries a vile joke with her. Sarah is neither insulted nor amused any more than by the bleating of a calf near by. She thinks "sech talk is nateral to the man," and goes quietly on her way, avoiding his stall in future. Yet oddly enough, in spite of the decency of the men, they do not really think any the worse of "aunty" for the Mormonism of her youth; nor when, once or twice a year, she puts on her sleazy ruffled black silk, and bonnet, gay with yellow roses, and takes a back seat in the Methodist Church, is her soul vexed with any pangs about it. If she should cheat in her quart measures, or swear like Kit, the herring woman, she knows the Good Man would be angry with her, and the Devil rejoiced. In her narrow, easy-tempered brain, there is a devout faith in both these persons, and in their dealings with her as soon as the breath is out of her body.

It does not occur to her that they would meddle now or then with any short-comings of her youth, which came as "nateral" to her as her black hair or her full-nostriled nose. This is a deplorable fact, we know, to lay before our religious readers, but we are not drawing an ideal Pepper-Pot Woman.

Mrs. White (the most energetic visitor among the lay sisterhood of St. Jude's) reported Sarah's as a remarkable case to "The Weekly Friend." "Found one woman engaged in work pertaining to her calling, late at night, mingling tripe and onions and other condiments in a large boiler. A singularly good-humored and civil person, but totally indifferent to any appeals concerning her soul's salvation. She appeared to have no ideas nor feeling on any subject but her children—three young men and two girls nearly grown. On entering into conversation with them, I was surprised to find their names all different from their mother's. 'She's no kin to us,' one of the men volunteered, by way of explanation; 'she raised us. Aunt Sarah has raised five orphans, and never had chick or child of her own.' When I turned to congratulate her on doing such true and noble work in the world, she was too dull to understand me. 'The children were left, and somebody had to take 'em; it was more nateral for me than women with their hands full.'"

The lay visitor could not understand why this big, dark-eyed woman, whose sole knowledge was pepper-pot, and whose soul hinted itself as much as an animal's, and no more, should impress her—move her so strongly, after she had left her. If she were sick, she thought, she would like to have Sarah at her bedside. She told her husband, with tears in her eyes, that if that woman could have nursed the baby last summer it never would have died. But in her account for "The Weekly Friend" she was forced to speak of her as one of the barren fig-trees, a cumberer of the ground.

Meanwhile, Sarah, who is nothing but a mother, after all, has her own troubles this winter with her "young uns." Two of the boys are on the carpet-weavers' strike. They make speeches at the meetings, full of facts which they found in "The Evening Beacon;" the flowery periods and fiery eloquence are half their own, half borrowed from the tales in "The New York Ledger." It all sounds very fine to Sarah, to whom they rehearse them before going out, and

who waits up to hear "if them tyrants are offerin' coolie pay yet?" She cries with anxiety, and coddles them, and cooks savory little messes for them. It is to her just as though they had an exaggerated case of measles or mumps. Richard, the oldest of the family, does not live at home now and rates these boys savagely on their folly, when he meets them on the street. He is a boss carpenter now, and takes the masters' side of the quarrel. Dick has Scotch-Irish blood, and it has told. He has educated himself at night-schools, is a member of building associations, owns a neat little house, and was married last week to a shrewd little milliner round the corner. No one can doubt that he will die a rich man and a church elder. But he and his wife are always most respectful and tender to Sarah. When he was discussing, the other day, with the minister, divers orthodox points, he said: "There is a certain old huckster-woman who has done more to shake my faith in the established heaven and hell than any skeptical arguments. I cannot find room for her in either; I cannot accomodate her to any other place than the back streets of Philadelphia, but she is needed there."

As for Sarah's girls, they wring her old heart more deeply, and in other fashion, than the boys. Jenny (Richard's sister) had her brother's desire to push into "gentility." She is saleswoman in a Jew auction store on Eighth street, at a salary of five dollars a week. Foul air in the shop, and work for fourteen hours a day are making the girl thin and haggard as a ghost. If there were anything to look forward to when the day is over, she would not sink so fast. She is hungry for books—to learn music, drawing, she does not know what; she does not have them. The house at night is full of young men and girls from the mill where the other girl, Annie, works. They are loud, noisy, vulgar. The girls wear jute chignons and enormous gilt jewelry; they daub their cheeks with madder, and stuff their stockings with saw-dust, in emulation of the ballet-dancers at Fox's Theater. We would write Jenny down as a type of the secondary classes of thwarted and misplaced females, had we not noticed that Jesse Holt, the foreman in her brother's shop, so often hangs about the corner at Eighth street when she comes out. They were out driving by the Wissahickon, too, last Sunday. There is another remedy for woman's woes than suffrage, more imme-

diately applicable and surer. Why should it not come to Jenny?

Ann, with her bold, black eyes and swarthy skin, which have a certain beauty of their own, under her flaunting white feathers on Sunday, is not likely to marry. The motives and causes which shape her life are not the wholesomest. On one side, dirty work and vile association in the mill; on the other, a passionate ambition to be as fine, and cut as good a figure, as the splendidly-dressed women she passes on Chestnut street.

Old Sarah looks at her as a woman might on a child doomed by consumption. "From

the way things is goin', Nan's turnin' to the bad," she is afraid. But she makes no effort to interfere with "things." She would as soon try to stop, with her single hand, the train rushing with all of them to destruction.

It is "nateral," she thinks, that Nan should take that road; "nateral" that Jenny should pass into clean ground, and become an honest wife and mother.

If there is any force which could oppose or conquer "nater," it has, by some mistake, never been brought to bear on the Pepper-Pot Woman or her children.

THE VISIT.

"The sweetest woman ever fate
Perverse denied a household mate."

WHITTIER.

'Tis twilight of the day,
And twilight of the year;
The leaves are turning sear,
The green is growing gray

It is a little room,
So neatly dressed and still;
Which fostered roses fill
With subtlest of perfume.

A zephyr lurking by,
Betrays the curtained bed—
Did ever mortal head
On either pillow lie?

That pantomimic fire—
How clear its cozy glow:
It gestures ever so,
Behind the woven wire.

But hush! The Lady comes,
As softly as the hours;
'Tis sweeter than her flow'rs—
The melody she hums.

She deftly locks the blind,
And draws the night-shade low;
While with her gown of snow
The kitten toys behind.

Her hands are faultless fair,
Her movements all of grace;
And hers a queenly air
For such a lowly place.

She sits, and bows her head—
What do the shadows say?—
Her volume of the day
Lies open and unread.

The beauty of her face,
Where lives a dreamy light,
No suffering shall blight,
Nor wearing years erase.

She sighs—now lifts above
The worship of a tear:
And angels waiting near,
Record a wounded love.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"SHE LAID THE LETTER UPON THE COALS, WHERE IT FLAMED FOR A MOMENT, THEN DIED TO ASHES."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE'S ROSEMARY; THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE.

SHE stepped out into the garden when he had left her. The children had gone, and the people hurrying by paid little heed to her, or to the flowers. Only a party of emigrants strolling up from the dock, dark-eyed, listless in manner, brightened at the sight of the blossoms. A dusky-eyed boy among them, pulled at his mother's faded blue gown, and uttered a quick, sharp exclamation in an unknown tongue. He pointed to the gay nodding salvias, and held out his hand to Katey, as he lingered behind the others. If she might only have

given him one spray! But a notice before her eyes warned all persons against picking the flowers. She pointed to it shaking her head. He seemed to understand; he nodded and smiled a wonderful smile, all flash of eyes and gleam of white teeth, then throwing a kiss half saucily, half in gallantry from the tips of his fingers, hastened after the others.

"Be you the bride?" and Katey looked up to find the old sexton regarding her curiously. He stood in the doorway, his cap pushed back from his roughened grisly locks, his hands upon his hips, with the air of a man who rests at last from his labors.

"I was married just now, in there;"

Katey replied modestly, motioning towards the church. To be a *bride* would seem to involve various attending circumstances—something of display, the rejoicing of friends, all of which had been lacking at her wedding.

"H'm," he uttered reflectively. "A good many brides come here first and last. We make a good deal o' happiness an' misery, I reckon. It's a lesson to some o' 'em;" he added grimly.

"Yes;" Katey assented gravely. "I suppose it is;" when he paused for a response.

"P'raps you'd like some flowers?" And he moved rheumatically out from the doorway.

"I should, indeed."

"Taint often I have a chance to give a nosegay to a bride. They come in their fine carriages, with their frumpery and their furbelows, carryin' their own flowers a-danglin' from their arms. Simperin' an' gigglin' mostly, with no sense o' the solemnness o' the place or the vows they're a-goin' to take on 'em. To see 'em year in and year out, gives one an awful sense o' the hollowness o' things. There;" and he pulled a raveling from his frayed coat sleeve, and tied up the posies, as he knelt in the path, "they all have a sweet smell to 'em; none o' your brazen-faced, flauntin' things, good for nothin' but to stare at. You're welcome, ma-am," when Katey thanked him warmly. "They're fresh and sweet, and maybe when they're withered you'll like to keep 'em to remember the day. I hope it 'll always seem kind o' sunshiny to look back to. I ain't entered upon the state myself yet," and he rested his hands on his back as he rose up slowly and painfully, "but it seems to me it's a kind o' bearin' o' one another's burdens, and that always brings a blessin', you know."

He shuffled off down the path and disappeared within the church door, leaving the flowers in Katey's hand and very solemn, tender thoughts in her heart. She had taken this step,—as she did so many in her life,—from an impulse of strong feeling, unselfish, perhaps, but none the less likely to entail sorrow. She had hardly realized the awkward position in which she found herself; but she had been touched by the Professor's tender, chivalrous care, and, above all, by the unsuspected revelation of his affection for her. And yet that had frightened and distressed her. She had so little to give in return—her faith, her entire trust. Did she but know it, they

were the germs of a deeper love than any she dreamed of now.

The old man's words lingered in her ears when she had wandered back to the church and seated herself in the corner of one of the carved pews to wait there in the gathering darkness for her husband's return. Her husband! She had not considered seriously, calmly, as she should have, perhaps; but she would be a true wife to him now. And thinking thus, a peace like the fulfillment of a blessed promise fell upon her with the shadows. She had uttered the words of assent before the altar in a dull, stunned way, without any sense of their meaning; it was now, in the peaceful twilight, turning the ring upon her finger, which still felt strange and out of place, that she made her marriage vow.

Night came early in the church, and it was quite dark when the doors opened and she started to meet a step upon the stones. Outside the day still lingered, loth to go.

"I have been detained," said the Professor. "I hope the time has not been dull?"

"O no!" She displayed her flowers and told of the interview with the old sexton; but she kept back the words which had touched her most. She had thought in the dim old church to tell it all, with what had been in her heart; but it did not seem so easy to do now, out in the bustling streets. They went about from one place to another upon their odd shopping expedition. To replace the torn gown at a moment's notice was out of the question. Neither art nor skill had traveled so far at that time; but Katey found a pretty wrap, hooded and tasseled, which fell to her feet, hiding all imperfections, a deep, bright tartan, which set off well the graceful figure and dark, sweet face. A bonnet, with bands and loops in the same rich hues, completed the transformation.

"It makes a difference," she said, drawing on the gloves of an unobtrusive tint, which had been the acme of her desires. "I am conscious of being now a thoroughly respectable member of society. I felt like a gypsy before. I believe I could have played a tambourine or told fortunes upon the curb-stones with no sense of inappropriateness or of surprise at myself."

"It will be wise in me to attend to your outward adorning, then," rejoined the Professor, "lest I find you haranguing a multitude, because your hat chances to have a strong-minded cant, or following a

hand-organ, on account of your having forgotten your gloves."

He spoke pleasantly, but her light words had called up only a brief, grave smile. How unlike his manner was to that of the impassioned speaker in the dull farm-house parlor only a few hours before. She remembered all at once that he had said no word of gladness that she was his wife; he had not even called her by that new name. He was Professor Dyce again; quiet, grave and calm. For a little time he had been some one entirely new and strange to her. There flashed upon her mind the recollection of a carriage which had driven past the open window where she stood once, long ago. It held a bridal party and had just left the door of the church. In that flash as the carriage dashed by she had seen the bridegroom's face—the proud, happy face turned to the woman beside him. She had never thought of it since. But it seemed it had staid in her memory to rise now. How silly! she thought, vexed with herself. As if he had nothing to think of at this moment but the questionable happiness of possessing her! And she ran down the steps and slipped her hand into his arm.

"Well," he said brightly, "and now?"

"I believe that is all; I am more than satisfied; I fear I am wickedly happy and vain."

"You have gained the inner consciousness then?"

"O, more than that."

"Well, we have an hour still before the train leaves. We can go directly to the station and take our tea there while we wait, or to the hotel."

"Let us go to the station," Katey said. So they walked slowly on up the streets twinkling with lights now, and full of an eager crowd of people going their several ways, each intent upon his own business or pleasure; but all hurrying—whither?

They lingered long over their tea in the quiet waiting-room of the station; then at last the train swept in with the shriek of a whistle and the clang of bells, and soon they were rushing away towards La Fayette. All manner of vague apprehensions rose in Katey's mind as they neared their destination. The events of the past two days had been so strange, that she had hardly anticipated an hour. "What could they say to us? What could they do?" rose to her lips many times, as, with her face pressed against the

window, she watched the sparks flying by in the darkness and realized how swift they were being borne to meet this judgment, whatever it might be. The Professor was absorbed in his own thoughts. But at the last, as they were leaving the train, she felt that she must speak.

"Tell me," she whispered, while her heart beat violently as they were delayed a moment by the rush of in-coming passengers, "what shall I say to them all?"

It was a comprehensive question; but she had uttered the first words which occurred to her.

"Say as little as possible," was the Professor's reply, "I think I can trust to your discretion."

But of her discretion, Katey was by no means sure.

Foremost among the jostling, hurrying crowd when they reached the platform was Professor Paine. Surprise almost took away Katey's breath. It was all confusion; there was a hurried word of greeting, the utterance of her new name, but she gathered nothing more until she heard Professor Dyce say

"I thought of taking her to the hotel."

"Don't consider it for a moment," Professor Paine replied, in a tone which was certainly cordial. "You are both expected at the school. This way; I took occasion to engage a carriage;" and almost before she knew it, Katey found herself seated in it and whirling rapidly up the hill. Nothing dreadful was to happen then after all? The shock was almost too great to bear. She had tried to nerve herself for combat. It was a tilt against a windmill.

Kind, timid Miss Hersey opened the door when they reached the house. She greeted Katey with a warmth quite unlike her usual shy, cool manner. Did no one blame her? Would no one look coldly upon her? Ah, but it would not have been so if she had not returned as Professor Dyce's wife! In the excitement of the moment she did not notice by which door they had entered until she found herself in what had formerly been the President's parlor.

"We thought you had better take these rooms, at least for the present," Miss Hersey said. "You'll find them rather bare; but that can be remedied later."

The pretty personal effects, the quaint foreign ornaments, all which had given to the room its peculiar charm, were gone; the plain, heavy furniture alone remained. But a bright fire burned in the grate and upon the mantel was a bouquet of

large, the flowers of so rare a kind, that no one but Clary Luckiwinner could ever have chosen it. And who should come flying in at this moment to seize her about the neck but Clary herself, her eyes swollen, her face shining from past tears and present rejoicing.

"She begged so hard that I allowed her to sit up for you," Miss Hersey said, apologetically. "But you must go now, Clary, Mrs. Dyce is tired, I presume."

Clary tore herself reluctantly away; but not before Katey had admired and thanked her for the startling bouquet which threatened every moment to topple into the grate. Professor Paine and Miss Hersey still lingered.

"Perhaps," suggested the former, rubbing his dry hands and regarding the Professor and Katey with a delighted air which was beyond all comprehension to the persons most interested, "perhaps they would like to partake of some refreshment?"

But they declined. "We took tea at A—," Katey explained.

"Then we will bid you good night."

"I should like to see you a few moments in the library," Professor Dyce said to Professor Paine, as the latter was leaving the room. "I will come to you there immediately."

Katey had followed Miss Hersey to the hall, where she astonished the good woman by throwing her arms around her neck, and kissing her warmly.

"That is 'good night,'" she said, with a little laugh. But away down in her heart she knew it expressed much more, which she could not put into words. She came back and stood before the fire, taking off her hat and the pretty bright wrap. She heard the door close, and Professor Paine's step dying away. She was thinking,—as the most trivial thoughts do flit through our minds when we are in the midst of the most startling or care-bearing events,—how odd it was to be bareheaded again!—just that, as she smoothed back her hair.

"Poor girl," said the Professor, leaning upon the mantel, and regarding her with tender, curious eyes, "were you very anxious?"

"O, very, for a little while. I almost thought they would turn us out of doors."

He smiled, but the gray eyes flashed.

"They would not have dared to do that. But I must go to Professor Paine.

I shall tell him the whole—as far as the circumstances of our losing the way, and all that are concerned," he corrected himself. "He is a thoroughly just man, and will aid me in getting at the truth. I must learn what has taken place here, too, before I meet the school to-morrow." He crossed the room to the door while he was speaking, then he came back. "It is not a very inviting home," he said gently, "but my wife is very welcome." His lips touched her forehead, then he was gone.

She stood for a moment where he had left her, the heavy wrap half slipped from her shoulders and still grasped with one hand, a faint color called up to her face; then she awoke from her reverie with a start, and set herself to examine her surroundings. There was a dressing-room just beyond the parlor, she knew, and here again some slight attempt to prepare for her coming had been made. Her gowns were hanging in the wardrobe; her books piled upon the floor, without any attempt at arrangement. The showy toilet articles upon the table were Clary's gift, she knew. Much as she desired employment, restless as she was at this moment, she could not put herself to setting anything in order. Everything was unreal and strange. She could not divest herself of the idea that she should be called upon in a moment to start again. She could not realize that her wanderings were over. She was turning away when her eyes fell upon a letter unnoticed before upon the white marble of the dressing-table. She caught it up, a great throb of terror whitening her face. It was from Dacre Home. Why had he written to her now? She held it still unopened in her hands. O, how bitter was the past! If she could only blot it out! She had no sense of pain—only a dull aching regret. "It was for nothing," she said—the anxiety, the striving, the praying even. Why had this come to her now to bring it all back when she thought she had forgotten? He was nothing to her now; and yet the letter was like a temptation. If she could only open it! Perhaps he had confessed all to Christine; perhaps he had changed his course; she should be so glad to know; and yet she turned it over in her hand. It was crumpled and torn at the edges, and bore many post marks. It must have been written long ago, and wandered far. She read the superscription—*Miss Katherine Earle*. It was not to her after all; it was written for a girl who was no man's wife. Prof. Dyce's

strong grave face rose suddenly before her. He would come to her presently—her husband whom she had promised this day to love and honor; there should be no thought in her heart, please God, which she should be ashamed or afraid for him to know. She returned to the parlor. The fire still blazed in the grate. She laid the letter upon the coals, where it flamed for a moment, then died to ashes. Then she sat down to await the conclusion of the conference in the library.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UNTANGLING THE SKEIN.

IT was as they had suspected. Miss Wormley returned to town with her charge the afternoon of the picnic without waiting for the Professor and Katey, or making any effort to find them. Long before they could have reached the spot to which she had sent them she joined the girls, who were already collected outside of the woods in the fields adjoining the road. She made a feint of lingering here, then led the way at a slow pace down the road towards the village, where they were to take the omnibuses. Some of the girls ventured to demur, and suggested that they should go on alone to town and leave Miss Wormley, and one of the older girls to return and seek the two who, being strangers to the locality, had, perhaps, already lost their way. But to this she would not listen for a moment. "What, leave the girls to go back to town just at nightfall alone?"

We never have so clear a perception of duty as when it accords with our inclination. And return to town she would at once, though half of La Fayette wandered lost among the woods and hills. It was no fault of hers if laggards were left behind. She had warned them.

"But you sent them away," said Clary Luckiwinner, growing bold in her terror. "I went back for my basket and I saw you—"

"Silence, Miss Luckiwinner, and return to your place; you break the line." And so she marshaled them all like a skillful tactician, as she was, and, putting herself at the head, led the procession from the omnibus station down to the school.

"They went for a walk, you say," repeated Professor Paine, nervously, when she immediately laid the matter before him. She was sufficiently wise to say little—

nothing, in fact, but that the delinquent had wandered away, and failed to return in time to take the omnibus. "They must have strayed further than they intended. It was thoughtless, certainly; but the next omnibus will bring them, without doubt."

"And you think I was right to return with the girls? I had no one to send after them, you know, and if we had lingered there until dark——"

"Oh, to be sure," answered the Professor. "Your duty unquestionably was to see that the girls were cared for and returned at a proper time." And he went home to tea, somewhat annoyed, but not at all uneasy as to the final result.

When he came back later in the evening and there were still no tidings of the Professor and Katey, he began to be seriously alarmed. The conviction that they had lost their way, forced itself upon his mind. He knew something of the locality where they had spent the afternoon. It was wild and sparsely settled. With night coming on, and even by daylight, one might wander for hours here without coming upon a house, or finding the turnpike, which wound among the hills. He called Miss Hersey and Miss Wormley, the only teachers in the house, for consultation. The growing excitement among the girls necessitated some action, even if common humanity did not demand it. It was long past the hour of retiring, but still white-robed figures flitted about the dormitory halls or gathered upon the stairs. The hasty opening of the library door, where the three teachers had met together, was followed by the sound of scurrying feet and the disappearance of ghostly forms into the darkness of the music-room and up the stairway at its further end.

And now at the midnight council held in the library, Miss Wormley ventured to go a step further. It was useless, in her opinion,—which, perhaps, counted for nothing,—to search for the missing ones, since they were, doubtless, miles away before this time.

"I—I do not understand." Professor Paine's mind was slow in its operations. He stared at her almost stupidly; his under jaw dropped, his faded blue eyes fixed in their expression of perplexity.

"I mean," she went on, boldly, "that no one could be lost there in broad daylight. That is all."

She threw up her chin by a sudden movement, as she spoke, bringing her eyes upon

a level with a row of volumes in the library devoted to the discussion of original sin. It was good to see the air of conscious and severe virtue displayed in her countenance at this moment.

"For shame!" exclaimed Miss Hersey, hotly. "There is nothing so mean as insinuations—and against the absent, who cannot defend themselves!" She paused, frightened at her temerity. The overcharged weapon had recoiled; she began to cry.

Poor, timid little Professor Paine was at his wit's end. He had called them together for deliberation; the result seemed likely to be a quarrel. Unconsciously his strong sense of justice ranged him upon Miss Hersey's side.

"Do I understand you to prefer charges against Professor Dyce and Miss Earle?" he demanded, with a kind of trembling severity in his voice.

"Oh, no, no! Not at all! I have no charges to prefer. It is nothing to *me*, I am sure;" and Miss Wormley seemed to scent a very pleasing and tranquilizing odor in the air, quite above the heads of her companions.

"If you mean to say that they have gone away deliberately, we can easily decide that by going to their rooms," said Miss Hersey, who had recovered her dignity by this time, through wrath, which does more than self-control, sometimes, towards drying tears. "We should be likely, in that case, to find a note stating their intentions, or, at least, some signs of preparation. I think we had better go at once," she said to Professor Paine, who, by this time, was in a state of mind to do anything or go anywhere.

Led by Miss Hersey, they proceeded to the other building, to Katey's room, followed and accompanied by the soft rustle of garments, the stealthy, muffled sound of unseen feet, the opening and closing of doors in the darkness but feebly lighted by the lamp in Miss Hersey's hand—all of which ghostly sounds they were too much engrossed to heed or notice. The door was unlocked. Everything in the little corner room appeared as usual—upon the table an open book, a bit of embroidery half completed; the very air of the place was peace and expectation of return as the light flared into it.

They descended the stairs again without speaking. They went on down to the class-rooms, among which was the Pro-

fessor's study. The door was locked, but after a time a key was found to open it. Here, too, were no marks of disorder, no suggestions of change. Miss Wormley's eyes fastened upon a sheet of paper lying upon the writing-table. It was a half-written letter. The ink had dried upon the pen thrown down beside it, when the writer was called away. She took it up.

"Really," began Professor Paine, "we have no right—"

"Listen to this," said Miss Wormley, triumphantly, and read aloud: "'You will not be surprised at anything you hear of me, since my future movements are so uncertain, especially if you learn that I have left here suddenly—'" And there the letter broke off.

Even Miss Hersey was startled. "It may not refer to this matter at all," she said at last, recovering herself. "We all know him to have had large interests at stake here. The suit was decided some little time ago in his favor. There is nothing, certainly, to keep him here."

"Then you do believe he has gone?" Miss Wormley said maliciously.

"In this way? No." But in truth Miss Hersey did not know what to believe.

They returned to the library. To retire to their own rooms was out of the question. The weight of responsibility upon two, at least, of the party, banished all thought of sleep.

Daylight struggled in at the window and still they had decided upon no course of action. Miss Wormley dozed in her chair. Professor Paine and Miss Hersey, chilled, anxious, and miserable, in body and mind, after their night of watching, still conversed together in low tones at intervals. If Professor Dyce had left not to return, steps must be taken to fill his place. The trustees must be informed at once. What, and how much should be told the girls? Who would fill the vacant places in the class-rooms? or could the school go on as usual? All these considerations began to press upon them with the dawn. Though Miss Hersey had denied stoutly that the letter found in his study had anything to do with Professor Dyce's disappearance, and Professor Paine was inclined to agree with her, it had still so far influenced both that nothing was now said of sending any one in search of them.

"I suppose we had better have prayers as usual," suggested Professor Paine at last, when signs of life began to make them-

selves apparent through the house. The poor man appeared more pinched and withered and yellow than ever as he rose up and shook himself feebly.

"Prayers!" exclaimed Miss Wormley in her sharp voice. "You had better go into the school-room and inform the girls that their precious teachers have absconded and there will be no lessons or prayers either till you have laid the matter before the authorities. Even if they should dare attempt to return now—"

"Miss—Miss Wormley," interrupted the Professor, "there is, so far as I can see, no occasion to create anarchy or disorder. I shall of course put the whole matter into the hands of the trustees; but in the meantime, you will please say nothing to any one upon the subject," and with an unusual straightening of the thin figure, causing a surprising number of wrinkles never seen before in the back of the rusty black coat, the little man walked stiffly out of the room towards the study-hall.

Regret that he had not dispatched some one at once in search of the missing ones grew upon him every moment, especially when the curiosity and excitement among the girls became manifest. The very fact that they had differed so widely upon the questions of the day, and that a coldness had in consequence sprung up between them, made the just little man, who was left in this dilemma to manage affairs, fearful lest he had not done his duty. And at last, when the school had been organized for the day with an attempt to make a show of going on as usual, he slipped out of the house and engaged a man to mount a horse and scour the country in the neighborhood of the picnic ground. But of this he said nothing to any one.

Clary's distress can be imagined perhaps; it was beyond the power of description. She dissolved to tears before the omnibuses were gained, and wept from that time forward in a feeble, heart-broken way with occasional respites of wrath, odd little unexpected bursts of anger which dried her tears for a time, and perhaps saved her from entire liquefaction. No attempt at discipline could affect her conduct in the least. She wandered about, or made a lay figure in the school-room, neither studying nor attending the recitations of her classes, with ability to do nothing but mop her eyes with delicate little lace-edged handkerchiefs—for grief, even, with Clary, must have its attendant magnificence. Although

by no means profound in her reasoning on ordinary occasions, she developed now skill and acuteness in conjoining circumstances, with a boldness in uttering convictions which did much towards fostering and strengthening public opinion in favor of the absent ones, besides stirring up suspicion and girlish outspoken scorn,—which knows neither bounds nor reason,—against Miss Wormley, whose position was by no means an enviable one, even before the afternoon, when the dispatch from Professor Dyce arrived, falling like a bomb in the midst. "I shall return to La Fayette by the evening train, with Miss Earle, who is now my wife," it read. There was nothing more.

To say that Professor Paine,—whose messenger had returned before now from his useless quest,—rejoiced, would too feebly express it. If anything so dried and stiffened into shape as his countenance could be said to fairly shine and sparkle, this was true of it now. He walked directly into the school-room, stepped upon the platform before Miss Hersey who was trying to enforce the semblance of a study-hour, with the assurance of utter self-forgetfulness, and read the message aloud, ending it with a kind of glorified glare at the girls, conceived as a radiant smile. And they appreciated the act, bless their dear warm hearts, North and South! For the first time they understood each other. A great shout went up from the whole school. They sprang from their seats and crowded around the little man who by this time had retired into his shell again, frightened at himself and then at them. But they would not be repulsed, and with a little nervous laugh, and a trembling quaver in his weak voice, he could only assure them, over and over again, that he really knew nothing but what he had learned from the dispatch. Miss Wormley passing through the school-room heard the message, felt the shout of joy like a knife at her heart, and crept away to her own room to hide her mortification and rage as best she could. She had failed. There remained nothing for her but to accept the fact, and try to avert whatever consequences would be likely to fall upon her head. At least they could prove nothing against her. Even Professor Dyce, himself, must acknowledge that her duty was to return to town with the girls in her charge. No one was sent after them,—for she knew nothing of Professor Paine's attempt,—

was not her fault alone. Certainly she should not lose her position in the school. If it came to that, public sentiment in the town would sustain her against Professor Dyce. There was but one rule in those days of excited feeling by which any man's conduct was to be measured, and there the Professor would fall short. He was a marked

man now, she knew. He must go before long, or suffer the consequences. Could she not hasten his departure—or worse? She could *do* nothing. She was a woman, and believed in a woman's circumscribed sphere; but a spring touched by the lightest fingers moves mightily sometimes.

(To be continued.)

IN AN HOUR.

I.

ANTICIPATION.

"I'LL take the orchard path," she said,
 Speaking lowly, smiling slowly :
 The brook was dried within its bed,
 The hot sun flung a flame of red
 Low in the West, as forth she sped.

Across the dried brook-course she went,
 Singing lowly, smiling slowly :
 She scarcely saw the sun that spent
 It's fiery force in swift descent—
 She never saw the wheat was bent,

The grasses parched, the blossoms dried :
 Singing lowly, smiling slowly,
 Her eyes amidst the drouth espied
 A Summer pleasance far and wide,
 With roses and sweet violets pied.

II.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

But homeward coming all the way,
 Sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
 She knew the bent wheat withering lay,
 She saw the blossoms dry decay,
 She missed the little brooklet's play.

A breeze had sprung from out the South,
 But, sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
 She only felt the burning drouth ;
 Her eyes were hot, and parched her mouth—
 Yet sweet the wind blew from the South !

And when the wind brought welcome rain,
 Still sighing lowly, pacing slowly,
 She never saw the lifting grain,
 But only—a lone orchard lane,
 Where she had waited all in vain !

WAN LEE, THE PAGAN.

BY BRET HARTE.

As I opened Hop Sing's letter, there fluttered to the ground a square strip of yellow paper covered with hieroglyphics which at first glance I innocently took to be the label from a pack of Chinese fire-crackers. But the same envelope also contained a smaller strip of rice paper, with two Chinese characters traced in India ink, that I at once knew to be Hop Sing's visiting card. The whole, as afterwards literally translated, ran as follows:

"To the stranger the gates of my house are not closed; the rice jar is on the left, and the sweetmeats on the right as you enter.

Two sayings of the Master:

Hospitality is the virtue of the son and the wisdom of the ancestor.

The Superior man is light hearted after the crop-gathering; he makes a festival.

When the stranger is in your melon patch observe him not too closely; inattention is often the highest form of civility.

Happiness, Peace and Prosperity.

HOP SING."

Admirable, certainly, as was this morality and proverbial wisdom, and although this last axiom was very characteristic of my friend Hop Sing who was that most somber of all humorists, a Chinese philosopher, I must confess that, even after a very free translation, I was at a loss to make any immediate application of the message. Luckily I discovered a third enclosure in the shape of a little note in English and Hop Sing's own commercial hand. It ran thus:

THE pleasure of your company is requested at No.—Sacramento St. on Friday Evening at 8 o'clock. A cup of tea at 9—sharp.

HOP SING."

This explained all. It meant a visit to Hop Sing's warehouse, the opening and exhibition of some rare Chinese novelties and *curios*, a chat in the back office, a cup of tea of a perfection unknown beyond these sacred precincts, cigars, and a visit to the Chinese Theater or Temple. This was in fact the favorite programme of Hop Sing when he exercised his functions of hospitality as the chief factor or Superintendent of the Ning Foo Company.

At eight o'clock on Friday evening I en-

tered the warehouse of Hop Sing. There was that deliciously commingled mysterious foreign odor that I had so often noticed; there was the old array of uncouth looking objects, the long procession of jars and crockery, the same singular blending of the grotesque and the mathematically neat and exact, the same endless suggestions of frivolity and fragility, the same want of harmony in colors that were each, in themselves, beautiful and rare. Kites in the shape of enormous dragons and gigantic butterflies; kites so ingeniously arranged as to utter at intervals, when facing the wind, the cry of a hawk; kites so large as to be beyond any boy's power of restraint—so large that you understood why kite-flying in China was an amusement for adults; gods of china and bronze so gratuitously ugly as to be beyond any human interest or sympathy from their very impossibility; jars of sweetmeats covered all over with moral sentiments from Confucius; hats that looked like baskets, and baskets that looked like hats; silks so light that I hesitate to record the incredible number of square yards that you might pass through the ring on your little finger—these and a great many other indescribable objects were all familiar to me. I pushed my way through the dimly-lighted warehouse until I reached the back office or parlor, where I found Hop Sing waiting to receive me.

Before I describe him I want the average reader to discharge from his mind any idea of a Chinaman that he may have gathered from the pantomime. He did not wear beautifully scalloped drawers fringed with little bells—I never met a Chinaman who did; he did not habitually carry his forefinger extended before him at right angles with his body, nor did I ever hear him utter the mysterious sentence "Ching a ring a ring chaw," nor dance under any provocation. He was on the whole, a rather grave, decorous, handsome gentleman. His complexion, which extended all over his head except where his long pig-tail grew, was like a very nice piece of glazed brown paper-muslin. His eyes were black and bright, and his eye-lids set at an angle of 15° ; his nose straight and delicately formed, his mouth small, and

his teeth white and clean. He wore a dark blue silk blouse; and in the streets on cold days, a short jacket of astrakhan fur. He wore also a pair of drawers of blue brocade gathered tightly over his calves and ankles, offering a general sort of suggestion that he had forgotten his trousers that morning, but, that so gentlemanly were his manners, his friends had forbore to mention the fact to him. His manner was urbane, although quite serious. He spoke French and English fluently. In brief, I doubt if you could have found the equal of this Pagan shop-keeper among the Christian traders of San Francisco.

There were a few others present: a Judge of the Federal Court, an editor, a high government official, and a prominent merchant. After we had drunk our tea, and tasted a few sweetmeats from a mysterious jar, that looked as if it might contain a preserved mouse among its other nondescript treasures, Hop Sing arose and, gravely beckoning us to follow him, began to descend to the basement. When we got there, we were amazed at finding it brilliantly lighted, and that a number of chairs were arranged in a half-circle on the asphalt pavement. When he had courteously seated us he said:

"I have invited you to witness a performance which I can at least promise you no other foreigners but yourselves have ever seen. Wang, the court juggler, arrived here yesterday morning. He has never given a performance outside of the palace before. I have asked him to entertain my friends this evening. He requires no theater, stage accessories, or any confederate—nothing more than you see here. Will you be pleased to examine the ground yourselves, gentlemen."

Of course we examined the premises. It was the ordinary basement or cellar of the San Francisco store-house, cemented to keep out the damp. We poked our sticks into the pavement and rapped on the walls to satisfy our polite host, but for no other purpose. We were quite content to be the victims of any clever deception. For myself, I knew I was ready to be deluded to any extent, and if I had been offered an explanation of what followed, I should have probably declined it.

Although I am satisfied that Wang's general performance was the first of that kind ever given on American soil, it has probably since become so familiar to many of my readers that I shall not bore

them with it here. He began by setting to flight, with the aid of his fan, the usual number of butterflies made before our eyes of little bits of tissue paper, and kept them in the air during the remainder of the performance. I have a vivid recollection of the Judge trying to catch one that had lit on his knee, and of its evading him with the pertinacity of a living insect. And even at this time Wang, still plying his fan, was taking chickens out of hats, making oranges disappear, pulling endless yards of silk from his sleeve, apparently filling the whole area of the basement with goods that appeared mysteriously from the ground, from his own sleeves, from nowhere! He swallowed knives to the ruin of his digestion for years to come, he dislocated every limb of his body, he reclined in the air, apparently upon nothing. But his crowning performance, which I have never yet seen repeated, was the most weird, mysterious and astounding. It is my apology for this long introduction, my sole excuse for writing this article, the genesis of this veracious history.

He cleared the ground of its encumbering articles for a space of about fifteen feet square, and then invited us all to walk forward and again examine it. We did so gravely; there was nothing but the cemented pavement below to be seen or felt. He then asked for the loan of a handkerchief, and, as I chanced to be nearest him, I offered mine. He took it, and spread it open upon the floor. Over this he spread a large square of silk, and over this again a large shawl nearly covering the space he had cleared. He then took a position at one of the points of this rectangle, and began a monotonous chant, rocking his body to and fro in time with the somewhat lugubrious air.

We sat still and waited. Above the chant we could hear the striking of the city clocks, and the occasional rattle of a cart in the street overhead. The absolute watchfulness and expectation, the dim mysterious half-light of the cellar falling in a grewsome way upon the misshapen bulk of a Chinese deity in the background, a faint smell of opium smoke mingling with spice, and the dreadful uncertainty of what we were really waiting for, sent an uncomfortable thrill down our backs, and made us look at each other with a forced and unnatural smile. This feeling was heightened when Hop Sing slowly rose, and,

without a word, pointed with his finger to the center of the shawl.

There was something beneath the shawl. Surely—and something that was not there before. At first a mere suggestion in relief, a faint outline; but growing more and more distinct and visible every moment. The chant still continued, the perspiration began to roll from the singer's face, gradually the hidden object took upon itself a shape and bulk that raised the shawl in its center some five or six inches. It was now unmistakably the outline of a small but perfect human figure, with extended arms and legs. One or two of us turned pale, there was a feeling of general uneasiness, until the editor broke the silence by a gibe that, poor as it was, was received with spontaneous enthusiasm. Then the chant suddenly ceased, Wang arose, and, with a quick, dexterous movement, stripped both shawl and silk away, and discovered, sleeping peacefully upon my handkerchief, a tiny Chinese baby!

The applause and uproar which followed this revelation ought to have satisfied Wang, even if his audience was a small one; it was loud enough to awaken the baby—a pretty little boy about a year old, looking like a Cupid cut out of sandal wood. He was whisked away almost as mysteriously as he appeared. When Hop Sing returned my handkerchief to me with a bow, I asked if the juggler was the father of the baby. "No sabe!" said the imperturbable Hop Sing, taking refuge in that Spanish form of non-committalism so common in California.

"But does he have a new baby for every performance?" I asked. "Perhaps; who knows?" "But what will become of this one?" "Whatever you choose, gentlemen," replied Hop Sing, with a courteous inclination, "it was born here,—you are its godfathers."

There were two characteristic peculiarities of any Californian assemblage in 1856; it was quick to take a hint, and generous to the point of prodigality in its response to any charitable appeal. No matter how sordid or avaricious the individual, he could not resist the infection of sympathy. I doubled the points of my handkerchief into a bag, dropped a coin into it, and, without a word, passed it to the Judge. He quietly added a twenty dollar gold piece, and passed it to the next; when it was returned to me it contained over a hundred dollars. I knotted the

money in the handkerchief, and gave it to Hop Sing.

"For the baby, from its godfathers."

"But what name," said the Judge. There was a running fire of "Erebus," "Nox," "Plutus," "Terra Cotta," "Antæus," etc., etc. Finally the question was referred to our host.

"Why not keep his own name?" he said quietly—"Wan Lee." And he did.

And thus was Wan Lee, on the night of Friday, the 5th of March, 1856, born into this veracious chronicle.

The last form of "The Northern Star" for the 19th of July, 1865,—the only daily paper published in Klamath County,—had just gone to press, and at three A.M. I was putting aside my proofs and manuscripts, preparatory to going home, when I discovered a letter lying under some sheets of paper which I must have overlooked. The envelope was considerably soiled, it had no post-mark, but I had no difficulty in recognizing the hand of my friend Hop Sing. I opened it hurriedly, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: I do not know whether the bearer will suit you, but unless the office of 'devil' in your newspaper is a purely technical one, I think he has all the qualities required. He is very quick, active and intelligent; understands English better than he speaks it, and makes up for any defect by his habits of observation and imitation. You have only to show him how to do a thing once, and he will repeat it, whether it is an offence or a virtue. But you certainly know him already; you are one of his god-fathers, for is he not Wan Lee, the reputed son of Wang the Conjurer, to whose performances I had the honor to introduce you? But, perhaps, you have forgotten it.

"I shall send him with a gang of coolies to Stockton, thence by express to your town. If you can use him there, you will do me a favor, and probably save his life, which is at present in great peril from the hands of the younger members of your Christian and highly civilized race who attend the enlightened schools in San Francisco.

"He has acquired some singular habits and customs from his experience of Wang's profession, which he followed for some years, until he became too large to go in a hat, or be produced from his father's sleeve. The money you left with me has been ex-

pended on his education; he has gone through the Tri-literal Classics, but, I think, without much benefit. He knows but little of Confucius, and absolutely nothing of Mencius. Owing to the negligence of his father, he associated, perhaps, too much with American children.

"I should have answered your letter before, by post, but I thought that Wan Lee himself would be a better messenger for this.

"Yours respectfully,

"HOP SING."

And this was the long-delayed answer to my letter to Hop Sing. But where was "the bearer?" How was the letter delivered? I summoned hastily the foreman, printers and office-boy, but without eliciting anything; no one had seen the letter delivered, nor knew anything of the bearer. A few days later I had a visit from my laundry-man, Ah Ri.

"You wantee debbil? All lightee; me catchee him."

He returned in a few moments with a bright-looking Chinese boy, about ten years old, with whose appearance and general intelligence I was so greatly impressed that I engaged him on the spot. When the business was concluded, I asked his name.

"Wan Lee," said the boy.

"What! Are you the boy sent out by Hop Sing? What the devil do you mean by not coming here before, and how did you deliver that letter?"

Wan Lee looked at me and laughed. "Me pitchee in top side window."

I did not understand. He looked for a moment perplexed, and then snatching the letter out of my hand, ran down the stairs. After a moment's pause, to my great astonishment, the letter came flying in the window, circled twice around the room, and then dropped gently like a bird upon my table. Before I had got over my surprise Wan Lee reappeared, smiled, looked at the letter and then at me, said, "So, John," and then remained gravely silent. I said nothing further, but it was understood that this was his first official act.

His next performance, I grieve to say, was not attended with equal success. One of our regular paper-carriers fell sick, and, at a pinch, Wan Lee was ordered to fill his place. To prevent mistakes he was shown over the route the previous evening, and supplied at about daylight with the usual number of subscribers' copies. He re-

turned after an hour, in good spirits and without the papers. He had delivered them all, he said.

Unfortunately for Wan Lee, at about eight o'clock indignant subscribers began to arrive at the office. They had received their copies; but how? In the form of hard-pressed cannon balls, delivered by a single shot and a mere *tour de force* through the glass of bed-room windows. They had received them full in the face, like a base ball, if they happened to be up and stirring; they had received them in quarter sheets, tucked in at separate windows; they had found them in the chimney, pinned against the door, shot through attic windows, delivered in long slips through convenient keyholes, stuffed into ventilators, and occupying the same can with the morning's milk. One subscriber, who waited for some time at the office door, to have a personal interview with Wan Lee (then comfortably locked in my bed-room), told me, with tears of rage in his eyes, that he had been awakened at five o'clock by a most hideous yelling below his windows; that on rising, in great agitation, he was startled by the sudden appearance of "The Northern Star," rolled hard and bent into the form of a boomerang or East Indian club, that sailed into the window, described a number of fiendish circles in the room, knocked over the light, slapped the baby's face, "took" him (the subscriber) "in the jaw," and then returned out of the window, and dropped helplessly in the area. During the rest of the day wads and strips of soiled paper, purporting to be copies of "The Northern Star" of that morning's issue, were brought indignantly to the office. An admirable editorial on "The Resources of Humboldt County" which I had constructed the evening before, and which, I had reason to believe, might have changed the whole balance of trade during the ensuing year, and left San Francisco bankrupt at her wharves, was in this way lost to the public.

It was deemed advisable for the next three weeks to keep Wan Lee closely confined to the printing-office and the purely mechanical part of the business. Here he developed a surprising quickness and adaptability, winning even the favor and good will of the printers and foreman, who at first looked upon his introduction into the secrets of their trade as fraught with the gravest political significance. He learned to set type readily and neatly, his

wonderful skill in manipulation aiding him in the mere mechanical act, and his ignorance of the language confining him simply to the mechanical effort—confirming the printer's axiom that the printer who considers or follows the ideas of his copy makes a poor compositor. He would set up deliberately long diatribes against himself, composed by his fellow-printers, and hung on his hook as copy, and even such short sentences as "Wan Lee is the devil's own imp," "Wan Lee is a Mongolian rascal," and bring the proof to me with happiness beaming from every tooth and satisfaction shining in his huckleberry eyes.

It was not long, however, before he learned to retaliate on his mischievous persecutors. I remember one instance in which his reprisal came very near involving me in a serious misunderstanding. Our foreman's name was Webster, and Wan Lee presently learned to know and recognize the individual and combined letters of his name. It was during a political campaign, and the eloquent and fiery Col. Starbottle, of Siskyou, had delivered an effective speech, which was reported especially for "The Northern Star." In a very sublime peroration Col. Starbottle had said: "In the language of the god-like Webster, I repeat,"—and here followed the quotation, which I have forgotten. Now, it chanced that Wan Lee, looking over the galley after it had been revised, saw the name of his chief persecutor, and, of course, imagined the quotation his. After the form was locked up, Wan Lee took advantage of Webster's absence to remove the quotation, and substitute a thin piece of lead, of the same size as the type, engraved with Chinese characters, making a sentence which, I had reason to believe, was an utter and abject confession of the incapacity and offensiveness of the Webster family generally, and exceedingly eulogistic of Wan Lee himself personally.

The next morning's paper contained Col. Starbottle's speech in full, in which it appeared that the "god-like" Webster had on one occasion uttered his thoughts in excellent but perfectly enigmatical Chinese. The rage of Col. Starbottle knew no bounds. I have a vivid recollection of that admirable man walking into my office and demanding a retraction of the statement.

"But, my dear sir," I asked, "are you willing to deny, over your own signature, that Webster ever uttered such a

sentence? Dare you deny that, with Mr. Webster's well-known attainments, a knowledge of Chinese might not have been among the number? Are you willing to submit a translation suitable to the capacity of our readers, and deny, upon your honor as a gentleman, that the late Mr. Webster ever uttered such a sentiment? If you are, sir, I am willing to publish your denial."

The Col. was not, and left, highly indignant.

Webster, the foreman, took it more coolly. Happily he was unaware that for two days after, Chinamen from the laundries, from the gulches, from the kitchens, looked in the front office door with faces beaming with sardonic delight; that three hundred extra copies of the "Star" were ordered for the wash-houses on the river. He only knew that during the day Wan Lee occasionally went off into convulsive spasms, and that he was obliged to kick him into consciousness again. A week after the occurrence I called Wan Lee into my office.

"Wan," I said, gravely, "I should like you to give me, for my own personal satisfaction, a translation of that Chinese sentence which my gifted countryman, the late god-like Webster, uttered upon a public occasion." Wan Lee looked at me intently, and then the slightest possible twinkle crept into his black eyes. Then he replied, with equal gravity:

"Mishtel Webstel,—he say: 'China boy makee me belly much foolee. China boy makee me heap sick.'" Which I have reason to think was true.

But I fear I am giving but one side, and not the best, of Wan Lee's character. As he imparted it to me, his had been a hard life. He had known scarcely any childhood—he had no recollection of a father or mother. The conjurer Wang had brought him up. He had spent the first seven years of his life in appearing from baskets, in dropping out of hats, in climbing ladders, in putting his little limbs out of joint in posturing. He had lived in an atmosphere of trickery and deception; he had learned to look upon mankind as dupes of their senses; in fine, if he had thought at all, he would have been a skeptic, if he had been a little older, he would have been a cynic, if he had been older still, he would have been a philosopher. As it was, he was a little imp! A good-natured imp it was, too—an imp whose moral nature had never been awakened, an imp up for a holi-

day, and willing to try virtue as a diversion. I don't know that he had any spiritual nature; he was very superstitious: he carried about with him a hideous little porcelain god, which he was in the habit of alternately reviling and propitiating. He was too intelligent for the commoner Chinese vices of stealing or gratuitous lying. Whatever discipline he practiced was taught by his intellect.

I am inclined to think that his feelings were not altogether unimpressible,—although it was almost impossible to extract an expression from him,—and I conscientiously believe he became attached to those that were good to him. What he might have become under more favorable conditions than the bondsman of an overworked, under-paid, literary man, I don't know; I only know that the scant, irregular, impulsive kindnesses that I showed him were gratefully received. He was very loyal and patient—two qualities rare in the average American servant. He was like Malvolio, "sad and civil" with me; only once, and then under great provocation, do I remember of his exhibiting any impatience. It was my habit, after leaving the office at night, to take him with me to my rooms, as the bearer of any supplemental or happy after-thought in the editorial way, that might occur to me before the paper went to press. One night I had been scribbling away past the usual hour of dismissing Wan Lee, and had become quite oblivious of his presence in a chair near my door, when suddenly I became aware of a voice saying, in plaintive accents, something that sounded like "Chy Lee."

I faced around sternly.

"What did you say?"

"Me say 'Chy Lee.'"

"Well?" I said, impatiently.

"You sabe 'How do, John?'"

"Yes."

"You sabe 'So long, John?'"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Chy Lee' allee same!"

I understood him quite plainly. It appeared that "Chy Lee" was a form of "good-night," and that Wan Lee was anxious to go home. But an instinct of mischief which I fear I possessed in common with him, impelled me to act as if oblivious of the hint. I muttered something about not understanding him, and again bent over my work. In a few minutes I heard his wooden shoes pattering

pathetically over the floor. I looked up. He was standing near the door.

"You no sabe, 'Chy Lee?'"

"No," I said, sternly.

"You sabe muchee big foolee!—allee same!"

And with this audacity upon his lips, he fled. The next morning, however, he was as meek and patient as before, and I did not recall his offense. As a probable peace-offering, he blacked all my boots,—a duty never required of him,—including a pair of buff deer-skin slippers and an immense pair of horseman's jack-boots, on which he indulged his remorse for two hours.

I have spoken of his honesty as being a quality of his intellect rather than his principle, but I recall about this time two exceptions to the rule: I was anxious to get some fresh eggs, as a change to the heavy diet of a mining town, and knowing that Wan Lee's countrymen were great poultry raisers, I applied to him. He furnished me with them regularly every morning, but refused to take any pay, saying that the man did not sell them—a remarkable instance of self-abnegation, as eggs were then worth half a dollar apiece. One morning, my neighbor, Forster, dropped in upon me at breakfast, and took occasion to bewail his own ill fortune, as his hens had lately stopped laying, or wandered off in the bush. Wan Lee, who was present during our colloquy, preserved his characteristic sad taciturnity. When my neighbor had gone, he turned to me with a slight chuckle: "Flotel's hens—Wan Lee's hens—allee same!" His other offense was more serious and ambitious. It was a season of great irregularities in the mails, and Wan Lee had heard me deplore the delay in the delivery of my letters and newspapers. On arriving at my office one day, I was amazed to find my table covered with letters, evidently just from the post-office, but unfortunately not one addressed to me. I turned to Wan Lee, who was surveying them with a calm satisfaction, and demanded an explanation. To my horror he pointed to an empty mail bag in the corner, and said: "Postman he say 'no lettee, John—no lettee, John.' Postman plentee lie! Postman no good. Me catchee lettee last night—allee same!" Luckily it was still early; the mails had not been distributed; I had a hurried interview with the Postmaster, and Wan Lee's bold attempt at robbing the U. S. Mail was finally condoned, by the purchase of

a new mail bag, and the whole affair thus kept a secret.

If my liking for my little Pagan page had not been sufficient, my duty to Hop Sing was enough to cause me to take Wan Lee with me when I returned to San Francisco, after my two years' experience with "The Northern Star." I do not think he contemplated the change with pleasure. I attributed his feelings to a nervous dread of crowded public streets,—when he had to go across town for me on an errand, he always made a long circuit of the outskirts,—to his dislike for the discipline of the Chinese and English school to which I proposed to send him, to his fondness for the free, vagrant life of the mines, to sheer willfulness! That it might have been a superstitious premonition did not occur to me until long after.

Nevertheless it really seemed as if the opportunity I had long looked for and confidently expected had come—the opportunity of placing Wan Lee under gently restraining influences, of subjecting him to a life and experience that would draw out of him what good my superficial care and ill-regulated kindness could not reach. Wan Lee was placed at the school of a Chinese Missionary—an intelligent and kind-hearted clergyman, who had shown great interest in the boy, and who, better than all, had a wonderful faith in him. A home was found for him in the family of a widow, who had a bright and interesting daughter about two years younger than Wan Lee. It was this bright, cheery, innocent and artless child that touched and reached a depth in the boy's nature that hitherto had been unsuspected—that awakened a moral susceptibility which had lain for years insensible alike to the teachings of society or the ethics of the theologian.

These few brief months, bright with a promise that we never saw fulfilled, must have been happy ones to Wan Lee. He worshiped his little friend with something of the same superstition, but without any of the caprice that he bestowed upon his porcelain pagan god. It was his delight to walk behind her to school, carrying her books—a service always fraught with danger to him from the little hands of his Caucasian Christian brothers. He made her the most marvelous toys, he would cut out of carrots and turnips the most astonishing roses and tulips, he made lifelike chickens out of melon-seeds, he con-

structed fans and kites, and was singularly proficient in the making of dolls' paper dresses. On the other hand, she played and sang to him, taught him a thousand little prettinesses and refinements only known to girls, gave him a yellow ribbon for his pig-tail, as best suiting his complexion, read to him, showed him wherein he was original and valuable, took him to Sunday School with her, against the precedents of the school, and, small-woman-like, triumphed. I wish I could add here, that she effected his conversion, and made him give up his porcelain idol, but I am telling a true story, and this little girl was quite content to fill him with her own Christian goodness, without letting him know that he was changed. So they got along very well together—this little Christian girl with her shining cross hanging around her plump, white, little neck, and this dark little pagan, with his hideous porcelain god hidden away in his blouse.

There were two days of that eventful year which will long be remembered in San Francisco—two days when a mob of her citizens set upon and killed unarmed, defenseless foreigners, because they were foreigners and of another race, religion and color, and worked for what wages they could get. There were some public men so timid, that, seeing this, they thought that the end of the world had come; there were some eminent statesmen whose names I am ashamed to write here, who began to think that the passage in the Constitution which guarantees civil and religious liberty to every citizen or foreigner was a mistake. But there were also some men who were not so easily frightened, and in twenty-four hours we had things so arranged that the timid men could wring their hands in safety, and the eminent statesmen utter their doubts without hurting anybody or anything. And in the midst of this I got a note from Hop Sing, asking me to come to him immediately.

I found his warehouse closed and strongly guarded by the police against any possible attack of the rioters. Hop Sing admitted me through a barred grating with his usual imperturbable calm, but, as it seemed to me, with more than his usual seriousness. Without a word he took my hand and led me to the rear of the room, and thence down stairs into the basement. It was dimly lighted, but there was something lying on the floor covered by a shawl. As I approached he drew the shawl away

with a sudden gesture, and revealed Wan Lee, the Pagan, lying there dead!

Dead, my reverend friends, dead! Stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, by a mob of half-grown boys and Christian school children!

As I put my hand reverently upon his breast, I felt something crumbling beneath

his blouse. I looked enquiringly at Hop Sing. He put his hand between the folds of silk and drew out something with the first bitter smile I had ever seen on the face of that pagan gentleman.

It was Wan Lee's porcelain god, crushed by a stone from the hands of those Christian iconoclasts!

THE TOUCH-STONE.

No doubt many of our readers noticed a letter printed in the columns of a New York daily newspaper several weeks ago, in which the writer told the story of how he lost his umbrella. This letter was such a clever bit of writing as might have appeared in "The Spectator;" only, the English was that of our day, and not of Queen Anne's, and, if it were ever civil to go behind a writer's initials, we might have thought we recognized the signature of one of the real leaders in American journalism. Good as the letter was, however, it seems to us that the writer failed to see where the real difficulty lies in the great umbrella-question. And, as this is a question to which we have given a great deal of thought, and of which we are reasonably sure we have discovered the solution, we make no apology for asking the reader to hear what we have to say about it.

The umbrella is of so great antiquity that many archæologists suspect it to be as old as man himself. One scholar whose name would command universal respect for his opinion, if we only dared to give it, has declared in an unedited memoir his belief that the forbidden fruit was an umbrella. Be this as it may, there seems proof enough that umbrellas are very old. Beside the pictures on old Greek vases, and on the walls of Egyptian tombs, and on Chinese and Japanese porcelain, there is the remarkable fact that the Spanish for "man" is *hombre*, and that *umbra*, the root of our word "umbrella" is the Latin for a *shade*—facts which, if they prove anything, prove that man is a shadow, and that, originally, there could have been no difference between stealing an umbrella and

stealing a man. We have not time to fight the etymologists on this question; we know that the prigs among them object to derivations such as we have just traced, and call those who offer them sciolists, tyros, and other snubbing names. We trust our readers have a better opinion of us than to care much for what these gentlemen may say, and that when we stamp an etymology with our approval, they will accept it blindly.

Indeed, on this occasion, they must accept the derivation we propose if we are to be allowed to make our point. What we intend to prove is, that umbrellas have been for countless ages so identified with man,—the fact that their name and his mean the same thing, proves it,—that they have become the universal touch-stone by which we test the true character of our fellow-creatures.

It is only of late, however, that a general agreement has been reached on this point. In the earlier ages other tests have been tried, and the success of some of them has led to too hasty generalizations. In the metallic ages,—the gold and silver, the bronze and iron,—the ages when specie payments prevailed, small change was considered a very good touch-stone of honor. A man borrowed sixpences or shillings and forgot to pay them back :—that settled *him*, and he could be comfortably labelled and put away. But, of course, this could only serve as a test for rich and well-to-do people. Poor folk are chary in lending, though generous in giving, and would have ways enough of making a forgetful borrower uncomfortable.

Then, books were tried, but here the test was felt to be still more limited in its

field—book-owners and book-borrowers are, in reality, a small and unimportant class. It is true that every private library, especially if it be an old one and in a country-house, shows disastrous traces of the ravages of the book-borrower. The first volumes of nearly all the books are pretty sure to be gone. Whoever saw in such a library the first volumes of "The Decline and Fall," or of "Pamela," or of "Nouvelle Héloïse," or of any of the books that furnish good, solid reading? But this dishonesty only affects the character of the educated portion of the community. How are we to get at the character of the average villager?

Postage-stamps have been proposed, and for a time there seemed a hope that the true test had been found in them. But then, the people who borrow postage-stamps and neither pay for them nor return them are all members of the letter-writing class, and however large that class may be, it falls short of including all humanity, so that postage-stamps have been given up in their turn as a test.

As civilization becomes more and more refined, the hopes of those who seek after a sign by which a gentleman can be infallibly distinguished, settle with increasing unanimity about the umbrella. Really, if we look at it, there is no other movable article of what we may call man's vestatory furniture (we invent this word to cover finger-rings, eye-glasses, cane, sleeve-buttons, knives, pencils, etc., which, of course, are not clothing) that is so universal an adjunct to the modern human being as an

umbrella. Everybody must have one, be he, or she, rich or poor, high or low, learned or unlearned, lay or cleric, good or bad. Umbrellas are made of every style and shape, and of all degrees of costliness, to meet the craving of humanity at large. From Queen Victoria to the King of Ashantee, from Mr. Stewart to the apple-woman, from Gen. Washington to Ben. Butler or Bill Tweed, everybody feels the need of an umbrella. And the universality of the need makes the universality of the test. The temptation to appropriate, annex, convey, or, to put it bluntly, to steal, umbrellas is one from which no son of Adam is exempt. A man may be punctilious about returning pennies; he may walk five miles to return a borrowed book, or he may never be known to ask for a postage-stamp without paying for it on the spot—and yet he may not be able to resist taking a better umbrella than his own from the rack by mistake, and he may be always forgetting to return the very stylish one he borrowed from a confiding friend on a rainy evening. When phrenology, and physiognomy, and dress, and reputation fail, the umbrella is an unfailing sensitive-paper to detect the touch of a dishonest hand. If Diogenes had known all that we know in our day, he would not have wasted his time tramping about Athens with a lantern, to find an honest man. He would have rolled himself up comfortably in his big earthen wine-jar, with his head on one of his dogs, and gone to sleep, leaving his green cotton umbrella leaning up against the outside of his tub.

MELLOW ENGLAND.

I WILL say at the outset, as I believe some one else has said on a like occasion, that in this narrative I shall probably describe myself more than the objects I look upon. The facts and particulars of the case have already been set down in the guide-books and in innumerable books of travel. I shall only attempt to give an account of the pleasure and satisfaction I had in coming face to face with things in the mother country, seeing them as I did with kindred and sympathizing eyes.

The ocean was a dread fascination to me—a world whose dominion I had never entered, but I proved to be such a wretched sailor that I am obliged to confess, Hibernian-fashion, that the happiest moment I spent upon the sea was when I set my foot upon the land.

Almost the only thing about my first sea voyage that I remember with pleasure is the circumstance of the little birds that, during the first few days out, took refuge on the steamer. The first afternoon, just

as we were losing sight of land, a delicate little wood-bird,—the black and white creeping warbler,—having lost its reckoning, in making perhaps its first Southern voyage, came aboard. It was much fatigued and had a disheartened, demoralized look. After an hour or two it disappeared, having, I fear, a hard pull to reach the land in the face of the wind that was blowing, if indeed it reached it at all.

The next day, just at night I observed a small hawk sailing about conveniently near the vessel, but with a very lofty, independent mien, as if he had just happened that way on his travels, and was only lingering to take a good view of us. It was amusing to observe his coolness and haughty unconcern in that sad plight he was in; by nothing in his manner betraying that he was several hundred miles at sea, and did not know how he was going to get back to land. But presently I noticed he found it not inconsistent with his dignity to alight on the rigging under friendly cover of the tops^l, where I saw his feathers rudely ruffled by the wind, till darkness set in. If the sailors did not disturb him during the night, he certainly needed all his fortitude in the morning to put a cheerful face on his situation.

The third day, when we were perhaps off Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, the American pipit or tit-lark, from the far North, a brown bird about the size of a sparrow, dropped upon the deck of the ship, so nearly exhausted, that one of the sailors was on the point of covering it with his hat. It stayed about the vessel nearly all day, flitting from point to point, or hopping along a few feet in front of the promenaders, and prying into every crack and crevice for food. Time after time I saw it start off with a reassuring chirp, as if determined to seek the land, but before it had got many rods from the ship its head would seem to fail it, and after circling about for a few moments, back it would come, more discouraged than ever.

These little waifs from the shore! I gazed upon them with a strange, sad interest. They were friends in distress, but the sea-birds, skimming along indifferent to us, or darting in and out among those watery hills, I seemed to look upon as my natural enemies. They were the nurslings and favorites of the sea, and I had no sympathy with them.

No doubt the number of our land birds that actually perish in the sea during their

autumn migration, being carried far out of their course by the prevailing westerly winds of this season, is very great. Occasionally one makes the passage to Great Britain, by following the ships and finding them at convenient distances along the route, and I have been told that over fifty different species of our more common birds, such as robins, starlings, grosbeaks, thrushes, etc., have been found in Ireland, having, of course, crossed in this way. What numbers of these little navigators of the air are misled and wrecked during those dark and stormy nights, on the light-houses alone that line the Atlantic Coast? Is it Celia Thaxter who tells of having picked up her apron full of sparrows, warblers, flycatchers, etc., at the foot of the light-house, on the Isles of Shoals, one morning after a storm, the ground being still strewn with birds of all kinds that had dashed themselves against the beacon, bewildered and fascinated by its tremendous light?

If a land bird perishes at sea, a sea bird is equally cast away upon the land, and I have known the Sooty Turn, with its almost omnipotent wing, to fall down utterly famished and exhausted, two hundred miles from salt water.

But my interest in these things did not last beyond the third day. About this time we entered what the sailors call the "devil's hole," and a very respectably sized hole it is, extending from the Banks of Newfoundland to Ireland, and in all seasons and weathers it seems to be well stirred up.

Amidst the tossing and the rolling, the groaning of penitent travelers, and the laboring of the vessel as she climbed those dark unstable mountains, my mind reverted feebly to Huxley's statement, that the bottom of this sea, for over a thousand miles, presents to the eye of science a vast chalk plain, over which one might drive as over a floor, and I tried to solace myself by dwelling upon the spectacle of a solitary traveler whipping up his steed across it. The imaginary rattle of his wagon was like the sound of lutes and harps, and I would rather have clung to his axletree than been rocked in the best berth in the ship.

LAND.

On the tenth day, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we sighted Ireland. The

ship came up from behind the horizon where for so many days she had been buffeting with the winds and the waves, but had never lost the clew, bearing straight as an arrow for the mark. I think if she had been aimed at a fair sized artillery target, she would have crossed the ocean and struck the bull's eye.

In Ireland, instead of an emerald isle rising out of the sea, I beheld a succession of cold, purplish mountains, stretching along the north-eastern horizon, but I am bound to say that no tints of bloom or verdure were ever half so welcome to me as were those dark, heather-clad ranges. It is a feeling which a man can have but once in his life, when he first sets eyes upon a foreign land, and in my case, to this feeling was added the delightful thought that the "devil's hole" would soon be cleared and my long fast over.

Presently, after the darkness had set in, signal rockets were let off from the stern of the vessel, writing their burning messages upon the night, and when answering rockets rose slowly up far ahead, I suppose we all felt that the voyage was essentially done, and no doubt a message flashed back under the ocean, that the "Scotia" had arrived.

The sight of the land had been such medicine to me that I could now hold up my head and walk about, and so went down for the first time and took a look at the engines—those twin monsters that had not stopped once, or apparently varied their stroke at all since leaving Sandy Hook; I felt like patting their enormous cranks and shafts with my hand; then at the coal bunks, vast cavernous recesses in the belly of the ship, like the chambers of the original mine in the mountains, and saw the men and firemen at work in a sort of purgatory of heat and dust. When it is remembered that one of these ocean steamers consumes about one hundred tons of coal per day, it is easy to imagine what a burden the coal for a voyage alone must be, and one is not at all disposed to laugh at Dr. Lardner, who proved so convincingly that no steamship could ever cross the ocean because it could not carry coal enough to enable it to make the passage.

On the morrow, a calm, lustrous day, we steamed at our leisure up the Channel and across the Irish Sea, the coast of Wales and her groups of lofty mountains in full view nearly all day. The mountains were in profile, like the Catskills viewed from the

Hudson below, only it was evident there were no trees or shrubbery upon them, and their summits, on this last day of September, were white with the snow.

ASHORE.

The first day or half day ashore is, of course, the most novel and exciting; but who, as Mr. Higginson says, can describe his sensations and emotions this first hal day. It is a page of travel that has not yet been written. Paradoxical as it may seem, one generally comes out of pickles much fresher than he went in. The sea has given him an enormous appetite for the land. Every one of his senses is like a hungry wolf clamorous to be fed. For my part I had suddenly emerged from a condition bordering on that of the hibernating animals—a condition in which I had neither ate, nor slept, nor thought, nor moved, when I could help it, into not only a full, but a keen and joyous, possession of my health and faculties. It was almost a metamorphosis. I was no longer the cloud I had been, but a bird exulting in the earth and air, and in the liberty of motion. Then to remember it was a new earth and a new sky that I was beholding, that it was England, the old mother at last, no longer a faith or a fable, but an actual fact there before my eyes and under my feet—why should I not exult? Go to! I will be indulged. These trees, those fields, that bird darting along the hedge-rows, those men and boys picking blackberries in October, those English flowers by the road-side, (stop the carriage while I leap out and pluck them;) the homely, domestic look of things, those houses, those queer vehicles, those thick-coated horses, those big-footed, coarsely-clad, clear-skinned men and women, this massive, homely, compact architecture—let me have a good look, for this is my first hour in England, and I am drunk with the joy of seeing! This house-fly even, let me inspect it, and that swallow skimming along so familiarly; is he the same I saw trying to cling to the sails of the vessel the third day out? or is the swallow the swallow the world over? This grass I certainly have seen before, and this red and white clover, but this daisy and dandelion are not the same, and I have come three thousand miles to see the mulden cultivated in a garden, and christened the velvet plant.

As we sped through the land, the heart

of England, toward London, I thought my eyes would never get their fill of the landscape, and that I would lose them out of my head by their eagerness to catch every object as we rushed along! How they reveled, how they followed the birds and the game, how they glanced ahead on the track—that marvelous track!—or shot off over the fields and downs finding their delight in the streams, the roads, the bridges, the splendid breeds of cattle and sheep in the fields, the superb husbandry, the rich mellow soil, the drainage, the hedges—in the inconspicuousness of any given feature and the mellow tone and homely sincerity of all; now dwelling fondly upon the groups of neatly modeled stacks, then upon the field occupations, the gathering of turnips and cabbages, or the digging of potatoes,—how I longed to turn up the, historic soil into which had passed the sweat and virtue of so many generations, with my own spade,—then upon the quaint, old thatched houses, or the cluster of tiled roofs, then catching at a church spire across a meadow (and it is all meadow) or at the remains of tower or wall overrun with ivy!

Here, something almost human looks out at you from the landscape nature; here has been so long under the dominion of man, has been taken up and lain down by him so many times, worked over and over with his hands, fed and fattened by his toil and industry, and on the whole, has proved herself so willing and tractable, that she has taken on something of his image, and seems to radiate his presence. She is completely domesticated, and no doubt loves the tivation of the harrow and plow. The fields look half conscious, and if ever the cattle have “great and tranquil thoughts,” as Emerson suggests they do, it must be when lying upon these lawns and meadows. I noticed that the trees, the oaks and elms, looked like fruit trees, or as if they had felt the humanizing influences of so many generations of men, and were betaking themselves from the woods to the orchard. The game is more than half tame, and one could easily understand that it had a keeper.

But the look of those fields and parks went straight to my heart. It is not merely that they were so smooth and cultivated, but that they were so benign and maternal, so redolent of cattle and sheep and of patient, homely, farm labor. One gets only here and there a glimpse of such in

this country. I see occasionally about our farms a patch of an acre or half acre upon which has settled this atmosphere of ripe and loving husbandry; a choice bit of meadow about the barn or orchard, or near the house, which has had some special fattening, perhaps been the site of some former garden or barn, or homestead, or which has had the wash of some building, where the feet of children have played for generations, and the flocks and herds been fed in winter, and where they love to lie and ruminate at night—a piece of sward thick and smooth, and full of warmth and nutriment, where the grass is greenest and freshest in spring, and the hay finest and thickest in summer.

This is the character of the whole of England that I saw. I had been told I should see a garden, but I did not know before to what extent the earth could become a living repository of the virtues of so many generations of gardeners. The tendency to run to weeds and wild growths seems to have been utterly eradicated from the soil, and if anything were to spring up spontaneously, I think it would be cabbage and turnips, or grass and grain.

And yet, to American eyes, the country seems quite uninhabited, there are so few dwellings, and so few people. Such a landscape at home would be dotted all over with thrifty farm-houses, each with its group of painted out-buildings, and along every road and highway would be seen the well-to-do turnouts of the independent free-holders. But in England the dwellings of the poor people, the farmers, are so humble and inconspicuous and are really so far apart, and the halls and the country-seats of the aristocracy are so hidden in the midst of vast estates, that the landscape seems almost deserted, and it is not till you see the towns and great cities that you can understand where so vast a population keeps itself.

Another thing that would be quite sure to strike my eye on this my first ride across British soil and on all subsequent rides, was the enormous number of birds and fowls of various kinds that swarmed in the air or covered the ground. It was truly amazing. It seemed as if the feathered life of a whole continent must have been concentrated upon this island. Indeed, I doubt if a sweeping together of all the birds of the United States into any two of the largest States, would people the earth and air more fully. There appeared

to be a plover, a crow, a rook, a blackbird and a sparrow, to every square yard of ground. They know the value of birds in Britain—that they are the friends, not the enemies, of the farmer. It must be the paradise of crows and rooks. It did me good to see them so much at home about the fields and even in the towns. I was glad also to see that the British crow was not a stranger to me, and that he differed from his brother on the American side of the Atlantic only in being less alert and cautious, having less use for these qualities.

Now and then the train would start up some more tempting game. A brace or two of partridges or a covey of quails would settle down in the stubble, or a cock pheasant drop head and tail and slide into the copse. Rabbits also would scamper back from the borders of the fields into the thickets or peep slyly out, making my sportsman's fingers tingle.

I have no doubt I should be a notorious poacher in England. How could an American see so much game and not wish to exterminate it entirely as he does at home? But sporting is an expensive luxury here. In the first place a man pays a heavy tax on his gun, nearly or quite half its value; then he has to have a license to hunt, for which he pays smartly, then permission from the owner of the land upon which he wishes to hunt, so that the game is hedged about by a triple safeguard.

An American also, will be at once struck with the look of greater substantiality and completeness in everything he sees here. No temporizing, no make-shifts, no evidence of hurry, or failure, or contract work; no wood and little paint, but plenty of iron and brick and stone. This people have taken plenty of time, and have built broad and deep, and placed the cap-stone on. All this I had been told, but it pleased me so in the seeing that I must tell it again. It is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the bridges alone. I believe I had seen little other than wooden bridges before, and in England I saw not one such, but everywhere solid arches of masonry, that were refreshing and reassuring to behold. Even the lanes and by-ways about the farm, I noticed, crossed the little creeks with a span upon which an elephant would not hesitate to tread, or artillery trains to pass. There is no form so pleasing to look upon as the arch, or that affords so

much food and suggestion to the mind. It seems to stimulate the volition, the will-power, and for my part, I cannot look upon a noble span without a feeling of envy, for I know the hearts of heroes are thus keyed and fortified. The arch is the symbol of strength and activity, and of rectitude, and if I were a despot I would keep it in all possible ways constantly before my people. Not a window or doorway but should be arched, and my bows of granite should span every stream and river in the land. I would erect triumphal arches over all the streets, and build halls and edifices of the purest Gothic architecture, that so I might correct the manners and physiognomies of the people, and woo this type back again to the human brow, whence it so long ago fled.

In Europe I took a new lease of this feeling, this partiality for the span, and had daily opportunities to indulge and confirm it. In London I had immense satisfaction in observing the bridges there and in walking over them, firm as the geological strata, and as enduring. London Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Blackfriars, etc., clearing the river in a few gigantic leaps, like things of life and motion—to pass over one of these bridges or to sail under it awakens the emotion of the sublime. I think the moral value of such a bridge as the Waterloo must be inestimable. It seems to me the British Empire itself is stronger for such a bridge, and that all public and private virtues are stronger. In Paris too, those superb monuments over the Seine—I think they alone ought to inspire the citizens with a love of permanence, and help hold them to stricter notions of law and dependence. No doubt kings and tyrants know the value of these things, and as yet they certainly have the monopoly of them.

LONDON.

I am too good a countryman to feel much at home in cities, and usually value them only as conveniences, but for London I conceived quite an affection; perhaps because it is so much like a natural formation itself, and strikes less loudly upon the senses than our great cities do. It is a forest of brick and stone of the most stupendous dimensions, and one traverses it in the same adventurous kind of way that he does woods and mountains. The maze and tangle of streets is something fearful, and any generalization of them a

step not to be hastily taken. My experience heretofore had been that cities generally were fractions that could be greatly reduced, but London I found I could not simplify, and every morning for weeks, when I came out of my hotel, it was a question whether my course lay in this direction or in squarely the opposite. It has no unit of structure, but is a vast aggregation of streets and houses, or in fact of towns and cities, which have to be mastered in detail. I tried the third or fourth day to get a bird's eye view from the top of St. Paul's, but saw through the rifts in the smoke only a waste—literally a waste of red tiles and chimney pots. The confusion and desolation were complete.

But I finally mastered the city, in a measure, by the aid of a shilling map which I carried with me wherever I went, and upon which when I was lost I would hunt myself up, thus making in the end a very suggestive and entertaining map. Indeed every inch of this piece of colored paper is alive to me. If I did not make the map itself, I at least verified it, which is nearly as good, and the verification, on street corner by day, and under lamp or by shop window at night, was often a matter of so much concern that I doubt if the original surveyor himself put more heart into certain parts of his work than I did in the proof of them.

My visit fell at a most favorable juncture as to weather, there being but few rainy days and but little fog. I had imagined that they had barely enough fair weather in London, at any season, to keep alive the tradition of sunshine and of blue sky, but the October days I spent there were not so very far behind what we have at home at this season. London often puts on a night-cap of smoke and fog, which it pulls down over its ears pretty close at times, and the sun has a habit of lying abed very late in the morning, which all the people imitate; but I remember some very pleasant weather there, and some bright moonlight nights.

I saw but one full-blown, characteristic London fog. I was in the National Gallery one day, trying to make up my mind about Turner, when this chimney-pot meteor came down. It was like a great yellow dog taking possession of the world. The light faded from the room, the pictures ran together in confused masses of shadow on the walls, and in the street only a dim yellowish twilight prevailed, through

which faintly twinkled the lights in the shop windows. Vehicles came slowly out of the dirty obscurity on one side and plunged into it on the other. Waterloo Bridge gave one or two leaps and disappeared, and the Nelson Column in Trafalgar square was obliterated for half its length. Travel was impeded, boats stopped on the river, trains stood still on the track and for an hour and a half London lay buried beneath this sickening eruption. I say eruption, because a London fog is only a London smoke, tempered by a moist atmosphere. It is called "fog" by courtesy, but lampblack is its chief ingredient. It is not wet like our fogs, but quite dry, and makes the eyes smart and the nose tingle. Whenever the sun can be seen through it, his face is red and dirty; seen through a *bona fide* fog his face is clean and white. English coal,—or "coals" as they say here,—in burning gives out an enormous quantity of thick, yellowish smoke, which is at no time absorbed or dissipated as it would be in our hard, dry atmosphere, and which at certain times is not absorbed at all, but falls down swollen and augmented by the prevailing moisture. The atmosphere of the whole island is more or less impregnated with smoke, even on the fairest days, and it becomes more and more dense as you approach the great towns. Yet this compound of smut, fog and common air is an elixir of youth; and this is one of the surprises of London, to see amid so much soot and dinginess such fresh, blooming complexions and in general such a fine physical tone and full-bloodedness among the people—such as one has come to associate only with the best air and the purest, wholesomest country influences. What the secret of it may be, I am at a loss to know, unless it is that the moist atmosphere does not dry up the blood as our air does, and that the carbon and creosote have some rare antiseptic and preservative qualities, as doubtless they have, that are efficacious in the human physiology. It is no doubt true, also, that people do not tan in this climate, as in ours, and that the delicate flesh tints show more on that account.

I speak thus of these things with reference to our standards at home, because I found that these standards were ever present in my mind, and that I was unconsciously applying them to whatever I saw, and wherever I went, and often, as I shall have occasion to show, to their discredit.

Climate is a great matter, and no doubt many of the differences between the English stock at home and its offshoot in our country, are traceable to this source. Our climate is more heady and less stomachic than the English; sharpens the wit, but dries up the fluids and viscera; favors an irregular, nervous energy, but exhausts the animal spirits. It is, perhaps, on this account that I have felt since my return how much easier it is to be a dyspeptic here than in Great Britain. One's appetite is keener and more ravenous, and the temptation to bolt one's food greater. The American is not so hearty an eater as the Englishman, but the forces of his body are constantly leaving his stomach in the lurch, and running off into his hands and feet and head. His eyes are bigger than his belly, but an Englishman's belly is a deal larger than his eyes, and the number of plum puddings and amount of Welsh rare-bit he devours annually would send the best of us to his grave in half that time. We have not enough constitutional inertia and stolidity; our climate gives us no rest, but goads us day and night, and the consequent wear and tear of life is no doubt greater in this country than in any other on the globe. We are playing the game more rapidly, but no doubt less thoroughly and sincerely than the mother country.

The more uniform good health of English women is thought to be a matter of exercise in the open air, as walking, riding, etc., but the prime reason is no doubt a climatic one, uniform habits of exercise being more easily kept up in that climate than in this and being less exhaustive, one day with another. You can walk there every day in the year without much discomfort, and the stimulus is about the same. Here it is too hot in summer and too cold in winter, or else it keys you up too tight one day and unstrings you the next; all fire and motion in the morning and all listlessness and *ennui* in the afternoon; a spur one hour and a sedative the next.

A watch will not keep as steady time here as in Britain and the human clockwork is more liable to get out of repair for the same reason. Our women, especially, break down prematurely, and the decay of maternity in this country is no doubt greater than in any of the oldest civilized communities. One reason, doubtless, is that our women are the greatest slaves of fashion in the whole world, and

in following the whims of that famous courtesan have the most fickle and destructive climate to contend with.

English women all have good-sized feet, and English men, too, and wear large, comfortable shoes. This was a noticeable feature at once; coarse, loose-fitting clothes of both sexes, and large boots and shoes with low heels. They evidently knew the use of their feet, and had none of the French, or American, or Chinese fastidiousness about this part of their anatomy. I notice that when a family begins to run out, it turns out its toes, drops off at the heel, shortens its jaw, and dotes on small feet and hands.

Another promoter of health in England is woolen clothes, which are worn the year round, the summer driving people into no such extremities as here. And the good, honest woolen stuffs of one kind and another that fill the shops, attest the need and the taste that prevails. They had a garment when I was in London called the Ulster overcoat—a coarse, shaggy, bungling coat, with a skirt reaching nearly to the feet, very ugly, tried by the fashion plates, but very comfortable, and quite the fashion. This very sensible garment has since become well known in America.

The Americans in London were put out with the tailors, and could rarely get suited, on account of the loose cutting and the want of "style." But "style" is the hiatus that threatens to swallow us all one of these days. About the only monstrosity I saw in the British man's dress was the stove-pipe hat, which everybody wears. At first I feared it might be a police regulation or a requirement of the British constitution, for I seemed to be about the only man in the kingdom with a soft hat on, and I had noticed that before leaving the steamer every man brought out from its hiding-place one of these polished brain squeezers. Even the boys wear them—youths of nine and ten years with little stove-pipe hats on; and at Eton School I saw black swarms of them—even the boys in the field were playing foot-ball in stove-pipe hats.

What we call beauty in woman is so much a matter of youth and health that the average of female beauty in London is, no doubt, higher than in this country. English women are comely and good-looking. It is an extremely fresh and pleasant face that you see, though, as some Frenchman has

said, it is always and everywhere the same face. Cases of striking, of ideal, of maddening beauty are, no doubt, easier to find in this country, while American school-girls, I believe, have the most bewitching beauty in the world.

ARCHITECTURE.

One sees right away that the English are a home people, a domestic people. And he does not need to go into their houses or homes to find this out. It is in the air and in the general aspect of things. Everywhere you see the virtue and quality that we ascribe to home-made articles. It seems as if things had been made by hand, and with care and affection, as they have been. The land of caste and kings, there is yet less glitter and display than in this country, less publicity, and, of course, less rivalry and emulation also, for which we pay very dearly. You have got to where the word *homely* preserves its true signification, and is no longer a term of disparagement, but expressive of a cardinal virtue.

I liked the English habit of naming their houses; it shows the importance they attach to their homes. All about the suburbs of London and in the outlying villages I noticed nearly every house and cottage had some appropriate designation, as Terrace House, Oak-tree House, Ivy Cottage, or some Villa, etc., usually cut into the stone gate post, and this name is put on the address of the letters. How much better to be known by your name than by your number! I believe the same custom prevails in the country, and is common to the middle classes as well as to the aristocracy. It is a good feature. A house or a farm with an appropriate name, which everybody recognizes, must have an added value and importance.

Modern English houses are less showy than ours, and have more weight and permanence—no flat roofs and no painted outside shutters. Indeed, that pride of American country people, and that, abomination in the landscape, a white house with green blinds, I did not see a specimen of in England. They do not aim to make their houses conspicuous, but the contrary. They make a large, yellowish brick that has a pleasing effect in the wall. Then a very short space of time in that climate suffices to take off the effect of newness, and give a mellow, sober hue to the building. Another advantage of the climate is

that it permits outside plastering. Thus almost any stone may be imitated, and the work endure for ages; while our sudden changes, and extremes of heat and cold, of dampness and dryness, will cause the best work of this kind to peel off in a few years.

Then this people have better taste in building than we have, perhaps because they have the noblest samples and specimens of architecture constantly before them—those old feudal castles and royal residences, for instance. I was astonished to see how homely and good they looked, how little they challenged admiration, and how much they emulate rocks and trees. They were surely built in a simpler and more poetic age than this. It was like meeting some plain, natural nobleman after contact with one of the bedizened, artificial sort. The Tower of London, for instance, is as pleasing to the eye, has the same fitness and harmony, as a hut in the woods; and I should think an artist might have the same pleasure in copying it into his picture as he would in copying a pioneer's log cabin. So with Windsor Castle, which has the beauty of a ledge of rocks, and crowns the hill like a vast natural formation. The warm, simple interior, too, of these castles and palaces, the honest oak without paint or varnish, the rich wood carvings, the ripe human tone and atmosphere, how it all contrasts, for instance, with the showy, gilded, cast-iron interior of our commercial or political palaces, where everything that smacks of life or nature is studiously excluded under the necessity of making the building fire-proof.

I was not less pleased with the higher ornamental architecture,—the old churches and cathedrals,—which appealed to me in a way architecture had never before done. In fact, I found that I had never seen architecture before—a building with genius and power in it, and that one could look at with the eye of the imagination. Not mechanics merely, but poets had wrought and planned here, and the granite was tender with human qualities. The plants and weeds growing in the niches and hollows of the walls; the rooks, and martins, and jackdaws inhabiting the towers and breeding about the eaves, are but types of the feelings and emotions of the human heart that flit and hover over these old piles, and find affectionate lodgment in them.

Time, of course, has done a great deal

for this old architecture. Nature has taken it lovingly to herself, has set her seal upon it, and adopted it into her system. Just the foil which beauty,—especially the crystallic beauty of architecture,—needs, has been given by this hazy, mellowing atmosphere. As the grace and suggestiveness of all objects are enhanced by a fall of snow,—forest, fence, hive, shed, knoll, rock, tree, all being laid under the same white enchantment,—so time has wrought in softening and toning down this old religious architecture, and bringing it into harmony with nature.

Our climate has a much keener edge, both of frost and fire, and touches nothing so gently or creatively: yet time would, no doubt, do much for our architecture, if we would give it a chance—for that apotheosis of prose, the National Capitol at Washington, upon which, I notice, a returned traveler bases our claim to be considered “ahead” of the Old World, even in architecture; but the reigning gods interfere, and each spring or fall give the building a clean shirt, in the shape of a coat of white paint. In like manner, other public buildings never become acclimated, but are annually scoured with soap and sand, the national passion for the brightness of newness interfering to defeat any benison which the gods might be disposed to pronounce upon them. Spotlessness, I know, is not a characteristic of our politics, though it is said that whitewashing is, which may account for this ceaseless paint-pot renovation of our public buildings. In a world lit only by the moon our Capitol would be a paragon of beauty, and the spring whitewashing could also be endured; but under our blazing sun and merciless sky it parches the vision, and makes it turn with a feeling of relief to rocks and trees, or to some weather-stained, dilapidated shed or hovel.

How winningly and picturesquely in comparison the old architecture of London addresses itself to the eye—St. Paul’s Cathedral, for instance, with its vast blotches and stains, as if it had been dipped in some black Lethe of oblivion, and then left to be restored by the rains and the elements. This black Lethe is the London smoke and fog, which has left a dark deposit over all the building, except the upper and more exposed parts, where the original silvery whiteness of the stone shows through, the effect of the whole thus being like one of those graphic Rembrandt

photographs or carbons, the prominences in a strong light, and the rest in deepest shadow. I was never tired of looking at this noble building, and of going out of my way to walk around it, but I am at a loss to know whether the pleasure I had in it arose from my love of nature or from a susceptibility to art for which I had never given myself credit. Perhaps from both, for I seemed to behold Art turning toward and reverently acknowledging Nature—indeed, in a manner already become Nature.

I believe the critics of such things find plenty of fault with St. Paul’s; and even I could see that its bigness was a little prosy, that it suggested the historic rather than the poetic muse, etc.; yet, for all that, I could never look upon it without a profound emotion. Viewed coolly and critically, it might seem like a vast specimen of Episcopalianism in architecture. Miltonic in its grandeur and proportions, and Miltonic in its prosiness and mongrel classicism also, yet its power and effectiveness are unmistakable. The beholder has no vantage ground from which to view it, or take in its total effect, on account of its being so closely beset by such a mob of shops and buildings; yet the glimpses he does get here and there through the opening made by some street, when passing in its vicinity, are very striking and suggestive; the thin veil of smoke, which is here as constant and uniform as the atmosphere itself, wrapping it about with the enchantment of time and distance.

The interior I found even more impressive than the exterior, perhaps because I was unprepared for it. I had become used to imposing exteriors at home, and did not reflect that in a structure like this I should see an interior also, and that here alone the soul of the building would be fully revealed. It was Miltonic in the best sense; it was like the mightiest organ music put into form. Such depths, such solemn vastness, such gulfs and abysses of architectural space, the rich, mellow light, the haze outside becoming a mysterious, hallowing presence within, quite mastered me, and I sat down upon a seat, feeling my first genuine cathedral intoxication. As it was really an intoxication, a sense of majesty and power quite overwhelming in my then uncloyed condition, I speak of it the more freely. My companions rushed about as if each one had had a search-warrant in his pocket; but I was content to uncover my head and drop into a seat, and

busy my mind with some simple object near at hand, while the sublimity that soared about me stole into my soul, and possessed it. My sensation was like that imparted by suddenly reaching a great altitude; there was a sort of relaxation of the muscles, followed by a sense of physical weakness, and after a half hour or so I felt compelled to go out into the open air, and leave till another day the final survey of the building. Next day I came back, but there can be only one first time, and I could not again surprise myself with the same feeling of wonder and intoxication. But St. Paul's will bear many visits. I came again and again, and never grew tired of it. Crossing its threshold was entering another world, where the silence and solitude were so profound and overpowering, that the noise of the streets outside, or of the stream of visitors, or of the workmen engaged on the statuary, made no impression. They were all belittled, lost, like the humming of flies. Even the afternoon services, the chanting, and the tremendous organ were no interruption, and left me just as much alone as ever. They only served to set off the silence, to fathom its depth.

The dome of St. Paul's is the original of our dome at Washington; but externally I think ours is the more graceful of the two, though the effect inside is tame and flat in comparison. This is owing partly to the lesser size and height, and partly to our hard, transparent atmosphere, which lends no charm or illusion, but mainly to the stupid, unimaginative plan of it. Our dome shuts down like an inverted iron pot; there is no vista, no outlook, no relation, and hence no proportion. You open a door and are in a circular pen, and can look in only one direction—up. If the iron pot were slashed through here and there, or if it rested on a row of tall columns, or piers, and was shown to be a legitimate part of the building, it would not appear the exhausted receiver it does now.

The dome of St. Paul's is the culmination of the whole interior of the building. Rising over the central area, it seems to gather up the power and majesty of the nave, the aisles, the transepts, the choir, and give them expression and expansion in its lofty firmament.

Then those colossal piers, forty feet broad, some of them, and nearly one hundred feet high; they easily eclipsed what I had recently seen in a mine, and which I,

at the time, imagined shamed all the architecture of the world—where the mountain was upheld over a vast space by massive piers left by the miners, with a ceiling unrolled over your head, and apparently descending upon you, that looked like a petrified thunder-cloud.

The view from the upper gallery, or top of the dome looking down inside, is most impressive. The public are not admitted to this gallery, for fear, the keeper told me, it would become the scene of suicides; people unable to withstand the terrible fascination would leap into the yawning gulf. But with the privilege usually accorded to Americans, I stepped down into the narrow circle, and leaning over the balustrade, coolly looked the horrible temptation in the face.

On the whole, St. Paul's is so vast and imposing that one wonders what occasion or what ceremony can rise to the importance of not being utterly dwarfed within its walls. The annual gathering of the charity children, ten or twelve thousand in number, must make a ripple or two upon its solitude, or an exhibition like the thanksgiving of the Queen, when sixteen or eighteen thousand persons were assembled beneath its roof. But one cannot forget that it is, for the most part, a great toy—a mammoth shell, whose bigness bears no proportion to the living, (if, indeed, it is living) indwelling necessity. It is a tenement so large that the tenant looks cold and forlorn, and in danger of being lost within it.

No such objection can be made to Westminster Abbey, which is a mellow, picturesque old place, the interior arrangement and architecture of which affects one like some ancient, dilapidated forest. Even the sunlight streaming through the dim windows, and falling athwart the misty air, was like the sunlight of a long gone age. The very atmosphere was pensive, and filled the tall spaces like a memory and dream. I sat down and listened to the choral service and to the organ, which blended perfectly with the spirit and sentiment of the place.

ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

One of my best days in England was spent amid the singing of sky-larks on the South Down Hills, near an old town at the mouth of the little Ouse, where I paused on my way to France. The prospect of hear-

ing one or two of the classical birds of the old world had not been the least of the attractions of my visit, though I knew the chances were against me so late in the season, and I have to thank my good genius for guiding me to the right place at the right time. To get out of London was delight enough, and then to find myself quite unexpectedly on these soft rolling hills, of a mild October day, in full sight of the sea, with the larks pouring out their gladness overhead, was to me good fortune indeed.

The South Downs form a very remarkable feature of this part of England, and are totally unlike any other landscape I ever saw. I believe it is Huxley who applies to them the epithet of *muttony*, which they certainly deserve, for they are like the backs of immense sheep, smooth, and round, and fat—so smooth indeed, that the eye can hardly find a place to take hold of, not a tree, or bush, or fence, or house, or rock, or stone, or other object, for miles and miles, save here and there a group of straw-capped stacks, or a flock of sheep crawling slowly over them, attended by a shepherd and dog, and the only lines visible, those which bound the squares where different crops had been gathered. The soil was rich and mellow, like a garden—hills of chalk with a pellicle of black loam.

These hills stretch a great distance along the coast, and are cut squarely off by the sea, presenting on this side a chain of white chalk cliffs suggesting the old Latin name of this land, Albion.

Before I had got fifty yards from the station I began to hear the larks, and being unprepared for them I was a little puzzled at first, but was not long in discovering what luck I was in. The song disappointed me at first, being less sweet and melodious than I had expected to hear, indeed I thought it a little sharp and harsh,—a little stubbley,—but in other respects, in strength and gladness and continuity, it was wonderful. And the more I heard it the better I liked it, until I would gladly have given any of my songsters at home for a bird that could shower down such notes, even in Autumn. Up, up, went the bird, climbing the silver spiral of his song, till he attained an altitude of three or four hundred feet, when, spread out against the sky for a space of six or eight minutes, he poured his delight, filling all the vault with sound. The song is of

the sparrow kind, and, in its best parts, perpetually suggested the notes of our vesper sparrow—but the wonder of it is its copiousness and sustained strength. There is no theme, no beginning, middle or end, like most of our best bird songs, but a perfect swarm of notes pouring out like bees from a hive and resembling each other nearly as closely, and only ceasing as the bird nears the earth again. We have many more melodious songsters; the bobolink in the meadows, for instance; the vesper sparrow in the pastures, the purple finch in the groves, the winter wren, or any of the thrushes in the woods, or the wood-wagtail, whose air song is of a similar character to that of the sky-lark's and is even more rapid and ringing, and is delivered in nearly the same manner; but our birds all stop when the sky-lark has only just begun. Away he goes on quivering wing, inflating his throat fuller and fuller, mounting and mounting, and turning to all points of the compass as if to embrace the whole landscape in his song, the notes still raining upon you as distinct as ever, after you have left him far behind. This strain indeed suggests some rare pyrotechnic display, musical sounds being substituted for the many-colored sparks and lights. And yet I will add what perhaps the best readers do not need to be told, that neither the lark song, nor any other bird song in the open air and under the sky is as noticeable a feature as my description of it might imply, or as the poets would have us believe; and that most persons, not especially interested in birds or their notes, and intent upon the general beauty of the landscape, would probably pass it by, unremarked.

I suspect that it is a little higher flight than the facts will bear out when the writers make the birds go out of sight into the sky. I could easily follow them on this occasion, though if I took my eye away for a moment it was very difficult to get it back again. I had to search for them as the astronomer searches for a star. It may be that in the Spring, when the atmosphere is less clear, and the heart of the bird full of a more mad and reckless love, that the climax is not reached until the eye loses sight of the singer.

Several attempts have been made to introduce the lark into this country, but for some reason or other the experiment has never succeeded. The birds have been liberated in Virginia and on Long Island, but do not seem to have ever been heard

of afterwards. I see no reason why they should not thrive anywhere along our Atlantic sea-board, and I think the question of introducing them worthy of more thorough and serious attention than has yet been given it, for the lark is really an institution, and as he sings long after all other birds are silent,—as if he had perpetual spring in his heart,—he would be a great acquisition to our fields and meadows. It may be that he cannot stand the extremes of our climate, though the English sparrow thrives well enough. The Smithsonian Institute has received specimens of the skylark from Alaska, where, no doubt, they find a climate more like the English.

They have another prominent singer in England, namely the robin,—the original robin redbreast,—a slight, quick, active bird with an orange front and an olive back, and a bright musical warble that I caught by every garden, lane and hedge row. It suggests our blue-bird, and has similar habits and manners, though it is a much better musician.

The European bird that corresponds to our robin is the black-bird of which Tenyson sings :

"Oh Black-bird! sing me something well;
While all the neighbors shoot thee round
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell."

It quite startled me to see such a resem-

blance, to see, indeed, a black robin. In size, form, flight, manners, note, call, there is hardly an appreciable difference. The bird starts up with the same flirt of the wings, and calls out in the same jocund, salutatory way, as he hastens off. The nest of coarse mortar in the fork of a tree, or in an out-building, or in the side of a wall, is also the same.

The bird I wished most to hear, namely the nightingale, had already departed on its southern journey. I saw one in the zoological gardens in London, and took a good look at him. He struck me as bearing a close resemblance to our hermit-thrush, with something in his manners that suggested the water-thrush also. Carlyle said he first recognized its song from the description of it in "*Wilhelm Meister*," and that it was a "sudden burst," which is like the song of our water-thrush.

I have little doubt our songsters excel in melody, while the European birds excel in profuseness and volubility. I heard many bright, animated notes, and many harsh ones, but few that were melodious. This fact did not harmonize with the general drift of the rest of my observations, for one of the first things that strikes an American in Europe is the mellowness and rich tone of things. The European is softer voiced than the American and milder mannered, but the bird voices seem an exception to this rule.

MORTALITY PUFFS.

PART I.

YES, it certainly was the door-bell.

"De-liverance!" said Miss Phrygia, "and I've just taken the comb out of my back hair!"

In emergencies of this kind Miss Phrygia had a way of drawing back the tidy chintz curtain just far enough to peer through and see whether it would do to run down "just as she was." If it would do, down she ran, and if it wouldn't, she called softly through her window "Immediately!" and then flashed through her preparations with a speed truly miraculous, for Miss Phrygia had a love of promptitude that covered the

whole superficial stratum of her nature, and "Immediately!" was so favorite an expression of this quality, that if she had been asked graciously to set a time for her own execution, those who knew her best would have expected it as the natural and unhesitating reply.

But this time, as the chintz curtain revealed a pony phaeton at the gate, and on the door-step a slight, maidenly figure, a sweet young face, and a mist of golden hair, she only said "Dear heart!" and laying the comb on the dressing-table, she glided down stairs, her own locks falling into an undulation of chestnut rings, that might well have been the

envy of a goddess in her own namesake land.

"So glad you are at home," said a voice from under the golden mist. "I've just brought you my little book. I've kept the last page for you, you always have everything so nice. Any trifle, 'light as air,' you know, will do."

It was one of those blessed old towns, rare to find in these days, where the lofty and the lowly knew and respected, loved and took an interest in, each other, and Miss Phrygia, instead of waiting for the book, which the maidens of the place, when about to assume the duties of wife and housekeeper, had a fashion of circulating among their friends for collections of choice receipts, reached forth and took both the slender, gauntleted hands in her own. As she did so, her right thumb pressed a diamond on the left forefinger of her visitor, and her face, so beaming as she ran down stairs, suddenly melted into a different expression, and she gazed into the hazel eyes confronting her with a yearning tenderness pitiful to see.

"Poor thing!" she said softly, "*poor little thing!*"

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Phrygia? I know you don't like engagement rings, but you can't understand that I am, and am going to be, the happiest little woman in the world."

"Poor little thing!" was all Miss Phrygia said, again, much as you would coo over an unfledged doveling that *will* fall out of the nest.

"And then," with a caressing squeeze from the slender hands, "I'm not going far, you know,—only a step,—you can see the chimneys right up there through the trees. You'll come and see me often, won't you?"

"That's what they say when people die, but a pretty long step, I call it," said Miss Phrygia; "still, it's always a sort of a comfort to visit their graves, and I'll come with pleasure."

"Oh, Miss Phrygia! Well, I only wish you *did* understand. I wish you'd get married yourself! You'd be a hundred times better off: didn't you ever feel so in your secret heart?"

"Yes," said Miss Phrygia, quietly, "a great many times."

"Don't you think it would be pleasanter than living here all alone?"

"Yes," said Miss Phrygia.

"Then why haven't you tried it?"

"There's been always just one difficulty

with every opportunity I've had," said Miss Phrygia, dropping her eyes thoughtfully—"You can't seem to find any way of doing it but by marrying some *man*, and *that*," with a little shiver running over her shoulders, "puts it so out of the question!"

A rippling laugh, that made the golden mist seem like moonlight on the lake, answered Miss Phrygia.

"Then if you could come across, an angel you think you would venture?"

"Immediately," said Miss Phrygia.

"Well, I'm sorry I'm so fond of the only one in the world that I can't give him up to you, but it *does* seem as if you might find *something*," and with another little squeeze, the dainty hands left a marble-covered book in Miss Phrygia's, took up the pony-reins, and drove away.

Miss Phrygia went slowly up stairs, put in her comb, and sat down to the receipt book, for "immediately" was deed as well as word with her. A soft evening cloud that alternately lets fall a few drops of refreshing upon the flowers, and then illuminates its whole surface with a heaving flash, direful to be encountered, is a fit type of Miss Phrygia's face, as, gazing at the open page, her thoughts turned first to the gentle heart that would ponder its puddings, and then to the "*man*" into whose keeping that heart's happiness was to be confided.

"Poor thing! Sweet heart!" she murmured, with a tender moisture in her eyes, and then, with a dangerous flash, "Horrid creature! I wonder what he looks like!"

The alternations went on for a few minutes, and then a sudden gleam of humor lighted up her face, as if some stray, belated sunbeam had tipped the cloud with pink.

"A trifle light as air," she said, "I'll write it for her!" and seizing a pen, Miss Phrygia wrote:

"MORTALITY PUFFS,
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

Eggs (cockatrice), 1.

Milk (human kindness), just ready to sour, 1 drop.

Cream of Tartar-caught, 2 large spoons, heaping.

Flower (of an hour), 1 full cup.

Salt (of the Earth), *very* small pinch, mere dusting.

Raise with fermentations brewed as follows:

Hop(e)s realized, 1.

"disappointed, 99.

Sweeten with faith and submission,
Spice with variety.

Bake in earthen vessels, under a slow
fire, till the vessels crack."

PART II.

A WEEK later, Miss Phrygia put on a pair of black gloves, a black bonnet, and a black lace veil to let down in case she should cry, and went to church to see a plain gold ring take precedence of the diamond she had pressed, and to hear the hymeneal blessing pronounced over the mist of golden hair.

She had to drop her veil once or twice as she gazed at the cloud of lace and orange-blossoms before the altar, and when she could'n't *help* seeing the new broadcloth suit that stood beside it, she kept herself down by repeating as fast as she could, "Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things, is not easily provoked." Then she went home, put on the brightest dress she had, and went to nurse a sick neighbor who could obtain no assistance for money, and therefore must have it for love.

The bright dress had almost time to fade before Miss Phrygia saw the way clear to go home again. It was a long pull, and neither she nor the invalid knew how they would have got through had it not been for the strength and comfort of the doctor's daily visits. Six feet in height, two hundred pounds in weight, strong as a tower, firm as rock, cool as a hygrodeik, and yet when pain or discouragement called for it, quick with a brooding tenderness, more beautiful, Miss Phrygia thought, even than a woman's.

Twilight in the sick room seemed lonely to Miss Phrygia, and she fell into the way of watching for a light to gleam through the elms that shaded the Doctor's house just opposite, but no light ever appeared, and she had just made up her mind that he was never at home in the evening, when she had to send for him two or three times after the stars were out, and there he was.

"Oh dear!" she said, "I hope he doesn't sit there without so much as a candle lighted, thinking about those children of his that were drowned, and the wife in the insane asylum that only died a year and a half ago. He *can't*, or he never could come over here on a moment's call, all ready to cheer us up and be such a comfort!" This "cheering them up and being a comfort" continued until Miss Phrygia began to wonder what days at

home would seem without it, when her season of duty should be ended. What the Doctor thought about losing his nurse, he did not say, but he insisted upon seeing her home, when the time came, although the moon was as large as a cart-wheel, and shining clear.

As they came out, they both involuntarily glanced up at the house under the shadow of the elms.

"Dark," said Miss Phrygia; "It always is."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it has been for a good many years now, very dark."

"I know it," said Miss Phrygia, softly, feeling as if she ought to have on her black gloves again.

"Don't you think," said the Doctor, adjusting her hand a trifle more closely to his arm, "don't you think I might bring in a bright, warm light before long, if I could find it?"

"Immediately!" said Miss Phrygia.

"Even,"—and the Doctor stooped to come as near as he could to a look under Miss Phrygia's hat,—"*even if I should leave your house empty and dark to do it?*"

What Miss Phrygia said, or what either or both of them said after that, will never be revealed; but certain it is that when Miss Phrygia ought to have been going to sleep that night, she wasn't going to sleep at all, but saying over and over to herself: "Oh, what *have* I done? What *have* I done? How could I *ever* do it? What *am* I going to do?"

The perplexity thickened and darkened, to the peril of Miss Phrygia's night, when suddenly a ray of light flashed forth upon it.

"Why, of course!" she said. "He isn't *exactly* a man, after all; he's a *doctor*; and that's *just* how I came to do it!" and with this satisfactory conclusion in her soul, and a wonderful whirl of new sensations in her heart, Miss Phrygia turned on her pillow, and went to sleep like a kitten.

The village was so astir with the news the next week, that Miss Phrygia was thankful her first walk,—leaning on an arm that wasn't her's, and yet claimed to be,—came in the twilight.

The shadows deepened as she wandered on, listening to a great many things the Doctor had to say, until at last, just as Miss Phrygia spoke for the first time, a glow-worm came in sight.

"I must stop and tie up my shoe!" was what Miss Phrygia said, and whether the

Doctor heard it or not, he stepped forward a few paces to see about the glow-worm, and Miss Phrygia put up her foot on a stone by the wayside. As she stooped, a noiseless step, accompanied by one a trifle heavier, came behind her; something misty touched her cheek, and a voice whispered in her ear:

"Is that your mortality puff?"

"Hush—*sh*!" said Miss Phrygia.

"Yes, for a breath might blow him away. Bring him round to visit my grave, won't you? Some evening about tea-time; and we'll have—puffs!"

"Immediately!" said Miss Phrygia.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XI.

HALF an hour later Cyrus Smith and Harbert had returned to the encampment. The engineer merely told his companions that the land upon which fate had thrown them was an island, that the next day they would consult. Then each settled himself as well as he could to sleep, and in that rocky hole, at a height of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, through a peaceful night, the islanders enjoyed profound repose.

The next day, the 30th of March, after a hasty breakfast, which consisted solely of the roasted tragopan, the engineer proposed to climb again to the summit of the volcano, so as more attentively to survey the island upon which he and his companions were imprisoned—for life perhaps, should the island be situated at a great distance from any land or out of the course of vessels which visited the archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean. This time his companions followed him in the new exploration. They, too, wished to see the island to which they must now look for all the necessaries of life.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when Cyrus Smith, Harbert, Pencroff, Gideon Spilett and Neb quitted the encampment. No one appeared to be anxious about their situation. They had faith in themselves, doubtless, but it must be observed that the basis of this faith was not the same with Smith as with his companions. The engineer had confidence, because he felt capable of extorting from this wild country every thing necessary for the life of himself and his companions;

the latter feared nothing, just because Cyrus Smith was with them. Pencroff, especially, since the incident of the relighted fire, would not have despaired for an instant, had he been on a bare rock, if only the engineer were with him.

"Pshaw!" said he, "we left Richmond without permission from the authorities! It will be hard if we don't manage to get away some day or other from a place where certainly no one will detain us!"

The engineer followed the same road as the evening before. They went round the cone by way of the plateau to the mouth of the enormous chasm. The weather was magnificent. The sun rose in a clear sky and flooded all the eastern side of the mountain with light.

The crater was reached. It was just what the engineer had made it out to be in the dark; that is to say, a vast funnel widening as it rose to a height of a thousand feet above the plateau. Below the chasm, large thick streaks of lava wound over the sides of the mountain, and thus marked the course of the eruptive matter to the lower valleys which furrowed the northern part of the island.

The interior of the crater, whose inclination did not exceed thirty-five to forty degrees, presented no difficulties nor obstacles to the ascent. Traces of very ancient lava were noticeable, which probably had overflowed the summit of the cone, before this lateral chasm had opened a new way to it.

As to the volcanic chimney which established a communication between the subterranean layers and the crater, its depth could not be calculated with the eye, for

it was lost in obscurity. But there was no doubt as to the complete extinction of the volcano.

Before eight o'clock Smith and his companions were assembled at the summit of the crater, on a conical mound which rose at the northern edge.

"The sea, the sea everywhere!" they cried, as if their lips could not restrain the words which made islanders of them.

The sea indeed formed an immense circular sheet of water all around them. Perhaps, on climbing again to the summit of the cone, Cyrus Smith had entertained a hope of discovering some coast, some island shore, which he had not been able to perceive in the dark the evening before. But nothing appeared on the farthest verge of the horizon, that is to say, over a radius of more than fifty miles. No land in sight! Not a sail! Over all this immense space the ocean alone was visible, the island occupying the center of a circumference which appeared to be infinite.

The engineer and his companions, surveyed in silence for some minutes every point of the ocean, examining it to its most extreme limits. Even Pencroff, who possessed a marvelous power of sight, saw nothing; and certainly if there had been land at the horizon, if it appeared only as an indistinct vapor, the sailor would undoubtedly have found it out, for nature seemed to have given him a telescopic power of vision.

From the ocean they turned to the island of which they had a full view. The first question was put by Gideon Spilett.

"About how large is this island?"

It certainly appeared very small in the midst of the immense ocean.

Cyrus Smith reflected a few minutes; he attentively observed the perimeter of the island, taking into consideration the height at which he was placed.

"My friends," said he, "I do not think I am mistaken in giving to the shore of the island a circumference of more than a hundred miles."

"And consequently an area of—"

"That is difficult to estimate," replied the engineer, "for it is so uneven."

If Cyrus Smith had not been mistaken in his calculation, the island was almost as large as Malta or Zante, in the Mediterranean, but it was at the same time much more irregular and had fewer capes, promontories, points, bays and creeks. Its

strange form caught the eye, and when Gideon Spilett, at the engineer's suggestion, had drawn the outline, they found that it resembled some fantastic animal, some monstrous leviathan, which lay sleeping on the surface of the Pacific. This was in fact the exact shape of the island, which it is of consequence to know, and a tolerably correct map of it was immediately drawn by the reporter. The east part of the shore, where the castaways had landed, formed a wide bay, terminated by a sharp cape, which had been concealed from Pencroff by a high point on his first exploration. At the north-east two other capes closed the bay, and between them ran a narrow gulf, which looked like the half-open jaws of a formidable dog-fish.

From the north-east to the south-west the coast was rounded, like the flattened cranium of an animal, rising again and forming a sort of protuberance which did not give any particular shape to this part of the island, the center of which was occupied by the volcano.

From this point the shore ran pretty regularly north and south, broken at two-thirds of its perimeter by a narrow creek, from which it ended in a long strip, which resembled the tail of a gigantic alligator. This tail formed a regular peninsula, which stretched more than thirty miles into the sea, reckoning from the cape south-east of the island, already mentioned; it curled round, making an open roadstead, which marked out the lower shore of this strangely-formed land.

At the narrowest part, that is to say, between the Chimneys and the creek on the western shore, which corresponded to it in latitude, the island only measured ten miles; but its greatest length, from the jaws at the north-east to the extremity of the tail on the south-west, was not less than thirty miles.

As to the interior of the island, its general aspect was very woody throughout the southern part, from the mountain to the shore, and arid and sandy in the northern part. Between the volcano and the east coast Cyrus Smith and his companions were surprised to see a lake, bordered with green trees, the existence of which they had not suspected. Seen from this height, the lake appeared to be on the same level as the ocean, but, on reflection, the engineer explained to his companions that the altitude of this little sheet of water must be about three hundred feet.

because the plateau, which was its basin, was but a prolongation of the coast.

"Is it a fresh-water lake?" asked Pencroff.

"Certainly," replied the engineer, "for it must be fed by the water which flows from the mountain."

"I see a little river running into it," said Harbert, pointing out a narrow stream, which evidently had its source somewhere in the west.

"Yes," said Smith; "and since this stream feeds the lake, there is, most probably, an outlet on the side near the sea, by which the surplus water escapes. We shall see that on our return."

This little, winding water-course and the river already mentioned constituted the water system of the island, at least as it was displayed to the eyes of the explorers. However, it was possible that other rivers ran towards the sea, under the masses of trees which covered two-thirds of the island, forming an immense forest. It might even be inferred that such was the case, so rich did this region appear in the most magnificent specimens of the flora of the temperate zones. There was no indication of running water in the north, though, perhaps, there might be stagnant water among the marshes in the north-east; but that was all, except the downs, sand and aridity which contrasted so strongly with the luxuriant vegetation of the rest of the island.

The volcano did not occupy the central part; it rose, on the contrary, in the north-western region, and seemed to mark the boundary of the two zones. At the south-west, the south, and the south-east the nearer portions of the spurs were hidden under masses of verdure. At the north, on the contrary, one could follow their ramifications, which died away on the sandy plains. It was on this side that, at the time when the mountain was in a state of eruption, the discharge had worn away a passage, and a large heap of lava had spread to the narrow jaw which formed the north-eastern gulf.

Cyrus Smith and his companions remained about an hour at the top of the mountain. The island was displayed under their eyes, like a relief map with different tints, green for the forests, yellow for the sand, blue for the water. They viewed it in its *tout ensemble*, nothing being concealed but the ground hidden by verdure, the hollows of

the valleys, and the interior of the volcanic chasms.

One important question remained to be solved, and the answer would have a great effect upon the future of the castaways:

Was the island inhabited?

It was the reporter who put this question, and the answer seemed to be in the negative, after the close examination they had just made.

Nowhere could the work of a human hand be perceived. Not a group of huts, not a solitary cabin, not a fishery on the shore. No smoke curling in the air betrayed the presence of man. It is true, a distance of nearly thirty miles separated the observers from the extreme points of the tail which extended to the south-west, and it would have been difficult, even for Pencroff's eyes, to discover a habitation there. Neither could the curtain of verdure, which covered three-quarters of the island, be raised to see if it did not shelter some straggling village. But, in general, islanders live on the shores of the narrow spaces which emerge above the waters of the Pacific, and the shore appeared to be an absolute desert.

Until a more complete exploration, it might be admitted that the island was uninhabited. But was it frequented, at least occasionally, by the natives of neighboring islands? It was difficult to reply to this question. No land appeared within a radius of fifty miles. But fifty miles could be easily crossed, either by Malay proas or by the large Polynesian canoes. Everything depended on the position of the island—its isolation in the Pacific, or its proximity to archipelagoes. Would Cyrus Smith be able to find out their latitude and longitude without instruments? It would be difficult. Meantime, it was best to take precautions against a possible descent of neighboring natives.

The exploration of the island was finished, its shape determined, its features made out, its extent calculated, and the water and mountain systems ascertained. The disposition of the forests and plains had been marked in a general way on the reporter's plan. They had now only to descend the mountain slopes again, and explore the soil, with the triple design of discovering its mineral, vegetable, and animal resources.

But before giving his companions the signal for departure, Cyrus Smith said to them in a calm, grave voice:

"Here, my friends, is the small corner of land upon which the hand of the Almighty has thrown us. We are going to live here—a long time, perhaps. Perhaps, too, unexpected help will arrive, if some ship should chance to pass. I say chance, because this is an unimportant island; there is not even a port in which ships could anchor, and it is to be feared that it is situated out of the route usually followed, that is to say, too much to the south for the ships which frequent the archipelagos of the Pacific, and too much to the north for those that go to Australia by doubling Cape Horn. I wish to hide nothing of our position from you."

"And you are right, my dear Cyrus," replied the reporter, with animation. "You have to deal with men. They have confidence in you, and you can depend upon them. Is it not so, my friends?"

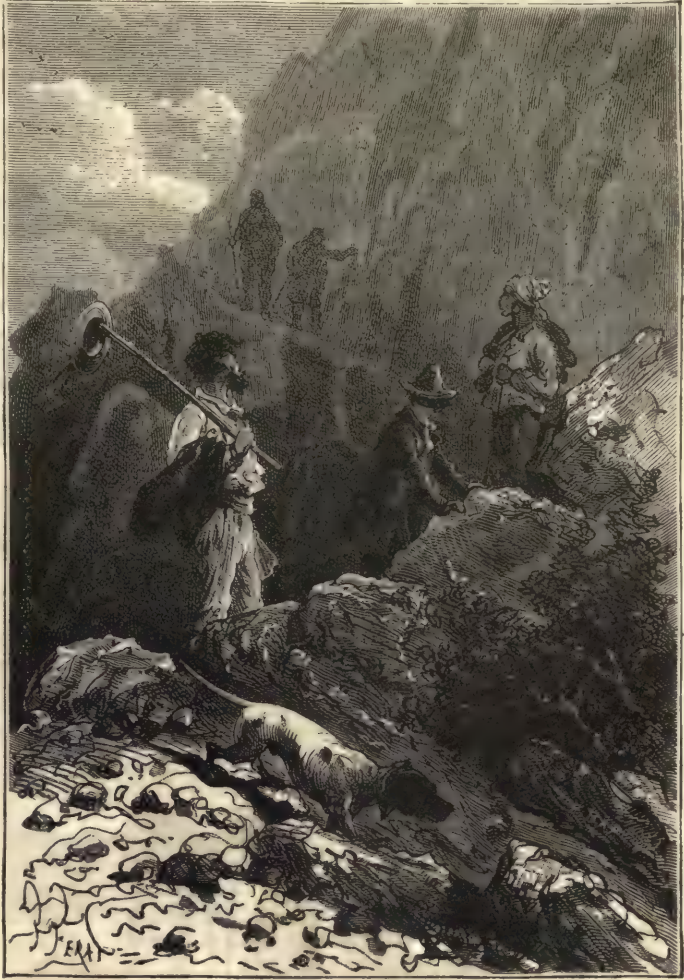
"I will obey you in everything, Captain," said Harbert, seizing the engineer's hand.

"My master always, and everywhere!" cried Neb.

"As for me," said the sailor, "if I ever grumble at work, my name's not Jack Pencroff, and if you like, Captain, we will make a little America of this island! We will build towns, establish railways, and start telegraphs, and one fine day, when it is quite changed, quite put in order and quite civilized, we will go and offer it to the government of the Union. Only, I ask one thing."

"What is that?" said the reporter.

"It is, that we do not consider ourselves castaways, but colonists, who have come here to settle."



NEAR THE CRATER.

Smith could not help smiling, and the sailor's idea was adopted. Then he thanked his companions, and added that he would rely on their energy and on the aid of Heaven.

"Well, now let us set off to the Chimneys!" cried Pencroff.

"One minute, my friends," said the engineer. "It seems to me it would be a good thing to give a name to this island, as well as to the capes, promontories, and water-courses which we can see."

"Very good," said the reporter. "In the future, that will simplify the instructions which we shall have to give and follow."

"Indeed," said the sailor, "already it is something to be able to say where one is

going, and where one has come from. At least, it looks like being somewhere."

"The Chimneys, for example," said Harbert.

"Exactly!" replied Pencroff. "That name was the most convenient, and it came to me quite by myself. Shall we keep the name of the Chimneys for our first encampment, Captain?"

"Yes, Pencroff, since you have christened it so."

"Good! As for the others, that will be easy," returned the sailor, who was in high spirits. "Let us give them names, as the Robinsons did, whose story Harbert has often read to me: Providence Bay, Whale Point, Cape Disappointment!"

"Or, rather, the names of Captain

Smith," said Harbert, "of Mr. Spilett, of Neb!"

"My name?" cried Neb, showing his sparkling white teeth.

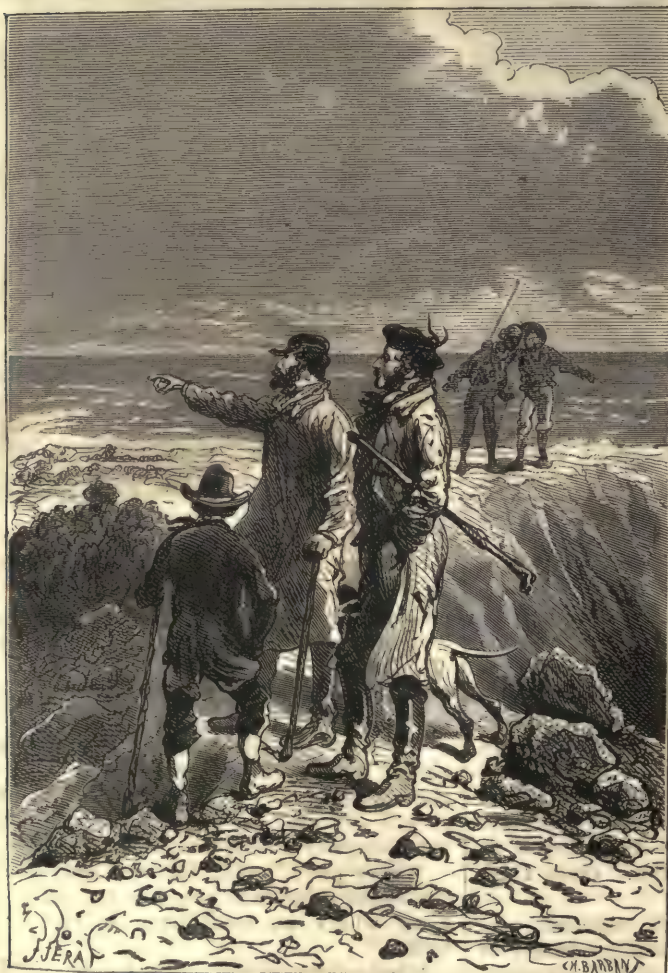
"Why not?" replied Pencroff. "Poor Neb, that would do very well! And Cape Gideon. . . ."

"I should prefer borrowing names from our country," said the reporter, "which would remind us of America."

"Yes, for the principal ones," said Cyrus Smith; "for those of the bays and seas, admit it willingly. We might give to that vast bay on the east the name of Union Bay, for example; to that large hollow on the south, Washington Bay; to the mountain upon which we are standing, that of Mount Franklin; to that lake which is ex-

tended under our eyes that of Lake Grant; nothing could be better, my friends. These names will recall our country, and those of its great citizens who have honored it; but for the rivers, gulfs, capes, and promontories, which we perceive from the top of this mountain, rather let us choose names which shall recall their particular shape. They will impress themselves better on our memory and at the same time be more practical. The shape of the island is so strange that we shall not be troubled to imagine what it resembles. As to the streams which we do not know as yet, in different parts of the forest which we shall hereafter explore we can christen them as we find them. What do you think, my friends?"

The engineer's proposal was unanimously adopted by his companions. The island was spread out under their eyes like a map, and they had only to give names to all its



"THE SEA, THE SEA EVERYWHERE."

angles and points. Gideon Spilett would write them down, and the geographical nomenclature of the island would be definitely adopted.

First of all, they named the two bays and the mountain, Union Bay, Washington Bay, and Mount Franklin, as the engineer had said.

"Now," said the reporter, "to this peninsula at the south-west of the island, I propose to give the name of Serpentine Peninsula, and that of Reptile-End to the bent tail which terminates it, for it is just like a reptile's tail."

"Agreed," said the engineer.

"Now," said Harbert, pointing to the other extremity of the island, "let us call this gulf which is so singularly like open jaws, Shark Gulf."

"Capital!" cried Pencroff, "and we can complete the resemblance by naming the two parts of the jaws Mandible Cape."

"But there are two capes," said the reporter.

"Well," replied Pencroff, "we can have North Mandible Cape and South Mandible Cape."

"They are so recorded," said Spilett.

"There is only the point at the south-eastern extremity of the island to be named," said Pencroff.

"That is, the extremity of Union Bay?" asked Harbert.

"Claw Cape," cried Neb, directly, who wished to be god-father to some part of this domain.

In truth, Neb had found an excellent name, for this cape was very like the powerful claw of the fantastic animal which this singularly-shaped island resembled.

Pencroff was delighted at the turn things had taken, and their imaginations soon gave to the river which furnished the settlers with drinking water and near which the balloon had thrown them, the name of the Mercy, in true gratitude to Providence; to the islet upon which the castaways had first landed, the name of Safety Island; to the plateau which crowned the high granite precipice above the Chimneys, and from which the prospect embraced the whole of the vast bay, the name of Prospect Heights. Lastly, all the masses of impenetrable wood which covered the

Serpentine Peninsula were named the Forests of the Far West.

The nomenclature of the visible and known parts of the island was thus finished, and they would add to it hereafter as they made fresh discoveries.

As to the points of the compass, the engineer had roughly fixed them by the height and position of the sun, which placed Union Bay and Prospect Heights to the east. But the next day, by taking the exact hour of the rising and setting of the sun, and by marking its position between this rising and setting, he calculated the north of the island exactly, for, in consequence of its situation in the southern hemisphere, the sun, at the precise moment of its culmination, passed in the north and not in the south, as it appears to do to one situated in the northern hemisphere.

Everything was finished, and the party was about to descend Mount Franklin and return to the Chimneys, when Pencroff cried out:

"Well, we are precious stupid!"

"Why?" asked Gideon Spilett, who had closed his note-book and risen to depart.

"Why, our island! We have forgotten to christen it!"

Harbert was going to propose to give it the engineer's name, and all his companions would have applauded him, when Cyrus Smith said simply:

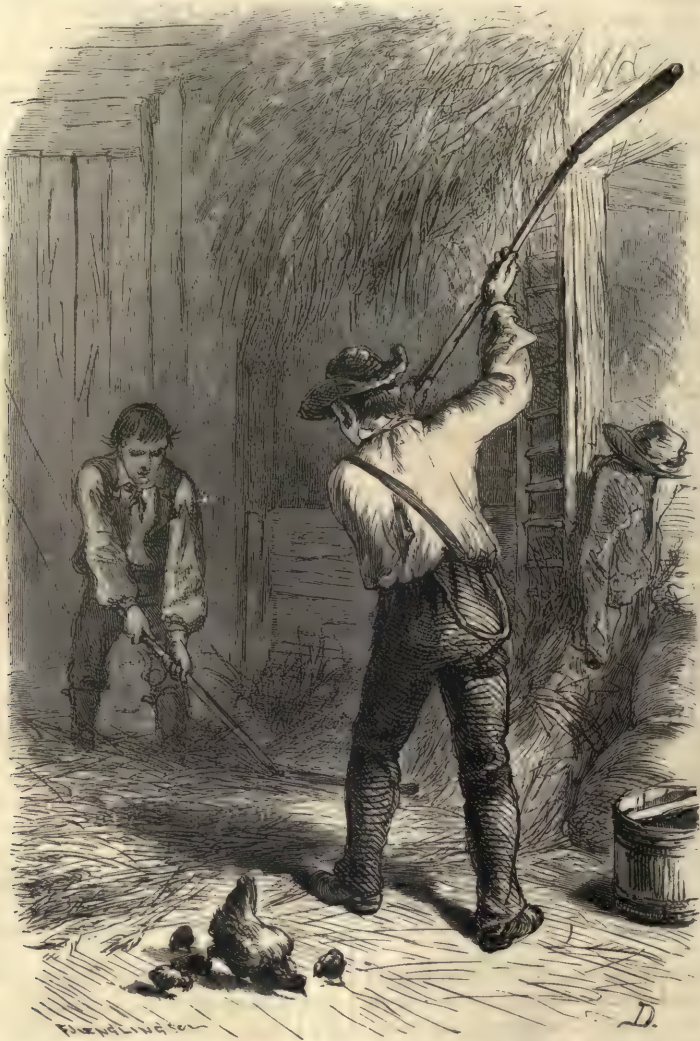
"Let us give it the name of a great citizen, my friends,—of him who now struggles to defend the unity of the American Republic! Let us call it Lincoln Island!"

The engineer's proposal was replied to by three hurrahs.

And that evening, before sleeping, the new colonists talked of their absent country; they spoke of the terrible war which stained it with blood; they could not doubt that the South would soon be subdued, and that the cause of the North, the cause of justice, would triumph, thanks to Grant, thanks to Lincoln!

Now this happened on the 30th of March, 1865. They little knew that sixteen days afterwards a frightful crime would be committed in Washington—that on Good Friday Abraham Lincoln would fall by the hand of a fanatic.

IN THE BARN.



"WHEN THE BOUNCING KERNELS, BRIGHT AND BROWN,
LEAP LIGHTLY UP AS THE FLAILS COME DOWN."

THE SWALLOWS.

A GREAT dim barn with the fragrant bay
Up to the beam with the winter's hay,
And its shrunken, siding wasp-nest gray ;

Where the cracks between run up and down,
Like the narrow lines in a striped gown,
And let in light of a golden brown.

They are bars of bronze,—they are silver snow,—
As the sunshine falls, or sifting slow
The white flakes drift on the wealth below

Of the clover blossoms faint with June
That had heard all day his small bassoon
As the ground-bee played his hum-drum tune.

Ah, what would you give to have again
Your pulse keep time with the dancing rain,
When flashing through at the diamond pane

You saw the swallows' rapier wings
As they cut the air in ripples and rings
And laughed and talked like human things?

When they drank each other's health, you thought,
—For the creak of the corks you surely caught,—
And all day long at their cabins wrought,



"NOTHING AT ALL BUT A BREEZE IN A BOX."

Till the mud-walled homes with a foreign look,
A pictured street in an Aztec book,
Began to show in each rafter'd nook?

Never again! Alack and alas!
Like a breath of life on the looking-glass,
Like a censer smoke the pictures pass.

THE FLAILS.

"Well, Jack and Jim," said the farmer gray,
"The flour is out and we'll thrash to-day!"—
A hand is on the granary door,
And a step is on the threshing floor,—
It is not his and it is not theirs,—
He went above by the Golden Stairs;
The boys are men and the nicknames grown,
'Tis James Esquire and Reverend John.

How they waltzed the portly sheaves about
As they loosed their belts, and shook them out
In double rows on the threshing floor
Clean as the deck of a Seventy-four!

And down the midst in a tawny braid
 The sculptured heads of the straw were laid :
 It looked a poor man's family bed !
 Ah, more than that, 'twas a carpet fair
 Whereon the flails with their measured tread
 Should time the step of the answered prayer .
 "Give us this day our daily bread !"
 Then the light half-whirl and the hickory clash
 With the full free swing of a buckskin lash,
 And the tramp—tramp—trump, when the bed is new,
 In regular, dull, monotonous stroke,
 And the click—clack—click, on the floor of oak
 When straw grows thin and the blows strike through ;
 And the French-clock tick to the dancing feet
 With the small tattoo of the driven sleet,
 When the bouncing kernels bright and brown
 Leap lightly up as the flails come down.

THE FANNING MILL.

Hang up the flails by the big barn-door !
 Bring out the mill of the one-boy power !
 Nothing at all but a breeze in a box,
 Clumsy and red it rattles and rocks,
 Sieves to be shaken and hopper to feed,
 A Chinaman's hat turned upside down,
 The grain slips through at a hole in the crown—
 Out with the chaff and in with the speed !
 The crank clanks round with a boy's quick will,
 The fan flies fast till it fills the mill
 With its breezy vanes, as the whirled leaves fly
 In an open book when the gust goes by,
 And the jerky jar and the zig-zag jolt
 Of the shaken sieves, and the jingling bolt,
 And the grate of cogs and the axle's clank
 And the rowlock jog of the crazy crank,
 And the dusty rush of the gusty chaff
 The worthless wreck of the harvest's raff
 And never a lull, the brisk breeze blows
 From the troubled grain its tattered clothes,
 Till tumbled and tossed it downward goes
 The rickety route by the rickety stair,
 Clean as the sand that the simoon snows,
 And drifts at last in a bank so fair
 You *know* you have found the Answer'd Prayer .

THE OLD BARN'S TENANTRY.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
 He has a tail like a scimeter's edge ;

A marshal's plume on his Afghan neck,
 An admiral's stride on his quarter deck.

He rules the roost and he walks the bay,
 With a dreadful cold and a Turkish way,

Two broadsides fires with his rapid wings—
 This sultan proud, of a line of kings,—



THE OLD BARN'S TENANTRY.

One guttural laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five rusty syllables rouse the morn !

The Saxon lambs in their woolen tabs
Are playing school with their a, b, abs ;

A, e ! I, o ! All the cattle spell
Till they make the blatant vowels tell,

And a half-laugh whinny fills the stalls
When down in the rack the clover falls.

A dove is waltzing around his mate
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate,

And showing off with a wooing note
The satin shine of his golden throat.

It is Ovid's "Art of Love" re-told
In a binding fine of blue and gold !

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys—
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—

As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes



"I HEAR THE LAUGH WHEN THE EAR IS RED."

In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within ;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.

I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,

And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk !"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face 'till the magic bow

Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

MONEY MUSK.

In shirt of check and tallowed hair
The fiddler sits in the bullrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check ;
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

All ready! Now he gives the call,
 Cries, "*Honour to the ladies!*" All
 The jolly tides of laughter fall
 And ebb in a happy smile.

"*Begin.*" D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,
 "*First couple join right hands and swing!*"
 As light as any blue-bird's wing
 "*Swing once and a half times round.*"
 Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
 Calico gown and stockings new,
 And tinted eyes that tell you true,
 Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown
 Who holds her hands to keep her down
 And thinks her hair a golden crown
 And his heart turns over once!
 His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
 It gives a second somerset!
 He means to win the maiden yet,
 Alas, for the awkward duncel!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!"
 "I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe,"
 "You clumsy fellow!" "*Pass below!*"
 And the first pair dance apart.



Then "*Forward six!*" advance, retreat,
 Like midges gay in sunbeam street
 'Tis Money Musk by merry feet
 And the Money Musk by heart!

"*Three quarters round your partner swing!*"
 "*Across the set!*" The rafters ring,
 The girls and boys have taken wing
 And have brought their roses out!
 'Tis "*Forward six!*" with rustic grace
 Ah, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"
 Than golden clouds of old point-lace
 They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all—"Right and left!"
 All swiftly weave the measure deft
 Across the woof in loving weft
 And the Money Musk is done!
 Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,
 Good night, sweet hearts, 'tis growing dusk,
 Good night for aye to Money Musk,
 For the heavy march begun!

PHILIP'S FRIEND, KATE.

THERE were eight or ten in the party, all ladies but three. Of the ladies we shall have more than incidental concern with only two—Kate Meadow and Emily North. Miss North's friends called her Emmy, and, as I trust we are going to be among that number, I shall call her so here. The three gentlemen were Kate's father, Philip Colman, and a young ensign named Manning. All of these but the ensign were old friends, and had been on summer trips together before. On one of these, in the Virginia mountains, Philip and his partner, Field, had had a little difference about this same Emmy and been near wrecking their friendship, but had come out of it with tolerable credit to themselves, and scant grace from the little lady. Mr. Philip, indeed, came out of it with a good deal more than tolerable soreness. That was two or three years before this, and Kate, who was then but a school-girl, had shown a great kindness and sympathy for the young fellow in his discomfiture, and made herself a very warm place in his remembrance.

They had come now to the lakes to spend their summer holiday. In that enchanted

land of mountains, intoxicating air, transparent waters, leafy islands, cool winds and tempered sunshine, the days and weeks slipped by them like a dream of delight. They rowed, sailed and fished, went berrying and climbing heights, and exploring the islands that gemmed the lake, and were as simple, friendly, happy a party as any that went pleasuring that year.

Emmy and Philip were very good friends, as was Kate with both. When Philip had made his little statement of facts to Emmy upon their previous trip to the Peaks, and had gone away with any little conceit he may have had pretty thoroughly taken out of him, he did not see his way clearly to any future friendly footing with her. But time straightened that out in its own unsympathetic, but thorough and admirable, manner. He had nothing to reproach her with; she had never been anything but the simple, retiring, sensitive maiden, quick-witted, keen in her likes and aversions, for whom all men and women who came near her had an instinctive respect and regard. And then, if it must be owned, he was all the while, in some out of the way corner of his heart,

glad that it was as it was. She was so fine, so spiritual, so little of the world and the flesh, and he had such excellent reasons for believing in his own kinship with the common clay, that he thought he should have lost somewhat of his high regard if she had stooped to him, and, indeed, he trembled a little at the thought of so much queenly condescension. That she had shown him some little liking formerly, and sometimes chosen his company before he had made himself unpleasant to her, he did not find reason for blame, or disagreeable to remember, and only wished now to be back at that happy old footing once more. And he could see no good reason why he should not. They had come to an understanding—that was something to be glad of. He was no worse off than before, only now he knew; and was he not always wanting to know the truth? She would now have no reason for constraint; her manner could add nothing to her words, and he was not going to snivel. They were neither of them children, and, if it came to that, she was but a human being like himself, such as God made them, and he was proud (away from her), and was going to stand up straight. He was not going to cry because he could not have the moon; no doubt it would be pretty to have, though one might very likely be perplexed to know what to do with it, but, meanwhile, it was very fine as it was, and shed a very pleasant light, though one could not have it all to himself. Thus in time they worked back to something like their old friendly relation.

Still all that is not to say that often and often, as he paused in his work, or his talk, or while he waited for some one, or sat on a fence in the country, and looked over the fields at nightfall, a hungry feeling would not creep over him, and a slight, still face shut out the one into which he looked, the throng in the street, or the peaceful pasture slopes and corn-fields. He would go about after having seen her, to all appearance a sufficiently unsentimental person, smiling scowling, laughing heartily, in scorn or amusement, passing a "good-day" with this one and that, doing his work pretty thoroughly, and taking an interest in it too, with all the while a tremulous undercurrent of feeling into which he was ever and again slipping back, and his heart crying over and over the yearning monotone: "Oh, the dear girl, the dear girl!" Well, years had passed by so, and here

they were together at the lakes, and very good friends, as we said. He took care not to annoy her by excessive attention, but was thrown with her a good deal, and found it increasingly hard to keep his simply friendly bearing with her. But the days and weeks slipped past rapidly enough, and very happily too.

The last day but one arrived, and the whole party went to make a day of it among the islands. Now there were islands near at hand, but "the islands" were a group some miles away, across the lake, and about the entrance to Panther Bay. They went in a good-sized cat boat, the "Mermaid," with a trusty captain, so that Philip had little uneasiness about the shifting winds of the lakes. There was a good light breeze, and they ran down toward Dalton, and back very merrily. Kate was in more than her usual spirit, her head bare and thrown back, her fine, expressive face aglow with excitement, here, there and everywhere, rattling, singing a catch, electrifying all with her enjoyment and tingling zest of life and pleasure. Philip regarded her with an admiration mixed with amusement, and sometimes a feeling of wonder, and a questioning whether the spare, straight body could long stand the wear and tear of its eager inhabitant. He had a very friendly feeling for her indeed, and not without a frank return on her part. Kate was not always in such high feather of course; she did nothing by halves, and when she went pleasuring she took her pleasure. Indeed at such times as this she was more the girl she had been years before than at any other. And she was more changeable and unaccountable since they came to the lakes, and her manner toward Philip and Emmy was less free at times. They did not understand her altogether. Philip went back to speak to the captain, and then sat down by Kate and said to her:

"Sit down here, Kate, you'll tire yourself out."

So she sat by him, and Emmy noticed her presently talking to him earnestly, moving her hands and nodding her head at him, and he regarding her with an interested face, and just the suspicion of a smile. They moved in and out among the wooded islands, green and sunlit, reflected in the golden water, of infinite color and form, and roofed by the summer sky and drifting fleeces full of sunlight—dissolving views of beauty and delight.

When they had had their fill of the still

loveliness of the panorama the gliding boat trailed by them, they drew off and fished awhile in Bass Bay. Then they landed on Hermit Island, and the young men made a fire and cooked the fish they had caught, while the ladies spread their table-cloths on a slope with an outlook beautiful enough to have served for a banquet of the gods.

In the afternoon they fished again, and, having to keep quiet, and not meeting much success, Kate and some others of the young ladies became impatient, and proposed to take the skiff for a row. Philip accordingly got into the skiff and helped them aboard, and they rowed off. Manning looked after them as if he would like to come too, but knew the boat had load enough, and Emmy and one or two others stayed with Mr. Meadow and the young ensign. Philip rowed them about among the islands and let Kate and the others row him, and by and by they landed on the mainland, and sat and wandered about a while. The breeze had nearly died away and the lake was quite calm. Philip had made the skiff fast and wandered some way from the place when he noticed that the lake was beginning to stir again, and then that one of the sudden mountain winds had begun to puff down from between the hills. He ran back to the boat and found it already thumping unpleasantly upon the rock wall. He pushed it off and called loudly for the girls to come quick and get in. Kate was nearest and came running and, doing as he bade her, got safely aboard. But the rest were startled and timid when they came and saw the boat pitching drunkenly, and Philip standing in it straining to steady it and keep it close to the rocks, and at the same time not let them knock a hole in the bottom. The waves were momentarily roughening, and an alarming thump warned him that that would not do any longer, and he was obliged to push off and leave all but Kate on the shore. He called to them to walk round to the shelter of a little bay a quarter of a mile to the west, and that he would come and pick them up there. The mad-cap wind flurried and whirled; the white-caps flashed and flew, and the waves chopped more and more roughly. Philip put the boat's head into the wind and pulled with all his might, but before he could come near the point he wished to round, the skiff's head was being knocked about unmanageably, and the wind nearly lifted them out of the water. The spray drove

over them, and Philip's hat whisked away and his hair blew into his eyes and blinded him. He caught sight through it all of Kate sitting in the stern, her two hands grasping the gunwale, her hair flying wild and set teeth showing through her lips. She was white, but sat steadily with her eyes upon Philip and facing the fierce squall. The boat began to pitch about so that he missed his stroke more than once, and the boat partly broached to in spite of him, and rolled so alarmingly that there was nothing for it but to put her away and drive before the wind. He shouted to Kate to make her understand that the present course would take them into the sheltered cove behind Mother Island, where the Mermaid was lying at anchor. The gust blew away the words from his lips but Kate nodded all the same; she knew what they meant beforehand, and she believed most thoroughly that what lay in the power of courage and prudence Philip would do. They presently coasted the east shore of the largest island and doubled under its lee, where the sail-boat had lain—and there was no boat to be seen.

Philip knew that the squall must have been almost entirely broken by the rocky and wooded ridge of the island, and guessed rightly that the captain had seen the position of the skiff party and had borne down under the lee of the string of islands to their relief. He told Kate his conjecture and said they must go ashore here and wait for the Mermaid to return. So they landed and sat talking a good while. The wind lulled as suddenly as it had sprung up, and the lake subsided to a quiet swell. By and by Philip took out his watch, and then got up and said: "Come, Kate, we must go and look for them!"

So they took to the skiff and pulled about among the islands, but saw no sail. Gray clouds covered the sky, and the night would be presently coming on. To row her across the open lake, threatening as it was, and going to be dark, was not to be thought of. He pulled back toward Mother Island again, and found it farther than he had thought, and then, as the dusk was coming on, made out that they were lost. Islands lay on every side of them with steep and rocky shores. He skirted several without finding a place to land, then found a shelf of flat rock a little above the lake on what seemed the mainland. The ground rose steeply behind

it, and Philip with some difficulty got Kate up to a level space, some twenty feet above. It was not yet quite dark, but the trees cast a gloomy shade. The water lapped on the rocks below, and they heard a rasping and knocking as they rested a moment after the climb.

"Kate," said Philip, "I must go down and try to get out the boat, she'll stave a hole in her if she keeps that up. I'll come right back. You'll wait for me here, won't you?"

Now it was a dreary place just then, with the night upon them, and we must own not a pleasant situation for the lonely girl. She had heard stories of bear-hunting among these wild hills, and the name of the neighboring Panther Bay had an ugly sound. So I think it is no wonder that she took hold of Philip's coat, and answered: "Oh, you musn't leave me here! It's dreadfully lonesome, and—and,"—and then the poor child began to cry; Philip was a foolish fellow, and was rather driven into confusion by that, but he put on his boldest face.

"Kate," he said, "I thought you were a brave girl. You and I are in an unpleasant place and we must help one another. The wind has all died away, and they will not be able to sail among the islands. It is more than likely we shall have to stay here all night, and if we lose the skiff we shall have to wait till they find us. The moon will be up toward morning, and if it is still calm we may get away then. We have nothing to eat, and cannot afford to risk losing the boat. Now, I know you're going to be brave, Katy. Here is my pistol. You can keep that till I come back, and I'll be close by. Here, let me show you. Where's your hand? Thank you, Katy; that's right. Put your thumb here on the hammer—so. Now press it back, hard, till it clicks, once, twice. Now, is your finger on the trigger? Lightly, Kate; it goes off with a touch. There, you're ready. If you fire, press back the hammer, as before, and you're ready again. Shall I go now, Katy?"

"Yes!" she answered, stoutly, "I'll wait for you here. I'm not afraid now."

So he scrambled down the steep slope and managed to get the skiff upon the convenient shelf just over the water level. Then he scrambled up again. He gathered some dry boughs from a fallen tree, and kindled a fire. The light and warmth made the place quite cheerful, by contrast

with the previous dismal gloom. Philip cut most of the smaller branches from the fallen tree, and Kate fetched them and spread the more leafy ones for a lounging place near the fire, and piled the rest for fuel. She grew quite merry over their Crusoe camp, and forgot her fears. She had great faith in Philip, as we said, and was no faint-heart herself.

Philip made Kate quite a cozy nest among the boughs, and she lay half hidden and brightly shone on by the flame, and watched him break and gather dead branches and build up the fire for a long burn. Then he came and threw himself down near her, and they talked a long while about everything but their unfortunate plight, and began not to find it so bad after all. Kate was rather nervous and restless at first, and started at every crackling in the brush outside the little circle of ruddy light. But the home-like song of the crickets and katydids subdued the wild loneliness of the rugged hills, and the very blackness of the night in the forest shut them in with their fire as in a walled room. Philip, too, while keeping a keen watch with eyes and ears, was careful not to let her suspect his anxiety, and, by a simple and persistent calmness of manner, inspired her with a confidence which he, very likely, did not feel, but which her vigorous personality presently reflected back to him very real indeed. So they talked in low tones, and watched the flame fly up and flaunt among the trees, and by and by one, at least, forgot fear and discomfort. Kate liked to talk with Philip, and he thought her very clever and amusing, and better things than those.

But the long day and excitement had their natural effect by and by. Philip saw Kate's head nodding, and he stopped prozing and watched her till her head slid off her hand, and she woke with a start and saw him smiling at her.

"Why, I declare!" she cried. "I believe I feel sleepy. What time is it? What were you saying?"

"Never mind," answered he. "It's a little after eleven. You're tired; lie down and go to sleep. Take my overcoat over you; I'll be moving about and keep warm."

He got up and moved about, minding the fire. When he came back she was still sitting up, looking into the blaze, her face aglow with its red light, and a wistful, tired look in the frank, young eyes.

"Why don't you lie down, Kate?" he

asked. "I won't let anything touch you. You're not afraid, are you, Kate?"

And she answered: "No, Philip, I'm not afraid with you."

She drew the coat over her, and lay down with an entire and child-like trust in his care; and when he looked at her a few minutes later she was smiling in her sleep. He got up and walked up and down to keep off the chill that he felt and the drowsiness he feared. Alone so in that most lonely time and place, his thoughts dwelt with a great and not unnatural gentleness about the girl over whom he was keeping guard, and who put such trust in him. And he never was, and never will be, a braver or honester fellow than he was, walking there in the midnight. Then his mind wandered easily from Kate to a friend of hers, of whom his thought was bitter as well as sweet; but the unconscious maiden by whom he softly walked somehow inspired the sterner side of him, and his humor was proud and rather scornful of his weaker self. Partly to pass the time, he fell to making some verses in his head expressive of his feeling, muttering the rhymes as they shaped themselves out of his thought. After a while he sat down and stirred up the fire, and began to write in pencil on the blank half of a letter. Thus occupied, the time slipped past, and by and by he heard a stir, and looking round, saw Kate sitting up and watching him.

"What are you writing?" she asked.

"Scribbling to keep awake, that's all," he answered. "Lie down again, Kate."

"No," she said, "you lie down. I'll take my turn to watch."

"Nonsense, Kate," he answered. "You'll do nothing of the kind."

But she stood up and insisted.

"I've a right to my turn. Give me the pistol, and I'm not afraid. You'll presently be falling asleep on your post,—you said you were sleepy just now,—and you know the penalty is death. Come, lie down here, and I'll call you in an hour."

He laughed and let her have her way. He pinched himself to be sure of not going to sleep, lay still and watched her. She marched up and down with quite a martial air,—her straight, spare figure and back-thrown head being really not unsoldierly,—the pistol grasped in her hand, and her thumb upon the hammer, ready to cock it, and her eyes wide open. After a while she stopped, and came softly and looked

in his face. He shut his eyes and feigned sleep, but could hardly help smiling, and he thought she must suspect he was playing sleep, she looked so long. But she seemed satisfied, and began her tramp again, and Philip watched her once more.

She seemed to find it more lonely than she had expected. She bent her head forward, and seemed to listen intently, and peer after the flashes from the fire as they gleamed in and out among the shadows. Once she stood still and looked a long while at one point, and even raised and pointed the revolver. Doubtless she made out some crouching monster in the shadowy form of a log or rock, for she looked back quickly, doubted a moment, and then, like the brave girl she was, gathered her courage with a visible effort, and went forward two or three steps, then turned about and came back composed, with her arm down by her side. But she evidently did not find it pleasant. Her walk grew shorter; in spite of herself she grew nervous, and fancied startling sounds in every buzz and crackle. Philip saw her bite her lips once, and make a swallowing motion, as she faced round toward him. She stopped and looked at him two or three times, made some little circuits near him, then suddenly came, and sat down close by him. With her back to the fire and her face toward the unseen lakes, she turned aside and looked at him, he did not know how long, because he had to shut his eyes then, and when he ventured to open them she was bowing her head forward on her knees,—lonely sentinel!—and keeping steady guard. She sat so a good while, and must presently have forgotten fears and loneliness, for by and by she sank back toward him unconsciously, and lay with her head on his arm.

He rose up softly and took the pistol from her loosened fingers, spread the coat over her, and noticed that her head was turned awry where he had laid it off his arm among the leaves. He took up the boat's cushion he had brought up for her, raised her head gently and placed it upon it. The action woke her, and she opened her eyes with a startled look, and then a smile in them when she saw who it was. He smiled too.

"The penalty is death," he said; "but I'm only giving you a pillow now. Go to sleep now, and we'll let you live till morning."

She smiled again drowsily, shut her eyes,

and went to sleep as he watched her. When Kate awoke it was well on toward morning. She had been dreaming, and was confused and startled for a minute before she made out where she was. She sat up, and saw Philip leaning on a rock at the edge of the clear space about the camp, and looking out through the trees. She went over and stood beside him, and he turned aside to her and pointed toward the east. Through an opening in the forest she saw the white moon swimming on the low line of the sky, and its silver trail across the dark, calm lake. That was no plain reason for the troubled look in Philip's face; he must have been looking at that and thinking of something else, she thought. "It's very beautiful," she said, looking at him as she spoke. And she asked: "What's the matter with you, Philip?"

"I'm hungry, Kate," was the reply.

Now they had neither of them eaten since noon of the day before, and very likely he had thought she would understand him to refer to that. But quite possibly a duller intuition than her very keen one might have sufficed to penetrate the little duplicity. With the frankness which was one of her strong points, and the frankness which hers had more than once excited in Philip to his own surprise, she asked:

"Hungry for what?"

And he answered straightway: "For love."

A great flush swept up into the fair face, and she turned away out of the pale light of the dying fire, and looked out toward the moon and the kindling lake. They looked in silence a while, and then Philip said:

"Does it remind you of anything, Kate?"

"Of a sunset—in Virginia," she answered.

"Yes! That's strange," he said. "I was thinking of that when you came. It's nothing alike certainly, but it took me back to that evening when I found you on the hill, and, I suppose, it was that that you saw in my face. You were very good to me then, Kate; I see you now as plainly as when I turned round at the hill's foot, and looked back at you with the level sunshine bathing you in light and color. I often think of it."

"Do you? Then you remember my foolish words?" she answered. "I'd have bitten off my tongue a hundred times since if I could have had them back."

He looked round, surprised at her vehemence. "You mean what you said about your not being as good as Emmy," he queried, not knowing whether to be sober or to smile, "and that I might wait for *you*? Then you don't wish me to remember them?"

"Certainly not," she answered. "I was only a child. I was sorry for you, and spoke very foolishly. I did not know what I was talking about." She spoke quickly and eagerly, and catching her breath.

"Well, well, Kate," he said, glancing at her inquiringly, "say no more about it. You meant to be kind, that was all, and I was grateful to you. I never thought of taking your words literally."

She glanced at him in her turn, and then they stood silent, and looked at the moon rising higher and higher through the trees. He wondered what she meant. Did she think he was shifting, or had shifted from Emmy to her, and was the kind girl trying to warn him from another fall? He would set her right on that score at least. "Kate," he said, "do you believe in all this talk about love being eternal and unchangeable?"

She looked round timidly, and answered: "I don't know. Do you?"

"Well, I'm not sure," he said. "Not as a rule certainly, and, except where it is mutual, not at all commonly, among men at least. If we were angels now, or less earthy than most of us, we might make the story-books come true. But this coarse clay lets the pure flame escape or smothers it, unless the bellows is kept going. And I hardly think it would be right; these matters are one-sided often, and giving everything for nothing is rather a serious business. Being proud and magnanimous is a very fine thing, and faithful for ever are pretty words, but for ever is a very long day, and one gets thirsty and tired. I can hardly believe in Dobbin, of 'Vanity Fair.' He's too good: I hope there are fellows like him, but I never saw any. I can believe in his helping her to marry Osborne, though some fellows doubt about that. But I can't believe in his buying the piano for her at the sale, and letting her think George bought it, for thirteen years. I can't believe that—it shames me too much! I couldn't do it. I'd have bought the piano, but to let her think that vain, selfish, ignorant, weak, false, coxcomb did it afterward—oh, I couldn't! And was it not a long while for old Dob—to



"THEN HIS MIND TURNED EASILY FROM KATE TO A FRIEND OF HERS OF WHOM HIS THOUGHT WAS BITTER AS WELL AS SWEET."

cleave to his thought of that poor, foolish Emmy? If she had had sense enough to know what a heart she ignorantly tormented and treated with despite—if there had been no George, and she had been his equal in any respect, and had understood anything. Oh, if she had been like another Emmy, Kate," he interjected in a lower and quicker tone, "I could understand it then. I would have very good reason to understand that."

She was watching him, and the moonlight found a gap in the tree-boughs, and fell upon her upturned face, and made it look very white. She turned and went over and picked up her cloak, hung it on her arm, and began to walk up and down before the fire, a moving silhouette between him and the ruddy light. He crossed over presently, and she came and stood near him with her back to the light.

"Take me away from here," she said. "I'm cold, and tired, and sick. I want to go home."

He helped her down the steep and rocky slope, launched the boat, and they pulled away through patches of moonlight and

long belts of shadow, through dark, still waters, and thronging islands. When they were got fairly out upon the open lake the dawn was beginning to steal into the sky, and the mists of the morning rested on the water. It was chill and dreary, and Kate drew her cloak about her, and sat crouching and silent in the stern with her hat shading her face. Philip rowed steadily, the oars chocking regularly over the still lake. His mind was busy with its own affairs, and the morning stole on till by and by the sun rose behind them, and put out the moon, and shone through and through the mists that rolled up, lifted and melted together, full of all bright and tender hues. They were both looking out upon the changing picture, and very likely it carried one of them back again to that sunset in the south, for he said after a while:

"Don't you like Dobbin, Kate?"

She turned toward him with the flush of the splendid vision on her cheek and its light in her eyes, and answered:

"I don't admire him. He had no pride. No one but a milksoy would follow that

poor, puling Emmy for years. He should have had more self-respect. "She gave him nothing but neglect and pain. Why didn't he leave her? He should have gone away and cured himself. What did he have for his pains all those years?"

He was inclined to be angry with her. Did she think no one could be unselfish? But he reflected that he did not quite understand her this morning and saw that her long fast and vigil had tired out the eager nerves. He rested on his oars a moment, and said:

"You cannot blame her for not giving what she had not to give; and you do not mean to compare her to our Emmy, Kate? She is not silly or weak."

"No," she answered in the same way, "She's only too good. She shames all the rest of us. She's so still and pure, she never says things of people, nor is ill-natured nor selfish. She's too good for this world. She makes me angry. It's not our fault that we're not made like her. I wish sometimes she would do or say something dreadful."

She turned back and watched their wake sparkle, and trailed her hands in the golden water. Philip rowed on thoughtfully awhile, and then said:

"Kate, it's a little strange that you should ask me one question you did."

He rested, the oars and took a paper from his breast pocket, laid it on his knee, and scratched some figures on it.

"Here is my answer, Kate. This is what I was writing in the night."

He gave her the paper and rowed on. The verses were mixed hap-hazard as they had come to him. Some were scratched out and some were changed. These are the ones she read, picking out the numbers set against them:

Is his the lesser meed
In battle slain?
The honor is the deed,
And not the gain.

In march or mad recoil,
Better have died,
Than live to sordid spoil
And cruel pride.

And does he nothing save,
Whose only due
Is that he has been brave
And has been true?

Nothing? There is no more.
Who more than can
Face front in peace or war
And keep true man?

And is it small or mean?
Oh, hard and long!
To but be kind, and clean,
And sometimes strong?

Reward? Am I a boy,
To whine for sweets?
Or whimper for the cloy
Another eats?

Rides hunter keen and light
For the dead game?
Is consciousness of might
Not more than fame?

Who has endured and fought
Need win no spur.
What have I? Have I not
My love for her?

Kate read it through soberly, then looked up, slipping the paper into her pocket.

"You were braver last night than this morning," she said quietly, and she turned away and looked back at the sun and the path of light in their wake. And presently Philip looked forward over his shoulder a minute, and then said:

"Here is a sail-boat coming, Kate."

She sat up and watched the sail creep- ing stealthily toward them out of the West.

The white sail grew and grew, the sun shining full upon it, and the light winds astern. The hull began to show beneath the white cloud, and then some one came out to the bow and stood by the mast, and something white fluttered out. Kate took her handkerchief and waved it once or twice in reply, and a shout came over the water, far and faint, but glad.

"It's Manning," Philip said; and silently the two boats drew together. They made out two beside the captain and the young ensign; two more, and one a lady. Those were all.

When they came nearer the sail-boat party wondered that Kate sat still and watched them come on. And when the skiff ran alongside, Emmy came and reached out her arms for her, and said;

"Oh, Kate, I'm so glad we've found you!"

"We were in no great danger," she answered. "You need not have been so concerned."

She drew away and went to her father and nestled close to him, and he took her and held her fast, asking no questions, but hiding her face with his arm and softly stroking her hair. Emmy took no notice of Philip but followed Kate with her eyes, and then came and sat at Mr. Meadow's

other hand with her eyes cast down. They beat up slowly to the west with a freshening wind. Mr. Meadow stooped over the girl lying so still.

"Poor child," he said, low, to Emmy, "she's asleep. She must be tired out."

By and by they ran in and came to the little wharf, and he bent down and spoke to her. He lifted her up on the dock and they walked together, with his arm still about her, up the path and into the house.

Kate had thrown herself down on the bed in her room, which was also Emmy's. The door opened and shut and Emmy came in, still as she always was. She came and stood by the bed.

"What's the matter with you, Kate?" she asked. "Is it anything about Philip?"

Kate sat up and looked at her.

"Philip, indeed!" she answered; "A pretty Philip you've made of him! You've kept him dangling at your skirts long enough. It's pleasant for you, and you don't care that you keep him tantalized, hankering, unmanly. You have no heart and no passions, and you think no one else has, or you don't care."

She slipped her hand unconsciously into her pocket, drew out a folded paper and crumpled it with both hands out of all recognition as she talked, and threw it on the floor when she had done. Emmy stood still with her eyes on Kate's, her face sharpening as she listened into the single expression of the most acute pain.

"Oh, Kate!" was all she said, and she turned and went out, as still as she had come.

KATE was sitting alone in the evening at home again in the city, and her mind was away among the hills and islands. There came a ring and she heard Philip's voice at the door. He shook hands with her, and said, "Good evening," looking stern and cold.

"Kate," he said, "I went to see Emmy to-night. She has forbidden me to come and see her."

Then Kate was scared and turned white. She leaned her face in her hand and looked at him blankly. When she spoke she found herself unexpectedly a little hoarse.

"Did she give you any reasons?"

"She said she had reasons, but she gave me none."

Kate hardly knew what she said to him.

What could she say? He did not take much notice of her or her words, but so absent and blank-looking awhile, and then went away.

Early in the morning Kate went up to Emmy. They had not spoken since leaving the lake. Kate had been proud and angry, Emmy hurt, confused, doubtful of her way. Now she was no longer doubtful. She met Kate grave, but frank and kind.

"Oh, is it you, Kate?" she said, "come up-stairs. I'm very glad you've come?" and kissed her; and when the door was shut and Kate tried to speak, she broke out crying fiercely and would not be stilled. Emmy was deeply distressed, took her in her arms and soothed and comforted her as if she had been a hurt child. And then by and by Kate found her voice amid her eager sobbing.

"Oh, Emmy you mustn't do this! You mustn't take me at my foolish, wicked words. Oh, forget them, Emmy—they were so untrue and unkind! I knew they were untrue all the while! Can you forgive me? Oh, Emmy say you will forget them, and let things be as they were!"

"Sit up, Kate," said Emmy, in a quiet way that calmed the girl. "There, listen to me: I have forgotten your unkind words; you were excited and did not know what you were saying. But what hurt me most was that I thought there might be some truth in them. I have thought it all over and done what I thought was best. But you must not interfere with me again; I can't afford to lose you Kate, and I want to be your friend."

Kate saw at once pain and brave resolve in the transparent, sensitive face, and did not find that she had anything more to say, so the two sorry little women embraced again after their different fashions; and Emmy said, as she let Kate out at the door:

"You must come and see me very often now, Katy. I shall be lonely when Aunt has gone."

And so Kate did. Emmy kept house for her brother Fred when Aunt Olney had gone South. Fred and Emmy were all that were left of the family now, and they were very much attached to one another; but she seemed to miss her aunt a great deal. She made Kate stay with her a good deal, and if a day passed without Kate happening to be at the North's, Emmy was very likely to come round toward evening to see Kate.

After all it was only natural. Fred was away all day and sometimes in the evening, and doubtless the house was very lonely. But they never spoke about Philip.

Kate saw a great deal of him in those days. Having come suddenly to a blank wall across his path, which he could neither pass nor see through nor round nor over, he was staggered and confused, and turned naturally to the friendly companion who had been neighborly before. Not that he talked to her about Emmy: after the first pain and surprise his pride came to his help. It was so unreasonable, so amazing and incomprehensible from the Emmy he knew, that it almost broke up his conception of her and made him doubt whether he had known her at all. He tried to see her again, but she would not come down to him, and he came away burning with rage and resentment. He wrote to her and got no reply. He met her in the street and she dropped her eyes and crossed over to the other side. That was very hard to bear; but she had no occasion to avoid him again. It was so undeserved, and he was a very proud fellow, and terribly angry now. He avoided her. He would not have answered her if she had spoken to him. He would have laughed and talked to her companion and taken no notice of her standing by. Then at night he would have repented and upbraided himself, and been gentle in his humor and anything but jocular. Presently, when he had gone some time without seeing her, and had tired himself out with anger and pain, and vain questioning, he took a turn and became light and happy. He found himself whistling and humming as he went about; from caring only for one he took a great kindness for all friends, hunted up some he had almost forgotten, and wanted to do something pleasant for each one.

For Kate he showed an especial liking and friendliness, and she had never seen him so full of spirits and enjoyment. Emmy saw his bright humor reflected in the face and voice and laughter of her young friend, and very likely found in that her reward for the part, that must have been no happy one to play. Kate asked Philip to write her some verses one night, to sing to an air she had caught from the opera they had been hearing together. "Oh, I can't now, Kate," he answered, "I'm very busy now, and I grind them out fearfully slow. Besides, I don't know anything at all about music, and could never make

them fit. But I've got some jingles here, I believe, that have been running in my head, and I scratched down to-day. Maybe they'll do."

He found the paper in his pocket, and gave it to her. Here is what it was:

Free again! free again! Oh, it is joy enough
Only to feel the wind flare in my face,
All the wide sky and earth round me and over me,
Once more I'm brother to all of my race.

I was in bonds, but am free again, free again!
Bound, yes, but not to a form or a face;
Quick wit, and maidenly—oh, I forget again,
I must not think of her goodness and grace.

Mattered it whether my dream had reality?
Was or was not like the girl in God's sight?
Lived I and wrought in the one day-long thought
of her,
She was my courage, my honor, my light.

Come to me, friends, I am yours and my own again,
Was I so blind that I seemed to grow cold?
Oh, it was sweet—but I thank God I'm free again:
Fetters are fetters, of silk or of gold!

He was not always so jubilant, but Kate did not see him when he was alone by day or night, and, indeed, he took a brighter look and manner from her exhilarating presence, and the spirit she saw in him was partly some of her own. One evening when he called, Kate had to go out. She said she was sorry, but told him of something her father wanted to see him about, and asked him to sit and wait till he came in. Then young Manning came for Kate, and seemed not greatly pleased at finding Philip before him. When they were gone Philip fell to musing rather soberly, sitting there alone. He took up a scrap-book of Kate's which he knew very well, and which was lying on the table. The last thing copied in was his own verses, "Free," and his own draught of them lay between the leaves. He read them over two or three times without seeming to find them very inspiring. He turned the sheet lengthwise, and wrote a new verse across the old ones, putting down the last line directly, and laboring out the others slowly till Mr. Meadow came.

So the winter passed. Philip looked up from his desk one spring day, and found his friend and partner, Field, looking at him.

"Phil," asked Field, "do you know what you're doing?"

"Yes, working up this brief," was the answer. "What is the matter now?"

"Oh, Christmas, Phil," returned Field,

"you haven't touched or thought of it this half hour. You're thinking of Emmy North, that's what you're doing."

Philip flushed up, and retorted some confused and angry words, but Field broke in with :

"Look here, Phil, you're as blind as a bat. You're going about with Kate Meadow, and seeing her every night, till everybody expects you're going to marry her, including herself. And, I believe, you're the only one that never thought of it."

That startled Philip. He denied it, said he knew better; that any one should think of his dull, ill-conditioned self as he did of Emmy was something he had never seriously thought of. That Kate should so regard him, was nonsense; he knew better. Had she not insisted that he must not remember her childish words about his waiting for her? He told Field about that and other things, and Field laughed derisively, and bade him go and try it on. He did go and watched her, tried her with kindness and coldness. He prayed that it might not be true, but it explained things so terribly clearly. It made Emmy's conduct comprehensible, and oh! so brave and good! It must be true, and yet it could not. Kate must have read that lugubrious added verse, and could not be deceived after that. He would make sure if she had. He went to see her, and asked her to let him see the book of selections. He turned it over, but the loose sheet of law paper was not there.

"Have you written anything lately?" he asked.

She looked over his arm and turned the pages.

"No, nothing since your poem here," she answered.

He wondered if he had slipped the paper into his pocket that night when Mr. Meadow came. She had not read it, that was plain. He did not go to bed that night. He came early and haggard to the office in the morning, and was occupied a good while with many copies of something that was not office business. Then he enclosed it, and went out and sent it away. It was a letter to Kate, in which he avowed his great kindness and esteem, and made her an offer of marriage.

When he had looked over the scrap-book and left her, Kate had wondered what it was he had looked for. He had not found it, whatever it was. She harried her wits to make it out. He must have seen the

book the night she went out with the ensign; she had been copying his poem, and had left the book on the table till she came home, when she had taken out his sheet of law paper and put it away, folded as it was. Could that be it? She went upstairs and got it, and then first saw the verse across the others :

Free? And the silent sky shuts down inscrutable,—

Blind-fold and led without knowing the guide.

Slave and, oh God, how alone and how desolate—

I would sell cheaply my joy and my pride!

Yes, that was it. Poor Kate! It was like a blow on the head to her. Then the next day came Philip's letter. It was very kind, indeed as near to what a letter of that kind should be as truth would permit; and if her eyes had not been opened to the truth, and hot with its bitterness, she might easily have mistaken it for that. But it did not deceive her now; she saw through its great gentleness the brave resolve to accept the consequences he had not foreseen, and she felt that it was not inconsistent with the verse she had found last night. She went to Emmy in her distress, and the two consoled one another by a silent community of grief. For Emmy had had a sorry spring of it. Aunt Olney was back in the house, and in Fred's place was a great, still blank and heart-sickness. He had overworked himself in a pressure of business, taken a brain fever, and died in a month. Kate had helped Emmy the very little that even kindness and sympathy can help the one who is left in the bitter valley when the black wall draws across before his face, and lets the loved one slip through into the dark.

"You must let me stay with you to-night, Emmy," Kate said, softly, hiding her face in Emmy's neck; and Emmy did not need Kate to tell her she, too, was in great trouble, but kept her gladly enough.

She went home in the morning, and came back in the afternoon. Entering by the basement and coming up softly, she surprised Emmy sitting alone in her room. She was crying, and a paper was lying in her lap which had evidently once been much crumpled and afterward smoothed out. Before Emmy could hinder her, Kate caught up the paper. It was the verses Philip had written by the camp-fire, and which her own hands had crushed, and it was blotted with tears.

"Oh, Emmy!" cried Kate, and turned back and went out of the house.

She went straight down to Philip's office, and found him there at work.

"Come," she said, "I want you."

He looked at her, took his hat, and came with her. She walked rapidly without speaking, and brought him to and into the house she had just left. Emmy was in the sitting-room, and Kate bade Philip go in. He looked in, and saw her looking careworn and unhappy, and the sight plainly shook him. But still he turned back to Kate.

"Did you get my letter?" he asked.

She was smitten with a sudden blindness at those words, and her voice was like a cry for pity when she answered:

"Yes. Come in, come in."

She drew him in, confused and unmanned. She went over quickly to Emmy.

"I've brought him back again, Emmy," she said, kissed her without looking at her, and ran away. Then Philip went over and spoke tremblingly to Emmy, asking one or

two questions. When she tried to reply, her light, penetrating voice broke up and ended in uncontrollable sobbing.

But come out, friends; you and I have no business there; and the restless little one who walks the streets alone and sore-hearted, has need of all our company and consolation.

Courage, Kate!—brave, honest, eager, aching heart! Thou hast lost the prize and won the battle; there were no honor if there were no wounds. Yes, it is easy to preach and cry "Courage!" and hard, hard to fight on when one has no more heart in it all, and cares not who wins. And still, though the eyes are blind with the biting mist, and the heart-ache seems too bitter to be born, still it is worth the while, and will always be worth while, to be honest and brave. For so thou art richer than he who has love and all, and is not that. God help, and keep, and comfort thee, dear Kate!

GASTRIC LITERATURE.

M. TAINE, in his "History of English Literature," has presented, in a most engaging form, those peculiarities which serve to mark that literature as distinctively English. He notes, as indeed all observers must, the faithful reflection of the habits and customs of the time in what we may call the written life of each succeeding epoch. With lapse of time these modes of thought and expression vary, so that we find the literature of England shaping itself into distinct and easily recognized eras. Yet through these epochs and through these eras we see one common trait steadily appearing; a trait so marked, so self-asserting, (and we may add, so English) that it is strange it should meet no recognition from so critical an observer. We may name it the Glorification of the Palate and the Stomach.

"Good drinking and good eating; behold the surest means of being happy," said Martin Luther, if the Catholic historians are to be trusted; and if all the maxims of the great Reformer have taken as deep root as this, then do the Mannings and the Cullens labor in vain. In his tender years, the youthful islander, be

he plain Ginx or lordly Bantam, draws his mental nutriment from one source, and here we see the first inclination of the infant twig. Mother Goose, that universal classic, is placed in his hands, and he falls to gloating over the spectacle of little Jack Horner, eating his Christmas pie. But this is not all; with wistful eyes the youthful reader watches him "put in his thumb and pull out a plum," and here we behold the germ of that lingering relish with which the English writer enumerates every dish whenever a dinner chances to be mentioned. In rapid succession follow the pie of blackbirds, Miss Muffet with her curds and whey, the gastronomic preferences of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt, with a score of similar allusions; while the first glimpse of royalty that blesses the eyes of the young Briton reveals the Sovereign in the act of stealing "three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pudding;" the Queen's fondness for bread and honey is no less faithfully recorded.

In time, however, the hollowness and unreliability of Mother Goose become too painfully apparent, and the young student ascends to a higher plane. "Tom

Brown's School-days at Rugby" falls into his hands, a book read by every English school-boy; and he eagerly follows his hero from the baked potatoes at Stumps' and the sausage-toasting at the hall fire, to the last day at school, when Tom and the master discover the cook's hidden dripping cake and "finish it to the last crumb." If, in an evil hour, he ventures upon "Tom Brown at Oxford," he cannot but be convinced that there is more work for jaws than for brains, at the famed university. From this point our youthful protégé sets sail upon the broad sea of English Literature, and here it were well nigh useless to follow him. Reefs of dinners and suppers, ledges of luncheons and shoals of early teas, beset him on every hand. Your true English writer, it would seem, takes a vicarious pleasure in feasting his characters. Salad and sentiment combine; his Muses are always hungry.

To those of our literary friends who are anxious to acquire for their productions the true English aroma, the following suggestions will be found invaluable. A little care bestowed upon this hitherto neglected point will produce such results as shall deceive the very elect.

1st. Premising that mention has been made of a meal, let it be your aim to enlarge upon the subject to the fullest extent. Specify in detail each different dish. If the meal in question partakes of the nature of a hasty lunch, as at a wayside inn, one will suffice; "a round of cold boiled beef," which must be "attacked" and with "evident relish." Should the repast be more elaborate in its character, there is the greater scope for play of fancy. Pay due attention to arrangement: let the chief dishes be properly "flanked;" all to be "washed down with the choicest—"whatever it may be. These details having been settled, linger long and lovingly over the feast. A course of Andersonville dietetics, as a preliminary preparation to your work, cannot be too strongly recommended.

2d. Always provide plenty of kidneys. Upon this we are reluctantly obliged to insist. An omission here would be fatal to the genuine English flavor which it is our aim to impart to your works. Tom Brown drinks hot coffee and eats kidney-pie "till his little skin is stuffed full to bursting." Charles Reade exhibits to us Edouard Rivière "eating roasted kidneys with a little melted butter and parsley under them," while Tom Moore sings

"One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidney, imagine Dick, done with champagne!"

3rd. Scruple not to let your characters occasionally appear as amateur cooks. Contrast heightens effect. Coming home at daylight, "Conyers beheld some lobsters just fresh from the fishmongers. After cigarettes and 'epigrams' he said, 'My greatest achievement is a lobster salad. Let me make you one, Carington, then we shall have an appetite for bed.'" It is also advisable to make a passing allusion to a "broiled bone." This may seem a mysterious and somewhat unsatisfactory dish, but it is English, and what would you?

4th. If possible, in these portrayals, arouse yourself to genuine enthusiasm. Assume a virtue if you have it not. Few adjectives are too superlative for your use. Does not Moore celebrate

"Their glorious goose-livers and high pickled tunny?"

And Thackeray diverges from his account of a Castlewood dinner to say, *in propria persona*, that "stewed terrapins are worthy of any duke or even emperor." Alas! that we must say it, but the trail of the serpent is over them all, and Jean Ingelow, poetic glory of her sex, speaketh of "a glorious basin of soup, and a plate of roast beef, and some salad, and a stiff glass of spirits and water," which "delectable viands" she "could not bear should be wasted."

In further elucidation of the last rule, we quote the following passage from Charles Lamb, to illustrate the tropical fervor, the ecstatic heat with which, on special occasions, your exalted imagination should flame and glow. It occurs in his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig:—"

"There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and

lean (if it must be so), so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance."

It is with no intention of discouraging the earnest worker that we have reproduced the above. Though flushed ambition can see naught between it and its goal, yet we must not shut our eyes to the fact that there are Alpine heights which cannot be scaled, that there are Shibboleths which our untutored lips may never hope to pronounce. Nevertheless, let not the contemplation of a perfect model inspire despair, but rather urge to new endeavor. Though your highest flights may fall far short of the above historic passage, it is yet possible to achieve a state of gustatory rapture which can be distinguished from the real English article only upon the closest inspection.

We need not urge upon the student the importance of divesting himself, for the time being, of all national prejudices and modes of thought. Let him rehabilitate himself mentally in British vesture, and view his subject from that standpoint alone. For example: Henry Carey (reputed author of "God Save the King") writer of the old English ballad of "Sally in our Alley,"—which he informs us was praised by Addison,—in an argument prefixed to the song, states that his object was the celebration of pure and tender passion, occur though it might in the lowest ranks of life. He had watched a shoemaker's apprentice who was taking his sweetheart for a holiday. Together they enjoyed the various sights, "thence to the farthing Pye-House, where he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef and bottled ale." Now an American in the author's place, would have found his most prominent mental emotion to consist of surprise at the marvelous stowage facilities of the fair habitant of "our Alley." But in the case of the writer of the song it is evident that from his national habit and training,

such things could indeed be, nor rouse his special wonder.

To speak of Dickens in connection with gastric literature, is almost superfluous. It is safe to say that his name will first occur to every one who scans our title and deigns to take further thought in the matter. Ask not, dear reader, for illustrative quotations. We cry you mercy; let us not enumerate the flesh-pots of Egypt. One of the popular editions of Dickens bears upon its cover the appropriate emblem of a plum pudding, and this may well stand as a concrete symbol of the feasts whose incense unceasingly ascends from his pages. To one class indeed his compassionate heart denied its wonted sympathy. His cooks have no holiday.

We must not omit mention, however, of one striking exception to the carnivora who roam through Mr. Dickens's pages, apparently seeking what they may devour. We see Harold Skimpole at table, of course; equally of course, we are told every article upon the table. But this phenomenal creature is content with "a plate of hot-house nectarines, and another of grapes, and another of sponge-cakes, and there was a bottle of light wine." "Give me my peach," explains Mr. Skimpole, "my cup of coffee and my claret; I am content. I don't want them for themselves, but they remind me of the sun." It must be admitted as a proof of the great gulf fixed between Mr. Skimpole and his countrymen, that he was willing, for solar considerations, to barter so essential an element as *avoids* pois.

In these few foregoing rules and illustrations, the way is pointed out for the acquisition of this important element of a true English style. We have but presented facts which lie patent to every observer. Whether the literature of our language is the gainer by this materialistic tendency calls for no opinion of ours. That point may be safely left to the judgment of an intelligent, impartial, and dyspeptic American public.

PETER, THE PARSON.

IN November, 1850, a little mining settlement stood forlornly on the shore of Lake Superior. A log dock ran out into the dark water; a roughly-built furnace threw a glare against the dark sky; several stamping mills kept up their monotonous tramping day and night; and evil-minded saloons beset the steps on all sides. Back into the pine forest ran the white sand road leading to the mine, and on the right were clustered the houses, which were scarcely better than shanties, although adorned with sidling porches and sham-windowed fronts. Winter begins early in these high latitudes. Navigation was still open, for a scow with patched sails was coming slowly up the bay, but the air was cold, and the light snow of the preceding night clung unmelted on the north side of the trees. The pine forest had been burned away to make room for the village; blackened stumps rose everywhere in the weedy streets, and, on the outskirts of the clearing, grew into tall skeletons, bleached white without, but black and charred within—a desolate framing for a desolate picture. Everything was bare, jagged and unfinished; each poor house showed hasty make-shifts—no doors latched, no windows fitted. Pigs were the principal pedestrians. At four o'clock this cold November afternoon, the saloons, with their pine fires and red curtains, were by far the most cheerful spots in the landscape, and their ruddy invitations to perdition were not counterbalanced by a single opposing gleam, until the Reverend Herman Peters prepared his chapel for vespers.

Herman Warriner Peters was a slender little man, whose blue eyes, fair hair and unbearded face misled the observer into the idea of extreme youth. There was a boyishness in his air, or, rather, lack of air, and a nervous timidity in his manner, which stamped him as a person of no importance—one of those men who, not of sufficient consequence to be disliked, are simply ignored by a well-bred world, which pardons anything rather than insignificance. And if ignored by a well-bred world, what by an ill-bred? Society at Algonquin was worse than ill-bred, inasmuch as it had never been bred at all. Like all mining settlements, it esteemed physical strength the highest good,

and next to that an undaunted demeanor and flowing vocabulary, designated admirably as "powerful sassy." Accordingly it made unlimited fun of the Reverend Herman Warriner Peters, and derived much enjoyment from calling him "Peter," pretending to think it was his real name, and solemnly persisting in the mistake in spite of all the painstaking corrections of the unsuspecting little man.

The Reverend Herman wrapped himself in his thin old cloak and twisted a comforter around his little throat, as the clock warned him of the hour. He was not leaving much comfort behind him; the room was dreary and bare, without carpet, fire, or easy chair. A cot-bed, which sagged hopelessly, a wash-bowl set on a dry-goods box, flanked by a piece of bar-soap and a crash towel, a few pegs on the cracked wall, one wooden chair and his own little trunk completed the furniture. The Reverend Herman boarded with Mrs. Malone, and ate her streaked biscuit and fried meat without complaint. The woman could rise to yeast and a grid-iron when the surveyors visited Algonquin, or when the directors of the iron company came up in the summer; but the streaked biscuit and fried steak were "good enough for the little parson, bless him!"

There were some things in the room, however, other than furniture, namely, a shelf full of religious books, a large and appalling picture of the crucifixion, and a cross six feet in height, roughly made of pine saplings, and fixed to the floor in a wooden block. There was also a small colored picture, with the words "Santa Margarita" inscribed beneath. The picture stood on a bracket fashioned of shingles, and below it hung a poor little vase filled with the last colored leaves.

"Ye only want the Howly Vargin now, to be all right, yer riverence," said Mrs. Malone, who was, in name at least, a Roman Catholic.

"All honor and affection are, no doubt, due to the Holy Mary," answered the Reverend Herman, nervously; "but the Anglican Church does not—at present—allow her claim to—to adoration." And he sighed.

"Why don't yer jest come right out now, and be a rale Catholic," said Mrs. Malone, with a touch of sympathy. "You're next door

to it, and it's aisy to see yer aint happy in yer mind. If yer was a rale praste, now, with the coat and all, 'stead of being a make-believe, the boys 'ud respect yer more, and wouldn't notice yer soize so much. Or yer might go back to the cities (for I don't deny they do loike a big fist up here), and loikely enough yer could find aisy work there that 'ud suit yer."

"I like hard work, Mrs. Malone," said the little parson.

"But you're not fit for it, sir. You'll niver get on here if yer stay till judgment day. Why, yer aint got ten people, all told, belongin' to yer chapel, and you're here a year already!"

The Reverend Herman sighed again, but made no answer. He sighed now as he left his cold room and stepped out into the cold street. The wind blew as he made his way along between the stumps, carefully going round the pigs, who had selected the best places for their siestas. He held down his comforter with one bare hand; the other clutched the end of a row of books, which filled his thin arm from the shoulder down. He limped as he walked. An ankle had been cruelly injured some months previously; the wound had healed, but he was left permanently and awkwardly lame. At the time, the dastardly injury had roused a deep bitterness in the parson's heart, for grace and activity had been his one poor little bodily gift, his one small pride. The activity had returned, not the grace. But he had learned to limp bravely along, and the bitterness had passed away.

Lights shone comfortably from the Pine-Cone Saloon as he passed.

"Hallo! Here's Peter the Parson," sang out a miner, standing at the door; and forth streamed all the loungers to look at him.

"Say, Peter, come in and have a drop to warm yer," said one.

"Look at his poor little ribs, will yer?" said another, as his cloak blew out like a sail.

"Let him alone! He's going to have his preaching all to himself, as usual," said a third. "Them books is all the congregation *he* can get, poor little chap!"

The parson's sensitive ears heard every word. He quickened his steps, and, with his usual nervous awkwardness, stumbled and fell, dropping all the books, amid the jeering applause of the bystanders. Silently he rose and began collecting his load, the wind every now and then blowing his cloak over his head as he stooped, and his

difficulties increased by the occasional gift of a potato full in the breast, and a flood of witty commentaries from the laughing group at the saloon door. As he picked up the last volume and turned away, a missile, deftly aimed, took off his hat, and sent it over a fence into a neighboring field. The parson hesitated, but as a small boy had already given chase, not to bring it back, but to send it further away, he abandoned the hat,—his only one,—and walked on among the stumps bare-headed, his thin hair blown about by the raw wind, and his blue eyes reddened with cold and grief.

The Episcopal Church of St. John and St. James was a rough little building, with recess-chancel, ill-set Gothic windows, and a half-finished tower. It owed its existence to the zeal of a director's wife, who herself embroidered its altar-cloth and book-marks, and sent thither the artificial flowers and candles which she dared not suggest at home; the poor Indians, at least, should not be deprived of them! The director's wife died, but left by will a pittance of two hundred dollars per annum towards the rector's salary. In her fancy she saw Algonquin, a thriving town, whose inhabitants believed in the Anglican succession, and sent their children to Sunday-school. In reality, Algonquin remained a lawless mining settlement, whose inhabitants believed in nothing, and whose children hardly knew what Sunday meant, unless it was more whisky than usual. The two hundred dollars and the chapel, however, remained fixed facts, and the Eastern directors, therefore, ordered a picturesque church to be delineated on their circulars, and themselves constituted a non-resident vestry. One or two young missionaries had already tried the field, failed, and gone away, but the present incumbent, who had equally tried and equally failed, remained.

On this occasion he unlocked the door and entered the little sanctuary. It was cold and dark, but he made no fire, for there was neither stove nor hearth. Lighting two candles,—one for the congregation and one for himself,—he distributed the books among the benches and the chancel, and dusted carefully the little altar, with its faded embroideries and flowers. Then he retired into the shed which served as a vestry-room, and in a few minutes issued forth, clad in his robes of office, and knelt at the chancel rail. There was no bell to summon the congregation, and no congre-

gation to summon; but still he began in his clear voice, "Dearly beloved brethren," and continued on unwavering through the confession, the absolution, and the psalms, leaving a silence for the corresponding responses, and devoutly beginning the first lesson. In the midst of "Zephaniah" there was a slight noise at the door and a step sounded over the rough floor. The solitary reader did not raise his eyes, and, the lesson over, he bravely lifted up his mild tenor in the chant, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most Highest." A girl's voice took up the air; the mild tenor dropped into its own part, and the two continued the service in a duet, spoken and sung, to its close. Then the minister retired, with his candle, to the shed, and, hanging up his surplice, patiently waited, pacing to and fro in the cold. Patiently waited; and for what? For the going away of the only friend he had in Algonquin.

The congregation lingered; its shawl must be refastened; indeed, it must be entirely refolded. Its hat must be retied, and the ribbons carefully smoothed. Still there was no sound from the vestry-room. It collected all the prayer-books, and piled them near the candle, making a separate journey for each little volume. Still no one. At last, with lingering step and backward glance, slowly it departed and carried its disappointed face homeward. Then Peter the Parson issued forth, lifted the careful pile of books with tender hand, and extinguishing the lights, went out bare-headed into the darkness. The vesper service of St. John and St. James was over.

After a hot, unwholesome supper the minister returned to his room and tried to read; but the candle flickered, the cold seemed to blur the book, and he found himself gazing at the words without taking in their sense. Then he began to read aloud, slowly walking up and down, and carrying the candle to light the page; but through all the learned sentences there still crept to the surface the miserable consciousness of bodily cold. "And mental, too, Heaven help me!" he thought. "But I cannot afford a fire at this season, and, indeed, it ought not to be necessary. This delicacy must be subdued; I will go out and walk." Putting on his cloak and comforter (O deceitful name!) he remembered that he had no hat. Would his slender store of money allow a new one? Unlocking his trunk, he drew out a thin purse hidden

away among his few carefully folded clothes,—the poor trunk was but half full,—and counted its contents. The sum was pitifully small, and it must yet last many weeks. But a hat was necessary, whereas a fire was a mere luxury. "I must harden myself," thought the little parson sternly, as he caught himself shuddering with the cold; "this evil tendency to self-indulgence must and shall be crushed."

He went down towards the dock where stood the one store of Algonquin—stealing along in the darkness to hide his uncovered condition. Buying a hat, the poorest one there, from the Jew proprietor, he lingered a moment near the stove to warm his chilled hands. Mr. Marx, rendered good-natured by the bold cheat he had perpetrated, affably began a conversation.

"Sorry to see yer still limp bad. But it aint so hard as it would be if yer was a larger man. Yer see there aint much of yer to limp; that's one comfort. Hope business is good at yer chapel, and that Mrs. Malone gives yer enough to eat; yer don't look like it, though. The winter has sot in early, and times is hard." And did the parson know that "Brother Saul has come in from the mine, and is a-holding forth in the school-house this very minit?"

No; the parson did not know it. But he put on his new hat, whose moth-holes had been skillfully blackened over with ink, and turned towards the door.

"It's nothing to me, of course," continued Mr. Marx, with a liberal wave of his dirty hand; "all your religions are alike to me, I'm free to say. But I wonder yer and Saul don't work together, parson. Yer might do a heap of good if yer was to pull at the same oar, now."

The words echoed in the parson's ear as he walked down to the beach, the only promenade in Algonquin free from stumps. Could he do a "heap of good," by working with that ignorant, coarse, roaring, brother, whose blatant pride, dirty shirt and irreverent familiarity with all things sacred were alike distasteful, nay, horrible to his sensitive mind. Pondering, he paced the narrow strip of sand under the low bluff; but all his efforts did not suffice to quicken or warm his chilled blood. Nevertheless he expanded his sunken chest and drew in long breaths of the cold night air, and beat his little hands vigorously together, and ran to and fro. "Aha!" he said to himself, "this is glorious exercise." And then he went home, colder

than ever; it was his way thus to make a reality of what ought to be.

Passing through one of the so-called streets, he saw a ruddy glow in front of the school-house; it was a pine-knot fire whose flaring summons had not been unheeded. The parson stopped a moment and warmed himself, glancing meanwhile furtively within where Brother Saul was holding forth in clarion tones to a crowded congregation; his words reached the listener's ear, and verified the old proverb. "There's brimstone and a fiery furnace for them as doubts the truth, I tell you. Prayin' out of a book—and flowers—and candles—and night-gownds 'stead of decent coats—for it's night-gownds they look like though they may call them surpluses," (applause from the miners.)—"won't do no good. Sech nonsense will never save souls. You've jest got to fall down on your knees and pray hard—hard—with groaning and roaring of the spirit—until you're as weak as a rag. Nothing else will do; nothing,—nothing."

The parson hurried away, shrinking (though unseen) from the rough finger pointed at him. Before he was out of hearing, a hymn sounded forth on the night breeze—one of those nondescript songs that belong to the border, a favorite with the Algonquin miners because of a swinging chorus wherein they roared out their wish to "die a-shouting," in company with all the kings and prophets of Israel, each one fraternally mentioned by name.

Reaching his room, the parson hung up his cloak and hat, and sat down quietly with folded hands. Clad in dressing gown and slippers, in an easy chair, before a bright fire, a reverie, thus, is the natural ending for a young man's day. But here the chair was hard and straight-backed, there was no fire, and the candle burned with a feeble, blue flame; the small figure in its limp black clothes, with its little gaitered feet pressed close together on the cold floor as if for warmth, its clasped hands, its pale face and blue eyes fixed on the blank expanse of the plastered wall, was pathetic in its patient discomfort. After a while a tear fell on the clasped hands and startled their coldness with its warmth. The parson brushed the token of weakness hastily away, and rising, threw himself at the foot of the large wooden cross with his arms clasping its base. In silence for many moments he lay thus

prostrate; then, extinguishing the candle, he sought his poor couch. But later in the night, when all Algonquin slept, a crash of something falling was heard in the dark room followed by the sound of a scourge mercilessly used, and murmured Latin prayers, the old cries of penitence that rose during night-vigils from the monasteries of the Middle Ages. And why not English words? Was there not something of affectation in the use of these medieval phrases? Maybe so; but at least there was nothing affected in the stripes made by the scourge. The next morning all was as usual in the little room save that the picture of Santa Margarita was torn in twain, and the bracket and vase shattered to fragments on the floor below.

At dawn the parson rose, and after a conscientious bath in the tub of icy water brought in by his own hands the previous evening, he started out with his load of prayer-books, his face looking haggard and blue in the cold morning light. Again he entered the chapel, and having arranged the books and dusted the altar, he attired himself in his robes and began the service at half-past six precisely. "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same," he read, and in truth the sun was just rising. As the evening prayer was "vespers," so this was "matins" in the parson's mind. He had his "vestments" too, of various ritualistic styles, and washed them himself, ironing them out afterwards with fear and difficulty in Mrs. Malone's disorderly kitchen, poor little man! No hand turned the latch, no step came across the floor this morning; the parson had the service all to himself, and, as it was Friday, he went through the Litany, omitting nothing, and closing with a hymn. Then, gathering up his books, he went home to breakfast.

"How peaked yer do look, sir," exclaimed ruddy Mrs. Malone, as she handed him a cup of muddy coffee. "What, no steak? Do, now; for I aint got nothin' else. Well, if yer won't—but there's nothin' but the biscuit, then. Why, even Father O'Brien himself 'lows meat for the sickly, Friday or no Friday."

"I am not sickly, Mrs. Malone," replied the little parson with dignity.

A young man with the figure of an athlete sat at the lower end of the table, tearing the tough steak voraciously with his strong teeth, chewing audibly, and drink-

ing with a gulping noise. He paused as the parson spoke, and regarded him with wonder, not unmixed with contempt.

"You aint sickly?" he repeated. "Well, if you aint, then I'd like to know who is, that's all."

"Now, you jest eat your breakfast, Steve, and let the parson alone," interposed Mrs. Malone. "Sorry to see that little picture all tore, sir," she continued, turning the conversation in her blundering good-nature. "It was a mighty pretty picture, and looked uncommonly like Rosie Ray."

"It was a copy of an Italian painting, Mrs. Malone," the parson hastened to reply; "Santa Margarita."

"Oh, I dare say; but it looked iver so much like Rosie for all that."

A deep flush had crossed the parson's pale face. The athlete saw it, and muttered to himself angrily, casting surly side-long glances up the table, and breathing hard; the previous evening he had happened to pass the Chapel of Saint John and Saint James as its congregation of one was going in the door.

After two hours spent in study, the parson went out to visit the poor and sick of the parish; all were poor, and one was sick, the child of an Englishwoman, a miner's wife. The mother, with a memory of her English training, dusted a chair for the minister, and dropped a courtesy, as he seated himself by the little bed; but she seemed embarrassed, and talked volubly of anything and everything save the child. The parson listened to the unbroken stream of words while he stroked the boy's soft cheek, and held the wasted little hand in his. At length he took a small bottle from his pocket, and looked around for a spoon; it was a pure and delicate cordial which he had often given to the sick child to sustain its waning strength.

"Oh, if you please, sir,—indeed, I don't feel sure that it does Harry any good. Thank you for offering it so free—but—but, if you'd just as lieve—I—I'd rather not, sir, if you please, sir."

The parson looked up in astonishment; the costly cordial had robbed him of many a fire.

"Why don't you tell the minister the truth," called out a voice from the inner room, the harsh voice of the husband. "Why don't you say right out that Brother Saul was here last night, and prayed over the child, and give it some of his own

medicine, and telled you not to touch the parson's stuff; he said it was pizen, he did."

The parson rose, cut to the heart. He had shared his few dimes with this woman, and had hoped much from her on account of her early church-training. On Sunday she had been one of the few who came to the chapel, and when, during the summer, she was smitten with fever, he had read over her the prayers from "the Visitation of the Sick;" he had baptized this child now fading away, and had loved the little fellow tenderly, taking pleasure in fashioning toys for his baby hands, and saving for him the few cakes of Mrs. Malone's table.

"I didn't mean to have Saul—I didn't indeed, sir," said the mother, putting her apron to her eyes. "But Harry he was so bad last night, and the neighbors sort o' persuaded me into it. Brother Saul does pray so powerful strong, sir, that it seems as though it must do some good some way; and he's a very comfortable talker too, there's no denying that. Still I didn't mean it, sir; and I hope you'll forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the parson gently; and, leaving his accustomed coin on the table, he went away.

Wandering at random through the pine forest, unable to overcome the dull depression at his heart, he came suddenly upon a large bull-dog; the creature, one of the ugliest of its kind, eyed him quietly, with a slow wrinkling of the sullen upper lip.

The parson visibly trembled.

"Fraid, are ye?" called out a voice, and the athlete of the breakfast-table showed himself.

"Call off your dog, please, Mr. Long."

"He aint doin' nothin', parson. But you're at liberty to kick him, if you like," said the man, laughing as the dog snuffed stealthily around the parson's gaiters. The parson shifted his position; the dog followed. He stepped aside; so did the dog. He turned and walked away with a determined effort at self-control; the dog went closely behind, brushing his ankles with his ugly muzzle. He hurried; so did the dog. At last, overcome with the nervous physical timidity which belonged to his constitution, he broke into a run, and fled as if for life, hearing the dog close behind and gaining with every step. The jeering laugh of the athlete followed him through the pine tree aisles, but he heeded it not, and when at last he spied a log-house on one side he took refuge within like a hunt-

ed hare, breathless and trembling. An old woman smoking a pipe was its only occupant. "What's the matter?" she said. "Oh, the dog?" And, taking a stick of wood, she drove the animal from the door, and sent him fleeing back to his master. The parson sat down by the hearth to recover his composure.

"Why, you're most frightened to death, aint yer?" said the old woman, as she brushed against him to make up the fire. "You're all of a tremble. I wouldn't stray so far from home if I was you, child."

Her vision was imperfect, and she took the small, cowering figure for a boy.

The minister went home.

After dinner, which he did not eat, as the greasy dishes offended his palate, he shut himself up in his room to prepare his sermon for the coming Sunday. It made no difference whether there would be any one to hear it or not, the sermon was always carefully written, and carefully delivered, albeit short, according to the ritualistic usage, which esteems the service all, the sermon nothing. His theme on this occasion was "The General Councils of the Church," and the sermon, an admirable production of its kind, would have been esteemed, no doubt, in English Oxford, or in the General Theological Seminary of New York City. He wrote earnestly and ardently, deriving a keen enjoyment from the work; the mechanical part also was exquisitely finished, the clear sentences standing out like the work of a sculptor. Then came vespers; and the congregation this time was composed of two, or, rather, three persons; the girl, the owner of the dog, and the dog himself. The man entered during service with a noisy step, managing to throw over a bench, coughing, humming, and talking to his dog; half of the congregation was evidently determined upon mischief. But the other half rose with the air of a little queen, crossed the intervening space with an open prayer-book, gave it to the man, and, seating herself near by, fairly awed him into good behavior. Rose Ray was beautiful; and the lion lay at her feet. As for the dog, with a wave of her hand she ordered him out, and the beast humbly withdrew. It was noticeable that the parson's voice gained strength as the dog disappeared.

"I aint going to stand by and see it, Rosie," said the man, as, the service over, he followed the girl into the street. "That puny little chap!"

"He cares nothing for me," answered the girl quickly.

"He shan't have a chance to care, if I know myself. You're free to say 'no' to me, Rosie, but you aint free to say 'yes' to him. A regular coward! That's what he is. Why, he ran away from my dog this very afternoon—ran like he was scared to death!"

"You set the dog on him, Steve."

"Well, what if I did? He needn't have run; any other man would have sent the beast flying."

"Now, Steve, do promise me that you won't tease him any more," said the girl, laying her hand upon the man's arm as he walked by her side. His face softened.

"If he had any spirit he'd be ashamed to have a girl beggin' for him not to be teased. But never mind that; I'll let him alone fast enough, Rosie, if you will too."

"If I will," repeated the girl, drawing back, as he drew closer to her side; "what can you mean?"

"Oh, come now! You know very well you're always after him—a-goin' to his chapel where no one else goes hardly—a-listenin' to his preachin'—and a-havin' your picture hung up in his room."

It was a random shaft, sent carelessly, more to finish the sentence with a strong point than from any real belief in the athlete's mind.

"What!"

"Leastways so Mrs. Malone said. I took breakfast there this morning."

The girl was thrown off her guard, her whole face flushed with joy, she could not for the moment hide her agitation. "My picture!" she murmured, and clasped her hands. The light from the Pine-Cone crossed her face, and revealed the whole secret; Steven Long saw it, and fell into a rage. After all, then, she did love the puny parson!

"Let him look out for himself, that's all," he muttered with a fierce gesture, as he turned towards the saloon door. (He felt a sudden thirst for vengeance, and for whisky). "I'll be even with him, and I won't be long about it neither. You'll never have the little parson alive, Rose Ray! He'll be found missin' some fine mornin', and nobody will be to blame but you either." He disappeared, and the girl stood watching the spot where his dark, angry face had been. After a time she went slowly homeward, troubled at heart there was neither law nor order at Algon-

quin, and not without good cause did she fear.

The next morning, as the parson was coming from his solitary matin-service through thick-falling snow, this girl met him, slipped a note into his hand, and disappeared like a vision. The parson went homeward, carrying the folded paper under his cloak pressed close to his heart; "I am only keeping it dry," he murmured to himself. This was the note:

"RESPECTED SIR:

"I must see you, you air in danger. Please come to the Grotter this afternoon at three and I remain yours respectful,

"ROSE RAY."

The Reverend Herman Warriner Peters read these words over and over; then he went to breakfast, but ate nothing, and, coming back to his room, he remained the whole morning motionless in his chair. At first the red flamed in his cheek, but gradually it faded, and gave place to a pinched pallor; he bowed his head upon his hands, communed with his own heart, and was still. As the dinner-bell rang he knelt down on the cold hearth, made a little funeral pyre of the note torn into fragments, watched it slowly consume, and then, carefully collecting the ashes, he laid them at the base of the large cross.

At two o'clock he set out for the Grotto, a cave two miles from the village along the shore, used by the fishermen as a camp during the summer. The snow had continued falling, and now lay deep on the even ground; the pines were loaded with it, and everything was white save the waters of the bay, heaving sullenly, dark and leaden, as though they knew the icy fetters were nearly ready for them. The parson walked rapidly along in his awkward, halting gait; overshoes he had none, and his cloak was but a sorry substitute for the blankets and skins worn by the miners. But he did not feel cold when he opened the door of the little cabin which had been built out in front of the cave, and found himself face to face with the beautiful girl who had summoned him there. She had lighted a fire of pine knots on the hearth, and set the fishermen's rough furniture in order; she had cushioned a chair-back with her shawl and heated a flat stone for a foot-warmer.

"Take this seat, sir," she said, leading him thither.

The parson sank into the chair and

placed his old, soaked gaiters on the warm stone; but he said not one word.

"I thought perhaps you'd be tired after your long walk, sir," continued the girl, "and so I took the liberty of bringing something with me." As she spoke she drew into view a basket, and took from it delicate bread, chicken, cakes, preserved strawberries and a little tin coffee-pot which, set on the coals, straightway emitted a delicious fragrance; nothing was forgotten—cream, sugar, nor even snowy napkins.

The parson spoke not a word.

But the girl talked for both, as with flushed cheeks and starry eyes she prepared the tempting meal, using many pretty arts and graceful motions, using in short every power she possessed to charm the silent guest. The table was spread, the viands arranged, the coffee poured into the cup; but still the parson spoke not, and his blue eyes were almost stern as he glanced at the tempting array. He touched nothing.

"I thought you would have liked it all," said the girl at last, when she saw her little offerings despised. "I brought them all out myself—and I was so glad thinking you'd like them—and now—" her voice broke, and the tears flowed from her pretty, soft eyes. A great tenderness came over the parson's face.

"Do not weep," he said quickly. "See, I am eating. See, I am enjoying everything. It is all good, nay, delicious." And in his haste he partook of each dish, and lifted the coffee-cup to his lips. The girl's face grew joyous again, and the parson struggled bravely against his own enjoyment; in truth, what with the warm fire, the easy-chair, the delicate food, the fragrant coffee, and the eager, beautiful face before him, a sense of happiness came over him in long surges, and for the moment his soul drifted with the warm tide.

"You *do* like it, don't you?" said the girl with delight, as he slowly drank the fragrant coffee, his starved lips lingering over the delicious brown drops. Something in her voice jarred on the trained nerves and roused them to action again.

"Yes, I do like it—only too well," he answered; but the tone of his voice had altered. He pushed back his chair, rose, and began pacing to and fro in the shadow beyond the glow of the fire.

"Thou glutton body!" he murmured. "But thou shalt go empty for this." Then, after a pause, he said in a quiet, even tone, "You had something to tell me, Miss Ray."

The girl's face had altered; but rallying, she told her story earnestly—of Steven Long, his fierce temper, his utter lawlessness, and his threats.

"And why should Steven Long threaten me?" said the parson. "But you need not answer," he continued in an agitated voice. "Say to Steven Long—say to him," he repeated in louder tones, "that I shall never marry. I have consecrated my life to my holy calling."

There was a long silence; the words fell with crushing weight on both listener and speaker. We do not realize even our own determinations, sometimes, until we have told them to another. The girl rallied first; for she still hoped.

"Mr. Peters," she said, taking all her courage in her hands and coming towards him, "is it wrong to marry?"

"For me—it is."

"Why?"

"Because I am a priest."

"Are you a Catholic, then?"

"I am a Catholic, although not in the sense you mean. Mine is the true Catholic faith which the Anglican Church has kept pure from the errors of Rome, and mine it is to make my life accord with the high office I hold."

"Is it part of your high office to be cold—and hungry—and wretched?"

"I am not wretched."

"You are;—now, and at all times. You are killing yourself."

"No; else I had died long, long ago."

"Well, then, of what use is your poor life as you now live it, either to yourself or any one else? Do you succeed among the miners? How many have you brought into the church?"

"Not one."

"And yourself? Have you succeeded, so far, in making yourself a saint?"

"God knows I have not," replied the parson, covering his face with his hands as the questions probed his sore, sad heart. "I have failed in my work, I have failed in myself, I am of all men most miserable!—most miserable!"

The girl sprang forward and caught his arm, her eyes full of love's pity. "You know you love me," she murmured; "why fight against it? For I—I love you!"

What did the parson do?

He fell upon his knees, but not to her, and uttered a Latin prayer, short but fervid.

"All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" he murmured, "would not

be to me so much as this!" Then he rose.

"Child," he said, "you know not what you do." And, opening the door, he went away into the snowy forest. But the girl's weeping voice called after him, "Herman," "Herman." He turned; she had sunk upon the threshold. He came back and lifted her for a moment in his arms.

"Be comforted, Rosamond," he said tenderly. "It is but a fancy, you will soon forget me. You do not really love me—such a one as I," he continued, bringing forward, poor heart! his own greatest sorrow with un pitying hand. "But thank you, dear, for the gentle fancy." He stood a moment, silent; then touched her dark hair with his quivering lips and disappeared.

Sunday morning the sun rose unclouded, the snow lay deep on the ground, the first ice covered the bay; winter had come. At ten o'clock the customary service began in the Chapel of Saint John and Saint James, and the little congregation shivered, and whispered that it must really try to raise money enough for a stove. The parson did not feel the cold, although he looked almost bloodless in his white surplice. The Englishwoman was there, repentant—the sick child had not rallied under the new ministration; Mrs. Malone was there from sheer good nature, and several of the villagers and two or three miners had strolled in because they had nothing else to do, Brother Saul having returned to the mine. Rose Ray was not there. She was no saint, so she stayed at home and wept like a sinner.

The congregation, which had sat silent through the service, fell entirely asleep during the sermon on the "General Councils." Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, there came a noise that stopped the parson and woke the sleepers. Two or three miners rushed into the chapel and spoke to the few men present. "Come out," they cried, "come out to the mine. The thief's caught at last, and who do you think it is? Saul, Brother Saul himself, the hypocrite! They tracked him to his den, and there they found the barrels, and sacks, and kegs, but the stuff he's made away with, most of it. He took it all, every crumb, and us a starving!"

"We've run in to tell the town," said another. "We've got him fast, and we're going to make a sample of him. Come out and see the fun."

"Yes," echoed a third, who lifted a ruf-

fianly face from his short squat figure, "and we'll take our own time, too. He's made us suffer, and now he shall suffer a bit, if I know myself."

The women shuddered as, with an ominous growl, all the men went out together.

"I misdoubt they'll hang him," said Mrs. Malone, shaking her head as she looked after them.

"Or worse," said the miner's wife.

Then the two departed, and the parson was left alone. Did he cut off the service? No. Deliberately he finished every word of the sermon, sang a hymn, and spoke the final prayer; then, after putting everything in order, he too left the little sanctuary, but he did not go homeward, he took the road to the mine.

"Don't—ee go, sir, don't!" pleaded the Englishwoman, standing in her doorway as he passed. "You won't do no good, sir."

"Maybe not," answered the parson, gently, "but at least I must try."

He entered the forest, the air was still and cold, the snow crackled under his feet, and the pine-trees stretched away in long white aisles. He looked like a pigmy as he hastened on among the forest giants, his step more languid than usual from sternest vigil and fasting.

"Thou proud, evil body, I have conquered thee!" he had said in the cold dawning. And he had; at least, the body answered not again.

The mine was several miles away, and to lighten the journey the little man sang a hymn, his voice sounding through the forest in singular melody. It was an ancient hymn that he sang, written long ago by some cowed monk, and it told in quaint language of the joys of "Paradise! Oh Paradise!" He did not feel the cold as he sang of the pearly gates.

In the late afternoon his halting feet approached the mine; as he drew near the clearing he heard a sound of many voices shouting together, followed by a single cry, and a momentary silence more fearful than the clamor. The tormentors were at work. The parson ran forward and, passing the log huts which lay between, came out upon the scene. A circle of men stood there around a stake. Fastened by a long rope, crouched the wretched prisoner, his face turned to the color of dough, his coarse features drawn apart like an animal in terror, and his hoarse voice never ceasing its piteous cry, "Have mercy, good gentlemen! Dear gentlemen, have mercy!"

At a little distance a fire of logs was burning, and from the brands scattered around it was evident that the man had served as a target for the fiery missiles; in addition he bore the marks of blows, and his clothes were torn and covered with mud as though he had been dragged roughly over the ground. The lurid light of the fire cast a glow over the faces of the miners, behind rose the Iron Mountain, dark in shadow, and on each side stretched out the ranks of the white pine-trees like ghosts assembled as silent witnesses against the cruelty of man. The parson rushed forward, broke through the circle, and threw his arms around the prisoner at the stake, protecting him with his slender body.

"If ye kill him, ye must kill me also," he cried, in a ringing voice.

On the border, the greatest crime is robbery. A thief is worse than a murderer; a life does not count so much as life's supplies. It was not for the murderer that the Lynch law was made, but for the thief. For months these Algonquin miners had suffered loss; their goods, their provisions, their clothes, and their precious whisky had been stolen, day after day, and all search had proved vain; exasperated, several times actually suffering from want, they had heaped up a great store of fury for the thief, fury increased tenfold when, caught at last, he proved to be no other than Brother Saul, the one man whom they had trusted, the one man whom they had clothed and fed before themselves, the one man from whom they had expected better things. An honest, bloodthirsty wolf in his own skin was an animal they respected; indeed, they were themselves little better. But a wolf in sheep's clothing was utterly abhorrent to their peculiar sense of honor. So they gathered around their prey, and esteemed it rightfully theirs; whisky had sharpened their enjoyment.

To this savage band, enter the little parson. "What! Are ye men?" he cried. "Shame, shame, ye murderers!"

The miners stared at the small figure that defied them, and for the moment their anger gave way before a rough sense of the ludicrous.

"Hear the little man," they cried. "Hurrah, Peter! Go ahead!"

But they soon wearied of his appeal and began to answer back.

"What are clothes or provisions to a life?" said the minister.

"Life aint worth much without 'em, par-

son," replied a miner. "He took all we had, and we've gone cold and hungry 'long of him, and he knowed it. And all the time we was a-giving him of the best, and a-believing his praying and his preaching."

"If he is guilty, let him be tried by the legal authorities."

"We're our own legal 'thorities, Parson."

"The country will call you to account."

"The country won't do nothing of the kind. Much the country cares for us poor miners frozen up here in the woods! Stand back, Parson. Why should you bother about Saul? You always hated him."

"Never! Never!" answered the parson earnestly.

"You did too, and he knowed it. 'Twas because he was dirty and couldn't mince his words as you do."

The parson turned to the crouching figure at his side. "Friend," he said, "if this is true,—and the heart is darkly deceitful and hides from man his own worst sins,—I humbly ask your forgiveness."

"O come! None of your gammon," said another miner impatiently. "Saul didn't care whether you liked him or not, for he knowed you was only a coward."

"'Fraid of a dog! 'Fraid of a dog!" shouted half a dozen voices, and a frozen twig struck the parson's cheek, and drew blood.

"Why, he's got blood!" said one. "I never thought he had any."

"Come, Parson," said a friendly miner, advancing from the circle, "we don't want to hurt *you*, but you might as well understand that we're the masters here."

"And if ye are the masters, then be just. Give the criminal to me; I will myself take him to the nearest judge, the nearest jail, and deliver him up."

"He'll be more likely to deliver *you* up, I reckon, Parson."

"Well, then, send a committee of your own men with me—"

"We've got other things to do besides taking long journeys over the ice to 'commodate thieves, Parson. Leave the man to us."

"And to torture? Men, men, ye would not treat a beast so!"

"A beast don't steal our food and whisky," sang out a miner.

"Stand back, stand back," shouted several voices. "You're too little to fight, Parson."

"But not too little to die," answered the

minister, throwing up his arms towards the sky.

For an instant his words held the men in check; they looked at each other, then at him.

"Think of yourselves," continued the minister. "Are ye without fault? If ye murder this man ye are worse than he is."

But here the minister went astray in his appeal, and ran against the views of the border.

"Worse! Worse than a sneaking thief! Worse than a praying hypocrite who robs the very men that feed him! Look here, we won't stand that! Sheer off, or take the consequences." And a burning brand struck the parson's coat, and fell on the head of the crouching figure at his side, setting fire to its hair. Instantly the parson extinguished the light flame, and drew the burly form closer within his arms, so that the two stood as one. "Not one, but both of us," he cried.

A new voice spoke next, the voice of the oldest miner, the most hardened reprobate there. "Let go that rascal, Parson. He's the fellow that lamed you last spring. He set the trap himself; I seen him a-doing it."

Involuntarily, for a moment, Herman Peters drew back; the trap set at the chapel door, the deliberate, cruel intention, the painful injury, and its life-long result, brought the angry color to his pale face. The memory was full of the old bitterness.

But Saul, feeling himself deserted, dragged his miserable body forward, and clasped the parson's knees. With desperate hands he clung, and he was not repulsed. Without a word the parson drew him closer, and again faced the crowd.

"Why, the man's a downright fool!" said the old miner. "That Saul lamed him for life, and all for nothing, and still he stands by him. The man's mad!"

"I am not mad," answered the parson, and his voice rung out clear and sweet. "But I am a minister of the great God who has said to men, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' O men! O brothers! look back into your own lives. Have ye no crimes, no sins to be forgiven? Can ye expect mercy when ye give none? Let this poor creature go, and it shall be counted unto you for goodness. Ye, too, must sometime die; and when the hour comes, as it often comes in lives like yours with sudden horror, ye will have this good deed to remember. For charity,—

which is mercy,—shall cover a multitude of sins."

He ceased, and there was a momentary pause. Then a stern voice answered, "facts won't alter, Parson. The man is a thief, and must be punished. Your talk may do for women-folks, not for us."

"Women-folks!" repeated the ruffian-faced man who had made the women shudder at the chapel. "He's a sly fox, this parson! He didn't go out to meet Rosie Ray at the Grotter yesterday, oh, no!"

"Liar!" shouted a man, who had been standing in the shadow on the outskirts of crowd, taking, so far, no part in the scene. He forced himself to the front; it was Steven Long, his face dark with passion.

"No liar at all, Steve," answered the first. "I seen 'em there with my own eyes; they had things to eat and everything. Just ask the parson."

"Yes, ask the parson," echoed the others, and with the shifting humor of the border they stopped to laugh over the idea. "Ask the parson."

Steven Long stepped forward and confronted the little minister. His strong hands were clenched, his blood was on fire with jealousy. The bull-dog followed his master, and smelled around the parson's gaiters—the same poor old shoes, his only pair, now wet with melted snow. The parson glanced down apprehensively.

"'Fraid of a dog! 'Fraid of a dog!"

shouted the miners again, laughing uproariously. The fun was better than they had anticipated.

"Is it true?" demanded Steven Long, in a hoarse voice. "Did you meet that girl at the Grotter yesterday?"

"I did meet Rosamond Ray at the Grotto yesterday," answered the parson; "but —"

He never finished the sentence. A fragment of iron ore struck him on the temple. He fell, and died, his small body lying across the thief, whom he still protected, even in death.

THE murder was not avenged; Steven Long was left to go his own way. But as the thief was also allowed to depart unmolested, the principles of border justice were held to have been amply satisfied.

The miners attended the funeral in a body, and even deputed one of their number to read the Episcopal burial service over the rough pine coffin, since there was no one else to do it. They brought out the chapel prayer-books, found the places, and followed as well as they could; for "he thought a deal of them books. Don't you remember how he was always carrying 'em backward and forward, poor little chap!"

The Chapel of Saint John and Saint James was closed for the season. In the summer a new missionary arrived; he was not Ritualistic, and before the year was out he married Rosamond Ray.

ORDRONNAUX.

HARDLY had Ordronnaux married Emilia when circumstances developed in him an extraordinary—jealousy one might call it, had he had any one concerning whom to be jealous; but as it was, the passion must be as nameless as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

He had married Emilia knowing that she cared nothing for him, but knowing also that she cared for no one else, and presuming that his devotion could warm the stone to life. In fact he had not been sure that he would not rather have it so than otherwise; and perhaps he had pic-

tured in his dreams the slow dawn of the rosiness of love across the cold marble of his statuesque wife. He had never pictured in any dream the unbearable suffering it might be if that cold marble remained always icy to his touch, irresponsive to his smile.

In the first moment that he had seen Emilia, still young himself and she far younger, he had adored her. He was calling at the country-house of a friend, when the beautiful thing coming in at the glass door, tall and slender and with her arms full of flowers, paused waiting for her com-

panions who had lingered on the lawn outside. A flower-like face it was that Ordronnaux saw—so soft and bright, with the pale carmine of the cheek, the snow of the forehead, the deep violet of the black-lashed eye, the violet shadows around it; and he neted all the beauty in a glance, from the pearly oval of the chin to the glitter of the chestnut hair waving in ripples of gold and brown about a perfect head, whose stag-like carriage gave such alluring intimation of that shy reserve which one longs to penetrate, as one does some hollow of the woods, whose wealth sunbeam and sudden shadow half reveals and veils. As she turned and saw him, a little startled, she dropped a part of the roses and honeysuckles that she held, and bent to gather them again. He sprang to help her; he touched her warm, white hand, a lock of her hair brushed his face, he looked in her great sweet innocent eyes, and when he rose he had resolved to marry her! Then her companions came in, and there were greetings and presentations and gayety and confusion; and presently Louise was singing at the piano, and Alice and Captain Harriman were waltzing down the room to her song; the others were flirting over the photographs; and through all the commotion Emilia sat calmly in the embrasure of the window, weaving her flowers, without speaking—it seemed to him as serene and inaccessible as a star.

He placed himself beside her, and passed the spray towards which she stretched her hand. But though she responded gently to his sentences, she said almost nothing herself;—he imagined then that her silence was more eloquent than words; when she lifted those violet eyes, he felt the same emotion as when reading an exquisite poem; when the white lids fell it was like the ceasing of music. In three months he married Emilia.

When he first proposed, though most men would have called it decided rejection, Ordronnaux considered that his proposal was neither refused nor accepted. "Please say no more," she murmured. "I could not love you." She was not a month from school, and her notion of a lover, nourished on the romances read aloud in the dormitory by stealth, was of somebody very different from Ordronnaux, of whom she had heard Harriman say that when going about his mountain-farm he wore his trowsers tucked into his great Hungarian top-boots, and was followed by a pack of

hounds, and the picture had impressed her unpleasantly; the lovers in her romances were always in full dress. But Ordronnaux followed her home; he took the hearts of father and mother by storm,—such hearts as they had; he told them what Emilia had said to him, and they added their persuasions to his. It was a home whose poverty, if it did not just escape squalor, was yet very hampering, especially to high-born tradition; she had just left that other home, the home of her late schoolmates, Alice and Louise, where luxury and beauty were the handmaids, and she felt the wants and restrictions here as though the place were noisome—the little rooms, the shabby furnishing, the scanty table, the weary and irritable nerves of her mother, the fierce humors of her unfortunate father. She did not know any way to avoid them all; she had not been educated for work, but for display—for the treasure of her beauty had been early discovered, and it had been intended that she should make a brilliant marriage. Now that the chance had come, and she had declined to take advantage of it and of the means of restoring her family to its old place, peace was allowed her neither by day nor night. Well—Ordronnaux' home was like the one, leaving which had so lately made her feel as if the gates of Paradise had closed: if she married him, he would take her there, he would provide for those she left behind. It was the selling of a slave; but yet she might learn to love him,—there was no reason why not,—only that he had loved her too suddenly and too much, and had suffered her to feel it, and had so repelled her, as a flower might shrink from the too ardent sun. There are women who need to be compelled, and who feel only contempt for the suppliant.

One night as Ordronnaux sat listening to the mother,—an appalling woman,—Emilia revolved all these things: she was so still that he thought it could be only because he was detestable to her. She left the room on some errand, and as she returned he came out and met her in the little hall; he bade her good night, and he took the hand she proffered—and in a sudden despair he raised it to his lips. "Do not be offended," he said but half audibly, throwing back his head with a haughty defiance of his hopelessness. "It is the last, as well as the first time. I am going away. For since it never can be mine"—

"Will you have it without the love?" she asked, not looking up, red with shame.

In an instant, he had bent his head again above the hand and had covered it with kisses and with tears. She opened her great eyes in astonishment; she knew nothing of the wild moods and crises of passion.

"I do not understand," she said, "how you can be willing to marry a woman who does not love you."

"If I do not make you love me, once my wife!" he cried—"then may God forget me in my day of trouble!" he added, between his teeth.

She trembled with a superstitious fear of him and of his love.

"Are you sure you will not regret it?" she asked, falteringly.

"Never! Never!"

"Nor make me?"

"I will make you happy!" he said as fervently as though he took an oath.

She did not know how to play with a man's sufferings; having given him hope, he might have all the rest—and she married him the next week.

What a hateful wedding-journey it was! They spent a day in New York, where a mistress of the modes, as she called herself, waited on Emilia in her rooms with fabrics and styles, measured her, noted her complexion and the color of her hair, in what Emilia felt as prolonged insolence; and then they were traveling where, as it chanced, Emilia's simple wardrobe answered all purposes, and on their return to the city a trousseau awaited her to whose preparation the dressmaker had bent all her resources, and to accept which Emilia found harder than she had found it to accept Ordronnaux.

As Emilia, preparing for the first ball given in her honor by Ordronnaux' friends, put on the royal silk, the web-like lace, bound the golden bands about her wrists, it all seemed to her a livery of service. As she lifted her hands the clink of her heavy bracelets was like the clank of chains; and her face burned with the disgrace. But she did not tear the livery off, as in the first moment she had felt inclined. It was due to Ordronnaux that his wife should appear as he wished. "I am his wife," she said. "I pay the price—I have a right to this sumptuousness." But the color did not leave her cheek, for she knew that in her inmost soul she was no wife at all—only a creature that had been bought and sold. And she slowly began to hate the buyer.

But what a picture she was, as Ordronnaux came into the room for her—the white velvet of the toilette, with its satin facings pale-tinted as if a sunbeam had sifted through a rose upon them; the creamy Alençon lace, the dimpled arm, the waxen shoulder, the half defiant, half submissive air, the perfect head and face and bloom! He came smilingly towards her, and opening a box he held, he took from it and bound in her hair a bandeau of great solitaire stones, about her throat another, and flower by flower of diamond sparks he fastened together for her to secure upon her bodice till the stomacher was all ablaze. She shivered when it was done, and drew the lace across them, half shrouding their radiance—and then she saw herself in the mirror. Perhaps she would not have been a woman if there had not come a pulse of pleasure at the sight; but, directly, the lovely vision in the glass was blurred by the big tear that followed—it might have been so different if she had loved the giver. Ordronnaux did not see the tear; stooping he laid a kiss on the white shoulder, and then all at once he folded his arms about her and she felt his great heart beat. Quickly and angrily she freed herself. "Don't! Don't!" she cried before she thought. "Don't try to buy my love with gifts or you may buy my hate!"

A winter wind with all its frost could not have blown a bitterer breath across a blossoming field than these words, this action, flung across Ordronnaux' new hopes. He drew back, chilled to his heart of hearts. It would have been impossible for him to sneer—but just then there came a rap upon the door. "Mrs. Ordronnaux' carriage is waiting for her," said the servant with profound obeisance; and whether Ordronnaux felt it or not, Emilia felt a sneer in the mere circumstance. Nor could she quite discriminate—it seemed to her that, after all, the sneer came from Ordronnaux, though he had only laid her cashmere on her shoulders and handed her without a word to her carriage. Yet when the night was over, and she returned triumphant to the hotel from the ovation which Ordronnaux' friends had rendered to his wife, she half repented herself. She was sensible that the homage was rendered to her own obvious beauty and fancied sweetness too, yet she knew well how much was owing to the position in which Ordronnaux had placed her; she knew from her brief month's experience in

Alice's home that neither her beauty nor her sweetness would command this homage without the splendor also. "It was the conduct of a silly girl," she said to herself, dwelling still upon the moment before they went out. "I will do better," she said, "next time." But next time did not come.

Ordronnaux' nature was a strangely inflammable one, and a hurt healed but slowly under its feverish stress. Proud and pained, he could not submit to such a rebuff again; and, while still smarting, he resolved to woo Emilia no more in the old way. Perhaps he was angry with her, the least in the world: for all that, his passion was none the less—only every throb of the unanswered love was all the greater pang for the anger that made it so sore. Some natural self-respect told him that she did not know him; he saw that he had been too precipitate; he hoped that many days of closer life alone with him might reveal to her a side that was worthy of her affection; he determined to take her away,—as soon as the period which had been given out as that of their intended stay had elapsed,—to his home, where in much seclusion she could learn to lean on him, and where he would surround her with silent tenderness, but never annoy her again with expression of it till the time seemed ripe.

Poor Ordronnaux! He was not accustomed to this self-abasement. So far his life had been a success; he had wished for little that did not come with the wish; fortune had smiled upon him, and so had women—and now the only woman whose smile could make his sunshine was colder than snow. He had been in many respects a fine fellow,—generous, brave, kind and gentle; he had hardly any conceit,—thinking that much was due to circumstance and little to himself, that prodigality was no virtue when one cared nothing for what was squandered, that courage was an easy thing where there was no constitutional timidity, that misfortune had never tried his temper. He did not pride himself upon his integrity; anything other than integrity he would have believed impossible to an Ordronnaux. He was not a handsome man; though one who loved him would have found a rough grandeur in the straight, strong lines of his dark face, and his smile was an illumination. Doubtless if Emilia, ignorant as she was of all experience of love, had been thrown into his society, and al-

lowed to remain without feeling herself an object of too passionate pursuit, without having all her antagonism aroused by undue pressure, without being sullied by the suggestion that her beauty was at barter for his wealth, without having every avenue of romance closed upon her too, she would have felt for him eventually some degree of attachment. Now, in spite of her resolve to do better,—perhaps somewhat because he afforded her no opportunity to carry out the resolve,—when she saw Ordronnaux opposite her in the carriage, silent and abstracted, the sight sometimes gave her a disdainful repulsion; as she took his arm to enter an assembly,—rustling and glittering though she were in the luster of his gifts,—it was almost with a quiver of abhorrence. She was afraid of herself; she prayed every night of her life that she might be made to love her husband—and resented his existence every morning.

But Ordronnaux did not fail in any observance. He addressed her as Emilia, and remembering, it might be, that in his mother's church it was held that by assuming the attitude of receiving the living grace, grace could not fail to come, he followed a course of conduct which by taking it for granted that everything was right between them, might some day, through sheer force of habit, make it so. That Emilia should not feel this reducing her to the level of a household pet, and revolt against it, tacitly and decently, but with all her strength, was not to be expected. Tacit as the revolt was, Ordronnaux, of course, was aware of it; yet why such devotion should be repugnant to her who had never known a lover he did not understand. Sometimes he was conscious of a resentment on his own part, a dull, smoldering resentment in which there was, nevertheless, a spark of fire,—a resentment against the coldness, the silence, the daily robbery of happiness, the withholding of the smiles that should be his, the veiling of the emotions he should share,—yet he smothered it, knowing that she had promised nothing, that it was his task to win all. Still, he was possessed with eagerness to know the nature that she hid. Thus he kept her under survey—every word, glance, gesture; nothing escaped him. If she looked lingeringly at a landscape he remembered it ineffaceably, if she stooped to smell a flower he plucked it, if she smiled at a thought he was on fire to know the thought; he was envious of the moments

when she was alone,—though heaven knows she made the moments when he was with her insufferable,—and, while he adored her as his mistress, he distrusted her as his rival. "He watches me as a wild creature watches its prey," she thought. "Is it doubt, or love? Or is it more like a sort of madness than either!" But the truth was that he was full of an indefinable jealousy of herself!

In pursuance of his system, and because it gave him a proud pleasure,—pleasure whose other side was pain,—he rode and drove with her, was sufficiently by her side at dinners, receptions and operas, took her everywhere she might desire to go: people who watched them could have seen only the customary absorption of the newly-married; people who listened to them could have heard only the gently spoken commonplaces of two rather silent and high-bred persons, who did not carry their hearts on their sleeves.

"Ordronnaux is infatuated," Harriman, who had been in the city, said to Alice on his return. "He loves with what you may call fatuity. It is certainly *maladroit*."

"To give a woman the whip-hand so?" laughed Colonel Greve. "You women have been slaves so long, you make sad tyrants when you have the chance!"

"How disagreeable!" said Alice. "It provokes me to hear you talk so. There is no such thing as tyranny and fatuity in love."

"Well, it is, at any rate," said Harriman, "very uncomfortable for anybody who knows what a brilliant fellow Ordronnaux is,—you never saw him, did you, Greve?—to meet him now! He is so occupied furtively watching Emilia, listening to her, admiring her, under his mask of elegant passivity, that he appears—I shouldn't like to say, *doltish*—"

"No, I should hope not!" cried Louise.

"But tame and torpid," said Harriman, "to the last degree. I hope he shines a little more in private or Emilia will think she has married nothing but a gold-stick in waiting!"

They were in a gallery of paintings one morning, Ordronnaux and Emilia, and had paused to look at a picture—a strange picture for them to look at together. "Two in the Campagna," was its name, and stray remembrances of the poem it illustrated flashed upon them both as they gazed at the vast champaign with its ruined tombs, its broken arches, its nebulous purples, the ghost of the great city far away, the two

lovers on the grass with all the glory of the sunlit air trembling about them—about them and their passion, their perplexity, their pain.

"What are the verses?" asked Ordronnaux, bending over her. "Can you recall them now? I heard you reciting them once, almost a year ago, I think. I used to know them myself:

'Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above,
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?'

He repeated, low-voiced:

"I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more—
Nor yours, nor mine, nor slave nor free—"

I seem to have lost them," he said.

Emilia would have bitten off her tongue rather than not have continued the recitation in unshaken tones. Since he knew she could hardly have forgotten the poem, not to repeat it was to imply that she would not feel it if she could, to falter was to imply that she meant it.

"I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your life's springs, your part, my part
In life for good or ill."

"Ah, yes," he said, as she ceased. "I remember it all now. A powerful picture, a powerful poem. Yes—"

'Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn—'

And there was a bitter intensity in his tone that Emilia could not fail to understand, and of which she was still thinking,—for to her the poem bore a very different meaning, when he sauntered away to speak with some one in another portion of the gallery, and left her sitting there.

As she gazed at the picture, without seeing it now, a person at the other end of the sofa rose, and she glanced aside: a tall, pale man with a rather heroic face, as seen in that swift half glimpse, and a knightly bearing despite his crutch,—evidently a soldier wounded in the war,—made her the very slightest inclination, a sort of irresistible tribute to the glance of such beautiful eyes, and went out. She looked after him absently, and, when her gaze returned, she

saw that he had left a white rose,—a little white Scotch rose with which he had been trifling,—upon her open catalogue that lay on the sofa between them. She took up the catalogue, and the rose with it, unaware that Ordronnaux, in approaching, had seen the whole, and she held it, quite sure it was no accident, half wondering, not wholly pleased, and yet somehow vaguely touched. She kept the rose when she took Ordronnaux' arm, partly for its sweetness, partly because she could not churlishly refuse so simple an offering, partly for the grain of sentiment dear to her who felt herself starved for it; he observed it in a glass upon her table by and by; and he was there in the evening when she moved in her slow grace, as she saw a full-blown petal drop, and took the rose and shut it in a book. "I like to come across a dead rose in a book," she said thoughtlessly to the caller who was present, she seldom spoke to Ordronnaux when she could help it, "I fancy some romance shut in with it there." The whole thing was simple enough; but Ordronnaux would not have staid in the city another night, and it was the next day that he took her home by a roundabout Canadian journey that consumed some weeks. The turf had long been green in the city squares, and the sunny slopes purple with violets; that embowered ancestral mansion of his among the hills, with all its flower-set lawns about it, would be putting on its loveliest look, and Ordronnaux wished Emilia to see it first when not one white rose, but a myriad, climbed around the windows!

"Emilia," he said, as they alighted at the porch, while the breath of the honey-suckles floated about them, and turned to look down the velvet swards, with their border of freshly green chestnut wood, to the great cliff whose wall rose between them and the lower earth, "this is your home. I wish," he said fervently, "I wish you may be happy here!"

"I thank you," she said.

It could not have been less to the merest stranger; she felt herself a liar in making it so much.

He led her through the apartments, quaint and low-browed with the old beams and panels of the ceilings, apartments enriched by the gleanings of the foreign travel of many generations of wealth: the lovely drawing-rooms, where want of height was compensated by space and the immense crystal openings of the

windows that made them all sunshine, save where the shadows of leaves were dappling the white velvet carpets among their rose and azure hints and phantoms of flowers: there were marble sirens and sylphids shining among the pale silken curtains there, mellow landscapes now and then upon the walls, now and then a bronze beautiful as when some ancient dreamer first saw its god stand dark against the sunny sky, an ebony escritoire, or easel, with its mosaic, throwing up the splendor here, an oriental trevet, a wonder of gilding and lacquer starting from the shadows there, silken divan and fauteuil and hassock of the same pale perfect tints as curtains and carpets, soft in shade as the fading clouds are, almost as pillowy—rooms too brilliant and beautiful for Emilia's moods. Nor did she like much better the dark library, with its cases carved from black and ancient teak, solid and heavy as the primeval rock, the desk upheld by a bent deity of Farther India with all his dragon-like folds and involutions, the table a huge black lotus itself; the whole place rather full of demoniacal suggestions of learning. There were other rooms no more to her fancy, for the translucent china and the ringing salvers had a covert insult to her excited sensitiveness; and the first exclamation of pleasure that she uttered was over a little parlor at the head of a flight of stairs. Everything seemed to be quite a hundred years old there; the once vermilion velvets of the hangings and the unique upholstery had faded now to a silver grey, with a mere dream of the rose left upon them, a sort of frosty hoariness over all; through the single window, a long balconied window, the sunlit steeps of a distant mountain hung its valleys in mid-air, a magnificent picture full of magical moods and changes. There was but one other—a portrait, hanging opposite the window, of a dark and pale lady.

"Do you like the room," asked Ordronnaux.

"It is very lovely," said Emilia.

"Make it your sitting-room," he replied then, "where you are never to be disturbed. It opens from your dressing-room, you see; my own rooms are on the other side." And then he led her to the portrait. "It is my mother," he said, as they stood before it. And, in spite of all contradictory feeling, there was something exquisitely pathetic to Emilia in the moment; she pitied Ordronnaux and his dead

mother as she did herself, and the tears dazzled her an instant.

It was one of those well-painted portraits whose eyes follow you. Emilia had not noticed it before. As she looked at it now she could not hinder a sense of guilt,—those eyes were capable of reading her soul; and it was not so she should have met her husband's mother. It seemed all at once impossible to live with those eyes pursuing her; calm, clear eyes—presently they would be avenging eyes.

"If she were but alive!" Ordronnaux said. "She would have loved you well."

Emilia was only thankful she was dead.

And so it happened that in all the old-fashioned house, there was not a single room whose atmosphere Emilia could assimilate with that of her own interior life, and the whole place was only a beautiful prison, a prison that she loathed the first day she crossed its threshold—loathed it because it was her place of bondage, loathed it because all the old Ordronnaux that had once made a part of it seemed to rise in every room and to rebuke her.

There were not many neighbors, nor were those very congenial—a few wealthy families who of late years came for the summer scenery, and had bought some acres from the small farmers; the Ordronnaux owned mountain and forest for miles, still in the original grant which dated back nearly to the days of Captain John Mason. When the first visits were received, and one or two stupid tea-parties given and returned, the social intercourse was almost at an end.

The domestic machinery was so perfect that where Emilia was, no murmur of it came. In the long bright mornings, the birds, the bees, the wind in the leaves, made all the sound there was. Ordronnaux was away, perhaps, riding about the farm, whither she had declined to ride with him, selecting the timber that needed felling in the woods, or else writing and reading in the library; and Emilia was very lonely. In the evenings they sat together, as she felt necessary in her sacrifice to outward decency, for they had an unspoken compact of civility—he with his newspapers, she with her fancy-work or book. At first Ordronnaux read aloud whatever was of interest; but Emilia's absent air of reverie was often what no gentleman could break in upon; and save the few simple phrases uttered now and then there would be no sound the evening through but the plaintive moaning of the *Æolian* harp she had strung

in a hall-window, and which nearly drove Ordronnaux wild. Thus the loneliness became something palpable, and out of its intense isolation Emilia divined that she was to be starved into love—and all the rebel in her rose. She knew that she was wrong; she felt herself wicked; the feeling only made her more so. In some inexplicable way she nursed an increasing rancor towards Ordronnaux—to think that the place might have been so dear to her, that the morning rides in the green sun and shadow of the woods might have been so pleasant, the long evenings together might have been so rapturous, his gifts so precious, if she had but loved her husband! That she did not, she held to be his fault, not hers. "He has work before him, if he means to break me in!" she said, and quite aware that she did it viciously, she laid out for herself a course of study that should make the days fly—but it did not. "At any rate," she said, "it will keep me from losing my reason."

Going on with her work of hating Ordronnaux,—for indifference towards a lover must needs harden to harshness towards a jaffer,—Emilia took, of course, no pains to preserve his admiration. She put on the simple garments of the wardrobe she had at her marriage; she knotted her long hair in the easiest fashion. Yet, though Ordronnaux, remembering women in resplendent toilets, might wish Emilia would array herself in the brightness that belonged to the Ordronnaux ladies—through it all he could think only of a goddess in disguise, for she could not change the silver-sweet tones of her voice, she could not change the warmth of carnation on her cheek, the depth of the violet in her eye, and every movement, every outline was only flowing grace.

As for Ordronnaux, the loneliness reacted on him corrosively. Though he loved his home, and had been full of his object of winning her in it, yet he had been accustomed to having his friends about him here, and wide-hearthed hospitality had been the order of the day; now to sit before the statue of a martyr for hours was fast getting to be an ordeal. It was not, however, that mere material loneliness of Emilia's that he felt,—and from which, in some unwhispered way, she yet unconsciously looked for escape,—it was the loneliness of the inner soul. He was losing confidence, and his days and his nights were a keen misery. With all his passion he could not choke back a subtle, acrimo-

nious under-current of mortification at his failure; sometimes a swift choler tore a fiery sentence from his lips,—Emilia only glancing up in a silent surprise and shrinking closer to herself; but he saw in that glance the wild spirit looking through her eyes that he had never made captive. Yet sometimes again as she sat, unconscious of his gaze, tired and sad and listless, he yearned over her, he felt that he must take her in his arms and comfort her or his heart would burst, and he pitied her as you pity a sick child. He saw that he had made a great mistake; he feared that the task he had set himself was an impossible one; he began to be hopeless of overcoming the hostility in which, despite its headstrong folly, he could see a germ of justice.

It was once when compassion got the better of his more selfish determination, as it often did just when he thought his resolution was the sternest, that he invited her family to visit her. Emilia countermanded the invitation. She sent her sister some of Ordronnaux' unused gifts, her mother the money to take a different journey, telling them, briefly, her plans had changed. She felt that they had sold her, and she had not yet forgiven them enough to care to see them.

When Ordronnaux heard of this, he turned towards Emilia in amazement, "I thought I was giving you a pleasure, Emilia!" he said. "Shall I never find myself making you happy?"

She threw her arms up suddenly with a gesture of abandon and despair. "You are making me devilish!" she said, and she rushed past him from the room.

He had worshiped this woman, he had expended himself in her service, he had bound himself in iron fetters at her feet, and she told him that his presence, his efforts, his love, were making her devilish! He was mad with rage—an insane whirl of blind, angry fury in which he lost all consciousness of himself. He dashed from the house and traversed for hours, uncovered, the rainy woods, he knew not where or how. He never knew when he returned—he found himself in bed; the physician and nurse beside him; a beautiful shadow, a cold and un pitying phantom of a wife, going and coming about him.

He lay there and looked at her day after day, so calm, so unmoved, doing her technical duty, and doing it without a ray of warmth—whether she read to him, as she would have read beside a hospital bed, or

soothed his aching temples with the magnetic touch of her fingers, or sung him softly to sleep. He was weak in his self-pity to think it was so much to him, so little to her. And then he marveled at and despised himself.

And as he got about, a great change came over Ordronnaux.

He had been looking at the past as one looks at the wrong side of a tapestry, and deriding himself, and questioning if there were woman born who would not scout such a slave as he had been. He said the glamour of beauty had deceived him, that he was like the poor fellow of the middle ages who wedded one of the Wild Ladies, and found her not flesh and blood; he said that the fever had burned out all his passion, that it was impossible he should love Emilia any more.

Sometimes now, indeed, in the new line of thought which he allowed himself, Ordronnaux wondered if Emilia discharged her duty so perfectly as to satisfy herself—she whom it was so hard to satisfy! And in this wonder he found himself wondering if there were any other whose remembrance stood between him and his wife; yet he knew there was not,—since she had never received a gallantry more pronounced than the giving of that white rose in the picture-gallery had been,—and he felt like one guilty of sacrilege. But an idea that has found entrance into the mind, like vermin in the house, is not easily abolished; and observing her in her cold pride, her mechanical duty, her sublime belief that no fault was hers, he suspected her worthiness. As he longed for her love, he longed for her humiliation. "I had better lose her altogether," he said, "than have her as she is. I want no odalisque." Emilia should have had a care; it is one thing to be the prisoner of a magnanimous adorer, another to be that of an offended master. She should have remembered that there are luscious wines which make a sharp vinegar. Ordronnaux had not altogether deceived himself; he must at that time have ceased, at any rate for awhile, to love Emilia.

But a man with the affairs of an estate on his hands does not give all his attention to affairs of the heart; and though these might be the dominant of Ordronnaux' life, he had necessarily to bestow a good deal of time on more material considerations. Nevertheless a thought, a determination, that has once taken shape, hardens when you are not thinking of it.

"I met Captain Harriman in town yesterday," said Ordronnaux at dinner one day, after a couple of nights' absence. "He is to be married in March."

"It is settled then," remarked Emilia indifferently, crumbling her bread.

"You are not enthusiastic on the subject," he said with that strange, new smile of his, though she did not lift her eyes to see it.

"On marriage? Oh, no."

"I thought you might be interested; you were such friends. Though to be sure," lifting his eyebrows, "women's friendships, like their other emotions, are rather inscrutable."

"I am very fond of Alice. But why she should leave so delightful a home—"

"Perhaps a home is not all she thinks of in marrying!" exclaimed Ordronnaux.

"Well," he added quickly, as if to cover the outburst, "I asked him to bring Alice and Louise here for Christmas; and I suppose Louise will like to have Colonel Greve invited—a match, I imagine, though I have not seen him yet."

"They have never been in a hill country in winter," answered Emilia, as if to make it evident that she considered it no affair of hers who came or went, in that house.

"Nor have you either, Emilia."

"No," she said, in a tone as cool as the season she spoke of.

"I chose that time," said Ordronnaux, "because I shall be going and coming a good deal till then, if not afterward also, off and on, with business. I hope you will not be more lonesome than usual."

"Not in the least," said Emilia. And if there were any sarcasm in his hope, there was as much in her assurance.

But in the compassion that so frequently overcame his sternest resolves,—and that, when he was a boy, and had trapped any little wild animal, always made him give it one chance for its life,—the next morning, after the servants had left the room, and Ordronnaux and his wife had returned to the perusal of the letters they had opened as usual and laid down again beside their breakfast plates, he glanced up from a long document and said: "I have been thinking that you will find so little to amuse you while I am gone, that really you had better accompany me."

"Do not concern yourself about me," she cried tartly, with a deep flush on her cheek and a sparkle in her eye, and escaped from the room quickly. Perhaps it was

nothing but the April weather of her moods, in which now every day there came storms and showers; perhaps the letter she had just read perplexed her or incensed her. Whatever it was, she had the day for second thoughts.

"By the Lord, this is a happy home!" cried Ordronnaux, stalking from the room himself. "These poles shall be changed for better or worse by spring!" And he did not return till twilight.

When he did come home, though, the air was serene again. A fire of unhewn logs, such as, later in the season, blazed everywhere through the house, rolled its flames in the great chimney-place, and diffused warmth across the premature chill of the stormy night; and Emilia sat beneath the lamp, as beautiful as any dream. No stranger gazing through the pane could have conjectured how hollow a simulacrum of a home was the charming scene.

"By the way," said Ordronnaux, after a while, closing his book, "I neglected to say yesterday,—not, of course, that it matters to me now,—but after our guests arrive, it will give me pleasure if you—will wear—" He paused. Whether you are careless of giving offense or not, it is difficult to command a person to wear your gifts that have been scorned.

"Oh, certainly," said Emilia, looking up lightly. "All my splendor is at their service. I should not think of anything else." The graciousness of air and tone might have been disconcerting to Ordronnaux a little while ago.

Yet Emilia could have given you no reason for her graciousness. Only her heart was something lighter than it had been, if her brain was bewildered. When she ran up into her sitting-room that morning, she had opened the letter crumpled in her hand and glanced at it again, as if to make sure it was no fairy paper to turn into withered leaves—perhaps to make sure that any one dared so address her. It was a brief letter, as the eyes of the portrait reading over her shoulder might have seen:

"I had hoped there would be no trouble in your lot. But I saw you walking in the wood, and you were weeping; I have seen it many times. Has sorrow so early cast her shadow across you? Can you not step into the sunshine, and let the shadow stay where it belongs—on me? Is sympathy of value to you? Can you find comfort in the thought that one is near you, not a

stranger, even though the tie is nothing more than a dead white rose?"

As Emilia read those concluding lines some sound made her turn her head, and she encountered the eyes of that portrait. She crushed the paper together under the convicting glance, without an idea why she did so, and hurriedly went away. But all day she carried the note about with her, and read it and re-read it; and by night-fall a curious exultation filled her, as she thought there was one person in the world she might call friend. Father and mother had sacrificed her; Alice, Louise, and her companions had but hastened on the sacrifice; here was, perhaps, one friend whom she might really call her own! And as she sat under the lamp that evening, sheltered as her face was with her fan, Ordronaux or another could but have admired the half smile playing round the lip and the dreamy light in the eye.

Did Emilia, with reflection, if not with instinct, resent this intrusion? Did she feel any outrage upon her as a wife, any insult as a woman? Not after that first bewilderment, the first shrinking, the first blush. All her wrongs she carried over to the account of Ordronaux; it was owing to his false step that she could be the recipient of such a letter. Should she answer it? Oh, no, of course not. Nor could she, by the way; there was no address—a punctilio that pleased her. Yet, after all, it was not unpleasant to have had it; it was not unpleasant to feel a reserve of strength in that unknown ally. An older woman might have been wroth with the writer; but

Emilia felt the secret of her discontent safe with one who cared to make it less, and valued his commiseration above her pride. She was extremely young; she was at variance with everybody; she knew nothing of the world; she needed a friend sorely. She remembered but very dimly the half-glimpsed face of the hero who had laid the flower on her book—yet not a face, she was sure, ever to wear a stain of dishonor, the possibility not occurring to her, only the impossibility. She was not sorry when, two days later, there came another note, craving forgiveness if the first one had been in error, asking if she could think that her wonderful beauty had impelled him, rather than the beautiful soul behind it, suggesting that, if she valued the writer's friendship, she should wear, as she walked upon the terrace that day, a white rose.

Ordronaux happened to be in the greenhouse when she came in, for roses had long since done blossoming outside. As she passed him, he himself gathered a flower and some fragrant leaves, and handed them to her, with a mute glance of his dark eyes. She hesitated, but it was the only white rose in the place; and as she took it, though it was without a word, the act of hypocrisy crimsoned her face. Perhaps the romantic consciousness of her new and viewless friend looking at her from some mysterious coign of vantage compensated Emilia. Ordronaux turned on his heel, flicking off with his stick, to the gardener's round-eyed scandal, the heads of a whole row of Japan lilies as he walked away.

(To be concluded in the October number).

MUSA PEDESTRIS.

No winged feet has she with which to climb
The white, far battlements of things sublime;
She only walks the ways
Trodden by working days

Hers are no dainty fingers, soft and long,
Handmaids of art or ministers of song,
But worn with daily toil
And hardened by the soil.

She knows the story of a life which strives
 For broken portions dropped by ampler lives,
 Of harsh degrading care
 Whose praise is only prayer.

Can such as she be mirthful in her mood
 Or hope to be in all things understood?—
 Her heaven a patch of sky
 Between walls bare and high.

The weariness and weakness hedge her in
 And city streets oppress her with their din;
 Her heart is faint and sad
 When other hearts are glad.

Her birds are caged, her voices of the night
 Falser perchance for artificial light;
 She treads no sweet soft grass
 Nor hears the rabbit pass.

Then blame her not if she may never teach
 In common methods of accustomed speech:
 If there are notes of hers
 Other than Nature stirs.

Think only of the crying of a soul
 Out of the depths where many billows roll,
 And reach a helping hand
 If thou dost understand.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Literary Style.

WE have Dr. Johnson's authority for the statement that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." There is, undoubtedly, much to be gained by the writer through familiarity with pure models of style. The recognized classics of all languages, ancient and modern, assist in the direction and discipline of taste, for they yield instruction in certain common qualities, without which no style can be good, however strongly flavored by attractive individuality. Simplicity, directness, perspicacity and perspicuity form the basis of all good style, but a man may exhibit all these qualities in his literary performances without having any style at all. One can hardly be said to have a style who apprehends all things uncolored by imagination, and aims to record and interpret them with literal exactness. Dr. Johnson himself did what it would have been impossible for

Noah Webster to do—he carried style into his dictionary. The man who could say: "I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven," was undoubtedly injured as a lexicographer by an imagination which made him the author of a style still recognized as "Johnsonian."

We have not unquestioning faith in Dr. Johnson's prescription. A style may be corrected, chastened and modified in various ways by a familiarity with models, especially with models with which the writer finds himself in sympathy; but we do not believe that a good style was ever "attained" by conscious or unconscious imitation. Fish is good, but fishy is always bad. Nothing is more offensive than the coloring that a weak writer always receives from the last strong man he has read. Every possessor of a positive style, provided he be a valued writer, produces a school of imitators, who try to do their little things in the way in which he does his large ones, and make themselves ridiculous, of course. A worthy style must be the fitting expres-

sion of worthy thought. Chesterfield calls style "the dress of thoughts," and to have dressed Chesterfield's thoughts in Johnson's or Addison's style would have been the most absurd masquerading. The same may be said of almost any other man. Washington Irving might have received great good, in his early life, by giving "his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," because his was a cognate genius; but Carlyle could no more have clothed his thoughts in the style of Addison than he could have fenced or boxed in a straight-jacket. Style, that is not the outgrowth of a man's individuality, is, of course, without significance or value in the expression of his thought. It is never thoroughly formed until character is formed, and until the expression of thought has become habitual.

No man of power can do himself a greater wrong than to make an attempt to acquire the style of another man, under the impression that that style will fit his thought. He might as well have his clothes made to his neighbor's measure. There is not one chance in a thousand of a fit, unless it be a fit of disappointment or disgust. The sensitiveness of language to the impulses and characteristics of the spirit that sits behind and utters it, is one of the marvels of the world. Its flexibility in shaping itself to every variety of thought and every form of imagination, its power to transmit an atmosphere or an aroma which no analysis of word or expression betrays, and the ease with which it is made either puerile or majestic, in accordance with the spirit of its maker, show that style, unborn of the individual, is an utterly valueless attainment. We can imagine no good to come from "attaining" a style by studying other men, except, perhaps, to cover up the literary coxcombry of such writers as Willis, the rhythmical follies of such men as Poe, or the affected barbarisms of—Mr. Emerson knows who, because he once did the world great mischief by praising him.

All direct aims at the acquisition of a style, for the style's sake, are always, in some sense or another, failures. We beg the lady's pardon for mentioning it, but Gail Hamilton's incisive, brusque and forceful style,—sometimes saucy, always clear, though often redundant, and strong beyond the average feminine quality,—has done, without any premeditated guilt, a great deal of harm to the lower grade of literary women in America. The weaker woman, undertaking to speak through such a style, is simply and insidiously pert. She lacks the strong common sense and the height and breadth of imagination of her model; and so appears as ridiculous as if she were to "assist" at a New York party in an old dress of Queen Elizabeth or the soldier-clothes of Jean d'Arc.

Some years ago Mr. Congdon was a writer on "The New York Tribune." He reduced sarcasm, irony,—we had almost said blackguardism,—to a fine art. He could abuse a political opponent, or a social or literary pretender, by ingenuities of badinage so

brilliant as to attract and delight every reader, and, at the same time, leave the object of his attacks hopelessly floundering in the public contempt. The efforts that have been made in the newspaper world from that day to this, by editorial writers and sensational correspondents, to repeat his performances, have been pitiful. No one has equalled him, and the attempt to fight with another man's weapons has drawn upon the clumsy thief of the old lance the punishment of public contempt which he sought to inflict. Mr. Headley, in the hey-day of his literary career, had some sins to answer for, even if he were not a sufferer for the sins of others; for it is almost impossible to believe that the writer of the exquisite "Letters from Italy" was also the author of the florid and forced periods of "Napoleon and His Marshals."

As a fair illustration of the absolute impossibility of one man writing in the style of another, take the two great poets of England now living, and let Browning and Tennyson undertake to acquire each the style of the other. It would absolutely ruin both. All writers who are good for anything have a style of their own. It can no more be transmitted or "attained" than the powers and qualities in which it had its birth; and a man who is so strongly impressed, or magnetized, by the style of another, that he finds himself trying to work in his way, has his own weakness and lack of individuality demonstrated to him. It follows that most of the criticisms of style are equally without common sense and common justice—so far, at least, as they are made with the idea that there is such a thing as a standard of style. There is abundant wealth of literary style in the world which has no characteristic similarity to Addison's; and the young writers who fancy that they must shape their style upon some approved or popular model, would do well to abandon the effort at once. A good style is always the natural offspring of a good literary mind. It is polished and chastened by self-criticism, and is a growth from the center. A style thus formed is the only legitimate representative of a literary man. No lack of heart, or brains, or culture, or marked and large individuality, can be hidden by adopting another man's literary dress and presentment. If a man has no style of his own, he has no literary calling whatsoever.

The Average Prayer-Meeting.

THE prayer-meeting constitutes so important a part of the Christian social life of this country, and is so much a thing of the people that it is legitimately a topic for the examination and discussion of laymen. We approach the subject with abundant reverence for the time-honored estimate of its usefulness, and only with a wish for the advancement of its efficiency as an agency for spiritual culture. That it is in any respect the boon that it should be, to the hundreds of thousands who attend upon and

participate in its exercises, no one pretends. That it is the lamest and most nearly impotent of any of the agencies employed by the church, in perhaps two cases out of every three, is evident to all. Let us see if we can present a fair picture of the average prayer-meeting.

In a church of, say two hundred and fifty members, there is an average attendance of fifty persons. These are made up, so far as the men are concerned, of the principal church officials—the deacons, elders, &c. The remainder are women—the best women of the church, and such of their families as they can induce to accompany them. The clergyman, overworked, and discouraged by the small number in attendance, is there to lead. He gives out his hymn, prays, reads the Scriptures, and, with a few remarks, “throws open the meeting” to the laymen for prayer or exhortation. There is a long period of silence. The deacons, who suspect that their voices have been heard too often, or that they may be in the way of others, remain silent. At last, either one of them is called upon by the pastor, or some poor man, under the spur of a sense of duty, rises and utters, as well as he can, the words of a prayer. Everybody sees that he is in a struggle, and that he is so little at home that he is only anxious to get through without breaking down. The audience is, of course, sympathetic, and, instead of being led in prayer, becomes as anxious for him as he is for himself. And so, with long patches of embarrassing and painful silence, interspersed with dreary platitudes of prayer and speech, unrefreshing and lacking spontaneity to a sad degree, the meeting goes on to the end, which comes when the chapel clock shows that an hour has been spent in the service. To suppose that any great good comes from the spending of an hour in this way, is to offer an insult to common sense.

It would be instructive, if the facts could be ascertained, to know how many of those who attend the average prayer-meeting do so because they truly delight in it, how many because they wish to stand by and encourage their pastor, and how many because they think it is, or may be, their duty. It would also be instructive, if the facts could be ascertained, to know how many men are kept away by the fear of being called upon to engage actively in the exercises, and how many remain at home because they have learned by experience that the average prayer meeting is a dreary place to weary men—one which bores without benefiting them. We fear that, if the facts were known as they relate to these two points, the average prayer-meeting would find itself in very sorry standing. When men go to a religious meeting, of any sort, they go to be reinforced, or refreshed, or instructed. How much of any one of these objects can be realized in such a meeting as we have described? How much of the still higher object of spontaneous, joyous worship can be secured, by listening to the painful blundering of some pious and conscientious layman?

Is it not the truth that the average prayer-meeting is a sad mockery of both God and man?

Can it be possible that the Almighty Father of us all is pleased with an offering so little spontaneous, so far from joyous, so painful in its exercises, and so unprofitable in its counsels as this? If, once a week, a whole church would come together joyfully, and sing their songs, and pray their prayers, and speak their thoughts, and commune with one another on the great topic which absorbs them, that would be a meeting worth having. But how would such a meeting compare with the dead drag of the average prayer-meeting? It would compare as life compares with death, as beauty with deformity. So utterly valueless, to all human apprehension, are the prayer-meetings carried on by some churches, that it may well be questioned whether they are not rather a detriment than an advantage, a harm rather than a help, to the regular work of the pastors, and the spiritual prosperity of those whom they lead and teach.

There is something to be said for the layman in this connection, which will leave his piety unpunished. In the first place he labors at an absorbing employment. He goes to the meeting utterly weary, and without the slightest preparation of heart or brain for any active participation in its exercises. He needs help, and does not feel capable of offering any. He is empty of his vitality, and needs to be refreshed, and diverted from the currents of thought in which his trade or profession holds him. Again, as a rule, he is unused to public speech of any sort. It is impossible for him to lose the consciousness that he is speaking; and, becoming critical upon himself, his spontaneity, and all the good that comes of it, are lost. He sinks to his seat at last, humbled into the dust in the conviction that he has been engaged in a performance, in regard to whose success or failure he feels either gratification or mortified pride. It does him no good, and what is thus fruitless to him is, by force of its nature, fruitless of good to others.

Shall the prayer-meeting be dropped when it ceases hopelessly to be the vivifying, spontaneous agency of worship and communion that it ought to be? Can any change be made in its methods that will work a reformation? Can it be modified so as to avoid the evils we have indicated? These are questions that we cannot answer, but it is not hard to see that a meeting conducted entirely by the pastor is a thousand times better than a poor prayer-meeting, and that, if a prayer-meeting must be had, it is better to conduct it after some liturgical form than to trust to the blind and blinding leadings of ignorant and half-distracted men. Spontaneous lay prayers in public are very nice in theory, but in practice, in the main, they are apples that break into ashes on the tongue. The opinion seems reasonable to us that any pastor, or body of pastors, who will present to the American churches a liturgy for social use, so genial, so hearty, so full

of the detail of common wants, and so appreciative of the aspirations of the people, as to be the best possible expression of social worship and common petitions, will do more to lift the average prayer meeting out of decrepitude, not to say disgrace, than can be done by any other means. If non-Episcopal Protestants wish to learn why it is that the Episcopal Church makes converts with such comparative ease, they need not go outside of our suggestion for their information.

American Incivility.

THERE is, most undoubtedly, something in the political equality established by American institutions which interferes with the development of civility among those who occupy what are denominated the lower walks of life. It is hard to see why this should be so. One would naturally suppose that political equality would breed reciprocal respect among all classes and individuals, no less than self-respect. Certainly there could hardly be a better basis of good manners than self-respect and respect for others; yet, with everything in our institutions to develop these, together with a respect for woman which is entertained in no other country with which we are acquainted, it is not to be denied that among the workers of the nation politeness is little known and less practiced. A man who steps into Washington Market, with a good coat on, looking for his dinner, will receive the utmost politeness of which the stall-keeper is capable, and this will consist in calling him "boss"—a boorish concession to civility for the sake of trade. The courteous greeting, the "Sir," and the "Madam," the civil answer, the thousand indescribable deferences and attentions, equally without servility or arrogance, which reveal good manners, are wanting.

It all comes, we suppose, of the fear of those who find themselves engaged in humble employments, that they shall virtually concede that somebody somewhere is better than themselves. It is singular that they should voluntarily take a course that proves the fact that they are so unwilling to admit to themselves and others. The man who undertakes to prove that he is as good as a gentleman, by behaving like a boor, volunteers a decision against himself; while he who treats all men politely builds for himself a position which secures the respect of all whose conduct is not condemned by his own. The American is a kinder man than the Frenchman, and bettered-natured than the Englishman, but the humble American is less polite than either. One of the charms of Paris to the traveling American grows out of the fact that it is one of the first places he visits, and that then, for the first time in his life, he comes into contact with a class of humble people who have thoroughly good manners. He is not called "boss," or "hoss." He is himself put upon his good behavior, by the thoroughly courteous treatment he receives among railway officials,

shop-keepers, waiters at café and hotel, cab-drivers, &c. The "bien! Monsieur," and "bien! Madame," which responds to one's requests in Paris, is certainly very sweet and satisfactory after: "all right, boss; you can bet on't."

Where the cure for our National trouble is coming from, it is hard to tell. There was a time, fifty years ago, when there was a degree of reverence in American children, and at least a show of good manners. Great respect to those of superior age and culture was then inculcated, and at least formal courtesy exacted. Those of country breeding who are old enough remember the strings of school children at the road side, who arrayed themselves for the formal exhibitions of courtesy to the passenger. Certainly all this training is done with, and such a sight as this we presume has not been witnessed in America within twenty-five years. Even the men and women—fathers, mothers, and teachers of fifty years ago, had receded from the courteous habits of previous generations. In the old colonial, and even later days, great respect was paid to dignities. The clergyman was revered because he was a clergyman, and occupied the supreme position of teacher of the people. He was revered not only because of his holy calling, but because he was a scholar. All this has gone by. The clergyman, if he is a good fellow, is very much liked and petted, but the old reverence for him, and universal courtesy toward him, are unknown.

Are the people any better for all this change? We think not, and we do not doubt that the change itself has much to do with the habits of incivility of which we complain. Men must have some principle of reverence in them, as a basis of good manners, and this principle of reverence in the modern American child has very little development. He comes forward early, and the first thing he does in multitudes of instances is to lose his respect for his parents. Indeed, courtesy toward parents is in no way exacted. Poor men and women try to give their children better chances than they had themselves, and the children grow up with contempt for those whose sacrifices have raised them to a higher plane of culture. They call the teacher "Old Snooks," or "Old Bumble," or whatever his name may happen to be. It is not unjust to declare that there is in America to-day no attempt, distinctly and definitely made, to cultivate a spirit of reverence in children.

We acknowledge that we have no faith in any attempt to reform the manners of the adult population of the country. Our efforts to make sober men out of drunkards, and total-abstinence men out of moderate drinkers, are failures. Our temperance armies are to be made entirely out of children. We can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture, than by adult conversion, a thousand to one. So it will be in this matter of National politeness. The parents and teachers of the country can give us a polite people, and this by the cultivation of the

principle of reverence not only, but by instruction in all the forms of polite address. With a number of things greatly needed to-day in home culture and school study, this matter of training in good manners is not the least. Indeed we are inclined to think it is of paramount importance. It should become a matter of text books at once. A thorough gentleman or lady, who has brains enough to comprehend principles, while proficient in practice, could hardly do a better service to the country than by preparing a book for parents and teachers,

as at once a guide to them and to those who are under them. Children must be trained to politeness, or they will never be polite. They must drink politeness in with their mother's milk; it must be exacted in the family and neighborhood relations and boys and girls must grow up gentlemen and ladies in their deportment, or our nation can never be a thoroughly polite one—polite in soul as well as in ceremony, and kind in manner as well as kind in heart.

THE OLD CABINET.

It was fine, that definite doing of the old time—the fight hand to hand; clash of steel into steel; broadsword and helmet; absolute physical attack and defense; true knight and true lady; the best man to win, and the most beautiful woman; the real, sore-footed pilgrimage; customs kept naïvely, not with smiling self-consciousness. As to customs, there are hardly any left to us now. Thank the dear Mother Church for still keeping for us a few, at least, with serious face. But outside of the church, in house and home, how many? Little enough cherishing, now-a-days, of sweet superstitions; little enough of signs and seasons, especially in this new world with its crossing of nationalities, and following loss of direct traditions—Scotch saint and Dutch on the hearth-stone actually slaying each other there. The throwing of an old shoe after a pair new-wedded—that is one of the oftenest done, most simply and heartily done, of all the old simplicities and heartinesses. Who cares now for comet or salt-spilling?

This kind of thought and talk we hear often enough. And, also, the other talk of the modern knight-errantry, of the heroism of to-day, the romance, and the like. Yet we may consider, not tritely, this phase of it. The present, is it not always commonplace? The heroic, the romantic even, must it not be at least five minutes ahead, or an hour behind you? Is it not, chiefly many days, many years behind,—far away where it cannot be handled, seen dimly through the wreathing mists? All times are modern. There was one Will Shakespeare, maker of love-sonnets some three hundred years ago, who called his verse modern—not then meaning, I suppose, what we now mean when we declare that those same sonnets of his are, and will be for ever modern; humanly fresh and sweet as if dropped yesterday into a New York letter-box. Your knight in armor—sometimes the armor weighed very heavily; he, too, had that dog of the commonplace at his heels. His knight-errantry was not always so fresh and fine to him as you imagine. I think he was dreadfully bored now and then.

It is true what they say of the chance now—days to be hero—king—priest—poet. (Ah, but the poet, he needs no telling in any age.) Yes, even now with your preambles and resolutions, cablegrams, Darwins, Tyndalls, parlor-cars, shoddy, no architecture, reform-societies, parlor-skates, iron tree-stumps and back-logs, bad drawing, local items, compromises, fashionable-sermon preaching, no-hell preaching, milk-and-water-apologetic preaching—yes, even in these days, as in all others, opportunity is the one gift of God of which, I think, every man may be sure.

There is plenty of chance; let no wight bewail himself. But this is what I wanted to say, that the very routine and humdrum of the times gives a spice of freshness to any piece of out-of-the-way, out-of-door enterprise. The zest of the regular is not to be compared with the zest of the volunteer. Do you remember that night in the trenches before Harrisburgh, comrade of "The Emergency,"—how well we plied the heroic spade? Do you remember how lurid and warlike the scene—glare of torchlight on the steep, dank sides, on silent, resolute men and officers, up against the sky? Do you remember how the imminence of battle thrilled heart and nerve; do you remember posing in an easy, indifferent attitude; as one should say,—“ah, but this is nothing to our night at Waterloo!” Do you remember, comrade mine, how you sallied forth from the virgin fort, and moved down the valley, and discovered—the enemy in ambush? No! but that you were not expected to keep parade step, and to dress by the right on a twenty-mile march upon the heels of the invaders, which so cheerfully and superfluously you would have done, in the bloom of your patriotism and your innocent appetite for whatever was martial! Do you remember that listless halt by the wayside?—the courier dashing up the road with his splendid summons? Do you remember that excruciating ride into Carlisle, when your hands and legs were occupied in active and ingenious efforts to encourage an occasional bodily

contact with the seat, and your harrassed, yet philosophic soul was busy with the problem of caissons, and gun-carriages without springs—*why* should caissons be built without springs; what *is* the military necessity of building caissons without springs! *Is* there no great military authority at hand, beside Capt. Landis, who can explain the conditions which require that not a single caisson on earth shall be supplied, no matter how parsimoniously, with springs! That, indeed, was one of those moments when the illusions of life are rudely, though but temporarily, dispelled; when, for instance, the time-honored institution of war is presented to the mind in its most painfully illogical aspect.

But—Welcome to the brave! The defenders of our husbands and children shall have a cold collation in the market-place! Instead of glistening bayonets and threatening cannon, behold the smiling face of woman! Now for the first time you know the reward of valor, and the taste of raw onions. Suddenly a cry rings through the air; curdles your blood; makes your heart stand still, and a taste of copper leap to your palate. "The Rebels are coming up that street! To arms, to arms!" Your gun is wheeled into place—frightened women and children stream by and hurry from the square; you see a flash, and then with a strange, rushing slowness, a "rebel" bombshell comes whining up the street, bursts, smashes the street lamp above your head and sends the glass flying in a thousand tinkling fragments.

I do not care to remind you of all that followed. You remember it well enough—the horror and misery and blood and ruin; your own shrinking and cowardice; your own little flurries of daring; the comradeship of it; the constant novelty; the eternity of it; the dull gnawing night-mare; yes, and the romance: the steeple near, pulsing with the flashes of the enemy's cannon; the red flush that creeps up the spire as the flames of the burning barracks, on the edge of the town, flare higher and higher in the summer night. It was child's play, I suppose, compared with what they were doing at Gettysburgh about that time; and yet it was no child's play to you and me, my Battery friend, that night of—'63.

You get a good idea of the romantic and heroic in modern life from such stories as "Cinnabar City" and "Philip's Friend Kate." This man McKay knows how to write realistically without affectation. How many of the story-writers can make you so possessed with the idea that these are actual occurrences; veritable Colyers and Ridleys; men of affairs like you and me, with a vast deal of reticent romance about them.

I WONDER how they make stories. I should like to do that better than most things; but it is as mysterious as the way some people have of expressing their sentiments in eight lines that rhyme after a certain fashion, and then six lines that rhyme after another certain fashion, putting octave and sestet

together, and seeing that the whole is in strict accordance with Leigh Hunt's twelve rules of the sonnet.

I come across landscape and scenery enough for any number of stories—fields, woods, sea-shores, houses enough and to spare.

There is "The House of Blazes" nestling in yonder valley, the setting sun making a mimic conflagration in its windows, and its very name inviting the Genius of Romance. There is "The Old Rough-Cast;" I have been saving that up so long for fictitious purposes that it has at last burgeoned out into common-place clapboards and yellow paint: it is the "Old Rough-Cast" still however, and shall be for ever. And there is the "Lake-House" with its mysterious underground passage and its real ghost, however much you may shake your head; and there is "Spring-Hill" with its lane, and buttonwoods, meadows and lovers' walk, and its fine traditions of the old days.

When I was at Oakville week before last my old boy chum took me over the grand place of the town. It was deserted and dreary enough then; but it had been a grand place indeed. He seemed himself to care most for a walk, not far from the house, heavily shadowed by lilac bushes,—it was one long arbor,—for this he cared most, and for a little eyrie that had been built over the spring in the oak-grove. He was a single man. He was a hard-working man of business; his hair was gray. I made a note for one of my stories.

And I have an abundance of incidents, of all sorts; tragic; comic; the humorous on the verge of the pathetic; the pathetic on the verge of the humorous. I have, in my note-book, about thirty things that I know to have happened, and that sound as if they had come straight out of a story. The trouble is to get them back where they belong.

And as for character, one often wishes there was not so much of it. I picked up a group this morning. It was some time before I discovered that it was a wedding journey. There were three couples of them, and for three hours they sat with their backs to some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, and ate cheese, biscuit, and a yellow cake with raisins, and drank some cheap kind of sherry. The leading spirit was a man with an uncultivated laugh, but with a keen sense of humor, as was evident from his playful way of knocking a biscuit from the hand of the bridegroom and offering an empty bottle to the bride. The most interesting member of the group was the youngest gentleman of the three. He had evidently been refused by his cousin, the bride, and the rest of the party were making vain efforts to console him. He listened to their mirth as the Sphinx may listen to the centuries-old jokes of the camel-drivers. He always refused sherry three times when offered to him; and always took it on the fourth presentation.

Single figures also are obtained without difficulty, and it is always left to a writer to do what another

artist will do when he is hard up for a model—paint himself. "Cheap and verra improving," as canny Scotch Wilkie said when he was caught at it.

I never did invent a plot, but I think I could do it in the course of time.

The perplexity is, how to get together scene, incident, character and plot in one story! If it had not been done, I should say it could not be done. In fact I don't think it is done, very often.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Breakfast, Socially Considered.

BREAKFAST, according to the usual American idea, is a hurried half-way place of entertainment between bed and business: a mere halt for supplies before taking the road; a glimpse at the new day through the medium of a grumpish dressing-gown, buck-wheat cakes, and a damp newspaper—a whispered colloquy with the cook going on at one end of the table, and the children scuffling off to school from the other. It was our neighbors in Boston, we believe, who first gave us the hint of its æsthetic and hospitable capabilities. The late dinners of city life long ago thrust from us the possibility of keeping up the old-fashioned pleasant meal of "tea," about which the whole family, and its one or two favorite guests, were wont to gather. It was a lucky thought in somebody to transfer its charm and uses back to breakfast, the early morning hours—being, for most business men, the real leisure of the day.

Dinner is always more or less a matter of state and preparation, to which we carry all the burden of anxiety rolled up since morning; our very jokes are feverish and eager; but at breakfast we stand at ease in mind and body. The house is clean and freshly dressed. Joe and Bob have not yet begun to squabble; the coffee sends a hungry whiff through the bright frosty air; the fresh dew, in a word, sparkles for us, not only on the glass of red roses on the table, but on all the world outside; what better time is there to call our friend into the house that we may together "give the sun good-morrow?" Invitations to breakfast are almost as common as to dinner latterly in the cities; but there is a difference between them, as everybody knows. You do not ask a man to breakfast with whom you have to wear any sort of defensive armor; he is coming into your friendship by a short cut. There is no such intimate hob-nobbing as that over a cup of coffee, and a first cigar. He sees your wife in her pretty muslin wrapper, and the baby is brought in to be kissed, fresh from its bath. There will always hereafter be a subtle home flavor in his remembrance of you. You can never again be to him nothing but a bull or a bear. There are nice distinctions in the hospitalities of city life which have

not penetrated to provincial society. In town where money can command any luxury for the table at a moment's notice, and where Johns and Johnson have the same amount of money, these worthies when they would regale each other, must have recourse to some other attraction than victuals and cookery. Art, music, culture of every kind, are taxed to their utmost limits to offer an entertainment of thought, of brain as well as body, in the universal, rapid, touch-and-go habit of town hospitality. Unfortunately, out of the cities, we Americans are too apt to cherish the old English creed, that hospitality is purely an affair of the stomach. In farm neighborhoods and villages the man of note must be a "good provider," and his wife a notable house-keeper, with cellars packed with potatoes and bacon, and pantries stored with jellies and pickles to support their social claims. Who has ever assisted at the preparation of a New England Thanksgiving, a tea party in Pennsylvania, or a dinner at the West, and does not remember the weariness of brain and agonies of muscle, out of which the baked meats, the cakes, the ice-creams, many colored, were evolved? If, unluckily, the would-be host or hostess has lately "gone east," and dined with Johns or Johnson, they are sure to attempt an imitation of what impressed them as "city style," and end in a vulgarized reproduction of that vulgar thing—outside show. We have known delicate fair young brides devote their last weeks of maidenhood to baking enormous masses of cake, and covering them with icing in order to have "a more fashionable spread" than their neighbors.

And we remember one gently-bred and cultured woman who spent two days in a hot cellar trying to reproduce some spun-sugar abomination, in imitation of the master-piece of a city confectioner, while flowers of priceless beauty were blooming all around her ready to decorate her table; and after that to drill the man of all work into some similitude of a trained footman! What can be done to open the eyes of such a woman? Ordinary sense and tact ought to teach her that cookery and serving, like a woman's dress, are only perfect when there is nothing about them to be remembered. It needs, perhaps, wider intercourse with the world to show

her that true hospitality includes the giving to our friend a glimpse of our home life, of our real selves, some drops of whatever best cordial knowledge, or art, or life has brought to us, as well as the choicest dish out of our kitchen.

Killing Time.

PEOPLE are incessantly talking of killing time, unmindful that it is time that kills them. Everything but actual, practical work they regard as a means to that irrational, and, in truth, impossible end. They read, not for instruction, not for interest, not for enjoyment even; but, as they say, simply to kill time. Without exercising discretion or taste in what they read, they take anything that is near at hand provided they feel confident that its perusal will require no mental effort; will preserve them from the need of reflection. There are a great many books of this sort—the more's the pity!—so many, indeed, that it is harder to miss than to hit them. But there is neither reason nor excuse for making their acquaintance, unless you are literally suffering for some occupation, and think any occupation better than none. There is neither virtue nor advantage in reading unless your mind be stimulated by what you read, and your memory retain, at least a part, of it. To read a worthless book is worse than wasting time; since wasting time is negative, and such reading may be positive harm.

The error of these would-be time-killers is, in their thinking, that works of any solidity, scholarship or reputation are either a tax on the understanding, or extremely wearisome. They seem to forget that many of the best books, best in every sense, are the most interesting; that, if they once fairly began these, a new and higher pleasure would be opened to them, and they would leave off with ten times as much reluctance as they had begun.

If they doubt this, let them try the experiment, and be convinced. They will be certain to find such a difference between good books and poor books that their appreciation of the former will entirely cure them of their liking for the latter.

Even if killing time be the sole object, it is just as easy to kill time to advantage as to disadvantage; and, after a certain experience with able authors, be they philosophers, historians, poets or novelists, they will come to value time as altogether too precious to be wasted. Nothing is more tedious than a book whose only purpose in being was to get itself printed.

Table Customs.

WHILE certain forms of table etiquette may seem altogether conventional, even fantastic, the forms usually observed are founded on good sense, and adapted to general convenience. Table etiquette is not, as is often alleged, merely a matter of fashion, although some things that were in vogue, a genera-

tion or two ago, are no longer deemed polite. The reason is that manners and table furniture have undergone so many changes; have really so much improved, as to require a mutual readjustment. For example, everybody was accustomed, twenty or thirty years since, to use the knife to carry food to the mouth, because the fork of the day was not adapted to the purpose. Since the introduction of the four-tined silver fork, it has so entirely supplanted the knife that the usage of the latter, in that way, is not only superfluous, but is regarded as a vulgarity.

Another example is the discontinuance of the custom of turning tea or coffee from the cup into the saucer. Although small plates were frequently employed to set the cup in, they were not at all in general use; and even when they were used, the tea or coffee was likely to be spilled upon the cloth.

The habit, likewise, of putting one's knife into the butter arose from the fact that the butter-knife proper had not then been thought of. Such customs as these, once necessitated by circumstances, are now obviously inappropriate.

Certain habits, however, are regulated by good taste and delicacy of feeling, and the failure to adopt them argues a lack of fine perception or social insight. One of these is eating or drinking audibly. No sensitive person can hear any one taking his soup, coffee, or other liquid, without positive annoyance. Yet, those who would be very unwilling to consider themselves ill-bred are constantly guilty of such breach of politeness. The defect is that they are not so sensitive as those with whom they come in contact. They would not be disturbed by the offense; they never imagine, therefore, that any one else can be. It is for them that rules of etiquette are particularly designed. Were their instinct correct, they would not need the rule, which, from the absence of instinct, appears to them irrational, purely arbitrary.

To rest one's elbow on the table is more than a transgression of courtesy, it is an absolute inconvenience to one's neighbors. All awkwardness of position, such as sitting too far back from, or leaning over the table, are reckoned as rudenesses, because they put others ill at ease through fear of such accidents as are liable to happen from any uncouthness.

Biting bread or cake, instead of cutting or breaking it into mouthfuls, is unpleasant, since it offends our sense of form or fitness.

These and kindred matters are trifles; but social life is so largely composed of trifles that to disregard them wholly is a serious affront. We can hardly realize to what extent our satisfaction or dissatisfaction is made up of things in themselves insignificant, until their observance or non-observance is brought directly home to us.

"Excuse my Glove!"

CERTAIN kinds of mistaken politeness, sincere as

they are, are absurd enough to be grotesque. A common mistake of this sort, with some persons, even in large cities, is to say, "Excuse my glove," when they offer their hand to a casual acquaintance, or on introduction to a stranger. It might be inferred from this remark that the wearing of gloves is either extremely rare in a civilized community, or that the wearer wishes to advertise the extraordinary fact that he has gloves. All he really desires is to appear polite; never suspecting for a moment that he is simply ridiculous.

If you offer to shake hands with any one in a place where it is customary to wear gloves, you certainly need no excuse for compliance with the habit. You might, with equal reason, on receiving a visitor at your house, apologize to him for not removing your coat before bidding him welcome.

The superfluous phrase probably had its origin in the days when gloves were clumsy, and used more for protection than as an essential of dress. Then the naked hand was thought to be an evidence of good will and cordiality. Since gloves have been universally adopted, the idea of asking pardon for wearing them is an anachronism as well as an impropriety.

Gloves are now made to fit exactly, so that, were it courtesy to take them off on encountering one's friends or acquaintances, an amount of time and trouble would be required which would inevitably render a social greeting at once a comical exhibition, and a bore.

The Bath.

THE world will never agree about hygienic theories. But what is actually beneficial or injurious to health, experience ought to teach readily. The virtue of frequent bathing, one might think, would be universally admitted. Nevertheless, there are ultra-conservatives who earnestly believe it detrimental. They believe this, too, without testing it.

It may be safely asserted that all persons of sound constitution and unimpaired health are greatly benefited by daily baths. Whether these should be warm or cold they themselves can best determine. Those who do not feel a speedy reaction from a cold bath, after a vigorous rubbing, or who do not feel better for it, should substitute warm or tepid water for cold. They may imagine, at first, that it does them no good; but, after a while, they will discover their mistake by a higher condition of physical feeling, and an augmented glow of spirits.

Almost without exception, the most robust persons are the most frequent and regular bathers. Those who have formed the habit could not be induced to give it up on any account; for they know that, if they did, they would suffer from it in various ways. They will tell you that they are not themselves until they have taken their daily bath; that it not only keeps their pores open, and their circulation perfect, but their mind clear, and their disposition buoyant. They are strangers to moodiness

and megrims, and, being agreeable to themselves are generally agreeable to others.

Daily baths are of particular service to persons of sedentary habit, since the bath, to a certain extent, takes the place and fulfills the purposes of exercise. A copious cause of disease is a want of proper excretion, which is always materially assisted by the bath.

Invalids are prone to think they cannot bear baths at all, or, at least, only at long intervals. They require them far more than healthy persons do; indeed they cannot dispense with them without serious injury. A cold bath may be too much of a shock; but a warm bath frequently, if not daily administered, will help them incalculably. Only by bathing can they hope to free themselves from the steadily accumulating impurities that any deranged condition invariably engenders. They may recover deprived of the bath; though they are no likely to recover so quickly.

Answering Letters.

THE most satisfactory correspondence between friends is that which is prompted and carried out by inclination, and not from any sense of duty. When we receive a private letter from one whom we esteem and cherish, what emotions, sympathies and affections it excites. Our heart and our mind respond as we run over the welcome lines. Every question suggests an answer, every sentence evokes a spontaneous reply. Our actively enlisted brain has prepared, without effort, whatever we wish to say. It is ready and anxious to dictate to the hand, and if its dictation be not followed at or about that time, the force of the inspiration will be dulled if indeed, we are not bereft of it entirely. The longer the answer is delayed, the more difficult and unsatisfactory it becomes. All the fresh, fine things we were ready to say evaporate; what would have been a warm delight becomes a frigid duty. The letter reflects our mood; is stiff, awkward, forced—not at all what we had hoped, and wanted to put on paper.

Private correspondence of the right kind is little more than recorded conversation. To place great gaps between letters and their answers is like putting questions to a friend one day, and waiting until the next day, or the next week for his replies. A hundred things are likely to interfere with answering letters; but the thing that interferes most is our own procrastination. If we make it a rule to attend to them at the earliest leisure moment, we shall soon find few missives rebuking us for silence, and we shall feel that our correspondence has grown to be what it always should be—a spontaneous, pleasant, entirely cordial interchange of friendship.

Frightening Children.

THE greatest difficulty in the way of properly rearing children is that their elders forget that

they were ever children themselves. Parents, with all their love and tenderness, are often so unmindful of the extreme sensibility of their offspring, that they think to amuse by frightening them. This is like tickling them with a needle; it is all pain and no pleasure. Because a fright is intended to be a joke, it is no reason that it is so understood, especially by the little folks, who are altogether literalists.

Nothing can be worse for a child than to frighten it. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from: it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness.

Not unfrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them; are punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared, in their education both early and late.

Marking Books.

SOME persons are so fond of marking books, and of reading marked books, that they never imagine others can think or feel differently. Consequently these markers treat every volume which they get into their hands as if it were their own; emphasizing this sentence or that passage by bars and lines, with a degree of freedom that may be particularly unpleasant to those who come after them. There are fastidious folk, among them those of the nicest culture, who attach something like sacredness to a favorite author, and who resent the slightest marring of the pages as though it were a personal indignity to themselves. Their feelings may be fancied when the author they have cherished with such care and tidiness, is returned to them maimed and mangled with endless pencil strokes, perchance with comments of censure or approval.

Even books borrowed from public libraries enjoy no immunity from these irrepressible markers, who, by indulgence of their egotism, for it is nothing else, spoil the pleasure of persons more sensitive and modest than they. The worst of the habit is that it is practiced without reflection. Those who have it rarely, if ever, reflect that it is a mild form of social barbarism, because it invades the delicacy of the individual, which every person of feeling and culture naturally holds sacred.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Life of Christ.

ALMOST unannounced, and certainly without any parade of advertisement, Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., have given to American readers a work which, in some ways, takes at once the highest rank in modern Christology. No department of religious literature has, in our day, shown such various activity as that of which the human history of our Lord Jesus Christ is the subject matter. To friends and foes alike this theme is the one on which the utmost skill of criticism, the utmost laboriousness of research, the utmost ability of statement, is to be expended. Strauss, Renan, and their followers of various degree, have their own "Lives of Christ," in which their peculiarities of religious or irreligious thought receive authoritative expression. And on the other hand, there is scarcely an orthodox preacher of great reputation, or an orthodox theologian of eminent station, who has not, at some time, thought of undertaking, from his own point of view, and as the vehicle of his own best conviction and opinion,

a similar work. How successful, too, this kind of literature must be is evident from the fact that publishers seem to be, all the while, on the look-out for authors of the best sort whom they may set at just this work.

The volumes before us seem to have been originated in this way by a suggestion from the English publishers. "They applied originally," we are frankly told in the Preface, "to an eminent theologian, who accepted the proposal, but whose elevation to the episcopate prevented him from carrying it out." Of course we can only conjecture as to the eminent theologian to whom reference is made; but there will be few among the readers of this most admirable book who will in the least regret his timely promotion, by which the work fell fortunately into the hands of Dr. Farrar.

It is impossible for us to give a detailed examination of the two volumes before us, but, perhaps, we may give the best general characterization of it when we say that it is at once popular and learned, at once devout and broad. It is a book for the

people in the best possible sense; and so its style is simple and easy and attractive to an extraordinary degree. For the most part it is narrative and historical; and it has this very important excellence, that each word is picturesque and effective, suggesting some detail which is essential to the completeness of the story, but which would embarrass the recital of it, if it were drawn out at length. From first to last, the human interest of that mortal life which began at Bethlehem, is continuously and impressively exhibited—and that without a strain of effort or the least unnaturalness of emphasis. The detailed and fragmentary materials, which the Evangelists have furnished, are illustrated, explained, confirmed by all that modern scholarship and research can command, and are woven with seeming artlessness, but with consummate art, in a continuous narrative, in which the divine tone of the Gospel text is never lost, nor the divine color of the sacred picture ever faded. With a careful study of proportion and of order, both of time and of importance, we have the story of the childhood and manhood of the Lord Jesus told us about as fully and completely as we can expect ever to have it told. The arrangement of the book in chapters, of which some one conspicuous incident is the center, or some distinct period the substance,—chapters so brief as to be easily manageable, and so single in their contents that each one bears its own impression of unity and completeness,—is especially to be commended. The length and structure of the chapters may seem, at first, to be an unimportant thing; but it is, in part, the careful observance of such apparently unimportant things that makes the book fit to be, in the best sense, a book for popular usefulness.

The abundant learning with which the author fitted himself for his great work is sufficiently evident from the array of foot-notes and the numerous appendices with which the book is furnished. The progress of the narrative is never interrupted by questions of disputed interpretation or exegesis. But to scholars who may wish to dispute or to verify the conclusions at which the author has arrived there is abundant opportunity given by the references of which we have spoken. Not the least valuable of all the author's qualifications for his work is his personal familiarity with the scenes in which the gospel history is laid, and his quick and accurate appreciation of their significance. Many travelers in the Holy Land have been more thorough in their researches, more statistical in their results than Dr. Farrar pretends to have been. But very few have had a finer sense, both of the natural charms and of the religious associations of these sacred places, or a more exact and graceful faculty of description than that which these learned and careful pages constantly reveal.

The spirit, at once devout and broad, in which this book is written finds expression upon almost every page. One quotation, taken almost at random, may illustrate it. It is from the chapter which

describes the scene of Christ's ministry about the Sea of Galilee, contrasting it with the stern landscape of the Judean wilderness in which the voice of John the Baptist had resounded: "It would be clear to all that the new Prophet who had arisen was wholly unlike his great forerunner. The hairy mantle, the ascetic seclusion, the unshorn locks, would have been impossible and out of place among the inhabitants of those crowded and busy shores. Christ came not to revolutionize but to ennoble and to sanctify. He came to reveal that the Eternal was not the Future, but only the unseen: that Eternity was no ocean whither men were being swept by the river of Time, but was around them now, and that their lives were only real in so far as they felt its reality and its presence. He came to teach that God was no dim abstraction, infinitely separated from them in the far-off blue, but that He was the Father in whom they lived and moved and had their being; and that the service which He loved was not ritual and sacrifice, not pompous scrupulosity and censorious orthodoxy, but mercy and justice, humility and love. He came, not to hush the natural music of men's lives, nor to fill it with storm and agitation, but to re-tune every silver chord in that 'harp of a thousand strings,' and to make it echo with the harmonies of heaven." (P. 180, vol. I.)

It is in this spirit, intelligent, candid, broad, and at the same time most tenderly reverent and worshipful, that the writer tells again "the old, old story." There is no cant or affectation, no mock humility, no unnatural emphasis of tone. The book must take its place at once in the very front of that department of literature to which it belongs.

It is, of course, possible to detect some faults of execution in detail. One wonders, for example, how so elegant a writer could, even by accident, have suffered such a blemish on his pages as the phrase (p. 82, vol. I.), "Have ever and must ever live." And, again, there is, in a foot note, a somewhat needless disparagement of Dr. Robinson's accuracy as an explorer and an identifier of ancient sites, on the ground that he "knew little or no Arabic," (p. 161, vol. I.); when it should be remembered that, on such questions, the authority in Robinson's *Researches*, was really Dr. Eli Smith, his constant traveling companion,—whose name is on the title page of Robinson's great work, and who was one of the foremost, in his day, among modern Arabic scholars. But such details of criticism are comparatively unimportant, and the general value of the work must stand where we have placed it.

Nordhoff's New Book.*

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Mr. Nordhoff's style, as a writer of travels, is that seductive ease and exquisite naturalness of tone to which uncritical and credulous readers give ready ear,—

* Northern California, Oregon and the Sandwich Islands. By Charles Nordhoff, author of "California for Health, Pleasure and Residence," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Bros.

sometimes to their own serious undoing. There are those on whom the mention of his first volume on California has an immediately infuriating effect, like that of a red rag on a bull; persons, for example, who, in the unsuspecting glow of enthusiasm, kindled by his fluent narration, sought on the Pacific coast, during the last winter, "the most perfect climate in the world." To such persons arriving,—after the uninteresting and uncomfortable seven days journey across the continent, and covered with the dust of a dozen States and Territories,—on the shores of the bay of San Francisco, and prepared to find at every step some confirmation of their roseate anticipations, it was a little disheartening to hear the whispered interlocutory comments of the hospitable residents, when Mr. Nordhoff and his book were mentioned. Instead of an unhesitating endorsement of that author, such as might naturally have been expected from them, it was sad to see them nudge each other with the furtive elbow and deprecate the too sudden disclosure of realities to the newly arrived traveler. "Let him find out for himself," they said, significantly—and indeed he did, too soon. And when, under the ceaseless, melancholy floods of rain that poured down from the leaden sky, heart and flesh began to fail, and the natural consequence of coughs, colds and bronchitis had begun to be apparent, till the resident physician was called in, it was interesting to discover that he also, from his professional standpoint, had his own views of Mr. Nordhoff and of his "book for travelers and settlers."

And yet, when one came to examine more specifically, it was hard to find distinct grounds for accusation against the accuracy of Mr. Nordhoff's statements. It was only that there was a glamour, somehow, unintentionally, but no less fatally, produced upon his readers by the very readable and apparently accurate and even statistical recital which he gave them. It is not that the climate of the Pacific coast, for example, is to be dreaded,—when one is properly acclimated,—(unless in such exceptional winters as the last one;) but only that it needs to be understood, and that, somehow, Mr. Nordhoff does not lead us to understand it. And so with the inducements to settlers—it is not that there are not very great inducements to settlers, but it is that they are to be weighed over against certain other considerations to which the emphasis given in Mr. Nordhoff's book is of a different sort from that given by actual experience. The average man who follows in the steps of this affable guide is, all the while, goaded by his experience to consider what a thing it is to be a guide and to be known to be a guide, and so to find rough places made smooth and crooked places straight before one, in the compilations of one's guide book.

In the present volume Mr. Nordhoff conducts his readers first to the Hawaiian Islands, and afterwards for a hurried run through northern California and Oregon, and, in one chapter, to the strange little

group of rocky islets which one sees on clear days from the Golden Gate, thirty or forty miles distant. It is to be commended as being very easy and entertaining reading, and seldom inaccurate in its positive statements, though sometimes false by defect, and sometimes erroneous in inference. It is strange, for example, that a man of Mr. Nordhoff's attainments and experience as a traveler should content himself with such a meager reference to the wonderful Wailuku valley, as that to be found on pages 77-8. The reader would scarcely imagine that the scenery dismissed with such a prosaic notice has beauty which ought to make it famous even beside the valleys of the Sierra. Indeed the wonderful perfection of the Sandwich Island climate and the charming picturesqueness and even magnificence of much of the Island scenery, seem not to have been appreciated by him as they deserve. One feels that his two books would both be better, if we could strike an average between the somewhat overstrained enthusiasm of the book on California, and the somewhat understated estimate of the attractiveness of the Hawaiian Kingdom. When it is generally known how perfect a sanitarium there is available, at only fifteen days from New York, in a little world detached from the great, busy tiresome world in which men grow sick and weary; in a community intelligent cultivated, Christian and generously hospitable; amid scenery of extraordinary beauty and interest; and in a country to which our own country is to be bound by ties of increasing intimacy, we may expect to see a part of the stream of travel which now crosses the Atlantic or skirts the Gulf, turned westward over the smooth Pacific. Meantime such books as this of Mr. Nordhoff, with its readable narrative and its attractive illustrations, are welcome as serving to keep up our interest in and our acquaintance with a country of which we shall presently know more.

Arthur Helps's "Ivan de Biron."*

As English novels are written, now-a-days, one that chooses a foreign country for its scene, and a remote time for its period, is hardly a fair test of an author's powers. He gains the advantage of garnishing his story with unfamiliar bits of history, or with passages of travel and geography that lend it a false air of novelty. At the same time, traits of manners look like copies, and the reader is suspicious of interiors painted by an artist who has never lived in them. Only he can do good work with such a plan who has the power to fix interest on the elements of romance common to all mankind, and to depict the genuine strength and sweetness of human hearts as they find in climates or in customs only variations for their expression. It is so that Quentin Durward glows with life, while Hypatia is coldly accurate.

* *Ivan de Biron*. By the author of "Friends in Council." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

It would be unfair to ask that this story should convince us, like Tourgenieff's, that spring from the soil, of its truth to Russian character. But it is not unjust to wish, since the author chooses to carry us to regions so inhospitable, among customs so barbarous, that those alien modes of life should be brought into sympathy with our own by some touch of tenderness, such as in "The Exiles of Siberia" teaches us that the whole world is kin. Unfortunately it is upon circumstance, and not upon feeling, that the story most depends for its interest. Out of a bygone time, and with the masks that tradition has framed for them, the actors pose in shadowy rehearsal, instead of living and moving. The little love story that holds the plot together is pretty, but slight, and our just expectations are wronged when the author does not distinctly lead it to a close in that certain domestic beatitude which is the usual transfiguration of such commonplace emotion. Still, though there are points in it,—such as the gypsy girl's sacrifice to her rival, and the force of a common misery in effacing difference of rank,—which might have been more effectively accented by a more subtle reader of the heart, this love story, by its quiet tone, is more real and pleasing than anything else in the book. Enough is shown us of well-known personages to give it the pretension of a historical romance, but not enough to prove that it borrows vigor or dignity from the greatness of actual past lives. The Empress Elizabeth is a jovial, masculine, capricious nature, with contradictions of wit and polish, not the sensual, voluptuous princess history tells us she was. This or that soldier or statesman is vaguely sketched as cruel or arbitrary, without the special instances to make his image vivid, of which the annals of the time supply an abundance that might have been wrought into the story. To label a general a savage, and allude in a foot-note to some contemporary account of his excesses, is a very inartistic way of working. A cloudy atmosphere of conspiracy envelops the personages, but no great deeds flash out of it. We hold our breath, awaiting tragedy and horrors, and all evaporates in a panorama of processions, and a posting of going and returning exiles to and from Siberia. If the novel had decided to be one thing or the other,—either a stormy romance of history or a simple idyl of Russian love-making,—it would have gained in clearness and interest. It is entertaining enough, with an occasional point of nice observation, or curious glimpse of strange, real incident; but it wants the coherence and fusion of finished work, such as this accomplished author has given us the fair right to expect, by writing of a different order.

Clarissa.

WHEN everybody was talking about the comet, a few weeks ago, some one ventured the statement that the whole amount of matter of which the tail of this strange fish was composed could be squeezed

up—sponge fashion—into a ball a man might close in his fist! A good many things were said about the comet that we dare say the sayers now wish they had never said. Still, they were interesting enough at the time, and some of them scared a good many women and timid men, and thus fulfilled what was no doubt the intention of their authors. The particular remark we have mentioned came back to us just now when Mr. Holt's pocket edition of *Clarissa Harlowe* was put into our hands. Here is a comet's tail squeezed into a fist-ball, with a vengeance! The little book lies on our table as we write, a pretty pocket volume of 515 pages, and alongside it is a copy in eight volumes containing 3,632 pages.* The original edition (1748) was in eight volumes, and the type was smaller than the one we happen to be the owner of, but the amount of matter is of course the same, and think what a sum in reduction Mr. Holt's compiler set himself to solve!

We question very much whether the sum has been solved; we do not believe in fact that it can be solved. As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no royal recipe by which certain authors can be crammed into a pill, and swallowed. When, in the fairy tale, the Genius was sealed up in the earthen jar, he was, in fact, no genius at all. He was only known for what he was, when the too curious fisherman violated the seal of Solomon and let the spirit out to spread into a cloud that darkened half the heaven.

Suppose we had the comet of that Italian Coglia squeezed into our wife's smelling-bottle? Would it be the comet? No, it would only be what the scientific people call, "comet-stuff." That is, the comet divested of its poetry, of its power to rouse the imagination, to excite curiosity, terror, awe; to feed afresh the love of Celestial Beauty; to write anew the name of God upon the Heavens. From great things to small. There are certain books into whose very plan and method the element of lengthiness,—of tedious and damnable iteration, if the reader will,—enters as an essential ingredient. We cannot conceive of a condensed "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," of a condensed "Arcadia," of a condensed "Paradise Lost." Nor can we conceive of a condensed "Clarissa Harlowe." Neither do we care to make apologies for its length: to say that our grandmothers had few books to read, and that they had plenty of leisure; to say that Richardson had little sense of art; to say this, that, or the other gracious thing to help him make his peace with a steam-boaty, rail-roadish, telegraphic age. The beauty of him is that he is long, that he dawdles, that he repeats himself, that he won't whip up his horses, no matter how testy the inside passengers may be;

* Printed at Basle in 1792-3, (the last vol. only, in '93) for J. L. Legrand. We found it in Lucerne while hunting, without much success, for books from Gibbon's library. There would seem to have been a good many English books reprinted in the last century at Basle. Has any book worm ever looked into the matter?

and, as for art, why bless you, dear young reader, read his book while you still are young, read it in the country, where you can have leisure and can be undisturbed; shut out the outer world, and modern life, forego the morning paper, and give yourself up wholly to master this tale of love, of passion, of sin and treachery, and their fatal, harrowing fruit, and as, drop by drop, this patient master of the human heart distils his magic draught, as your heart beats faster, and your cheek glows, and your tears start, and time is forgotten, and Clarissa and her fate become the only things that can interest you—let us hear how you answer, then, the slurs that are thrown upon Richardson's art! Richardson's method appeals to the love of detail that is an element of our human nature, particularly in its unsophisticated state. What need of illustration? Children, old folks, farmers, sailors, love to tell the same story, over and over—love to hear every incident; they don't like "skipping," but praise the story-teller, who, like Dante,

* — can well devise
From point to point; not one word will he fail."

Of course there will always be catering for those who are in a hurry; and people who want to talk about Clarissa Harlowe, and to get credit with their uncultivated neighbors, will buy Mr. Holt's edition, and will thank him for it. As the crop of such people not only never fails but is always abundant, our plain-speaking can't hurt the publisher's market, so we advise all young people who want to know and not to seem to know, to take Richardson by the horns, and master him. But they must make haste and do it while they still tarry in the sweet Jericho of youth; if they wait till their beards be grown, we fear 'twill be too late.

We won't say much—perhaps we might say nothing, about the nice point of expurgation. But, how to understand all that Richardson's novels are, if all the innuendo nastiness, the too free descriptions, the dwelling upon lascivious details, be wiped out with an unsparing hand? Who that reads this little book, can appreciate the difference that makes "Tom Jones" clean, while "Pamela" and "Clarissa" are unclean? The enthusiasm of the French for "Clarissa Harlowe" is well known and easily understood. For long it stood, with Byron, for all that most cultivated Frenchmen knew of English Literature. Of Shakespeare, of Scott, of Fielding, they knew less than nothing, but Richardson they admired to that extent that they declared he should have been a Frenchman. And, indeed, he is the father of the French novel from the "Nouvelle Héloïse" down to "Fanny." Yet, not all of them put together have created two characters so sure of immortality as Clarissa and Lovelace. They are a part of the intellectual possession of the world. Of a man who has exerted such an influence it were well to know something. But who reads this edition of his greatest work, with

that desire, will not only know but little here below, but will know that little wrong.

"Phantasmion." *

COLERIDGE was more fortunate in his children than most English poets, for two of them certainly possessed genius, though not in the same measure as himself. Hartley Coleridge was a poet, and if he had not inherited some of his father's infirmities he might have done noble work; as it is he has left two volumes of fugitive pieces as a memorial of his possibilities. Sara Coleridge had less genius, perhaps, but a greater turn for theology and metaphysics. She wrote but one book which can be considered original. It is the fairy tale before us, which is described by Lord Coleridge as the product of the enforced labor of a sick bed; and which was published in 1837. It was not successful, partly, as he would have us believe, because it was brought out by Pickering in an expensive form, and without the writer's name; but more, we are inclined to think, because it shot over the heads of its readers. It is neither a book for the young, nor the old, but one of those works of genius run riot which fails to interest either. It is too long, and it means too little, if, indeed, it have any meaning at all. The laws by which the creation of the Fantastic and the Grotesque are governed are vague, perhaps, and difficult of detection; but they are laws, nevertheless, and they cannot be violated with impunity. The elder fairy-writers obeyed them unconsciously, and Hans Christian Andersen, the Shakespeare of Fairy Land, never by any possibility misses them—his instinct is so sure, and his workmanship so perfect. It is otherwise with Sara Coleridge, who invents, and invents to no purpose. Her work when finished has scarcely the coherence of a child's dream. Her supernatural beings, as Lord Coleridge informs us, have no English originals, though he fancies that he perceives a German character in them. The Legends of Number Nip, he says, and the exquisite fancy of Undine are their nearest prototypes. He also perceives, what we cannot, the influence of Greek and Latin imagination in them. Of this, however, the reader of "Phantasmion," learned and unlearned, must judge for themselves. Many have long since done so, for the book was reprinted in this country upwards of thirty years ago—a fact of which Lord Coleridge does not appear to be aware.

"Scottish Chap Books." †

WE wish we could praise Mr. Fraser's subjects as highly as his workmanship. The historian who seeks for the traces of a people's every-day-life and manners in their street-ballads, as Macaulay did, will than him for his industry. If his own countrymen are diverted, as they seem to be, with this very

* *Phantasmion. A Fairy Tale.* By Sara Coleridge. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Coleridge. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† *Scottish Chap Books.* By John Fraser. Part 2. New York: Henry L. Hinton.

broad and lively portrait, restored by his touch, of Scotch morality in the lower classes a hundred and fifty years ago, it is much to the credit of their philosophy. Some knowledge or suspicion of such conditions of life may have helped to justify Dr. Johnson's ferocious dislike for his northern fellow-subjects.

Still, facts, whether savory or unsavory, are worth preserving, not for the sake of their own value so much as for that of the inferences they suggest. The *graffiti* of Pompeian walls and pavements betray in their rude scrawls the very realities that stately literature only hints at. The songs of these chap books are just as real, and far less desperately gross. If it has taken some centuries for human nature to reach that higher plane of sentiment, perhaps a few more may quite eradicate the coarseness and unconscious indelicacy with which the national character, according to our author, is still to some extent imbued. Modern times have, at least, this advantage over ancient ones, that in the characters of most civilized nations there is that rude healthiness which our author attributes to that of the Scotch, preserving it even in its impurity from putrefaction.

Something of that rude healthiness is necessary for the enjoyment of this book, which squeamish persons will certainly not like. But it is heartier in its fun, and safer in its frankness than the mincing pruriencies of the yellow-covered school. The direct narrative of these low life sketches is, of course, commonplace and narrow enough, but they abound in side-lights thrown on political and religious conditions, and their shrewd sense, homely wit, and free, living touch are irresistible. When all originality is fast becoming reduced to a level of commonplace, as modern improvement hurries ever faster with its work of making every people and every custom like every other, we may thank such explorers as our author, whose labors rescue from seldom visited nooks things worth preserving, even if trifles, because they are quaint and genuine relics of a life once real.

"Yale Lectures on Preaching."

THE endowment with which Mr. Sage, of Brooklyn, established the Lyman Beecher Lectureship of Preaching, in the Yale Divinity School, has already given to the world the two most useful volumes of homiletics to be found in any language. The terms of the endowment provided that, for three years in succession, the lectureship should be filled by the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, and the third series of his lectures has already been given, and will, no doubt, be soon published; meanwhile we have not yet noticed the second series, which has been for some months before the public from the press of J. B. Ford & Co.

These lectures of the second year cover a wide variety of topics, and, indeed, deal less with preaching, properly so called, than with the accessories of preaching in the general conduct of church affairs.

For this very reason they are, if anything, the more valuable. It is in regard to such matters of practical detail that young ministers,—and some who are not young also,—need wise and helpful counsel, and counsel which is born of large and various experience. No man's experience in such matters has been larger and wider than Mr. Beecher's; and few men are better fitted to give counsel in regard to them in a spirit of generous sympathy, and with a sagacious knowledge of the necessities of his less experienced brethren. So far from showing any signs of weariness or exhaustion, this second series of lectures is as fresh and vivid, and as full of earnest hope and courage as was the series published in the first volume, and already widely circulated in more languages than one.

Lange on Revelation.

THE important work of translating and re-editing the commentary of Lange, now for some years in progress by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is completed, so far as the New Testament is concerned, by the appearance of the volume on the Apocalypse. To say that this volume is wholly satisfactory is to say far more than has ever yet been said of any commentary on that most difficult and obscure part of the Sacred Scriptures. But, just because it is so difficult and obscure, it is all the more necessary to study it with all the help that one can gain from the learning and skill of other students. Of the learning and skill with which the work has been in this instance conducted, especially by the American Editor, the Rev. Dr. Craven of Newark, N. J., there is abundant evidence. It would be too much to expect from the students of this volume complete agreement with the interpretations to which Dr. Craven's views have led him. But it is not too much to say that there will be a genuine respect for the laborious and conscientious fidelity with which his work has been performed.

A copious and convenient index to the Commentary on the New Testament, is included in this volume.

Stanley's "Coomassie and Magdala."

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, whose audacious and successful enterprise in the search for Livingstone made him at once and everywhere famous, had been an African traveler before, and has been one since. He accompanied the army of Sir Robert Napier in that Abyssinian Campaign which ended in the capture of the fortress of Magdala and the death of the Emperor Theodore. And, still in the capacity of correspondent for the "New York Herald," he entered the Ashantee capital with the army of Sir Garnet Wolesley and described the progress and result of that campaign. Out of his newspaper letters he has compiled this most readable volume, abundantly furnished with maps and illustrations, and forming a valuable record of two military

achievements of permanent interest and importance. Of the two expeditions he has described the last first—as being most timely. But the most interesting story,—in itself and in the carefulness and skill with which it is related,—is the story of the campaign against Magdala.

The impression which the volume will make as to Mr. Stanley's literary gifts and acquirements will not be far different from that produced by his volume on the search for Livingstone. Often slovenly and even illiterate in his style, plainly deficient in such general information and culture as were needed to fit him to appreciate what he saw and to describe it accurately, he yet is always readable and entertaining, and succeeds, by some short method of his own, in letting his readers understand what he did see and how he came to see it. Courageous, audacious even, sparing no expense and no pains to be on hand wherever the most notable news was likely to be found, determined to be before his fellow correspondents with his bulletins of news, even if he

was not always as accurate and as full as they were, he fitly represents, in these respects, the spirit of the newspaper to which he is attached. We may smile at his patronizing criticism of the generals whose armies he accompanied, and grow weary of the fine writing in which he indulges himself, but we can not help admiring and even respecting the energy and persistence of the man, and even admitting, after all, that he was not so far wrong in his estimates of men and measures as he might have been.

The description of the fight at Magdala and the capture of that stronghold, and the story of the correspondent's plucky ride through a chasm of the mountains, chased by a furious torrent from which, as by the skin of his teeth, he was saved, give to the concluding chapters of the book an intense and captivating interest. And the public will wait with avidity for other stories of achievement in the world of "special correspondence" from the distinguished author.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

College Examinations.

IN a recent address before the Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, Professor Tait observes: It is a mere commonplace to say that examination, or, as I have elsewhere called it, artificial selection is, as too often conducted, about the most imperfect of human institutions; and that in too many cases it is not only misleading, but directly destructive, especially when proper precautions are not taken to annihilate absolutely the chances of a candidate who is merely crammed, not in any sense educated. Not long ago I saw an advertisement to the effect—"History in an hour by a Cambridge Coach." How much must this author have thought of the ability of the examiners before whom his readers were to appear? There is one, but so far as I can see, only one way of entirely extirpating cram as a system. It may be costly—well, let the candidates bear the expense, if the country (which will be ultimately the gainer) should refuse. Take your candidates, when fully primed for examination, and send them off to sea—without books, without even pen and ink; attend assiduously to their physical health, but let their minds lie fallow. Continue this treatment for a few months, and then turn them suddenly into the Examination Hall. Even six months would not be wasted in such a process if it really enabled us to cure the grand defect of all modern examinations. It is amusing to think

what an outcry would be everywhere raised if there were a possibility of such a scheme being actually tried—say in Civil Service Examinations. But the certainty of such an outcry, under the conditions supposed, is of itself a complete proof of the utter abomination of the cramming system. I shall probably be told, by upholders of the present methods, that I know nothing about them, that I am prejudiced, bigoted, and what not. That, of course, is the natural cry of those whose "craft is in danger." I venture now to state, without the least fear of contradiction, a proposition which (whether new or not) I consider to be of inestimable value to the country at large. Wherever the examiners are not in great part the teachers also, there will cram to a great extent supersede education.

Antidote for Hydrophobia.

IN an article on skunk madness or *Rabies Mephitica*, the Rev. Horace C. Hovey says: A peculiar poison is sometimes contained in the saliva of animals belonging to the canine and feline families, the production of which, it has been generally supposed, is limited to them. Other animals, of the same or of different species, may be inoculated with this virus; the result being a mysterious malady, which men have observed from the days of Homer and Aristotle, but which has never been either cured or understood. This frightful disease has been called, from its origin, *Rabies canina*, and from one of its

symptoms, *hydrophobia*. Probably it is not communicable by any species but those with which it originates. A few instances have been recorded to the contrary; but they were so imperfectly observed as merely to stimulate us to further investigation. It is stated by the best medical writers (e.g., Watson, Gross, and Aitken), as an undeniable fact, that no instance is known of hydrophobia having been communicated from one human being to another, although many patients, in their spasms, have bitten their attendants.

The facts now collated will show, it is thought, one of two things, either that the hydrophobia virus is both generated and communicated by some of the *Mustelidae* as well as the *Felidae* and *Canidae*; or else, that a new disease has been discovered, which generically resembles *Rabies canina*, while differing from it specifically. My judgment favors the latter opinion, decidedly, for reasons to be adduced; and accordingly I may name this new malady, from the animal in whose saliva it is generated, *Rabies mephitica*.

The varieties of *Mephitis* are notorious for the singular battery with which they are provided by nature. It consists of two glands from which, by the contraction of muscles, an offensive fluid can be discharged in thread-like streams, with such accuracy of aim as to strike any object within fifteen feet. This secretion is either colorless, or of a pale yellow hue. It is phosphorescent. Viewed from a safe distance, its discharge looks like a puff of steam or white smoke. Its odor is far more persistent than that of musk. If too freely inhaled, it causes intense nausea, followed by distressing gastric cramps. In minute doses it is said to be a valuable anti-spasmodic. If so, why not experiment with it as a cure for hydrophobic convulsions? It is not known what the effect would be of injecting this fluid beneath the skin. Interesting results might be attained by any one who was willing in behalf of science, to investigate further in this inviting path! There certainly seems to be some connection between it and the disease under consideration; for, in every instance, the rabid skunk has either exhausted his mephitic battery, or else has lost the projectile force by which it is discharged. Perhaps the secretion is only checked by the feverish state of the system. Possibly there may be a connection between this inactivity of the anal glands and the generation of malignant virus in the glands of the mouth.

An adventure, while on a summer tour amid the Rocky Mountains, first called my attention to the novel class of facts about to be presented. Our camp was invaded by a nocturnal prowler, which proved to be a large coal-black skunk. Anxious to secure his fine silky fur uninjured, I attempted to kill him with small shot, and failed. He made characteristic retaliation; and then, rushing at me with ferocity, he seized the muzzle of my gun between his teeth! Of course the penalty was instant

death. An experienced hunter then startled us by saying that the bite of this animal is invariably fatal, and that when in perfect apparent health it is always rabid. He resented our incredulity and confirmed his statement by several instances of dogs and men dying in convulsions shortly after being thus bitten.

Since returning to Kansas City, I have had extensive correspondence with hunters, taxidermists, surgeons and others, by which means the particulars have been obtained of forty-one cases of *Rabies mephitica*, occurring in Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, and Texas. All were fatal except one; that was the case of a farmer, named Fletcher, living near Gainsville, Texas, who was twice bitten by *M. macroura*, yet recovered and is living still. On further inquiry it was found that he was aware of his danger, and used prompt preventive treatment. Another case was alleged to be an exception; that of a dog which was severely bitten in a long fight with a skunk, but whose wounds healed readily and without subsequent disease. It seems, however, that this dog afterward died with mysterious symptoms like those of hydrophobia in some of its less aggravated forms.

The writer then gives a number of cases reported by Dr. J. H. Janeway, an army surgeon stationed at Fort Hayes, in which persons who were bitten by rabid skunks died in from ten days to twelve months thereafter, with symptoms resembling those of hydrophobia; and he adds:—It is evidently the opinion of Dr. Janeway that the malady produced by mephitic virus is simply hydrophobia. Should he be correct, then all that is established by these facts would be this, viz: that henceforth the varieties of *Mephitis* must be classed with those animals that spontaneously generate poison in the glands of the mouth and communicate it by salivary inoculation. From this, as a starting point, we might go further and seek a solution of the whole mystery of hydrophobia in the theory that this dread malady primarily originates with the allied genera of *Mephitis*, *Putorius* and *Mustela*, widely scattered over the earth; being from them transferred to the *Felidae* and *Canidae* and other families of animals. And then, if it could be proved experimentally that the characteristic mephitic secretions contained an antidote for the virus of the saliva, we should have the whole subject arranged very beautifully!

Fighting the Phylloxera.

PROF. CHARLES V. RILEY, one of our ablest entomologists, gives the following suggestions regarding the best means of dealing with this pest. If, he says, it shall once be demonstrated that varieties which now fail may be grown when grafted on to those which resist, I see no reason why it should not become as much a custom and a maxim among grape-growers to use some other vine as stock for such varieties as the Catawba, for instance, as it already is among pear-growers to use the Quince, or

among cherry-growers to use the Mazard or Morello as stocks.

In the course of a year or two we shall be able to fairly judge of the efficacy of the plan, for, aside from the trials that I am making in this country, others are being made on an extensive scale in France. Quite a number of plants, for the purpose of experiment, were sent over there from this country in the spring of 1872; and the demand has now become so great that a single firm, Gidor, Bush & Co., of St. Louis, has this winter received orders for about four hundred thousand cuttings to be consigned to one place, Montpellier, and consisting of such varieties as have been recommended by myself and Prof. Planchon, as best resisting the disease. There is every reason to hope for the best results from these exportations, as those vines, such as Herbemont, Cunningham, Concord, Clinton, &c., which best resist here, and which were planted there in 1870 and 1872 in Phylloxera-infested districts, have, thus far, done surprisingly well, as many will testify.

The Southern Fox is the only species that is totally exempt from both leaf and root lice. This species is of no value whatever in the latitude of St. Louis, and does not flourish above latitude 35°. It cannot, therefore, be made of any avail here, and it is doubtful whether in the blighted French vineyards they will be able to profit much by its immunity.

Of preventive measures perhaps the best is to sprinkle the ground with lime, ashes, sulphur, salt, soot, or other substances destructive to insect life. This should be done during July, August and September, when the lice are moving over the surface of the ground.

The New Cable Ship.

THE "Faraday," of five thousand tons register, has been built especially for the purpose of laying and recovering ocean telegraph cables. She is 360 feet long, 52 feet beam, and 36 feet depth of hold. There are three large, water-tight tanks in which the cable is coiled and preserved from injury by the admission of water.

The stem and stern of the vessel are alike, and each is supplied with a rudder which may be immovably fixed at pleasure. The propelling power is supplied by two compound engines, which drive two screws of twelve feet in diameter. These converge slightly, and thus enable the vessel to turn in her own length when the engines are worked in opposite directions. So perfectly is this accomplished, that on one occasion the vessel was turned around a cask in a little over eight minutes, touching the cask three times during the operation. To prevent rolling, there are two bilge keels set on at an angle of 45°.

The grappling rope is made of steel wire and hemp, and bears a strain of sixteen tons. Among the singular causes which render the use of this ar-

rangement necessary, we may mention that which happened to the India-European line, in which a whale becoming entangled in a portion of cable overhanging a ledge of rock, broke it, and in striving to get free so wound one end around its flukes that escape became hopeless, and it fell an easy prey to sharks, which had half-devoured it when the grappling-iron brought its remains to the surface.

The Cause of Ocean Currents.

MR. J. CROLL having advanced certain opinions regarding these movements, Dr. Carpenter discusses them as follows: According to Mr. Croll's doctrine, the whole of that vast mass of water in the North Atlantic, averaging, say, 1,500 fathoms in thickness and 3,600 miles in breadth, the temperature of which (from 40° downwards), as ascertained by the Challenger soundings, clearly shows it to be mainly derived from a polar source, is nothing else than *the reflux of the Gulf Stream*. Now, even if we suppose that the whole of this stream, as it passes Sandy Hook, were to go on into the closed Arctic basin, it would only force out an equivalent body of water. And as, on comparing the sectional areas of the two, I find that of the Gulf Stream to be about one-900th that of the North Atlantic underflow, the extreme improbability that so vast a mass of water can be put in motion by what is, by comparison, a mere rivulet, is obvious.

To this Mr. Croll answers: The objection seems to me to be based upon a series of misapprehensions. 1. That the mass of cold water, 1,500 fathoms deep and 3,600 miles in breadth, is in a state of motion towards the equator. 2. That it cannot be the reflux of the Gulf Stream, because its sectional area is 900 times as great as that of the Gulf Stream. 3. That the immense mass of water is, according to my views, set in motion by the Gulf Stream.

I shall consider these in their order: 1. That this immense mass of cold water came originally from the polar regions, I, of course, admit; but that the whole is in a state of motion, I certainly do not admit. There is no warrant whatever for any such assumption. According to Dr. Carpenter himself, the heating power of the sun does not extend to any great depth below the surface, consequently there is nothing whatever to heat this mass but the heat coming through the earth's crust. But the amount of heat derived from this source is so trifling, that an under-current from the Arctic regions, far less in volume than that of the Gulf Stream, would be quite sufficient to keep the mass at ice cold temperature.

2. But suppose that this immense mass of cold water occupying the great depths of the ocean were, as Dr. Carpenter assumes it to be, in a state of constant motion towards the equator, and that its sectional area were nine hundred times that of the Gulf Stream, it would not, therefore, follow that the quantity of water passing through this large sectional area must be greater than that flowing through

a sectional area of the Gulf Stream, for the quantity of water flowing through this sectional area depends entirely on the rate of motion.

3. I am wholly unable to understand how it could be supposed that this underflow, according to my view, is set in motion by the Gulf Stream, seeing that I have shown that the return under-current is as much due to the impulse of the wind as the Gulf Stream itself.

Electric Light.

AUGUSTE DE LA RIVE and Edward Sarasin find that when Geissler tubes containing hydrogen or nitrogen are subjected to the action of a powerful columnar electro-magnet during the passage of the induction current, great changes in the appearance of the light are produced. When traversed by the discharge of the Ruhmkorff coil, each of the two Geissler tubes exhibits around the negative electrode a beautiful blue areola extending to the sides of the tube. Beyond this is a long, dark interval, and thence to the positive pole streaks wide apart. This appearance is completely changed as soon as the tube is submitted to the action of the magnet, when the negative electrode is at the bottom or under the immediate action of the magnetic pole. The negative areola which at first occupied the whole diameter of the tube diminishes to one-fifth its former diameter, becomes highly luminous, and extends, without break or interruption, to the positive pole. It is not improbable that in these facts we may yet find a solution of the practical utilization of the electric light.

The Zodiacal Light.

FROM experiments made with the polariscope on this light, Professor Arthur W. Wright, of Yale, arrives at the following interesting conclusions:

1. The zodiacal light is polarized in a plane passing through the sun.
2. The amount of polarization is, with a high degree of probability, as much as fifteen per cent., but can hardly be as much as twenty per cent.
3. The spectrum of the light is not perceptibly different from that of sunlight, except in intensity.

4. The light is derived from the sun, and is reflected from solid matter.

5. This solid matter consists of small bodies (meteoroids) revolving about the sun in orbits crowded together toward the ecliptic.

Memoranda.

MR. WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, in a recent paper on the action of nascent hydrogen on iron, concludes that if the oxidation of the surface of iron be, as a rule, accompanied by the absorption of nascent hydrogen into the interior of the iron, then the diminution of strength and toughness consequent on this will affect iron ships, telegraph cables, and other structures in which iron is largely used, and which are constantly immersed in water.

Professor S. W. Johnson recommends the use of a mixture of three parts of prepared kaolin and two of potassium dichromate in ultimate organic analysis.

At a recent soirée of the Royal Society, Mr. Alfred Tribe exhibited specimens of palladium and copper in the form of fine powders, which had agglomerated as soon as they were charged with hydrogen.

It has been found that the dust of a shale, of which an enormous bed exists in New Zealand, furnishes a coloring matter closely resembling sepia.

At a meeting of the Royal Society May 21st, Prof. Tyndall exhibited his fireman's respirator, which is attached to a mask, and consists of an iron cylinder packed with cotton-wool, glycerine, and charcoal. The wearer is enabled to remain in an atmosphere of smoke, which he could not otherwise breathe, for a quarter to half an hour.

Evidence of the former connection of the Hellenic Peninsula with Africa has been furnished by the recent discovery of a fossil cycad at Koumi.

Vogel finds one to three per cent. of sugar in asparagus stems, and none in the shoots. The explanation is the consumption of the sugar in the shoots in the formation of cells.

Mr. Oliver Heaviside proposes the use of condensers for the purpose of making signals in telegraphy.

ETCHINGS.

He was an odd specimen of the *genus homo*, was Gran'ther Hathaway,—a Yankee of Yankees. He was an old man, but, to parody somebody's observation about the wise look of Lord Thurlow, nobody *could* be so old as he appeared. His hair was whitish rather than white, a white, say, that was faded out. Sand and bleached sea-weed gave one the best idea of his starved body and mind. His voice was thin and piping, and no matter what the

weather, his comment upon it, in a loud, shrill whisper, was always, "windy!" The boys of the village chaffed him, and he pretended not to like their chaff, which was about the only notice he received. So, once upon a time, he chased them, and growing peaceable as they scampered away, he sang out, "You let me alone in futur, and I'll let you alone herearter." His house was full of children, puny counterparts of himself, one of whom died at

the ripe age of three. The neighbors pitied the old fellow, and as it was winter at the time, a friendly carpenter loaned him his over-coat to wear, partly that he might look tidy, and partly that he might be warm in the grave-yard. The novelty of having on an over-coat was too much for him. He felt and felt the nap of the sleeve during the burial service, and at length, turning to the owner of the coat, who stood behind him, he piped out, in his hoarsest whisper, "Pretty good cloth, Mr. Hiller, pretty good cloth." When the last shovelful of earth had been thrown upon the tiny coffin, he observed the large attendance at the grave, and in thanking his neighbors for paying him that respect, as was the custom there, he regretted that the child was so small! A few days afterward, the undertaker sent him his bill for the coffin. It was three dollars. "Three dollars!" he exclaimed in amazement, "why it was more than the little cuss was wuth." At last he took to his bed, his family persuaded him to undress, but nobody could induce him to take his boots off. "Taint wuth while," he persisted in saying. He died in his boots, but the boots lived, and went to his grave on the calves of his oldest son, who looked so much like his father, that if the neighbors had not known he was dead, they would have thought he was alive, and present—a mourner at his own funeral. A humble stone marks the spot where his weary old bones repose. Above them is this epitaph—the inspiration of the village poet:

"Death brushes from his path away
All men, from none his hand restrains,
As he hath Gran'ther Hathaway,
Here ends his tale. Peace to his manes."

SHALL we for ever make books, as apothecaries make medicines, by pouring out of one bottle into another? This question, or something like it, was propounded by the erratic author of "Tristram Shandy," who was not only guilty of the practice that he reprehended, but was guilty of filching this very question from old Burton! We don't propose to answer it, though we could not help putting it, fresh as we are from a couple of volumes of anecdotes, most of them very heavy ones—the work of an English-writer, we suppose we ought to say, though where the writing comes in it is not easy to see. Give him a pair of scissors, a pot of paste and a brush, and a score of books to cut up, and his work is made, for the printer and binder do all the rest. Now and then one finds a diamond among the paste, no thanks to him, however, for his dullness, which is not gentle, certainly does not like a joke. Here is an anecdote of a Sergeant Kelly, of the Irish bar, as related by Curran: He—Kelly, not Curran—had acquired the sobriquet of "Counsellor Therefore." Curran said he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran on Sunday, near St. Patrick's, he said to him: "The archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; *therefore*, I shall make

a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street: "What a delightful morning this for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather by saying, "*Therefore*, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day." His speeches in court were interminable, and his *therefore* kept him going on, though every one else thought he had done. "This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; *therefore*, I will now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."

CURRAN had a very good opinion of himself, and was very much disconcerted once, as Sir Jonah Barrington narrates. It was by Godwin, whom he had brought at the Carlow assizes to dine with himself, a friend, and Sir Jonah Barrington. Curran had made a speech in court in the cause of this friend, and was not happy in his speech, though he thought otherwise. However, he succeeded in the suit, and, being in great spirits, was anxious to receive a public compliment from Godwin as an eminent literary man, teasing him (half jokingly) for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time; at length Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted. "Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with *sang froid*, "I really never did hear anything so bad as your *prose*, except your *poetry*, my dear Curran." If Curran's poetry was bad, a remark that he made about one of Byron's poems was good. Speaking of his "Fare Thee Well, And If For Ever," he said that his Lordship first wept over his wife, and then wiped his eyes with the newspaper!

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY could say sharp things when he had a mind to, which was quite often. "Pray sir," he said to a loquacious prebendary, who had made himself active in talking at his expense when his back was turned, "pray, sir, why are you like the bell of our own church steeple?" "Because," replied the other, "I am always ready to sound the alarm when the church is in danger!" "By no means," replied the Archbishop, "it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue." He once snubbed a young aide-de-camp, who, at one of the Castle levees, asked, *a propos* of Dr. Murray, who wore a cross, what was the difference between a Roman bishop and a jackass. "One wears a cross upon his back, and the other upon his breast," explained the A. D. C. "Do you know the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" asked Dr. Whately. "No?" said the other, interrogatively. "Nor I either," was the reply.

THE Rev. William Harness, the editor of "Miss Mitford's Letters," and one of Byron's school-fellows at Harrow, was acquainted with many re-

markable persons, concerning whom his biographer, the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, relates a number of amusing anecdotes. Here is an illustration of the homely manners and rough humor of Paley. At the first visitation he attended, after his preferment to the archdeaconry, he dined in company with a large assemblage of clergymen, all of whom were eager to hear his observations. He remained silent, to their great disappointment, until the second course was served. At length the great man spoke; every ear was strained. What was his oracular utterance? "I don't think these puddens are much good unless the seeds are taken out of the raisins!" At another banquet, shortly after his preferment, he found himself exposed to an unpleasant draught of air. "Shut that window behind me," he called out to one of the waiters, "and open one lower down, behind one of the curates!"

THE truth of Milton's line,

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown,"

was severely tested by the following anecdote of the Poet Crabbe. He visited Edinburgh in 1822, when the festivities in honor of the arrival of George the Fourth drew together such a brilliant assemblage of rank and talent. Scott was too much engaged to do the honors for all his distinguished friends, and assigned some of them to Lockhart, who, to afford mutual gratification, introduced Crabbe to Brewster. Next day, to his consternation, Crabbe observed, "That Dr. Brewster seems an agreeable man—what is he?" And Brewster, on meeting Lockhart, inquired, "By the way, who was that old clergyman you brought to see me? Did you say his name was Crabbe?"

HERE is an amusing account of Coleridge, who became, in his old age, a characteristic feature in Highgate. He was the terror and amusement of all the little children who bowled their hoops along the poplar avenue. Notwithstanding his fondness for them,—he called them "Kingdom-of-Heaven-ites,"—his Cyclopæan figure and learned language caused them indescribable alarm. Sometimes he would lay his hand on the shoulder of one of them and walk along discoursing metaphysics to the trembling captive, while the rest fled for refuge and peeped out with laughing faces from behind the trees. "I never," he exclaimed one day to a baker's boy, "I never knew a man good because he was religious, but I have known one religious because he was good."

AMONG the laughable foibles of Sheridan, who was the son of an actor, was pride of ancestry, which he ventilated on one occasion at a Theatrical Fund Dinner, where he made a very high-flown speech, in which he spoke of himself as being "descended from the loins of kings!" "That is quite true," said Dr. Spry, who was sitting next to Harness; "the last time I saw his father he was the King of Denmark."

That Sheridan made the most of his talents is

evident from this amusing anecdote of his second wife, who was found one day by her solicitor walking up and down her drawing-room, apparently in a frantic state of mind. He inquired the cause of such violent perturbation. She only replied "that her husband was a villain." On the man of business further interrogating her as to what had so suddenly awakened her to a sense of that fact, she at length answered, with some hesitation, "why I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent me were the very same as those which he sent to his first wife!"

AMONG Mr. Harness's friends was Henry Hope, the millionaire, and author of "Anastasius," who frequently invited him to stay at Deep Dene, where he found himself surrounded by all the talent and wealth in England. The tone of the conversation sometimes amused him very much: as when Rothschild observed to Hope that a man must be "a poor scoundrel who could not afford to lose two millions;" or replied to a nobleman who said he must be a supremely happy man, "I happy! when only this morning I received a letter from a man to say, that if I did not send him £500, he would blow out my brains!"

Lides to Bary Jade.

THE bood is beabig brighdly love
The sdars are shidig too;
While I ab gazig dreabily
Add thigkig love of you;
You caddot, oh, you caddot kdow,
By darlig, how I biss you—
(Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got—
Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

I'b sittig id the arbor love
Where you sat by by side,
Whed od that calb, Autubdal dight
You said you'd be by bride.
Oh, for wud bobedt to caress
Add tederly to kiss you;
Budt do! we're beddy biles apart—
(Ho-rash-o! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

.This charbig evedig brigs to bide
The tibe whed first we bet;
It seesb budt odly yesterday,
I thik I see you yet.
Oh tell be, ab I sdill your owd?
By hopes oh, do dot dash theb!
(Codfoud by cold, 'tis gettig worse—
Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-thrash-eb!)

Good-bye by darlig Bary Jade
The bid-dight hour is dear,
Add it is hardly wise by love
For be to ligger here;
The heavy dewes are fallig fast,
A fod good dight I wish you;
(Ho-rash-o!—there it is agaid—
Ck-thrash-ub! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

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THE GREAT SOUTH.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI—THE LABOR QUESTION—ARKANSAS.

"O, starboard side."
"Oo-le-oo-le-oo!"
"Nudder one down dar!"

THE roustabouts were loading sacks of corn from one of the immense elevators at East St. Louis into the recesses of that mammoth steamboat, the "Great Republic," and singing at their toil. Very lustily had they worked, these grimy and uncouth men and boys, clad in soiled and ragged garments, from early morning, and it was full midnight as we stood listening to their song. In their voices, and in the characteristic wail with which each refrain ended, there was a kind of grim passion, unmixed with religious fervor. 'The singers' tones seemed to sink into a lament, as if in despair at faulty expression. But the music kept them steadily at their work—tugging at the coarse, heavy sacks, while the rain poured down in torrents. The "torch-baskets" sent forth their cheery light and crackle, and the heat-lightning, so terrible in Missouri, now and then disclosed to those of us who were still awake the slumbering city, with its myriad lights and its sloping hills packed with dark, smoke-discolored houses beyond the river.

Towards morning, the great steamer turned swiftly round, the very spray from the boiling water seeming crowded with oaths, as the officers drove the negroes to their several tasks; and the "Great Republic" glided slowly, and with scarcely a perceptible motion, down the stream. The blinking lights of the ferries behind us faded into distance. We passed tug-boats fuming and growling like monsters, drawing after them mysterious trains of barges; and finally entered upon the solitude which one finds so impressive upon the Mississippi.



LOADING FLOUR ON A STEAMER AT
ST. MARY'S, MO.

A journey of twelve hundred miles by water was before us. We were sailing from the treacherous, transition weather of Missouriian March to meet loveliest summer robed in green, and garlanded with fairest blooms. The thought was inspiring. Eight days of this restful sailing on the gently throbbing current, and we should see the lowlands, the Cherokee rose, the jessamine, the orange tree. Wakeful and pacing the deck,—across which swept a chill breeze,—with my Ulster close about

me, I pondered upon my journey and the journey's end.

The "Great Republic" is the largest steamer on the Mississippi river—literally a floating palace. The luxuriantly furnished cabin is as long and as ample as the promenade hall in the Hombourg Kursaal, and has accommodations for two hundred guests. Standing on the upper deck or in the pilot house, one fancies the graceful structure to be at rest, even when going at full speed. This is the very luxury of travel. An army of servants come and go. As in an ocean voyage, breakfast, dinner and tea succeed each other so quickly that one regrets the rapid

stories. Romantic enough were their accounts of the adventures of steamers in war time—how they ran the gauntlet here, and were seized there; and how, now and then, Confederate shells came crashing uncomfortably near the pilots themselves.

The pilots on the Western rivers have an association, with head-quarters at St. Louis, and branches at Louisville, Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Each of the seventy-four members, on his trip, makes a report of changes in the channel, or obstructions, which is forwarded from point to point to all the others. They are men of great energy, of quaint, dry humor, and fond of spinning



THE "GREAT REPUBLIC."

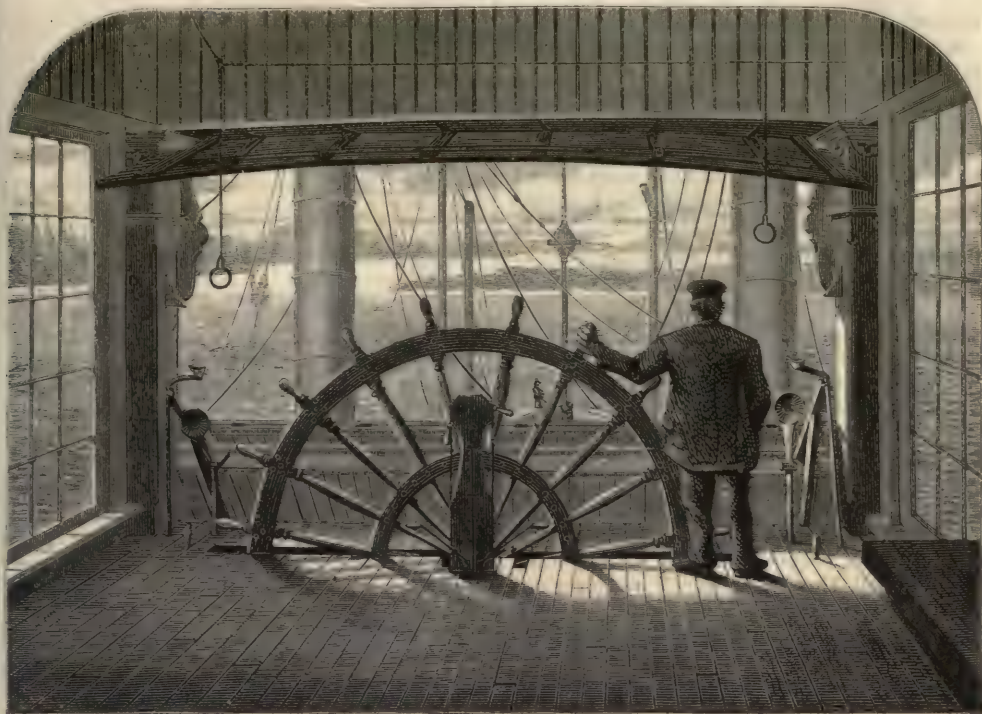
flight of the hours. In the evening there is the blaze of the chandeliers, the opened piano, a colored band grouped about it and playing tasteful music while the youths and maidens dance. If the weather is warm, there are trips about the moonlit wilderness of decks—and flirtations.

The two score negro "roustabouts" on the boat were sources of infinite amusement to the passengers. At the small landings the "Great Republic" would lower her gang-planks, and down the steep levees would come kaleidoscopic processions of negroes and flour barrels.

The pilots, perched in their cosy cage, twisted the wheel and told us strange

yarns. The genial "Mark Twain" served his apprenticeship as pilot, and one of his old companions and tutors, now on the "Great Republic," gave us reminiscences of the humorist. One sees, on a journey down the Mississippi, where Mark found many of his queerest and seemingly impossible types.

Our first night on the river was so extremely dark that the captain made fast to a shelving bank, and the "Great Republic" laid by till early dawn. Then we sailed down past the fertile bottom lands of Missouri and Illinois—past Grand Tower, with its furnaces and crowded villages—past the great cypress swamps and



THE PILOT HOUSE OF THE "GREAT REPUBLIC."

the wooded lands, until we came to Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi. One broad lake spread a placid sheet above the flat country at the Ohio's mouth. The "Great Eastern" might have swung round in front of the Illinois Central tracks at Cairo. Stopping but to load more bags of corn and hogsheads of bacon, with hundreds of clamorous fowls, we turned, and once more entered the giant river, which was then beginning to show a determination to overflow all proper bounds, and invade the lands upon its banks.

When the rains have swollen its tributary rivers to more than their ordinary volume, the Mississippi is grand, terrible, treacherous. Always subtle and serpent-like in its mode of stealing upon its prey, it swallows up acres at one fell swoop on one side; sweeping them away from their frail hold on the main land, while, on the other, it covers plantations with slime, and broken tree trunks and boughs, forcing the frightened inhabitants into the second story of their cabins, and driving the cattle and swine upon high knolls to starve, or perhaps finally to drown. It pierces the puny levees which have cost the States bordering upon it such immense sums, and goes

bubbling and roaring through the crevasse, distracting the planters, and sending dismay to millions of people in a single night. It promises a fall on one day; on another it rises so suddenly that the adventurous woodsmen along the border have scarcely time to flee. It makes a lake of the fertile country between the two great rivers; it carries off hundreds of wood-piles, which lonely and patient labor has heaped, in the hope that a passing steamer will buy them up, and thus reward a season's work. Out of each small town on its western bank, set too carelessly by the water's edge, it makes a pigmy Venice, or floats it off altogether. As the huge steamer glided along, on the mighty current, we could see families perched in the second stories of their houses, gazing grimly out upon the approaching ruin. At one point a man was sculling from house to barnyard with food for his stock. The log barn was a dreary pile in the midst of the flood. The swine and cows stood shivering on a pine knoll, disconsolately burrowing and browsing. Hailed by some flustered paterfamilias or plantation master bound to the nearest town for supplies, we took him to his destination. As we

passed below the Arkansas and White rivers, the gigantic volume of water had so far overrun its natural boundaries that we seemed at sea, instead of upon an inland river. The cotton-woods and cypresses stood up amid the water wilderness like ghosts. Gazing into the long avenues of the somber forests, we could see only the same level, all-enveloping flood. In the open country the cabins seemed ready to sail away, though their masters were usually smoking with much equanimity, and awaiting a "fall."

While we are gossiping of the river, let us consider its peculiarities and the danger of its inundations more fully. Below the mouth of the Missouri, the great river takes a wholly different appearance and character from those of the lovely stream which stretches from Lake Pepin down; and some of the old pilots say that section of it below St. Louis should have been called the "Missouri" rather than the Mississippi. The Missouri, they claim, gives to the Father of Waters most of its characteristics, which dominate it until it has been reinforced by the Ohio, the Arkansas, the White and the Red. The river is forever making land on one side, and tearing it away on the other, the bends in its course not permitting the current

to wash both banks with equal force. The farmer on the alluvial bottoms sees with dismay his corn-field diminish year by year, acres slipping into the dark current; yet the ease with which corn, cotton and sugar are raised in their respective localities along its banks is such, that they willingly run the risk. The pilots complain bitterly of the constant changes in the channel, which it requires the eyes of Argus almost to detect. They say that the current might be made to bear more upon the rocky shores, thus avoiding disastrous losses of land and many "crevasses." The stream is so crooked that a twenty miles sail by water is sometimes necessary where the distance across the promontory, round which the steamer must go, is not more than a mile. Sometimes the current, tired of the detour, itself brushes away the promontory, and the astonished pilots see a totally new course opened before them.

The occasional inundations of the alluvial lands are so little understood, and the general course of the Mississippi is comprehended by so few, that a little sketch of its progress downward to the Delta country may prove interesting.

At the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers properly begins what is



THE FOWL MARKET, CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

known as the Lower Mississippi, although the name is not usually applied to the stream until it has crossed the grand "rocky chain" or bed extending across its channel between St. Louis and Cairo. All below this "chain," in the Mississippi Valley, is alluvium, through which the river meanders from one bluff to another—the bluffs being from forty to one hundred miles apart. Touching these bluffs at Commerce, Mo., on the west bank, it courses across the valley, passing the vast prairies of Lower Illinois, known as "Egypt," on the east, meets the Ohio at Cairo, and strikes the bluffs again at Columbus, on the eastern or Kentucky shore. It skirts these bluffs as far as Memphis, having on its west the vast earthquake lands of Missouri and Arkansas. It then once more crosses its valley to meet the waters of the White and Arkansas rivers, and skirts the bluffs at Helena in Arkansas, flanking and hemming in the St. Francis with her swamps and "sunk lands." Reinforced by the White and Arkansas, it again crosses its valley to meet the Yazoo near Vicksburg, creating the immense Yazoo reservoir on the east bank, extending from the vicinity of Memphis to Vicksburg, and the valleys and swamps of the Macon and Tensas, on the west side. These latter have no terminus save the Gulf of Mexico, as the river does not approach the western bluffs after leaving Helena. From Vicksburg to Baton Rouge the river hugs the eastern bluffs, and from Baton Rouge to the mouth is the pure "delta country," for a distance of more than two hundred miles.

All of this vast valley below the rocky chain crossing the river channel lies lower than the high water line of these powerful waters, and the efforts of men to stay an inundation seem very puerile. The valley is divided into several natural districts, one embracing the lands from the chain to the vicinity of Helena, where the St. Francis debouches; another from Helena nearly to Vicksburg on the east bank, for the Yazoo valley; a third comprises the country from the Arkansas to the Red River, known as the Macon and Tensas valley; a fourth runs from the Red River to the Gulf, on the west side; and a fifth from Baton Rouge to the Gulf on the east side.

Some of these districts have been imperfectly leveed; others have never been protected at all, and the general opinion is

that when high water does come, the fact that there are a few levees increases the danger of a complete inundation, as the



A CREVASSE ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

stream, finding itself restrained, breaks the barriers which attempt to control its current. Under the slave system, the planters on the lowlands were able to guard against ruin by water by elaborate preparation and vigilance, which they cannot summon now; and it is believed that nothing but the execution of a grand national work by the general government will ever secure to the delta that immunity from ruin so desirable for people already prostrated by war and political knavery.

Yet the inundations do not come with alarming frequency. In 1867 the lowlands were overflowed and distress ensued; and in this year (1874) the confusion, distress, and trepidation have been terrible to witness. Starvation has stood at thousands of doors, and only the hands of government and charity have saved hundreds from miserable deaths. Below Memphis, and in a wide belt of country round about, along the bottom lands in the State of Mississippi, and throughout the Louisiana lowlands, we hear of immense damage. In an hour the planter is doomed to see a thousand acres, which have been carefully prepared for planting cotton, covered with water two or three feet deep. The country round about becomes a swamp—the roads are rivers—the lakes are seas.

The overseers and negroes have been at work since the last crop was gathered, repairing the fences and cleaning the ditches; early in January they pulled down the old stalks, started the plows to throw quadruple furrows over the broad fields, then, throwing out the "middles," left a sloped bed of fresh ground to



A SUBMERGED TOWN ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

plant on, and loose earth to cover with. If the spring freshet breaks over this prepared earth, and reduces it to a mud-puddle, the work is all to be done over again, and the whole season is hindered. Planting ordinarily begins about the last of March. Piles of cotton seed are distributed about the field, and it is strewn along the beds,—a ton of seed to eight acres,—and then covered, or “barred off,” as the plantation slang has it. When the stalks have appeared, the “scraping” begins, and all save the most vigorous plants are weeded out. Every day until early in July is then occupied with the guarding of the crop against the caterpillar and the hundred other dangers that threaten it, the picking beginning in the first days of September. Meantime some of the hands have been preparing baskets, and setting the gins in order; new laborers, often double and treble the number employed during the rest of the season, arrive, and until Christmas all are busy with cotton picking. The year is none too long for the round of culture, even beginning in earliest spring, and a deluge is a terrific blow to the planters.

As the Mississippi Valley, south and north, will in future be one of the most populous sections of the American Union, and as the great network of rivers which penetrate to the Rocky Mountains, and the mighty cañons of the *Mauvaises Terres* are so well adapted for commercial highways; as a score of States and territories border on the Mississippi alone, why should not the National government at once undertake the control and care of the stream and its tributaries, finding out the best system for preventing inundations, and remedying, as far as possible, the dangers and difficulties now incident to navigation?

Passing Columbus and Hickman, two thriving towns on the Kentucky shore, and the ruins of the fortifications on “Island Number Ten,” an island rapidly sinking in Mississippi’s insidious embrace—past Fort Pillow—now rounding bends which took us miles out of our way, and now venturing through “cut-offs,” made by the sudden action of the resistless flood, we skirted along the vast, desolate Arkansas shore, reached the third Chickasaw bluff on the Tennessee side, and saw the city of Memphis before us.

Memphis is the chief city of Western Tennessee, and indeed of the whole State. It has been well and widely known ever since the five-thousand-acre tract on the fourth Chickasaw Bluff, on which the city now stands, came into the possession of Judge Overton, Major Winchester, and General Andrew Jackson, the original proprietors. From the river Memphis presents quite an imposing appearance, stately piles of buildings running along the bluff at whose foot stretches a levee similar to those of all the other river towns. Opposite to it, on the west bank of the Mississippi, is the level line of the Arkansas bottom, whose lowlands are often submerged, and from a ferry station at Hopefield a railroad leads to Little Rock, the Arkansas capital. The streets of Memphis are broad, regular, and lined with handsome buildings; there is but one drawback to their perfection, and that is a Nicholson pavement, so badly put down, and so poorly cared for, that a ride over it in an omnibus is almost unendurable. In the center of the town is an exquisite little park, filled with delicate foliage, where a bust of Andrew Jackson frowns upon the tame squirrels frisking around

it, or climbing on the visitor's shoulders and exploring his pockets for chestnuts. Since the terrible visitation of yellow fever in 1873, the city government has made most extraordinary efforts to secure perfect drainage and cleanliness in the streets; and Memphis certainly compares favorably in this respect with any of its river sisters, northern or southern. On the avenues leading from the river towards the open country there are many lovely residences surrounded by cool and inviting lawns; the churches and school buildings are handsome and numerous, and there is an air of activity and thrift in the city which I was not prepared to find manifested after the severe experiences through which the city has passed. Several good newspapers,—the "Avalanche," the "Appeal," the "Ledger" and the "Register,"—do much to enliven Memphis and the highly prosperous county of Shelby, in which it stands; and the carnival in winter and the cotton trade until midsummer make excitement the rule. Those who fancied Memphis "dead" after the yellow fever's ghastly visitation were wrong; the number of business houses in the city has increased ten per cent. since that terrible event, and the number of physicians, curious to note, has decreased in exactly the same proportion. The wholesale trade has been growing enormously, and the influx of population has been so very considerable, that Memphis claims to-day about 65,000 inhabitants. Great injustice has been done the city in former times by the false statement extensively published that, after Valparaiso and Prague, Memphis had the highest death rate in the world. The cemetery on the Chickasaw bluff, besides receiving the dead of the city itself, serves as the burial place for the dead of all the migratory multitudes who toil up and down the currents of the half dozen giant streams which bring trade and people to Memphis. It is quite probable, whatever appearances may indicate, that the death rate of Memphis is no higher than that of any city in the central valley of the Mississippi. The city itself occupies a tract of three square miles. Opposite it is the center of a district, one hundred miles square, east of the White and St. Francis rivers and west of the Mississippi, which has been for ages enriched by the alluvial deposits brought by the mighty river. It is said that in this area there are five millions of acres,

each one of which is capable of producing annually a bale of cotton. This plain, says a local writer, "was the rich granary of the city of the mound-builders, once occupying, as suggested by the great mounds on the city's southern confines, the heights on which Memphis stands." North of the city lies the famous Big Creek section, the home of many opulent cotton planters before the war, but now but little cultivated, and with many of its fine lands deserted.

Memphis is very near the center of the cotton belt, and has an enormous supply trade with Arkansas, Mississippi, Western Tennessee and Northern Alabama. The export trade of inland ports like Memphis, Macon and Augusta has become so great that the railroads have accorded them very low rates. Much of the cotton once sent to New Orleans is now shipped directly across the country to Norfolk. The railroad system of Memphis is already very important—as follows: The Memphis and Charleston road extends to Stevenson in North Alabama, and connects with routes to Norfolk and the sea, as well as with those running northward. It is at present under a lease to the Southern Railway Security Company, but it is expected that the control of the line will in time return to the stockholders. Next in importance is the Louisville and Nashville and Great Southern Railroad, sometimes called the Memphis and Ohio. This line extends to Paris, Tenn., connecting thence to Louisville, Ky., and with the Memphis and Clarkville, and Louisville and Nashville, roads. The Mississippi and Tennessee road extends from Memphis to Grenada, a "smart" town in the former state, and runs through an excellent cotton raising, although thinly settled, country, for one hundred miles, connecting by the Mississippi Central with New Orleans. The road to Little Rock gives connection with the network in which Texas is tangled; and the Memphis and Paducah, only partially completed, is extended to give almost an air line to Chicago. The Memphis and Selma road is also begun. But the project considered of most importance by the citizens of Memphis is the contemplated road from Kansas City to Memphis, which would render the latter independent of and in direct competition with St. Louis.

The cotton trade of Memphis represents from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000, annually.

Its growth has been extraordinary. In 1860-1 Memphis received nearly four hundred thousand bales. She then had



VIEW IN THE CITY PARK, MEMPHIS.

also an extensive tobacco trade, which the war took from her, and which has never been returned. After the war production was so crippled that there was but a gradual return to the old figures in the cotton trade, as shown by the appended table.

Year.	Bales.
1867-8	254,240
1868-9	247,698
1869-70	247,654
1870-71	511,432
1871-72	380,934
1872-73	414,955
1873-4 up to April.....	398,637

The cotton received at Memphis comes mainly from Western Tennessee, Northern and Central Alabama, the same sections of Mississippi, and Arkansas, as far south as Chicot. The South-eastern portion of Missouri also furnishes some cotton to Memphis. The market is made up of buyers from New England and the northern spinning element generally, and from Liverpool, Manchester, and the continental ports. Nearly one-third of the receipts, it is said, are now taken by foreign ship-

pers. Of course the greater portion of those purchases goes to Europe via Norfolk, New York or Boston, but one German buyer this season shipped forty thousand bales via New Orleans and the Gulf. The character of the cotton is such as to make it specially sought after by all classes of spinners. As a cotton port Memphis is independent of New Orleans, and this independence has been recently achieved. Of the entire crop brought into Memphis in 1860-1 there were 184,366 bales sent to the Louisiana metropolis; whereas in 1872-3 scarcely 25,000 bales were sent there for market. The prices are so nearly up to those of New Orleans as not to leave a margin. The Louisville and Nashville road takes a great deal of cotton northward, and the various packet lines to St. Louis, Cairo, Cincinnati, Evansville, and Cannelton, carry many hundreds of bales. There are so many lines that Memphis is never blockaded. As a single item of commerce, that of cotton there is enormous, amounting at the average price in value to something like \$28,000,000. It is calculated that the whole commerce of Memphis foots up \$62,000,000 yearly. It is the main supply point for a vast region. Thousands on thousands of barrels of flour, pork, bales of hay, sacks of oats, barrels of corn meal, are brought in on the Mississippi river and thence distributed. Besides handling one-eighth of the entire cotton crop of the United States, Memphis has thus far kept in food as well as in courage a very large portion of the half discouraged planters of the South; her merchants having made great efforts to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. So changed are all the conditions under which planters labor, and so evident is it that the character of planting or farming must change a good deal, that the merchants themselves are beginning to doubt the real beneficence of the supply system. At Memphis one hears a great deal of the miseries and vexations of both laborers and capitalists in the cotton country.

The truth of the matter is, I suspect, that the planters, up to the present, have not been willing to become farmers. "These people," said to me a gentleman familiar with the whole cotton planting interest of the South, "will never grow their own supplies until they are compelled to." They are willing to depend upon the West for the coarse food

supplied to negro laborers, and seem totally unconscious of the fact that they can never secure white immigration, so much desired, until they raise the status of the laboring man. White labor has proved a failure in a great many sections of the South, because the laborers who come to make trial are not properly treated. They are offered strong inducements, can purchase good lands on almost unlimited credit, and are received in a friendly manner, but they find all the conditions of labor so disorganized that they become disheartened, and give up the experiment. The negro along the Mississippi works better than ever before since freedom came to him, because he is obliged to toil or starve, and because, being the main stay of the planters, they accord to him very favorable conditions. Self-interest is teaching the planters a good deal, and in the cotton growing regions of Northern Alabama and Mississippi, as well as generally throughout the older cotton States, a diversity of crops will be compelled by the necessity of self protection. It is noticed that the cotton belt is gradually moving from the Atlantic seaboard to newer and more productive lands. The states west of the Mississippi, and bordering on that stream, are receiving immense colonies of negroes fleeing from the temporarily exhausted sections of Alabama, and the lands which they have left will soon come under the influence of fertilizers, and corn and rice and wheat will be raised. In consequence of the gradual change in the location of the planting interest, buyers from the North in such markets as Memphis hear from time to time that less cotton is planted than heretofore, and are led to figure on higher prices; but they find that new lands are constantly opened up, and that the yield on them is

surprising. It is the belief of many acute observers living at important points along the Mississippi river that the ultimate home of the black man is to be west of that stream, on the rich bottom lands where the white man has never been known to labor, and where it would be perilous to his health to settle. In the fall and winter of each year the migration to Arkansas and Louisiana is alarming to the white planters left behind. In Western Tennessee the exodus has not been severely felt as yet, but it will doubtless come. The two hundred thousand negroes in that rich and flourishing region are reasonably content. They do not, in the various counties, enter so much into politics as they did immediately after the war. They show there, as, indeed, almost everywhere in the Mississippi Valley, a tendency to get into communities by themselves, and seem to have no desire to force their way into the company of the white man.

There must, and will be, a radical change in the conduct of the rising generation of planters. The younger men are, I think, convinced that it is a mistake to depend on Western and Northern markets for the articles of daily consumption, and for nearly everything which goes to make life tolerable. But the elders, grounded by a lifetime of habit in the methods which served them well under a slave *régime*, but which are ruinous now-a-days, will never correct themselves. They will continue to bewail the unfortunate fate to which they think themselves condemned—or will rest assured that they can do very well in the present chaotic condition of things, provided Providence does not allow their crops to fail. They cannot be brought to see that their only safety lies in making cotton their surplus crop; that they must absolutely dig their sustenance, as well as



VIEW ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER, AT LITTLE ROCK.

their riches, out of the ground. Before the war, a planter who owned a plantation of two thousand acres, and two hundred negroes upon it; would, when he came to make his January settlement with his merchant in town, invest whatever there was to his credit in more land and more negroes. Now the more land he buys the worse he is off, because he finds it very hard to get it worked up to the old standard, and unless he does, he can ill afford to buy supplies from the outer world at the heavy prices charged for them—or if he can do that, he can accomplish little else. As most of his capital was taken from him by the series of events which liberated his slaves, he has been compelled, since the war, to undertake his planting operations on borrowed capital, or, in other words, has relied on a merchant or middle man to furnish food and clothing for his laborers, and all the means necessary to get his crop, baled and weighed, to the market. The failure of his crop would of course cover him with liabilities; but such has been his fatal persistence in this false system that he has been able to struggle through, as in Alabama, three successive crop failures. The merchant, somewhat reconciled to the anomalous condition of affairs by the large profits he can make on coarse goods brought long distances, has himself pushed en-

durance and courage to an extreme point, and when he dare give credit no longer, hosts of planters are often placed in the most painful and embarrassing positions. So they gather up the wrecks of their fortunes, pack their Lares and Penates in an emigrant wagon, or car, and doggedly work their way to Texas.

The appalling failure of crops in certain sections has not, however, lessened the cotton production of the region supplied from Memphis. In the aggregate it is greater than ever before, and I was informed that its increase would be even more than it is if so many planters did not "overcrop"—that is, plant more than they can cultivate. Those who plant a little land, and care for it thoroughly, usually make some money, even although they depend upon far-off markets for their sustenance, and are completely at the mercy of the merchants. It is believed that the crop failures will induce planters, in the sections which have suffered, to make an effort to grow their own supplies, and until that effort has been successful, there can be no real prosperity among them. Even when Fortune smiles, and they make a good crop, but little is left after a settlement with the merchant. Life is somewhat barren and unattractive to the man who, after a laborious season spent in cultivating one staple, finds that, after all,

he has only made a living out of it. He has done nothing to make his surroundings agreeable and comfortable; his buildings are unsightly and rickety, and there are very few stores in his cellar, if indeed he has any cellar at all.

The region which finds its market and gets its supplies in Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez, is probably as fair a sample of the cotton-producing portion of the South as any other, and I found in it all the ills and all the advantages complained of or claimed elsewhere. Imagine a



THE ARKANSAS STATE CAPITOL—LITTLE ROCK



THE ARKANSAS PENITENTIARY—LITTLE ROCK.

farming country which depends absolutely for its food on the West and North-west; where every barrel of flour which the farmer buys, the bacon which he seems to prefer to the beef and mutton which he might raise on his own lands, the clothes on his back, the shoes on his feet, the very vegetables which the poorest laborer in the Northern agricultural regions grows in his door yard—everything, in fact, has been brought hundreds of miles by steamer or by rail, and has passed through the hands of the shipper, the carrier, the wharf men, the re-shipper, (if the planter live in a remote section) and the local merchant! Imagine a people possessed of superior facilities, who might live, as the vulgar saying has it, on the fat of the land, who are yet so dependent that a worm crawling over a few cotton leaves, or the rise of one or two streams, may reduce them to misery and indebtedness from which it will take years to recover! Men who consider themselves poorly paid and badly treated in Northern farming and manufacturing regions live better and have more than do the overseers of huge plantations in this cotton country. If you enter into conversation with the people who fare thus poorly, they will tell you that, if they raise vegetables, the “niggers” will steal them; that if times were not so hard, and seasons were not so disastrous, the

supply system would work very well; that they cannot organize their labor so as to secure a basis on which to calculate safely; and will finally end by declaring that the South is ruined forever.

These are the opinions of the elders mainly. Younger men, who see the necessity of change and new organization, believe that they must in future cultivate other crops besides cotton; that they must do away with supply-merchants, and try at least to raise what is needed for sustenance. There are of course sections where the planter finds it cheapest to obtain his corn and flour from St. Louis; but that is only one item. There are a hundred things which he requires, and which are grown as well South as North. Until the South has got capital enough together to localize manufactures, the same thing must be said of all manufactured articles; but why should a needless dependence be encouraged by the very people whom it injures and endangers.

There are many plans of working large plantations now in vogue, and sometimes the various systems are all in operation on the same tract. The plan of “shares” prevails extensively, the planter taking out the expenses of the crop, and when it is sold dividing the net proceeds with the negroes who have produced it. In some cases in the vicinity of Natchez, land is

leased to the freedmen on condition that they shall pay so many bales of cotton for the use of so many acres, furnishing their own supplies. Other planters lease



HOT SPRINGS—ARKANSAS.

the land in the same way, and agree to furnish the supplies also. Still others depend entirely upon the wages system, but of course have to furnish supplies at the outset, deducting the cost from wages paid hands after the crop is raised. Sometimes the plantation is leased to "squads," as they are called, and the "squad leader" negotiates the advances, giving "liens" on the squad's share of the crop and on the mules and horses they may own. This plan has worked very well and is looked upon favorably. Under the slave *régime*, the negroes working a large plantation were all quartered at night in a kind of central group of huts, known as the "quarters;" but it has been found an excellent idea to divide up the hundred or five hundred laborers among a number of these little villages, each located on the section of the plantation which they have leased. By this process, commonly known as "segregation of quarters," many desirable things have been accomplished; the negro has been encouraged to devote some attention to his home, and been hindered from the vices engendered by excessive crowding. On some plantations, one may find a dozen squads, each working on a different plan, the planters, or land owners, hoping in this way to find out which system will be most advantageous to them-

selves and most binding on the negro. Clairmont, a plantation of three thousand acres, of which one thousand are now cultivated, on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi river, opposite to Natchez, is cut up into lots of one hundred acres each, and on each division are ten laborers who have leased the land in various ways. It was amusing, by the way, to note the calculation that one negro made, when negotiating for one of these tracts. He was to be allowed one-half, but was vociferous for one-tenth. As ten is more than two, he supposed a tenth to be more than a half. On this Clairmont in 1860, the owner raised one thousand bales of cotton and eight thousand bushels of corn; now he raises about five hundred bales, and hardly any corn. Still, the conduct of the laborers is encouraging. The little villages springing up here and there on the broad acres, have a tendency to localize the negroes, who have heretofore been very much inclined to rove about, and each man is allowed to have half an acre of ground for his garden. The supplies spoken of as furnished the negroes are of the rudest description, pork, meal and molasses—all brought hundreds, nay, thousands of miles, when every one of the laborers could, with a little care, grow enough to feed himself and his family. But the negro throughout the cotton belt, takes little thought for the morrow. He works lazily although, in some places, pretty steadily. In others he takes a day here and there out of the week in such a manner as to render him almost useless. The planter always feels that the negro is irresponsible and must be taken care of. If he settles on a small tract of land of his own, as so many thousands do now-a-days, he becomes almost a cumberer of the ground, caring for nothing save to get a living, and raising only a bale of cotton or so wherewith to get "supplies." For the rest he can fish and hunt. He doesn't care to become a scientific farmer. Thrift has no charms for him. He has never been educated to care for himself; how should he suddenly leap forth, a new man, into the changed order of things? Nevertheless, some of the planters along the river near Natchez said, "Give the negro his due. The merchant will ordinarily stand a better chance of collecting all his advance from fifty small black planters than from fifty whites of the same class, when the crop is successful." But if the negro's crop fails, he feels very loth to pay up, although he may have the means.

He seems to think the debt has become outlawed. In success he is generally certain to pay his "store account," which is varied, and comprehends a history of his progress during the year. The shrewd Hebrew, who has entered into the commerce of the South in such a manner as almost to preclude Gentile competition, understands the freedman very well, and manages him in trade. The negro likes to be treated with consideration when he visits the "store," and he finds something refreshing and friendly in the profuse European manner and enthusiastic lingo of Messrs. Moses and Abraham. The Hebrew merchants have large establishments in all the planting districts. In Mississippi and in some other sections they have made more than one hundred per cent. retail profit, and excuse themselves for it by saying that as they do not always get their money, they must make good bad debts. They are

had to supply them and to watch over them, very much as he did before the war. He was willing to admit that the negro was better adapted to the work than any white man who might come there; but thought the younger generation of negroes was growing up idle and shiftless, fond of whisky and carousing, and that the race was diminishing in fiber and strength. Those who had been slaves were industrious, and conducted themselves as well as they knew how; but the others, both men and women, seemed to think that liberty meant license, and acted accordingly. They were wasteful, and there was but little chance of making them a frugal and foresighted farming people. Whenever they could secure a little money the ground in front of their cabins would be strewn with sardine boxes and whisky bottles.

The planters on the lowlands of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana have been



VIEW FROM THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG.

obliged to watch both white and black planters who procure advances from them, to make sure that they produce a crop. If the merchant sees that there is likely to be but half a crop, he sometimes notifies the planters that they must thereafter draw only half the amount agreed upon at the outset. In short, in some sections the Hebrew is taskmaster, arbiter, and guardian of the planters' destinies.

Many of the elder planters are liberal in their ideas, and would welcome a complete change in the labor system, but they do not believe it possible. One of the best known and most influential in the Valley told me that he and his neighbors in the magnificent Yazoo country, where the superb fertility of the soil gives encouragement to even the rudest labors, had tried every expedient to bring new labor into their section, but could not succeed. His laborers were now practically his tenants; but he

particularly troubled to get and keep serviceable plantation labor; and are now importing large numbers from Alabama. In truth, the hundreds who flock in from the older cotton states were starving at home. On a plantation in Concordia Parish, in Louisiana, opposite Natchez, there are many of these Alabama negroes. One planter went into the interior of that State, and engaged a hundred and twenty-five to follow him. They did not succeed in leaving the State without meeting with remonstrances from the colored politicians, but were glad to flee from an empty cupboard. Densely ignorant as these negroes are, they are yet capable of fine development. They have sound sense and some idea of manners, seem well inclined toward their employers, and appear to recognize their own defects. On many of these plantations on the lowlands the negroes do not vote; on some they are even

hired with the distinct understanding that they shall *not*, unless they wish to be discharged. But sooner or later the politicians reach them, and they become political victims. I took a ride one morning in this same Concordia parish for the purpose of conversing with the planters, and getting testimony as to the actual condition of the laborers. Concordia was once the garden spot of Louisiana; its aspect was European; the fine roads were bordered with delicious hedges of Cherokee rose; grand trees, moss-hung and fantastic in foliage, grew along the green banks of a lovely lake; every few miles a picturesque grouping of coarsely thatched roofs marked negro quarters, and near by gleamed the roof of some planter's mansion. In this parish there was no law and but little order—save such as the inhabitants chose forcibly to maintain. The negroes whom I met on the road were nearly all armed, most of them carrying a rifle over their shoulders, or balanced on the backs of the mules they were riding. Affrays among the negroes are very common throughout that region; but, unless the provocation has been very great, they rarely kill a white man. In a trip of perhaps ten miles I passed through several once prosperous plantations, and made special inquiries as to their present condition. Upon one where six hundred bales of cotton were annually produced under slave culture, the average annual yield is now but two hundred and fifty; on another the yearly average had fallen from one thousand to three hundred bales; and on two others which together gave the market 1500 bales every year, now barely six hundred are raised. The planters in this section thought that cotton production there had fallen off fully two-thirds. The number of negroes at work on each of these plantations was generally much less than before the war. Then a bale to the acre was realized; now about one bale to three acres is the average. Much of this land is "leased" to the negro at the rate of a bale of cotton, weighing 430 pounds, for each six acres. The planters there raise a little corn, but are mainly supplied from the West. The inundation was upon them at the time of my visit, and they were in momentary expectation of seeing all their year's hopes destroyed. The infamous robberies, also, to which they had been subjected by the legislature, and the overwhelming taxation had left them bitterly



THE GAMBLERS' GRAVES—VICKSBURG.

discouraged. One plantation which I visited, having sixteen hundred acres of cleared land in it, and standing in one of the most fertile sections of the State, was originally valued at \$100 per acre; now it could not be sold for \$10. In Madison Parish, recently, a plantation of six hundred improved acres, which originally cost \$30,000, was offered to a neighboring planter for *seven hundred dollars*.

The "wages" accorded the negro, when he works on the wages system, amount to \$15 or \$16 monthly. But few ever save any money, and this remark will, I think, apply to the majority of the negroes engaged in agriculture throughout the cotton region of the Mississippi Valley. Still there are praiseworthy exceptions to this general rule. Enormous prices are placed upon everything, because of the cost of transportation. The grangers have accomplished some good in the cotton states by buying for cash and selling for cash, the object being to keep supplies as near the wholesale price as possible, and have already become a formidable organization there, having scores of societies, small and large, in Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Mississippi.

While there is no doubt that an active, moneyed and earnest immigration would do much toward building up the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley, it is evident that so long as the negro remains in his present ignorance, and both he and the planter rely on other states for their sustenance, and on Providence never to send them rainy days, inundations, or caterpillars, the development of the section will be subject to too serious draw-

backs to allow of any considerable progress. All the expedients, the tenant systems and years of accidental success will not take the place of thorough and diversified culture, and intelligent, contented labor resulting from fair wages for fair work. Nothing but the education of the negro up to the point of ambition, foresight, and a desire to acquire a competence lawfully and laboriously, will ever thoroughly develop the Lower Mississippi Valley. As the negro is certain to inhabit it for many years at least, if not for ever, how shall he learn the much-needed lesson? On the other hand, the whites need to be converted to a sense of the dignity of labor, to learn to treat the laboring man with proper consideration, to create in him an intelligent ambition by giving him education. Something besides an introduction to political liberties and responsibilities is needed to make the negro a moral and worthy citizen. He is struggling slowly and not very surely out of a lax and barbarously immoral condition. The weight of nearly two centuries of slavery is upon his back. He needs more help and counsel. An old master will tell you that he can discover who of his *employés* has been a slave, "for the slave," he says, "cannot look you in the eye without flinching." Neither can the ex-slave be very moral, if indeed moral at all. It is hard for him to bear the yoke of the family relation. Although conscious that he is a freeman, and can leave his employer in the lurch if he desires, he is, here and there, almost content to slip back into the old devil-may-care dependence of slavery. The responsibilities of freedom are almost too much for him. He has entered upon a battle-field armed with poor and cumbersome weapons, weighed down with ignorance and "previous condition;" and I venture to say that no one feels the difficulty and bitterness of his position more keenly than he does himself.

Unable as he is to aid in his own up-building, it is to be considered whether there is not really more room now for educational enterprises, and for a general diffusion of intelligence among his race, by Northern and Western men and women, than there was immediately after the war. Might it not be wise to appoint commissioners to investigate thoroughly the labor question in the South, and to make a final effort to remedy its evils by every proper means. Events have proven

that the National government must undertake the improvement and the control of the Mississippi river; why ought it not to devote some little attention to the removal of the obstacles to immigration into the most fertile sections of the Mississippi Valley?

Memphis now has a prosperous Cotton Exchange, and has had an excellent Chamber of Commerce for many years. Shelby county is rich. Its people were wont to grumble about taxes, but have at last become wiser, and it was even expected, at the date of my visit, that the mayor, a Republican, would succeed in collecting \$700,000 of "back taxes." The negroes have, at times, held important municipal offices. Party lines are not specially regarded in city politics, there being a general happy determination to take the best man. The negroes have great numbers of societies, masonic, benevolent, and strictly religious; and one often sees in a dusky procession, neatly clad, the "Sons or Daughters of Zion," or the "Independent Pole Bearers," or the "Sons of Ham," or the "Social Benevolent Society." Memphis has a banking capital which for six months of the year is ample, but during the cotton season is by no means enough. Her schools are excellent, both for white and black, and the State Female College is in the neighborhood. There are numerous excellent Catholic schools, to which, as elsewhere in the South, those Protestant parents send their children who do not yet look with favor on the free public schools. For about a year the number of pupils in the public schools has been increasing at the rate of two hundred monthly. One-fourth of the children in the free schools are colored, and one of the school-houses for the blacks contains seven hundred pupils.

In the busy season there are seven steamers a week from St. Louis to Memphis, and there are three which extend their trips to Vicksburg—a voyage of nine hundred miles. The Memphis and St. Louis Packet Company brings down about one hundred and fifty thousand tons of freight yearly, and carries up stream perhaps 40,000 bales of cotton in the same period. The gigantic elevator, built on the sloping bluff so that it was of the height of an ordinary three story house next the water, showed only its top floor, so high ran the Mississippi at the time of my visit. From Memphis

steamboats run up the Arkansas and the White Rivers, threading their way to the interior of Arkansas. There is a line to Napoleon, Arkansas, two hundred miles below; one to the plantations on the St. Francis River, and one direct to Cincinnati. The river freightage is often diminished by the lack of confidence between merchant and planter, causing a diminution in amount of supplies forwarded; but the dull seasons are brief.* The manufactures of Memphis are not numerous; there are some oil mills, a few foundries, and steam saw-mills for cutting up the superb cypresses from the brakes in the western district of Arkansas.

board. These men were put off at the upper levee, where there is a coal fleet, and in front of what is known as "Happy Hollow," not far from the remains of the government navy yard which Memphis once boasted. It is a low, marshy place, which the genius of Dickens would have delighted to picture, filled with shanties and flatboats, with old hulks drifted up during high water and then adopted by wretched longshoremen as their habitations. One of the two men died before he could be taken to the hospital; the other shortly after reaching it, and the physicians hinted that they thought the disease the yellow fever. For three weeks it was kept in "Happy



VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

The yellow fever came to Memphis in 1855 and again in 1867, each time having been brought by steamer from below. In 1867 it was quite severe in its ravages, but was confined to the section of the city where it first appeared. In August of 1873, it came again, and nothing stayed its course. Two boats arrived during the month of August, the "George C. Wolf" from Shreveport, and the tow-boat "Bee" from New Orleans, each with a sick man on

Hollow," then it moved northward through the navy yard, and suddenly several deaths on Promenade street, one of the principal avenues, were announced.

The authorities then went at their work, but it was too late, except to cleanse and disinfect the city. The deaths grew daily more numerous; funerals blocked the way; the stampede began. Tens of thousands of people fled; other thousands, not daring to sleep in the plague-smitten town, left Memphis nightly, to return in the day. From September until November hardly ten thousand people slept in town over night. The streets were almost deserted save by the funeral trains. Hero-

* The writer desires to express his obligations to Mr. J. S. Toof, Secretary Memphis Cotton Exchange, and to Messrs. Brower & Thompson, of the "Avalanche," for many interesting facts concerning the city's growth.



THE CARNIVAL—MEMPHIS, TENN.

ism of the noblest kind was freely shown. Catholic and Protestant clergymen and physicians ran untold risks, and men and women freely laid down their lives in the service of others. Twenty-five hundred persons died in the period between August and November. The thriving city had become a charnel house. But one day there came a frost, and though too severely smitten to be wild in their rejoicings, the people knew that the plague itself was doomed. They assembled and adopted an effective sanitary code, appointed a fine board of health, and cleansed the town. Memphis to-day is in far less danger than Vicksburg or New Orleans or half a dozen other Southern cities, of a repetition of the dreadful scenes of last year. Half a million dollars contributed by other states was expended in the burial of the dead and for the needed medical attendance during the reign of the plague.

This terrible visitation did not prevent Memphis from holding her annual carnival,

and repeating, in the streets so lately filled with funerals, the gorgeous pageants of the mysterious Memphis,—such as the Egyptians gazed on two thousand years before Christ was born,—the pretty theaters being filled with the glitter of costumes and the echoes of delicious music. The carnival is now so firmly rooted in the affections of the citizens of Memphis that nothing can unsettle it.

Nearly two hundred miles below Memphis, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, and on lowlands which, when I saw them, were drowned and buried under the combined flood of the two great rivers, stands Napoleon, once a flourishing town, but now gradually slipping away into the stream. The only other towns of importance on the Arkansas bank of the river are Sterling, which lies at the mouth of the St. Francis River, and Helena, a rather thriving and vigorous community of five thousand inhabitants. The White river, which was the scene of much fighting during the war



COL. VICK, OF VICKSBURG, MISS.

comes down from the wilds a little above Napoleon, and pours its floods into the Arkansas. Napoleon did not have a good reputation in past days. Various anecdotes, not entirely devoid of grim humor, were told of it, as illustrating the manners of the town. It was in Napoleon that the man showed a casual passer by on a steamboat a pocket full of ears, and with a grin announced that he was among the boys while they were "having a frolic last night." Murder, daily, was the rule, and not the exception. Brawls always ended in burials. Even now-a-days there are occasional scenes which end in furious free fights. A pilot on one of the up river steamers one day went into a saloon where a group were playing cards. The bystanders laughed at the loser, and the pilot laughed too. Being a stranger, his laughter was resented by the loser, who pulled a bowie knife from his boot, and made a desperate lunge at him. The pilot returned to his boat. But the river is yearly more and more closely embracing the doomed town, and the roughs, like the rats, will leave before the final engulfing comes. In war time, Napoleon was an important rendezvous for gunboats and other warlike craft; the United States Marine Hospital there had been seized by the Confederates when Arkansas seceded, but was

recovered as soon as the Mississippi was partially opened.

These wild and weird forests and swamps bordering the junction of the Arkansas and Mississippi were threaded by the French as early as 1671, and the State now known as Arkansas was a part of Louisiana until the purchase made by the United States in 1812. It had a varying fortune for some time thereafter; was made a territory in 1819, then became part of Missouri territory, but was finally admitted into the Union as a separate state in 1836. Arkansas is, in area, one-sixth larger than the state of New York, comprising more than 52,000 square miles. It is separated by nature into two important divisions—the one is comprising some of the richest agricultural bottom lands in the world, the other containing vast deposits of valuable minerals. The mountain ranges, beginning in the south-western part of the state, develop into the Masserne range, and towards the north and east become broad elevated tracts until they reach the Ozark Mountains, which run from the vicinity of Little Rock, north and west, into Missouri. The often-repeated remark that "Arkansas is all swamp and backwoods" is an error inexcusable in one who travels so much as does the average American. There are tracts along the Mississippi which certainly are swamps, and will remain such until reclaimed by some general system of drainage; but they comprehend but a small portion even of the lowlands. Drainage is necessary both to render the land productive, and to guard against the spread of pernicious climatic diseases.* The lands which extend from Napoleon to Memphis on the Arkansas side form the nucleus of a mighty lowland empire. Drained, settled, and carefully cultured, they would produce almost incalculable wealth. The negro is the man for this work. He is adapted to the climate, and if he but had the ambition, could speedily enrich himself.

The Arkansas river journeys two thousand miles to meet the Mississippi coming eastward from the mountains of Colorado, and the entrance from it into the White River, near its mouth, is easy. The White River drains, with its tributaries, a large expanse in the north-western, middle and south-eastern parts of the State, and renders the transportation of products easy and inexpensive. The Arkansas forms a superb

* "Resources of Arkansas," by James P. Henry.



VIEW IN "BROWN'S GARDEN," NATCHEZ, MISS.

water highway directly across the State, and into the recesses of the Indian Territory. It is navigable for several months in the year, and with needed improvements might be always serviceable. The Ouachita and its contributing streams drain that part of the State lying south of the Arkansas River, and the Red River gives drainage to the south-west. It would be difficult to find another State of which it can be said that out of its seventy-three counties fifty-one are watered by navigable streams. The climate varies with the location; but none could be healthier than that of the romantic mountain region; more invigorating than that of the thick pine forests in the lower counties; or more malarial than the undrained and uncleared bottom lands.

Time was when a journey up the Arkansas River was not devoid of thrilling adventure; when the passengers landing at Little Rock laid their bowie-knives and pistols beside their knives and forks, on the hotel table, at supper; and when along the river bank could be heard the pistol shot from hour to hour. Great numbers of outlaws from the older States came to Arkansas when it was first opened up, and, fascinated with the grandeur and beauty of the more elevated portions of the State, they remained there—some to become honest and hard-working citizens, others to pursue their old callings of robbery and murder, and finally to die at the muzzle of a rifle. Wild life and careless culture of the soil, disregard of humanizing influences, and a general spirit of indifference characterized large numbers of the people; while others were as orderly, enterprising and industrious as those to be found in any of the

older States. But the Commonwealth has thus far been completely *terra incognita* to the people of the North and East. No railroads, up to a very recent date, had penetrated its fertile lands; river navigation has been tedious and unattractive; and the stories, more or less exaggerated, told of the sanguinary propensities of some classes of the inhabitants, were such a grotesque mixture of fun and horror, that civilized people had no more desire to go there than to Central Africa.

But now the most effective civilizer, the iron rail, has been laid down across the State. The St. Louis, Southern, and Iron Mountain railroad has stretched an arm from the Missouri border down the Black and White River valleys to Little Rock, the pretty and flourishing capital of the Commonwealth; thence through Arkadelphia, along the Ouachita valley, and across the Little Missouri and the Red River valley to the Texas boundary, where it connects with the Great Northern, the International, and the Trans-Continental. In other words, it has placed Arkansas on the direct high road to Texas, and opened up to settlement, on terms which the poorest immigrant can accept, good lands for raising corn and the smaller grains, uplands wooded with pine, and bottoms all through the Red River Valley timbered with walnut, oak and ash,—noble cotton lands,—and a fine country for fruit and grapes. The wild grape grows abundantly in the forests, and to large size. Along the line of this railroad also are scattered iron, coal, kaolin and clay in large deposits. That portion of



AVENUE IN "BROWN'S GARDEN"—NATCHEZ, MISS.

the road extending from the Missouri border southward was built as the Cairo and Fulton railroad, giving a through line from



NATCHEZ UNDER-THE-HILL, MISSISSIPPI.

Cairo, Ill., on the east bank of the Mississippi, to Fulton, on the Texas line; but it is now consolidated with the St. Louis and Iron Mountain road, which has recently completed its line from St. Louis to Little Rock, running through the range of mineral mountains in south-eastern Missouri, and uniting with the Cairo and Fulton route at Newport. Through the White River Valley there are some of the loveliest river-bottom lands on the continent, where cotton yields a bale or a bale and a half, corn, seventy-five bushels, and wheat, twenty-five bushels, to the acre. This section of Arkansas is also admirably suited for the culture of tobacco and hemp, besides being an excellent fruit and stock country. Along this mammoth line of rail nearly two million acres, confirmed to the company by act of Congress, are now in market, and immigrants are rapidly settling at distances of five and ten miles from the railroad.

The Arkansas River at Little Rock is broad and noble, and here and there the bluffs are imposing. The town is said to take its name from a small rock on the west side of the stream, which is the first one encountered on that side from the

mouth of the Mississippi to that point, so level is the alluvial. Some distance up stream, on the east bank of the Arkansas, stands Big Rock, a bluff of a little prominence. The river is handsomely bridged for the railroad's convenience, and the city, since the iron horse first snorted in its streets, has had a wonderful growth. It is a pretty, well laid out town, containing twenty thousand inhabitants; and one can see, from any eminence, hundreds of small, neat houses—the best testimonials to individual thrift in a community. The handsome but somewhat dilapidated State Capitol, the picturesque Penitentiary, perched on a rocky hill, the Deaf and Dumb State Asylum, the Asylum for the Blind, the land offices of the railroad companies, St. John's College, and St. Mary's Academy are among its best public buildings. Many of its streets are beautifully shaded, and the peach trees were in bloom on the March days when I visited it. The main part of the city lies on a high, rolling plateau overlooking the river; back at some distance from the stream is the arsenal and post where United States troops are still stationed, and near by is a national cemetery. Little Rock was for many years the

home of Gen. Albert Pike, the noted Confederate general and poet, and his mansion is pointed out with pride by the people of the State. There, too, lived for many years the original of the "Arkansas Traveler," whose story has penetrated to the uttermost ends of the earth; and there the negro has done much to increase one's faith in his capacity for industry and progress. The colored citizens of Little Rock, and of Arkansas in general, number many gentlemen of education and refinement. The superintendent of the penitentiary, the commissioner of State lands, the superintendent of public instruction, some of the State senators, police judges, and many preachers of excellent ability are colored men. Among these gentlemen are graduates of Harvard University, of Oberlin, and of many of the best Western schools. A large proportion of the colored people at Little Rock own their homes, which are mainly in the third ward, whence two aldermen,—black men and slaves up to the war, but now worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each,—are sent up to the Council. At Helena and Little Rock there have been

many noteworthy instances of progress among the negroes. This is not so common in the back country, although some of the counties have colored sheriffs and clerks. One of the most intelligent of his race in the State told me that the negroes had, as a rule, a horror of clearing up new land, and that they had been a good deal hindered from undertaking cotton farming by the lack of means to begin with—this requiring quite an outlay. The large land-holders, too, have generally been averse to selling land in small parcels. For these reasons the country negroes are mainly "hired laborers, working on shares, or tenants by rental, payable in produce." In either case the landlord often furnishes the supplies of food, seed and stock, and at the annual settlement has the lion's share of the proceeds, the laborers making little more than their living for the year. A very reliable colored man told me that if the freedmen of Arkansas had made less progress since the war than those of the elder States since emancipation, he believed it to be because the white population



THE RED RIVER "RAFT"—AS IT WAS.

of Arkansas was also, in many respects, behind that of the other States, being more sparsely settled and isolated, without large towns, railroads, and other improving agencies. The educational societies of the North had comparatively neglected the State. Political commotions had been the rule ever since reconstruction, and the State was already bankrupt at the outbreak of the war. The Republican party, which came in with reconstruction, inaugurated vast schemes for "internal improvements," and to obtain means to carry on said improvements, funded the old ante-bellum bonds of the State as a pledge of good faith. This process, he thought, had resulted in a large increase of the State debt, the debt in onerous taxation, and the taxation in a high rental. The State bonds outstanding March 14, 1874, are classified as follows:

Railroad aid bonds, ...	\$5,350,000
Funded bonds, July 1, 1869, ...	2,000,000
" " Jan. 1, 1870, ...	2,350,000
Levee bonds	2,208,500
Outstanding insurance certificates	1,600,000

Some manufacturing has been introduced at Little Rock, and the wholesale trade of the town is very large, although, as no organized chamber of commerce yet exists, I could not discover its amount. At the close of the war it was only a small village, with little or no railroad outlet, and with a minor trade. Planters had been in the habit of bringing almost literally everything which they needed from Memphis; the idea of keeping supplies in the State had never occurred to them. Now the through route to Texas, the Memphis and Little Rock, and the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroads give plenty of outlets, and are bringing the town considerable new population. The latter route, in which a good many Eastern men are interested, is not yet completed, and is in wretched financial and material condition, but it runs through a fine country, and, if ever finished, will develop the most interesting portion of Arkansas. The noble country along the borders of the Indian Territory needs developing: it is rich in minerals and in grand mountain scenery, but is now in semi-barbaric hands, and it will take a persistent effort to improve the tone of society there. Fort Smith is on the Arkansas River and the border of the Territory, has a population of three thousand, is a military post whence offenders from the Indian Territory are taken to be tried, and once had a very extensive Western

trade, which has been taken away by the passage of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas line of rail within sixty-five miles of the town. Society throughout this section is said to be improving. My own opinion is, that it will never improve much in the face of ignorance, whisky and weapons. Most of the deadly broils occur between drunken ruffians, whose only sentiment is revenge by pistol shot, and whose chief amusement is coarse and bestial intoxication. The "Fort Smith road" runs through the counties of Pulaski, Vincennes, Faulkner, Conway, Pope, Johnson, Franklin, Crawford and Sebastian. Conway, Lewisburgh and Russellville promise to be important towns along the line, although the local business is thus far slight.

Over the thirty-three millions of acres in Arkansas are scattered barely five hundred thousand people, and the nature of their employment forbids the building of many large towns. The grade of intelligence in the interior districts, where they have never had schools, is much the same as in Eastern Tennessee. There are fewer churches than schoolhouses in the "up-country." The masses of the whites are ambitionless; and even the most enthusiastic that I met seemed dubious about the State's prospects. The north-eastern current of immigration is wanted, and would do much towards reforming the State. Something beyond a rough prosperity in cotton raising and whisky is now demanded; and the cultured people living in the larger towns are making special efforts to redeem the commonwealth from the bad name it has received. Certainly Little Rock's handsome development should do much to make one believe in the State's possibilities; it has a flourishing library, a dozen good churches, several well-ordered banks, and fine streets; society and schools are as good as in Eastern towns of the same size. But in the back country!—there the prospect is very different. Little Rock, with its streets and gardens filled with azalias, japonicas, China and peach trees, the queenly magnolia, and the lovely box elders and elms, is a striking contrast to some of the rude lowland towns near the river, or the log-built unkempt settlements in the interior, where morals are bad, manners worse, and there are no comforts or graces. The Presbyterian Church South is the prevailing denomination at Little Rock, and Northern people worship in it, politics being eschewed. The schools are,

of course, classified for black and white; mixed schools having been nowhere attempted, or, indeed, demanded. The Industrial University at Fayetteville is to be a powerful institution, and the Judsonian University, located at Judsonia in White County, is one of the hopes of the future. Schools have been organized and maintained for a number of years in Fort Smith, Pine Bluffs, Helena, Arkadelphia, Dardanelle and Camden, and have been well attended by both white and black children. The State Superintendent could not inform me how many schools were in operation in the community; inasmuch as he had to operate with only the semi-annual apportionment of \$55,000 in State scrip, worth forty cents on the dollar, he could not make much new effort. He admitted that but little progress in education had as yet been made in the remote parts of Arkansas; the thinly settled character of the region preventing neighborhood schools.

The vexed condition of politics in the State since the war has greatly hindered its development. People complained a good deal of the manner in which the Arkansas Central (narrow gauge) Railroad scheme was conducted. This road is now in operation from Helena to Clarendon, and is eventually to be completed to Little Rock. It traverses one of the best cotton producing regions in the South. Its completion is hindered by the anomalous condition of affairs in the State, and by the various accusations brought against its builders as to the manner in which they obtained the money to build it with. The Little Rock, Pine Bluff and New Orleans road now runs from Chicot to Pine Bluff, and will this year reach Little Rock. The Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River road is intended to run across the State from Chicot, on the Mississippi, to Texarkana, on the Red River. The Ouachita Valley road extends from Arkadelphia to Camden, and thence will connect with Monroe in Louisiana. Camden is one of the largest towns in Southern Arkansas, in the heart of a fine cotton-growing section. It will be seen that as soon as these projected lines are completed, Arkansas will be very thoroughly traversed by roads, and, with her splendid river highways, will find no difficulty in annually sending an early crop to Memphis and New Orleans. Steamers can reach Camden from New Orleans, coming up the Red and Ouachita rivers, and

thousands of bales of cotton annually go to New Orleans that way. But these facilities for communication cannot enrich the State so long as an appeal to arms by a discontented faction may at any time overthrow law, destroy order, and turn towns into camps. There seem to have been, since the close of the war, the most bitter struggles between the different factions, sometimes resulting in bloodshed, and always in a paralysis of the State's vitality for some time after each combat. The partisans in a State where the use of arms is so common as it is in Arkansas are, of course, violent and vindictive, and a good many lives are wasted in useless struggling to prevent those sudden changes in party sentiment which are inevitable. When Governor Clayton was elected to the United States Senatorship, he was seemingly unwilling to allow his successor to take his office, for fear that he might change the course of the party. So, recently, the Republican governor now in office, having inaugurated his course by promising something like an honest administration, and by gathering around him the more reputable of the old Conservatives,—in other words, by bringing politics, to a certain extent, back to their normal condition, and not controlling the intelligent property owners by ignorant and incompetent office-holders,—was temporarily ousted by the beaten candidate, who brought a formidable army at his back, expelled the rightful governor, Mr. Baxter, and opened the way to a series of arrests and counter-arrests, which would have been laughable had they not been so disgusting to any one possessing a high ideal of Republican government. It required the interference of the Federal Government to secure the reinstatement of Gov. Baxter, and the would-be usurper, who had mustered at his back a Falstaffian army of idle and worthless fellows, retired only when the proclamation of the President warned him to do so. The reestablishment of law and order was followed by a popular vote on the question of holding a new constitutional convention. The election occurred in July, and the people of the State affirmed, by more than seventy thousand majority, their desire for a convention. Several important amendments to the constitution will, doubtless, be made.

Taxes in the State are now nearly six per cent. The vicious system of issuing State warrants is pursued in Arkansas as in



VIEW OF BATON ROUGE, LA.

Louisiana, and with the same disastrous results. A stern reign of law and order for four years would fill Arkansas with immigrants; but a *coup d'état* every four years will not be very reassuring. The legislature should enact a law forbidding the bearing of arms, and should enforce it, if possible. Murder is considered altogether too trivial an offence in Arkansas. I walked through the penitentiary at Little Rock, and saw a large number of white and black criminals who were serving life, or long term, sentences for homicide. A brace of negroes working at the prison forge were murderers; an old man, peacefully toiling at a carpenter's bench, was a murderer; a young negro, hewing a log, was a murderer; and in a dark cell, a murderer, stretched on his iron bedstead, was sleeping off the terrors which had partially subsided with the reprieve just sent him. The governor had fifteen proclamations, offering rewards for murderers, flying about the State at the date of my visit. The day before I left Little Rock, however, a desperado was hung in the neighboring town of Clarksville, and it was thought that the execution would have a salutary effect on the lawless element.

The resources of Arkansas are, like those of all the other southern and south-western states, as yet but little drawn upon by the resident population; and they are immense. Arkansas contains twelve thousand square miles of coal,* and a valuable coal basin is situated along both sides of the Arkansas

river. In Sebastian county there are veins of coal six feet thick. A lead belt extends diagonally across the State; the lead and silver mines in Sevier county promise much. Clay, kaolin, gypsum, copper and zinc are found in profusion; manganese, ochre and paint earths are to be had in many counties; and there are vast quarries of slate, whetstone, limestone, and marble. Iron ore has been discovered at various points; but the coal stores are the great treasure, and must some time enrich the State.

The St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad has brought the Hot Springs, that famous Bethesda of the rheumatic and scrofulous unfortunate, within convenient distance of a Pullman Palace car. The staging is now eighteen instead of eighty-five miles to the Bad-Gastein of America, which lies in a wild mountainous region. The hot springs issue from the western slope of a spur of the Ozark range, about fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. There are now nearly sixty of these springs, new ones appearing annually. Their temperature varies from 95° to 150° Fahrenheit, and they discharge something like three hundred gallons per minute. Thousands of discouraged pilgrims flock to Hot Springs yearly, and return much recovered; while those who do not achieve a cure experience great relief. The town lies in a valley which follows the Hot Spring Creek, and is very well supplied with hotels and neat but inexpensive residences. I did not penetrate to the springs, but heard very powerful testimony in

* Testimony of the State Geologist.

their favor. It is expected, and, I think, desired that the United States, which has a disputed claim to the Hot Springs reservation, should succeed in getting possession, and making it a grand sanitary resort free to all.

The forests of Arkansas offer the most stupendous chances for the development of State wealth. The yellow pine and cypress, the cedar, the cottonwood, the mulberry, the oaks, hickories, sumac, pecans, and ash, grow along the navigable streams, and can be easily borne to market on the bosoms of the great currents. There are still in the State eight millions of acres of land belonging to the United States, subject to homestead entry, and these are among the best in Arkansas. A decent home government, and the progress of education among the masses would enable the State to leap into as wonderful a growth as that achieved by Texas and Missouri. But there is a great deal to do before that prosperity can be achieved.

The journey along the Mississippi river from Napoleon, on the Arkansas shore, to Vicksburg, the largest town in the State of Mississippi, discloses naught save vast and gloomy stretches of forest and flat, of swamp and inlet, of broad current and green island, until Columbia, a pretty town on the Arkansas side, is passed. Below Columbia the banks of the river are lined with cotton plantations for more than one hundred and fifty miles.

Vicksburg, the tried and troubled hill city, her crumbling bluffs still filled with historic memorials of one of the most desperate sieges and defences of modern times, rises in quite imposing fashion from the Mississippi's banks, in a loop in the river made by a long delta, which at high water is nearly submerged. The bluffs run back some distance to an elevated plateau. In the upper streets are many handsome residences. The Court House is located on the summit of a fine series of terraces; here and there a pretty church serves as a landmark; and the remains of the old fort from which "Whistling Dick," a famous Confederate gun, was wont to sing defiance to the Federals, are still visible on a lofty eminence. From the grass-grown ramparts one can see, in the distance, the canal projected by the Federals during the siege; can overlook the principal avenue,—Washington street,—well lined with spacious shops and stores, and unhappily filled at all hours with lounging negroes; can see the broad

current sweeping round the tongue of land on which the towns of De Soto and Delta stand, and the ferries plying to the landings of the railroad which cuts across North Louisiana to Shreveport; can see the almost perpendicular streets scaling the bluff from the water-side, and masses of elevators and warehouses down by the river, where the white stately packets come and go. There is evidence of growth; neat houses are scattered on hill and in valley in every direction; yet the visitor will be told that money is scarce, that credit is poor, and that tradesmen are badly discouraged. The river is so intricate in its turnings that one is at first puzzled on seeing a steamboat passing, to know whether it is ascending or descending; at the end of the "loop," near the mouth of the Yazoo River, and at the point where Sherman made his entrance from the "Valley of Death," is the largest National cemetery in the country, in whose grassy banks repose the remains of sixteen thousand soldiers. The view from the slopes of the cemetery, reached by many a detour through dusty cuts in the hills, is too flat



A STEAMBOAT TORCH-BASKET.

to be grand, but ample enough to be inspiring. The wooded point, the cross

current setting around it, the wide sweep away towards the bend, are all charming. The old Scotch gardener and sexton told me that twelve thousand of the graves were marked "unknown." The original design contemplated the planting of the grounds with trees bordering avenues intended to resemble the aisles and nave of a cathedral. This was impracticable; but oaks have been planted, and the graves are covered with flowering plants and shrubs. The section of Vicksburg between the cemetery and the town is not unlike the park of the Buttes Chaumont in Paris. Grapes grow wild in the adjacent valleys, and might readily be cultivated on the hillsides. A simple marble shaft in the cemetery is destined to commemorate the spot where Grant held his famous interview with Pemberton.

The municipal government of Vicksburg since the war has been in the hands of carpet-baggers, maintained in power by ignorant negroes; but at the election held in August of this year, the adventurers were driven out, and men of intelligence and honesty were placed in office by the white voters. Many white people who ordinarily vote the Republican ticket are said to have voted with the Democrats, simply because they were desirous of seeing the city government reformed. The negroes hold many offices in the surrounding country; they are the county clerks and other officers of importance. They will learn a good lesson from the recent defeat of their false guides.

Vicksburg has acquired a not altogether enviable notoriety as a town where shooting at sight is a popular method of vengeance, and shortly before my second visit there, three murders were committed by men who deemed it manly to take the law into their own hands. There is still rather too much of this barbarism remaining in Mississippi, and it has not always the excuse of intoxication to palliate it. The Vicksburg method is not the duel, but cold-blooded murder. The laws of the duello are pretty thoroughly expunged in Mississippi, although I was not a little amused to learn from Governor Ames that the people in those counties of the State bordering on Louisiana, which are ultra-Democratic, refused to aid the Governor and his authorities in securing duellists who steal out from New Orleans to fight on Mississippi soil, on the ground that the "d—d Yankees want to do away

with duelling so as to make their own heads safe." Mississippi is a sparsely settled State, and in some of the counties life is yet as rough as on the south-western frontier. But that people should encourage open and deliberate murder in a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, where there is good society, and where churches and schools flourish, is monstrous!

Vicksburg was once the scene of a terrible popular vengeance, when a number of gamblers, who persisted in remaining in the town against the wishes of the citizens, showed fight, and having killed one or two townsmen, were themselves lynched, and buried among the bluffs. The town gets its name from one of the oldest and most highly respected families in Mississippi,—the Vicks,—whose family mansion stands on a handsome eminence in the town of today. Col. Vick, the present representative of the family, is a specimen of the noble-looking men grown in the Mississippi Valley—six feet four in stature, erect and stately, and possessed of the charming manner of the old school. The picture which our artist has given of him does justice only to the fine, manly face; it cannot reproduce the form and the manner. Mississippi raises noble men, and they were wonderful soldiers, showing pluck, persistence and grip.

Nineteen lines of steam-packets ply between New Orleans and Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg up the Yazoo River. The scene in the elevators at the river side, as in Memphis, is in the highest degree animated. Thousands of bales and barrels roll and tumble down the inclined plane to the boats, and the shouting is terrific.

The railroad from Vicksburg to Jackson, the Mississippi capital, runs through the scene of some of the heaviest fighting of the war, crossing the Big Black River, and passing Edwards and other flourishing towns, set down between charming forests and rich cotton fields.

Sailing on from Vicksburg through the submerged country was sorrowful work. Imminent disaster depressed every one. We passed into the great bend, or lake, where, on Hurricane Island, lie the plantations formerly owned by the Davis Brothers, famous for their wealth. The broad acres once known as the property of Jefferson Davis are now in the hands of his ex-slave, who, by the way, is said to be remarkable for thrift and intelligence.



ARRIVAL OF A STEAMER AT NATCHEZ.

Drifting past Grand Gulf, a pretty town lying on romantic hills, and passing a host of half drowned landings and wood-yards, we arrived at Natchez one lovely March evening, when earth and heaven seemed bathed in a delicious warmth, and nothing was to be heard save the cry of the frogs in a marsh at the river side.

Natchez, like Vicksburg, lies on a line of bluffs which rear their bold heads imposingly from the water. It is one of the loveliest of Mississippi towns, and was once the home of immense wealth, as well as of much culture and refinement. He who sees only Natchez-under-the-Hill from the steamboat deck, gets an impression of a few prosaic houses huddled together not far from a wharf-boat, a road leading up a steep and high hill, and here and there masses of foliage. Let him wander ashore, and scale the cliff, and he will find himself in a quiet, unostentatious, beautifully shaded town, from which, so oppressive at first is the calm to one coming from the bustle of Northern towns, one almost fancies that

"Life and thought are gone away ;"

but he finds cheeriest of people,—cheery too, under heavy misfortunes,—and homes rich in refinement and half buried under the lustrous and voluptuous blossoms which the wonderful climate favors. Natchez has an impressive cathedral, a fine courthouse, a handsome Masonic temple, and hosts of pretty houses. You walk beneath the shade of the China tree and the water oak, the cedar and the laurimunda. Nowhere is there glare of sun on the pavement; nothing more clamorous than the galloping of a horse stirs the blood of the nine thousand inhabitants. In the suburbs, before the war, were great numbers of planters' residences—beautiful homes with colonnades and verandas, with rich drawing and dining rooms, furnished in heavy, antique style, and gardens modeled after the finest in Europe. Many of these have been destroyed, but we visited one or two whose owners have been fortunate enough to keep them. The lawns and gardens are luxurious; the wealth of roses is inconceivable to him who has not seen such gardens as Brown's, in Natchez-under-the-Hill, and that of Mr.

Shields, in the suburbs of the upper town. I remember no palace garden in Europe which impressed me so powerfully with the sense of richness and exquisite profusion of costly and delicate blooms as Brown's, which a wealthy Scotchman cultivated for a quarter of a century, and handed down to his family, with injunctions to maintain its splendor.

From the bluff above this indescribably charming spot one can overlook the plain of Concordia, in Louisiana, beyond the broad, tranquil river, and catch the gleam of the lake among the mammoth trees. There are still many wealthy families in Natchez. Here and there a French name and tradition reminds one that the town is of French origin, that d'Iberville founded it in 1700, and that Bienville once had a trading post there, among the Natchez Indians. There that tribe, fire worshipers and noble savages, passed an innocent and Arcadian existence, keeping ever alight on their altars a fire in honor of the sun. But the white man came; the fire on the altars went out; the Indian was swept away. Gayarre, who has written so well concerning these Southern Indian tribes, says the Natchez were the Athenians of Louisiana, as the Choctaws were the Boeotians. A hundred years after the Natchez had first seen the French, Fort Rosalie, whose site on the bluff is still pointed out to the stranger, was evacuated by the Spaniards, that the flag of the United States might be raised over it. Since 1803 Natchez has been an incorporated American city. It has no manufactures, its trade depending entirely on cotton. No railroad reaches it, but a narrow gauge road, called the Natchez, Jackson and Colmubus road, has been begun. The adjoining counties furnish from 5,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton annually, shipped to New Orleans for sale.

Natchez was out of debt when it was given over to the Republican party, but has acquired quite a heavy indebtedness since. The negroes there came into power in 1867. The present sheriff, the county treasurer and assessor, the majority of the magistrates, and all the officers managing county affairs, except one, are negroes. The board of aldermen has three negroes in it. There is the usual complaint among the Conservatives that money has been dishonestly and foolishly expended; but the government of the city seemed, on

the whole, very satisfactory. About a thousand children are in the public schools, and four hundred of them,—the colored pupils,—have a handsome new school-house, called the "Union," built expressly for them. Natchez had an excellent system of public schools before the war, and the "Natchez Institute," the original free school, is still kept up. The Catholic institutions are numerous and thriving. A good many of the negroes, as in Louisiana, are Catholics.

One half of the population of Natchez is black, and seems to live on terms of amity with the white half. White and black children play together in the streets, and one sometimes feels like asking "Why, if that be so, should they not go to school together?" But the people of Mississippi, like the people throughout the South, will not hear of mixed schools. The negroes are vociferously prominent as hackmen, wharf-men, and public servants generally; but they do not like to leave the town and settle down to hard work on the worn out hills at the back of Natchez.

On the bluffs, some three miles from the town, stands a national cemetery, beautifully planned and decorated, and between it and Natchez stands the dilapidated United States Marine Hospital. The grass-grown ramparts of Fort McPherson mark the site of a beautiful mansion which was razed for military purposes. When its owner, a rich Frenchman, was offered compensation by the army officer superintending the work, he gruffly refused it, saying that he had enough "still left to buy the United States government."

The taxes in Natchez and vicinity are very oppressive, amounting to nearly six per cent. The State and county tax touches four—and is based on full two-thirds the valuation. The railroad movement has, however, done something to increase the burdens of the citizens.

Sixty-five miles below Natchez the Red River empties itself into the Mississippi, whose most important tributary it is. The recent improvements made by the general government, under the direction of the Board of Engineers, in the removal of the "great raft" of driftwood, have given the river new commercial possibilities. The raft, which was thirty miles long, had for many years rendered navigation north of Shreveport impossible. The sketch, which the kindness of one of the engineers who had been employed in the removal of the

obstructions placed at the disposition of our artist, will serve to show what the "Red River Raft" was.

Passing the bald bluffs of Port Hudson, over whose fortifications Confederate and Federal fought so desperately in the late war, we came to Baton Rouge, with its

ruined Gothic capitol on the green hillside, and thence to New Orleans. With the characteristics of the Mississippi River within the limits of Louisiana, the reader of the articles on that State is already familiar.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY now began the descent of the mountain. Climbing down the crater, they went round the cone and reached their encampment of the previous night. Pencroff thought it must be breakfast-time, and the watches of the reporter and engineer were therefore consulted to find out the hour.

That of Gideon Spilett had been preserved from the sea-water, as he had been thrown at once on the sand out of reach of the waves. It was an instrument of excellent quality, a perfect pocket chronometer, which the reporter had not forgotten to wind up carefully every day.

As to the engineer's watch, it, of course, had stopped during the time which he had passed on the downs.

The engineer now wound it up, and ascertaining by the height of the sun that it must be about nine o'clock in the morning, he put his watch at that hour.

Gideon Spilett was about to do the same, when the engineer, stopping his hand, said—

"No, my dear Spilett, wait. You have kept the Richmond time, have you not?"

"Yes, Cyrus."

"Consequently, your watch is set by the meridian of that town, which is almost that of Washington?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Very well, keep it thus. Content yourself with winding it up very exactly, but do not touch the hands. This may be of use to us."

"What will be the good of that?" thought the sailor.

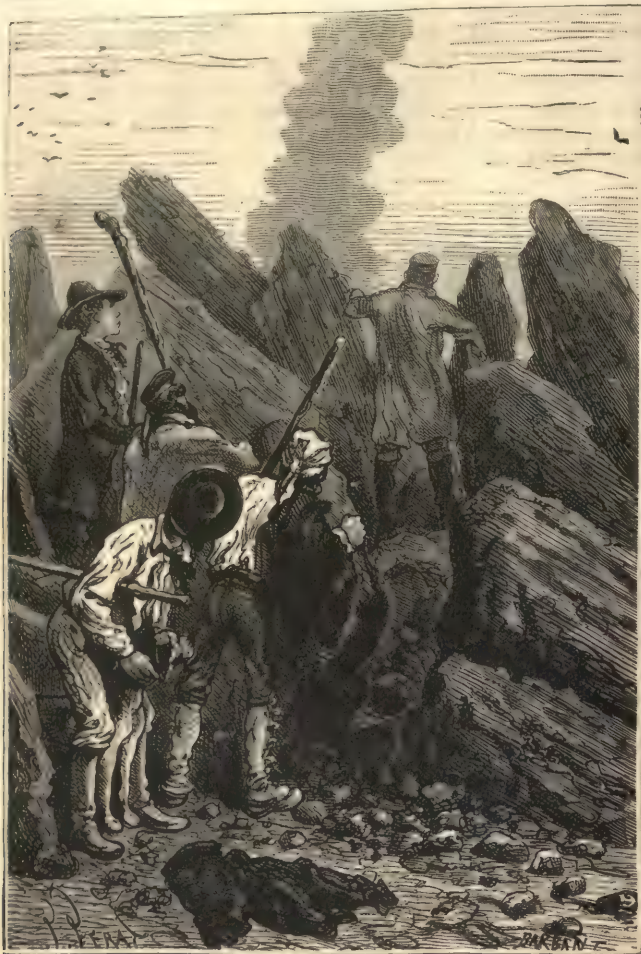
They ate, and so heartily, that the store of game and almonds was totally exhaust-

ed. But Pencroff was not at all uneasy; they could supply themselves on the way. Top, whose share had been very much to his taste, would know how to find some fresh game among the brushwood. Moreover, the sailor thought of simply asking the engineer to manufacture some powder and one or two fowling-pieces; he supposed there would be no difficulty in that.

On leaving the plateau, the captain proposed to his companions to return to the Chimneys by a new way. He wished to reconnoiter Lake Grant, so magnificently framed in trees. They therefore followed the crest of one of the spurs, between which the creek that supplied the lake probably had its source. In talking, the settlers already employed the names which they had just chosen, which singularly facilitated the exchange of their ideas. Harbert and Pencroff,—the one young and the other very boyish,—were enchanted, and while walking, the sailor said:

"Hey, Harbert! how fine it sounds! It will be impossible to lose ourselves, my boy, since, whether we follow the way to Lake Grant, or whether we join the Mercy through the Forests of the Far West, we shall be certain to arrive at Prospect Heights, and consequently at Union Bay!"

It had been agreed, that, without forming a compact band, the settlers should not stray away from each other. It was very certain that the thick forests of the island were inhabited by dangerous animals, and it was prudent to be on their guard. In general, Pencroff, Harbert and Neb, walked first, preceded by Top, who poked his nose into every bush. The reporter and the engineer went together, Gideon Spilett,



THE MYSTERIOUS SMOKE.

ready to note every incident, the engineer, silent for the most part, and only stepping aside to pick up a mineral or vegetable substance, sometimes one thing, sometimes another, which he put into his pocket without making any remark.

"What can he be picking up?" muttered Pencroff. "I have looked in vain for anything worth the trouble of stooping."

Towards ten o'clock the little band descended the last declivities of Mount Franklin. As yet the ground was scantily strewn with bushes and trees. They were walking over yellowish calcinated earth, forming a plain nearly a mile long, which extended to the edge of the wood. Great blocks of that basalt, which, according to Bischoff, have taken three hundred and

fifty millions of years to cool, strewed the plain, very confused in some places. However, there were here no traces of lava, which was spread more particularly over the northern slopes.

Cyrus Smith expected to reach, without incident, the course of the creek, which he supposed flowed under the trees at the border of the plain, when he saw Harbert running hastily back, while Neb and the sailor were hiding behind the rocks.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Spilett.

"Smoke," replied Harbert. "We have seen smoke among the rocks, a hundred paces from us."

"Men in this place?" cried the reporter.

"We must avoid showing ourselves before knowing with whom we have to deal," replied Cyrus Smith. "I trust that there are no natives on this island; I dread them more than anything else. Where is Top?"

"Top is on before."

"And he doesn't bark?"

"No."

"That is strange. However, we must try to call him back."

In a few moments, the engineer, Gideon Spilett, and Harbert rejoined their two companions; like them, they kept out of sight behind the heaps of basalt.

From there they clearly saw smoke of a yellowish color rising in the air.

Top was recalled by a slight whistle from his master, and the latter, signing to his companions to wait for him, glided away among the rocks. The colonists, motionless, anxiously awaited the result of this exploration, when a shout from the engineer made them hasten forward. They soon joined him, and were at once struck with a disagreeable odor which impregnated the atmosphere.

The odor, easily recognized, was enough for the engineer to guess what the smoke was which at first, not without cause, had startled him.

"This fire," said he, "or rather, this smoke, is produced by nature alone. There is a sulphur spring there, which will effectually cure all our sore throats."

"Capital!" cried Pencroff. "What a pity that I haven't got a cold!"

The settlers then directed their steps towards the place from which the smoke escaped. There they saw a sulphur spring which flowed abundantly between the rocks, and its waters discharged a strong sulphuric acid odor, after having absorbed the oxygen of the air.

Cyrus Smith, dipping in his hand, felt the water oily to the touch. He tasted it and found it rather sweet. As to its temperature, that he estimated at ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit. Harbert having asked on what he based this calculation,—

"It's quite simple, my boy," said he, "for, in plunging my hand into the water, I felt no sensation either of heat or cold. Therefore it has the same temperature as the human body, which is about ninety-five degrees."

The sulphur spring not being of any actual use to the settlers, they proceeded towards the thick border of the forest, which began some hundred paces off.

There, as they had conjectured, the waters of the stream flowed clear and limpid between high banks of red earth, the color of which betrayed the presence of oxide of iron. From this color the name of Red Creek was immediately given to the water-course.

It was only a large stream, deep and clear, formed of the mountain water, which, half river, half torrent, here rippling peacefully over the sand, there chafing against the rocks or dashing down in a cascade, ran towards the lake, over a distance of a mile and a half, its breadth varying from thirty to forty feet. Its waters were sweet, and it was supposed that those of the lake were sweet also—a fortunate circumstance, in the event of their finding on its borders a more suitable dwelling than the Chimneys.

As to the trees which, some hundred feet downwards, shaded the banks of the creek, they belonged, for the most part, to the species which abound in the temperate zone of America and Tasmania, and no

longer to those coniferæ observed in that portion of the island already explored some miles from Prospect Heights. At this time of the year, at the commencement of the month of April, which represents the month of October, in this hemisphere, that is, the beginning of autumn, they were still in full leaf. They consisted principally of casuarinas and eucalypti, some of which next year would yield a sweet manna, similar to the manna of the East. Clumps of Australian cedars rose on the sloping banks, which were also covered with the high grass, called "tussac" in New Holland; but the cocoa-nut, so abundant in the Archipelagos of the Pacific, seemed to be wanting in the island, the latitude, doubtless, being too low.

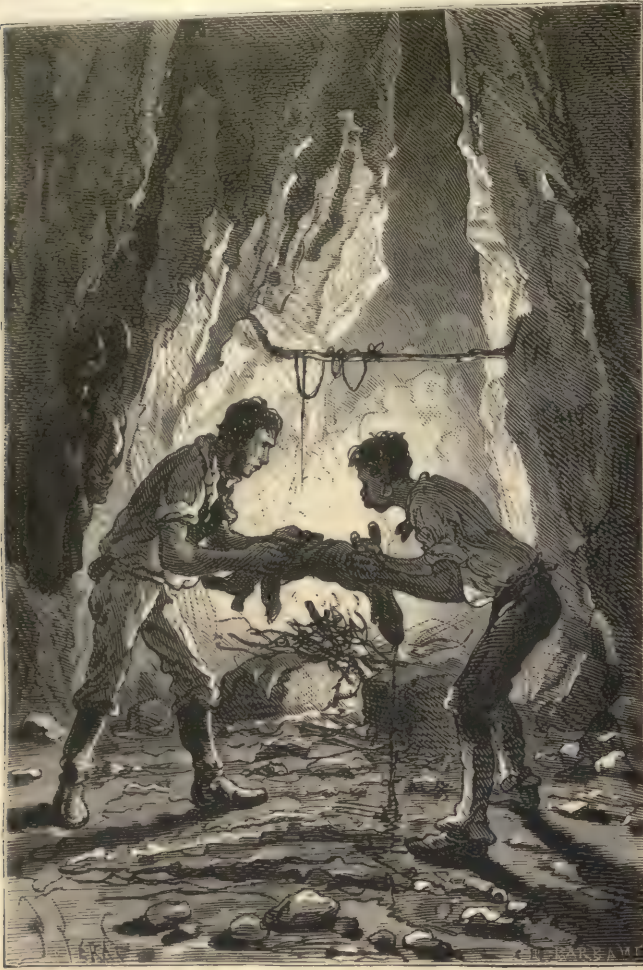
"What a pity!" said Harbert, "such a useful tree, with such beautiful nuts!"

As to the birds, they swarmed among the scanty branches of the eucalypti and casuarinas, which did not hinder the display of their wings. Black, white, and gray cockatoos, paroquets, with plumage of all colors, kingfishers of a sparkling green and crowned with red, blue lories, and various other birds, appeared on all sides, as through a prism, fluttering about and producing a deafening clamor. Suddenly, a strange concert of discordant voices resounded in the midst of a thicket. The settlers heard successively the song of birds, the cry of quadrupeds, and a sort of clacking which they might have believed to have escaped from the lips of a native. Neb and Harbert rushed towards the bush, forgetting even the first principles of prudence. Happily, they found there neither a formidable wild beast nor a dangerous native, but merely half a dozen mocking and singing birds, known as mountain pheasants. A few skillful blows from a stick soon put an end to their concert, and procured excellent game for the evening's dinner.

Harbert also discovered some magnificent pigeons with bronzed wings, some superbly crested, others draped in green, like their congeners at Port MacQuarie; but it was impossible to reach them, or the crows and magpies which flew away in flocks.

A charge of small shot would have made great slaughter among these birds, but the hunters were still limited to sticks and stones, and these primitive weapons proved very insufficient.

Their inefficacy was still more clearly



THE COOKS AT WORK.

shown when a troop of quadrupeds, jumping, bounding, making leaps of thirty feet, regular flying mammiferæ, fled over the thickets, so quickly and at such a height, that one would have thought that they passed from one tree to another like squirrels.

"Kangaroos!" cried Harbert.

"Are they good to eat?" asked Pencroff.

"Stewed," said the reporter, "their flesh is equal to the best venison——"

Gideon Spillett had not finished this exciting sentence when the sailor, followed by Neb and Harbert, darted off on the kangaroos' track. Cyrus Smith called them back in vain. But it was in vain, too, for the hunters to pursue such agile game, which went bounding away like

balls. After a chase of five minutes, they lost their breath, and at the same time all sight of the creatures, which disappeared in the wood.

Top was not more successful than his masters.

"Captain," said Pencroff, when the engineer and the reporter had rejoined them, "Captain, you see quite well we can't get on unless we make a few guns. Will that be possible?"

"Perhaps," replied the engineer, "but we will begin by first manufacturing some bows and arrows, and I don't doubt that you will become as clever in the use of them as the Australian hunters."

"Bows and arrows!" said Pencroff, scornfully. "That's all very well for children!"

"Don't be proud, friend Pencroff," replied the reporter. "Bows and arrows were sufficient for centuries to stain the earth with blood. Powder is but a thing of yesterday, and war is as old as

the human race—unhappily!"

Meanwhile, Harbert, constant to his favorite science, Natural History, reverted to the kangaroos, saying:

"Besides, we had to deal just now with the species which is the most difficult to catch. They were giants with long, gray fur; but if I am not mistaken there are black and red kangaroos, rock kangaroos, and rat kangaroos, which are more easy to get hold of. There are reckoned to be about a dozen species——"

"Harbert," replied the sailor, sententiously, "there is only one species of kangaroo to me, that is, 'kangaroo on the spit,' and it's just the one we haven't got this evening."

They could not help laughing at Master

Pencroff's new classification. The honest sailor did not hide his chagrin at being restricted for his dinner to the singing pheasants, but fortune once more showed itself obliging to him.

In fact, Top, who felt that his interest was concerned, went and ferreted everywhere with an instinct sharpened by a ferocious appetite. It was even probable that if some piece of game did fall into his clutches, none would be left to the hunters, if Top was hunting on his own account; but Neb watched him, and he did well.

Towards three o'clock the dog disappeared in the brushwood, and gruntings showed that he was engaged in a struggle with some animal. Neb rushed after him, and soon saw Top eagerly devouring a quadruped, which, ten seconds later, would have been past recognizing in Top's stomach. But fortunately the dog had fallen upon a brood, and besides the victim he was devouring, two other rodents,—the animals in question belonged to that order,—lay strangled on the turf.

Neb reappeared triumphantly, holding one of the rodents in each hand. Their size exceeded that of a rabbit, their hair was yellow, mingled with greenish spots, and they had the merest rudiments of tails.

The citizens of the Union were at no loss for the right name of these rodents. They were maras, a sort of agouti, a little larger than their congeners of tropical countries—regular American rabbits, with long ears, jaws armed on each side with five molars, which distinguish the agouti.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff, "the roast has arrived! And now we can go home."

The walk, interrupted for an instant, was resumed. The limpid waters of the Red Creek flowed under an arch of casuarinas, banksias, and gigantic gum-trees. Superb lilacs rose to a height of twenty feet. Other arborescent species, unknown to the young naturalist, bent over the stream, which could be heard murmuring beneath the bowers of verdure.

As they proceeded the stream grew much wider, and Cyrus Smith supposed that they would soon reach its mouth. In fact, on emerging from beneath a thick clump of beautiful trees, it appeared all at once.

The explorers had arrived on the western shore of Lake Grant. The place was well worth looking at. This extent of water, of a circumference of nearly seven miles and an area of two hundred and fifty acres, reposed in a border of diversified trees.

Towards the east, through a curtain of verdure, picturesquely raised in some places, sparkled a horizon of sea. The lake was curved in the north—quite a contrast with the sharp outline of its lower part. Numerous aquatic birds frequented the shores of this little Ontario, in which the thousand isles of its American namesake were represented by a rock which emerged from its surface, some hundred feet from the southern shore. There lived, in common, several couples of kingfishers; perched on a stone, grave, motionless, watching for fish, then darting down, they plunged in with a sharp cry, and reappeared with their prey in their beaks. On the shores and on the islets strutted wild ducks, pelicans, water-hens, red-beaks, philedons, furnished with a tongue like a brush, and one or two specimens of the splendid menura, the tail of which expands gracefully like a lyre.

As to the water of the lake, it was sweet, limpid, rather dark, and from certain bubblings, and concentric circles which crossed each other on the surface, it could not be doubted that it abounded in fish.

"This lake is really beautiful," said Gideon Spilett. "We could live on its borders."

"We will live there," replied Smith.

The settlers, wishing to return to the Chimneys by the shortest way, descended towards the angle formed on the south by the junction of the lake's banks. It was with much difficulty that they broke a path through the thickets and brushwood, which had never been put aside by the hand of man, and thus they went towards the shore, so as to arrive at the north of Prospect Heights. They walked two miles in this direction, and then, after they had passed the last curtain of trees, the plateau appeared, carpeted with thick turf, and beyond that the infinite sea.

To reach the Chimneys, they had only to cross the plateau obliquely for the space of a mile, and then to descend to the elbow formed by the first detour of the Mercy. But the engineer desired to know how and where the overplus of water from the lake escaped, and the exploration was prolonged under the trees for a mile and a half towards the north. It was most probable that an overflow existed somewhere, and, doubtless, through a cleft in the granite. This lake was only, in short, an immense center basin, which was filled by degrees by the creek, and its waters must

necessarily pass to the sea by some fall. If it were so, the engineer thought that it might, perhaps, be possible to utilize this fall and borrow its power. They continued, then, to follow the shores of Lake Grant by climbing the plateau; but, after having gone a mile or so, Cyrus Smith was not able to discover the overfall, which, he was sure, must exist somewhere.

It was then half-past four. In order to prepare for dinner it was necessary that the settlers should return to their dwelling. The little band retraced their steps, there-

fore, and by the left bank of the Mercy arrived at the Chimneys.

The fire was lighted, and Neb and Pen-croff, on whom the function of cooks naturally devolved, quickly prepared some broiled agouti, to which they all did ample justice.

Before they retired to sleep Cyrus Smith drew from his pocket little specimens of different sorts of minerals, and said: "My friends, this is iron mineral, this a pyrite, this clay, this lime, this coal. These articles nature gives us. It is our duty to make a right use of them. To-morrow let us commence operations."

'TITE POULETTE.

KRISTIAN KOPPIG was a rosy-faced, beardless young Dutchman. He was one of that army of gentlemen who, after the purchase of Louisiana, swarmed from all parts of the commercial world, over the mountains of Franco-Spanish exclusiveness, like the Goths over the Pyrenees, and settled down in New Orleans to pick up their fortunes, with the diligence of hungry pigeons. He may have been a German; the distinction was too fine for Creole haste and disrelish.

He made his home in a room with one dormer window looking out, and somewhat down, upon a building opposite, which still stands, flush with the street, a century old. Its big, round-arched windows in a long, second-story row, are walled up, and two or three from time to time have had smaller windows let into them again, with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters. This had already been done when Kristian Koppig first began to look at them from his solitary dormer window.

All the features of the building lead me to guess that it is a remnant of the old Spanish Barracks, whose extensive structure fell by government sale into private hands a long time ago. At the end toward the swamp a great, oriental-looking passage is left, with an arched entrance, and a pair of ponderous wooden doors. You look at it, and almost see Count O'Reilly's artillery come bumping and trundling out, and dash around into the ancient Plaza to bang away at King St. Charles's birthday.

I do not know who lives there now. You might stand about on the opposite *banquette* for weeks and never find out. I suppose it is a residence, for it does not look like one. That is the rule in that region.

In the good old times of duels, and bagatelle-clubs, and theater-balls, and Cayetano's circus, Kristian Koppig rooming as described, there lived in the portion of this house, partly overhanging the archway, a palish handsome woman, by the name—or going by the name—of Madame John. You would hardly have thought of her being "colored." Though fading, she was still of very attractive countenance, fine, rather severe features, nearly straight hair carefully kept, and that vivid black eye so peculiar to her kind. Her smile, which came and went with her talk, was sweet and exceedingly intelligent; and something told you, as you looked at her, that she was one who had had to learn a great deal in this troublesome life.

"But!"—the Creole lads in the street would say—"—her daughter!" and there would be lifting of arms, wringing of fingers, rolling of eyes, rounding of mouths, gaspings and clasping of hands. "So beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! White?—white like a water-lily! "White—like a magnolia!"

Applause would follow, and invocation of all the saints to witness.

And she could sing.

"Sing?" (disdainfully)—"if a mocking-bird can *sing*! Ha!"

They could not tell just how old she was; they "would give her about seventeen."

Mother and daughter were very fond. The neighbors could hear them call each other pet names, and see them sitting together, sewing, talking happily to each other in the unceasing French way, and see them go out and come in together on their little tasks and errands. "Tite Poulette," the daughter was called; she never went out alone.

And who was this Madame John?

"Why, you know!—she was"—said the wig-maker at the corner to Kristian Koppig—"I'll tell you. You know?—she was"—and the rest atomized off in a rasping whisper. She was the best yellow-fever nurse in a thousand yards round; but that is not what the wig-maker said.

A block nearer the river stands a house altogether different from the remnant of old barracks. It is of frame, with a deep front gallery over which the roof extends. It has become a den of Italians, who sell fuel by daylight, and by night are up to no telling what extent of deviltry. This was once the home of a gay gentleman, whose first name happened to be John. He was a member of the Good Children social club. As his parents lived with him, his wife would, according to custom, have been called Madame John; but he had no wife. His father died, then his mother; last of all, himself. As he is about to be off in comes Madame John, with 'Tite Poulette, then an infant, on her arm.

"Zalli," said he, "I am going."

She bowed her head, and wept.

"You have been very faithful to me, Zalli."

She wept on.

"Nobody to take care of you now, Zalli."

Zalli only went on weeping.

"I want to give you this house, Zalli; it is for you and the little one."

An hour after, amid the sobs of Madame John, she and the "little one" inherited the house, such as it was. With the fatal caution which characterizes ignorance, she sold the property and placed the proceeds in a bank, which made haste to fail. She put on widow's weeds, and wore them still when 'Tite Poulette "had seventeen," as the frantic lads would say.

How they did chatter over her. Quiet Kristian Koppig had never seen the like. He wrote to his mother, and told her so. A pretty fellow at the corner would suddenly double himself up with beckoning to

a knot of chums; these would hasten up; recruits would come in from two or three other directions; as they reached the corner their countenances would quickly assume a genteel severity, and presently, with her mother, 'Tite Poulette would pass—tall, straight, lithe, her great black eyes made tender by their sweeping lashes, the faintest tint of color in her Southern cheek, her form all grace, her carriage a wonder of simple dignity.

The instant she was gone every tongue was let slip on the marvel of her beauty; but, though theirs were only the loose New Orleans morals of over fifty years ago, their unleashed tongues never had attempted any greater liberty than to take up the pet name, 'Tite Poulette. And yet, the mother was soon to be, as we shall discover, a paid dancer at the elegant *Salle de Condé*.

To Zalli, of course, as to all "quadroon ladies," the festivities of the Condé street ball-room were familiar of old. There, in the happy days when dear Monsieur John was young, and the eighteenth century old, she had often repaired under guard of her mother—dead now, alas!—and Monsieur John would slip away from the dull play and dry society of Theatre d'Orleans, and come around with his crowd of elegant friends; and through the long sweet hours of the ball she had danced, and laughed, and coquetted under her satin mask, even to the baffling and tormenting of that prince of gentlemen, dear Monsieur John himself. No man of questionable blood dare set his foot within the door. Many noble gentlemen were pleased to dance with her. Colonel De — and General La — : city councilmen and officers from the Government House. There were no paid dancers then. Everything was decorously conducted indeed! Every girl's mother was there, and the more discreet always left before there was too much drinking. Yes, it was gay, gay!—but sometimes dangerous. Ha! more times than a few had Monsieur John knocked down some long-haired and long-knifed rowdy, and kicked the breath out of him for looking saucily at her; but that was like him, he was so brave and kind;—and he is gone!

There was no room for widow's weeds there. So when she put these on, her glittering eyes never again looked through her pink and white mask, and she was glad of it; for never, never in her life had they so looked for anybody but her dear Monsieur

John, and now he was in heaven—so the priest said—and she was a sick-nurse.

Living was hard work; and, as Madame John had been brought up tenderly, and had done what she could to rear her daughter in the same mistaken way, with, of course, no more education than the ladies in society got, they knew nothing beyond a little music and embroidery. They struggled as they could, faintly; now giving a few private dancing lessons, now dressing hair, but ever beat back by the steady detestation of their imperious patronesses; and, by and by, for want of that priceless worldly grace known among the flippant as “money-sense,” these two poor children, born of misfortune and the complacent badness of the times, began to be in want.

Kristian Koppig noticed from his dormer window one day a man standing at the big archway opposite, and clanking the brass knocker on the wicket that was in one of the doors. He was a smooth man, with his hair parted in the middle, and his cigarette poised on a tiny gold holder. He waited a moment, politely cursed the dust, knocked again, threw his slender sword-cane under his arm, and wiped the inside of his hat with his handkerchief.

Madame John held a parley with him at the wicket. 'Tite Poulette was nowhere seen. He stood at the gate while Madame John went up stairs. Kristian Koppig knew him. He knew him as one knows a snake. He was the manager of the *Salle de Condé*. Presently Madame John returned with a little bundle, and they hurried off together.

And now what did this mean? Why, by any one of ordinary acuteness the matter was easily understood, but, to tell the truth, Kristian Koppig was a trifle dull, and got the idea at once that some damage was being planned against 'Tite Poulette. It made the gentle Dutchman miserable not to be minding his own business, and yet—

“But the woman certainly will not attempt”—said he to himself—“no, no! she cannot.” Not being able to guess what he meant, I cannot say whether she could or not. I know that next day Kristian Koppig, glancing eagerly over the “*Ami des Lois*,” read an advertisement which he had always before skipped with a frown. It was headed, “*Salle de Condé*,” and, being interpreted, signified that a new dance was to be introduced, the *Danse de Chinois*, and that a young lady would

follow it with the famous “*Danse du Shawl*.”

It was the Sabbath. The young man watched the opposite window steadily and painfully from early in the afternoon until the moon shone bright; and from the time the moon shone bright until Madame John!—joy!—Madame John! and not 'Tite Poulette, stepped through the wicket, much dressed and well muffled, and hurried off toward the *rue Condé*. Madame John was the “young lady;” and the young man's mind, glad to return to its own unimpassioned affairs, relapsed into quietude.

Madame John danced beautifully. It had to be done. It brought some pay, and pay was bread; and every Sunday evening, with a touch here and there of paint and powder, the mother danced the dance of the shawl, the daughter remaining at home alone.

Kristian Koppig, simple, slow-thinking young Dutchman, never noticing that he staid at home with his window darkened for the very purpose, would see her come to her window and look out with a little wild, alarmed look in her magnificent eyes, and go and come again, and again, until the mother, like a storm-driven bird, came panting home.

Two or three months went by.

One night on the mother's return, Kristian Koppig coming to his room nearly at the same moment, there was much earnest conversation which he could see, but not hear.

“'Tite Poulette,” said Madame John, “you are seventeen.”

“True, Maman.”

“Ah! my child, I see not how you are to meet the future.” The voice trembled plaintively.

“But how, Maman?”

“Ah! you are not like others; no fortune, no pleasure, no friend.”

“Maman!”

“No, no;—I thank God for it; I am glad you are not; but you will be lonely, lonely, all your poor life long. There is no place in this world for us poor women. I wish that we were either white or black!”—and the tears, two “shining ones,” stood in the poor quadroon's eyes.

The daughter stood up, her eyes flashing.

“God made us, Maman,” she said with a gentle, but stately smile.

“Ha!” said the mother, her keen glance darting through her tears, “Sin made me, yes.”

"No," said 'Tite Poulette, "God made us. He made us just as we are; not more white, not more black."

"He made you, truly!" said Zalli; "You are so beautiful; I believe it well." She reached and drew the fair form to a kneeling posture. "My sweet, white daughter!"

Now the tears were in the girl's eyes.

"And could I be whiter than I am?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no! 'Tite Poulette," cried the other; "but if we were only *real white*!—both of us; so that some gentleman might come to see me and say 'Madame John, I want your pretty little chick. She is so beautiful. I want to take her home. She is so good—I want her to be my wife.' O, my child, my child, to see that I would give my life—I would give my soul! Only you should take me along to be your servant. I walked behind two young men to-night; they were coming home from their office; presently they began to talk about you."

'Tite Poulette's eyes flashed fire.

"No, my child, they spoke only the best things. One laughed a little at times and kept saying "Beware!" but the other—I prayed the Virgin to bless him, he spoke such kind and noble words. Such gentle pity; such a holy heart! 'May God defend her,' he said, *cherie*; he said 'May God defend her, for I see no help for her.' The other one laughed and left him. He stopped in the door right across the street. Ah, my child, do you blush? Is that something to bring the rose to your cheek? Many fine gentlemen at the ball ask me often, 'How is your daughter, Madame John?'"

The daughter's face was thrown into the mother's lap, not so well satisfied, now, with God's handiwork. Ah, how she wept! Sob, sob, sob; gasps and sighs and stifled ejaculations, her small right hand clenched and beating on her mother's knee; and the mother weeping over her.

Kristian Koppig shut his window. Nothing but a generous heart and a Dutchman's phlegm could have done so at that moment. And even thou, Kristian Koppig!—for the window closed very slowly.

He wrote to his mother, thus:

"In this wicked city, I see none so fair as the poor girl who lives opposite me, and who, alas! though so fair, is one of those whom the taint of caste has cursed. She

lives a lonely, innocent life in the midst of corruption, like the lilies I find here in the marshes, and I have great pity for her. 'God defend her,' I said to-night to a fellow clerk, 'I see no help for her.' I know there is a natural, and I think proper, horror of mixed blood, (excuse the mention, sweet mother) and I feel it, too; and yet if she were in Holland to-day, not one of a hundred suitors would detect the hidden blemish."

Thus this young man went on trying to demonstrate the utter impossibility of his ever loving the lovable unfortunate, until the midnight tolling of the cathedral clock sent him to bed.

About the same hour Zalli and 'Tite Poulette were kissing good-night.

"'Tite Poulette, I want you to promise me one thing."

"Well, Maman?"

"If any gentleman should ever love you and ask you to marry,—not knowing, you know,—promise me you will not tell him you are not white."

"It can never be," said 'Tite Poulette.

"But if it should," said Madame John pleadingly.

"And break the law?" asked 'Tite Poulette, impatiently.

"But the law is unjust," said the mother.

"But it is the law!"

"But you will not, dearie, will you?"

"I would surely tell him!" said the daughter.

When Zalli, for some cause, went next morning to the window, she started.

"'Tite Poulette!"—she called softly without moving. The daughter came. The young man, whose idea of propriety had actuated him to this display, was sitting in the dormer window, reading. Mother and daughter bent a steady gaze at each other. It meant in French, "If he saw us last night!"—

"Ah! dear," said the mother, her face beaming with fun,—

"What can it be, Maman?"

"He speaks—oh! ha, ha!—he speaks—such miserable French!"

It came to pass one morning at early dawn that Zalli and 'Tite Poulette, going to mass, passed a café, just as—who should be coming out but Monsieur, the manager of the *Salle de Condé*. He had not yet gone to bed. Monsieur was astonished. He had a Frenchman's eye for the beautiful, and certainly there the beautiful was. He had heard of Madame John's daughter

and had hoped once to see her, but did not; but could this be she?

They disappeared within the cathedral. A sudden pang of piety moved him; he followed. 'Tite Poulette was already kneeling in the aisle. Zalli, still in the vestibule, was just taking her hand from the font of holy-water.

"Madame John," whispered the manager.

She curtsied.

"Madame John, that young lady—is she your daughter?"

"She—she—is my daughter," said Zalli, with somewhat of alarm in her face, which the manager misinterpreted.

"I think not, Madame John." He shook his head, smiling as one too wise to be fooled.

"Yes, Monsieur, she is my daughter."

"O no, Madame John, it is only make-believe, I think."

"I swear she is, Monsieur de la Rue."

"Is that possible?" pretending to waver, but convinced in his heart of hearts, by Zalli's alarm, that she was lying. "But how? Why does she not come to our ball-room with you?"

Zalli, trying to get away from him, shrugged and smiled. "Each to his taste, Monsieur; it pleases her not."

She was escaping, but he followed one step more. "I shall come to see you, Madame John."

She whirled and attacked him with her eyes. "Monsieur must not give himself the trouble!" she said, the eyes at the same time saying, "Dare to come!" She turned again and knelt to her devotions. The manager dipped, crossed himself and departed.

Several weeks went by and M. de la Rue had not accepted the fierce invitation of Madame John's eyes. One or two Sunday nights she had avoided him, though fulfilling her engagement in the *Salle*; but by and by pay-day,—a Saturday,—came round, and though the pay was ready, she was loth to go up to Monsieur's little office.

It was an afternoon in May. Madame John came in and, with a sigh, sank into a chair. Her eyes were wet.

"Did you go, dear mother?" asked 'Tite Poulette.

"I could not," she answered, dropping her face in her hands.

"Maman, he has seen me at the window!"

"While I was gone?" cried the mother.

"He passed on the other side of the street. He looked up purposely, and saw me." The speaker's cheeks were burning red.

Zalli wrung her hands.

"It is nothing, mother; do not go near him."

"But the pay, my child."

"The pay matters not."

"But he will bring it here; he wants the chance."

That was the trouble, sure enough.

About this time Kristian Koppig lost his position in the German importing house where, he had fondly told his mother, he was indispensable. "Summer was coming on," the senior said, "and you see our young men are almost idle. Yes, our engagement *was* for a year, but ah—we could not foresee—" etc., etc., "besides," (attempting a parting flattery) "your father is a rich gentleman and you can afford to take the summer easy. If we can ever be of any service to you"—etc., etc.

So the young Dutchman spent the afternoons at his dormer window reading and glancing down at the little casement opposite, where a small, rude shelf had lately been put out, holding a row of cigar boxes with wretched little botanical specimens in them trying to die. 'Tite Poulette was their gardener; and it was odd to see,—dry weather or wet,—how many waterings per day those plants could take. She never looked up from her task; but I know she performed it with that unacknowledged pleasure which all girls love and deny, that of being looked upon by noble eyes.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in May, Kristian Koppig had been witness of the distressful scene over the way. It occurred to 'Tite Poulette that such might be the case, and she stepped to the casement to shut it. As she did so, the marvelous delicacy of Kristian Koppig moved him to draw in one of his shutters. Both young heads came out at one moment, while in the same instant—

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!" clanked the knocker on the wicket. The black eyes of the maiden and the blue over the way, from looking into each other for the first time in life, glanced down to the arched doorway upon Monsieur the manager. Then the black eyes disappeared within, and Kristian Koppig thought again, and re-opening his shutter, stood up at the win-

dow prepared to become a bold spectator of what might follow.

But nothing followed.

"Trouble over there," thought the rosy Dutchman, and waited. The manager waited too, rubbing his hat and brushing his clothes with the tips of his kidded fingers.

"They do not wish to see him," slowly concluded the spectator.

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!" quoth the knocker, and M. de la Rue looked up around at the windows opposite and noticed the handsome young Dutchman looking at him.

"Dutch!" said the manager softly, between his teeth.

"He is staring at me," said Kristian Koppig to himself;—"but then, I am staring at him, which accounts for it."

A long pause and then another long rapping.

"They want him to go away," thought Koppig.

"Knock hard!" suggested a street youngster, standing by.

"Rap, rap——" the manager had no sooner re-commenced than several neighbors looked out of doors and windows.

"Very bad," thought our Dutchman; "somebody should make him go off. I wonder what they will do."

The manager stepped into the street, looked up at the closed window, returned to the knocker, and stood with it in his hand.

"They are all gone out, Monsieur," said the street-youngster.

"You lie!" said the cynosure of neighboring eyes.

"Ah?" thought Kristian Koppig; "I will go down and ask him——" here his thoughts lost outline; he was only convinced that he had somewhat to say to him, and turned to go down stairs. In going he became a little vexed with himself because he could not help hurrying. He noticed, too, that his arm holding the stair-rail trembled in a silly way, whereas he was perfectly calm. Precisely as he reached the street door the manager raised the knocker—but the latch clicked and the wicket was drawn slightly ajar.

Inside could just be descried Madame John. The manager bowed, smiled, talked, talked on, held money in his hand, bowed, smiled, talked on, flourished the money, smiled, bowed, talked on and plainly persisted in some intention to which Madame John was steadfastly opposed.

The window above, too,—it was Kristian Koppig who noticed that,—opened a wee bit, like the shell of a terrapin. Presently the manager lifted his foot and put forward an arm, as though he would enter the gate by pushing, but as quick as gunpowder it clapped—in his face!

As the panting mother re-entered the room, "See, Maman," said 'Tite Poulette, peeping at the window, "the young gentleman from over the way has crossed!"

"Holy Mary bless him!" said the mother.

"I will go over," thought Kristian Koppig, "and ask him kindly if he is not making a mistake."

"What are they doing, dear?" asked the mother, with clasped hands.

"They are talking; the young man is tranquil, but 'Sieur de la Rue is very angry," whispered the daughter; and just then—pang! came a sharp, keen sound rattling up the walls on either side of the narrow way, and "Aha!" and laughter and clapping of female hands from two or three windows.

"Oh! what a slap!" cried the girl, half in fright, half in glee, jerking herself back from the casement simultaneously with the report. But the "ahas," and laughter, and clapping of feminine hands, which still continued, came from another cause. 'Tite Poulette's rapid action had struck the slender cord that held up an end of her hanging garden, and the whole rank of cigar-boxes slid from their place, turned gracefully over as they shot through the air, and emptied themselves plump upon the head of the slapped manager. Breathless, dirty, pale as whitewash, he gasped a threat to be heard from again, and, getting round the corner as quick as he could walk, left Kristian Koppig, standing motionless, the most astonished man in that street.

"Kristian Koppig, Kristian Koppig," said Great-heart to himself, slowly dragging up stairs, "what a mischief you have done. One poor woman certainly to be robbed of her bitter wages, and another—so lovely!—put to the burning shame of being the subject of a street brawl! What will this silly neighborhood say? 'Has the gentleman a heart as well as a hand?' 'Is it jealousy?'" There he paused, afraid himself to answer the supposed query; and then—"Oh! Kristian Koppig, you have been such a dunce!" "And I cannot apologize to them. Who in this street

would carry my note, and not wink and grin over it with low surmises? I cannot even make restitution. Money? They would not dare receive it. Oh! Kristian Koppig, why *did* you not mind your own business? Is she anything to you? Do you love her? *Of course not!* Oh!—such a dunce!”

The reader will eagerly admit that however faulty this young man's course of reasoning, his conclusion was correct. For mark what he did.

He went to his room, which was already growing dark, shut his window, lighted his big Dutch lamp, and sat down to write. “Something *must* be done,” said he aloud, taking up his pen; “I will be calm and cool; I will be distant and brief; but—I shall have to be kind or I may offend. Ah! I shall have to write in French; I forgot that; I write it so poorly, dunce that I am, when all my brothers and sisters speak it so well. He got out his French dictionary. Two hours slipped by. He made a new pen, washed and refilled his inkstand, mended his “abominable” chair, and after two hours more made another attempt, and another failure. ‘My head aches,’ said he, and lay down on his couch, the better to frame his phrases.

He was awakened by the Sabbath sunlight. The bells of the Cathedral and the Ursulines' chapel were ringing for high mass, and a mocking-bird, perching on a chimney-top above Madame John's rooms, was carolling, whistling, mewling, chirping, screaming and trilling with the ecstasy of a whole May in his throat. “O! sleepy Kristian Koppig,” was the young man's first thought, “—such a dunce!”

Madame John and daughter did not go to mass. The morning wore away, and their casement remained closed. “They are offended,” said Kristian Koppig, leaving the house, and wandering up to Christ Church.

“No, possibly they are not,” he said, returning and finding the shutters thrown back.

By a sad accident, which mortified him extremely, he happened to see, late in the afternoon,—hardly conscious that he was looking across the street,—that Madame John was—dressing. Could it be that she was going to the *Salle de Condé*? He rushed to his table, and began to write.

He had guessed aright. The wages were too precious to be lost. The manager had written her a note. He begged to assure

her that he was a gentleman of the clearest cut. If he had made a mistake the previous afternoon, he was glad no unfortunate result had followed except his having been assaulted by a ruffian; that the *Danse du Shawl* was promised in his advertisement, and he hoped Madame John (whose wages were in hand waiting for her) would not fail to assist as usual. Lastly, and delicately put, he expressed his conviction that Mademoiselle was wise and discreet in declining to entertain gentlemen at her home.

So, against much beseeching on the part of 'Tite Poulette, Madame John was going to the ball-room. “Maybe I can discover what 'Sieur de la Rue is planning against Monsieur over the way,” she said, knowing certainly the slap would not be forgiven; and the daughter, though tremblingly, at once withdrew her objections.

The heavy young Dutchman, now thoroughly electrified, was writing like mad. He wrote and tore up, wrote and tore up, lighted his lamp, started again, and at last signed his name. A letter by a Dutchman in French!—what can be made of it in English? We will see.

“MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE :

A stranger, seeking not to be acquainted, but seeing and admiring all days the goodness and high honor, begs to be pardoned of them for the mistakes, alas! of yesterday, and to make reparation and satisfaction in destroying the ornaments of the window, as well as the loss of compensation from Monsieur the manager, with the enclosed bill of the *Banque de la Louisiane* for fifty dollars (\$50). And, hoping they will seeing what he is meaning, remains respectfully,

“KRISTIAN KOPPIG.

“P.S.—Madame must not go to the ball.”

He must bear the missive himself. He must speak in French. What should the words be. A moment of study—he has it, and is off down the long three-story stairway. At the same moment Madame John stepped from the wicket, and glided off to the *Salle de Condé*, a trifle late.

“I shall see Madame John, of course,” thought the young man, crushing a hope, and rattled the knocker. ‘Tite Poulette sprang up from praying for her mother's safety. “What has she forgotten?” she asked herself, and hastened down. The wicket opened. The two innocents were stunned.

“Aw—aw—” said the pretty Dutchman,

"aw—," blurted out something in virgin Dutch, . . . handed her the letter, and hurried down street.

"Alas! what have I done?" said the poor girl, bending over her candle, and bursting into tears that fell on the unopened letter. "And what shall I do? It may be wrong to open it—and worse not to." Like her sex, she took the benefit of the doubt, and intensified her perplexity and misery by reading and misconstruing the all but unintelligible contents. What then? Not only sobs and sighs, but moaning and beating of little fists together, and outcries of soul-felt agony stifled against the bedside, and temples pressed into knitted palms, because of one who "sought *not to be acquainted*," but offered money—money!—in pity to a poor—shame on her for saying that!—a poor *nigresse*.

And now our self-confessed dolt turned back from a half hour's walk, concluding there might be an answer to his note. "Surely Madame John will appear this time." He knocked. The shutter stirred above, and something white came fluttering wildly down like a shot dove. It was his own letter, containing the fifty dollar bill. He bounded to the wicket, and softly but eagerly knocked again.

"Go away," said a trembling voice from above.

"Madame John?" said he; but the window closed, and he heard a step, the same step, on the stair. Step, step, every step one step deeper into his heart. "Tite Poulette came to the closed door.

"What will you?" said the voice within.

"I—I—don't wish to see you. I wish to see Madame John."

"I must pray Monsieur to go away. My mother is at the *Salle de Condé*."

"At the ball!" Kristian Koppig strayed off, repeating the words for want of definite thought. All at once it occurred to him that at the ball he could make Madame John's acquaintance with impunity. 'Was it courting sin to go?' By no means; he should, most likely, save a woman from trouble, and help the poor in their distress.

Behold Kristian Koppig standing on the floor of the *Salle de Condé*. A large hall, a blaze of lamps, a bewildering flutter of fans and floating robes, strains of music, columns of gay promenaders, a long row of turbaned mothers lining either wall, gentlemen of the portlier sort filling the recesses of the windows, whirling waltzers

gliding here and there—smiles and grace, smiles and grace; all fair, orderly, elegant, bewitching. A young Creole's laugh mayhap a little loud, and—truly there were many sword canes. But neither grace nor foulness satisfied the eye of the zealous young Dutchman.

Suddenly a muffled woman passed him, leaning on a gentleman's arm. It looked like—it must be, Madame John. Speak quick, Kristian Koppig; do not stop to notice the man!

"Madame John"—bowing—"I am your neighbor, Kristian Koppig."

Madame John bows low, and smiles—a ball-room smile, but is frightened, and her escort,—the manager,—slips away.

"Ah! Monsieur," she whispers excitedly, "you will be killed if you stay here a moment. Are you armed? No. Take this." She tried to slip a dirk into his hands, but he would not have it.

"Oh, my dear young man, go! Go quickly!" she plead, glancing furtively down the hall.

"I wish you not to dance," said the young man.

"I have danced already; I am going home. Come; be quick! we will go together." She thrust her arm through his, and they hastened into the street. When a square had been passed there came a sound of men running behind them.

"Run, Monsieur, run!" she cried, trying to drag him; but Monsieur Dutchman would not.

"Run, Monsieur! Oh, my God! it is 'Sieur—

"That for yesterday!" cried the manager, striking fiercely with his cane. Kristian Koppig's fist rolled him in the dirt.

"That for 'Tite Poulette!" cried another man, dealing the Dutchman a terrible blow from behind.

"And that for me!" hissed a third, thrusting at him with something bright.

"That for yesterday!" screamed the manager, bounding like a tiger; "That!" "THAT!" "Ha!"

Then Kristian Koppig knew that he was stabbed.

"That!" and "That!" and "That!" and the poor Dutchman struck wildly here and there, grasped the air, shut his eyes, staggered, reeled, fell, rose half up, fell again for good, and they were kicking him and jumping on him. All at once they scampered. Zalli had found the night-watch,

"Buz-z-z-z!"—vent a rattle. "Buz-z-z-z!" went another.

"Pick him up."

"Is he alive?"

"Can't tell; hold him steady; lead the way, misses."

"He's bleeding all over my breeches."

"This way—here—around this corner."

"Rap-rap-rap!" on the old brass knocker. Curses on the narrow wicket, more on the dark archway, more still on the twisting stairs.

"Easy, easy, push this under his head! never mind his boots!"

So he lies—on 'Tite Poulette's own bed.

The watch are gone. They pause under the corner lamp to count profits;—a single bill—*Banque de la Louisiane*, fifty dollars. Providence is kind—tolerably so. Break it at the "Guillaume Tell." "But did you ever hear any one scream like that girl did?"

And there lies the young Dutch neighbor. His money will not flutter back to him this time; nor will any voice behind a gate "beg Monsieur to go away." O, Woman!—that knows no enemy so terrible as man! Come nigh, poor Woman, you have nothing to fear. Lay your strange, electric touch upon the chilly flesh; it strikes no eager mischief along the fainting veins. Look your sweet looks upon the grimy face, and tenderly lay back the locks from the congested brows; no wicked misinterpretation lurks to bite your kindness. Be motherly, be sisterly, fear naught. Go, watch him by night; you may sleep at his feet and he will not stir. Yet he lives, and shall live—may live to forget you, who knows? But for all that, be gentle and watchful; be womanlike, we ask no more; and God reward you!

Even while it was taking all the two women's strength to hold the door against Death, the sick man himself laid a grief upon them.

"Mother," he said to Madame John, quite a master of French in his delirium, "dear mother, fear not; trust your boy; fear nothing. I will not marry 'Tite Poulette; I cannot. She is fair, dear mother, but ah! she is not—don't you know, mother? don't you know? The race! the race! Don't you know that she is jet black. Isn't it?"

The poor nurse nodded "Yes," and gave a sleeping draught; but before the patient quite slept he started once and stared.

"Take her away,"—waving his hand—

"take your beauty away. She is jet white. Who could take a jet white wife? O, no, no, no, no!"

Next morning his brain was right.

"Madame," he weakly whispered, "I was delirious last night?"

Zalli shrugged. "Only a very, very, wee, wee trifle of a bit."

"And did I say something wrong or—foolish?"

"O, no, no," she replied; "you only clasped your hands, so, and prayed, all the time to the dear Virgin."

"To the virgin?" asked the Dutchman, smiling incredulously.

"And St. Joseph—yes, indeed," she insisted; "you may strike me dead."

And so, for politeness's sake, he tried to credit the invention, but grew suspicious instead.

Hard was the battle against death. Nurses are sometimes amazons, and such were these. Through the long, enervating summer, the contest lasted; but when at last the cool airs of October came stealing in at the bedside like long-banished little children, Kristian Koppig rose upon his elbow and smiled them a welcome.

The physician, blessed man, was kind beyond measure; but said some inexplicable things, which Zalli tried in vain to make him speak in an undertone. "If I knew Monsieur John?" he said, "certainly! Why, we were chums at school. And he left you so much as that, Madame John? Ah! my old friend John, always noble! And you had it all in that naughty bank? Ah, well, Madame John, it matters little. No, I shall not tell 'Tite Poulette. Adieu."

And another time:—"If I will let you tell me something? With pleasure, Madame John. No, and not tell anybody, Madame John. No, Madame, not even 'Tite Poulette. What?"—a long whistle—"is that possible?—and Monsieur John knew it?—encouraged it?—eh, well, eh, well!—But—can I believe you, Madame John? Oh! you have Monsieur John's sworn statement. Ah! very good, truly, but—you say you have it; but where is it? Ah! to-morrow!"—a skeptical shrug. "Pardon me, Madame John, I think perhaps, *perhaps* you are telling the truth."

"If I think you did right? Certainly! What nature keeps back, accident sometimes gives, Madame John; either is God's will. Don't cry. 'Stealing from the dead?' No! It was giving, yes! They are thanking you in heaven, Madame John."

Kristian Koppig, lying awake, but motionless and with closed eyes, hears in part and, fancying he understands, rejoices with silent intensity. When the doctor is gone he calls Zalli.

"I give you a great deal of trouble, eh, Madame John?"

"No, no; you are no trouble at all. Had you the yellow fever—ah! then!"

She rolled her eyes to signify the superlative character of the tribulations attending yellow fever.

"I had a lady and gentleman once—a Spanish lady and gentleman, just off the ship; both sick at once with the fever—delirious—could not tell their names. Nobody to help me but sometimes Monsieur John! I never had such a time,—never before, never since,—as that time. Four days and nights this head touched not a pillow."

"And they died!" said Kristian Koppig.

"The third night the gentleman went. Poor Señor! 'Sieur John,—he did not know the harm,—gave him some coffee and toast! The fourth night it rained and turned cool, and just before day the poor lady——"

"Died!" said Koppig.

Zalli dropped her arms listlessly into her lap, and her eyes ran brimful.

"And left an infant!" said the Dutchman, ready to shout with exultation.

"Ah! no, Monsieur," said Zalli.

The invalid's heart sank like a stone.

"Madame John,"—his voice was all in a tremor,—*"tell me the truth. Is 'Tite Poulette your own child?"*

"Ah-h-h, ha! ha! what foolishness! Of course, she is my child!" And Madame John gave vent to a true Frenchwoman's laugh.

It was too much for the sick man. In the pitiful weakness of his shattered nerves he turned his face into the pillow and wept like a child. Zalli passed into the next room to hide her emotion.

"Maman, dear Maman," said 'Tite Poulette, who had overheard nothing, but only saw the tears.

"Ah! my child, my child, my task—my task is too great—too great for me. Let me go now—another time. Go and watch at his bedside."

"But, Maman,"—for 'Tite Poulette was frightened,—*"he needs no care now."*

"Nay, but go, my child; I wish to be alone."

The maiden stole in with averted eyes

and tip-toed to the window—*that window*. The patient, already a man again, gazed at her till she could feel the gaze. He turned his eyes from her a moment to gather resolution. And now, stout heart, farewell; a word or two of friendly parting—nothing more.

"Tite Poulette."

The slender figure at the window turned and came to the bedside.

"I believe I owe my life to you," he said.

She looked down meekly, the color rising in her cheek.

"I must arrange to be moved across the street to-morrow, on a litter."

She did not stir or speak.

"And I must now thank you, sweet nurse, for your care. Sweet nurse! Sweet nurse!"

She shook her head in protestation.

"Heaven bless you, 'Tite Poulette!"

Her face sank lower.

"God has made you very beautiful, 'Tite Poulette!"

She stirred not. He reached, and gently took her little hand, and as he drew her one step nearer, a tear fell from her long lashes. From the next room Zalli, with a face of agonized suspense, gazed upon the pair, undiscovered. The young man lifted the hand to lay it upon his lips, when, with a mild, firm force, it was drawn away, yet still rested in his own upon the bedside, like some weak thing snared, that could only not get free.

"Thou wilt not have my love, 'Tite Poulette?"

No answer.

"Thou wilt not, beautiful?"

"Cannot!" was all that she could utter, and upon their clasped hands the tears ran down.

"Thou wrong'st me, 'Tite Poulette. Thou dost not trust me; thou fearest the kiss may loosen the hands. But I tell thee nay. I have struggled hard, even to this hour, against Love, but I yield me now; I yield; I am his unconditioned prisoner forever. God forbid that I ask aught but that you will be my wife."

Still the maiden moved not, looked not up, only rained down tears.

"Shall it not be, 'Tite Poulette?" He tried in vain to draw her.

"'Tite Poulette!" So tenderly he called! And then she spoke.

"It is against the law!"

"It is not!" cried Zalli, seizing her

round the waist and dragging her forward.
 "Take her! she is thine. I have robbed
 God long enough. Here are the sworn
 papers—here! Take her—she is as white

as snow—so! Take her, kiss her; Mary
 be praised! I never had a child—she is
 the Spaniard's daughter!"

TWO.

I.

APART.

ONE place—one roof—one name—their daily bread
 In daily sacrament they break
 Together, and together take
 Perpetual counsel, such as use has fed
 The habit of, in words which make
 No lie. For courtesy's sweet sake,
 And pity's, one brave heart whose joy is dead,
 Smiles ever, answering words which wake
 But weariness; hides all its ache,
 Its hopeless ache, its longing, and its dread;
 Strong as a martyr at the stake
 Renouncing self: striving to slake
 The pangs of thirst on bitter hyssop red
 With vinegar! Oh brave strong heart!
 God sets all days, all hours apart,
 Joy cometh at His hour appointed.

II.

TOGETHER.

No touch—no sight—no sound—wide continents
 And seas clasp hands to separate
 Them from each other now. Too late!
 Triumphant love has leagued the elements
 To do their will. Hath light a mate
 For swiftmess? Can it over weight
 The air? Or doth the sun know accidents?
 The light, the air, the sun, inviolate
 For them, do constant keep and state
 Message of their ineffable contents,
 And raptures, each in each. So great
 Their bliss in loving, even fate
 In parting them, hath found no instruments
 Whose bitter pain insatiate
 Can kill it, or their faith abate
 In presence in Love's hourly sacraments.

THE LITERARY AND THE ETHICAL QUALITY OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

GEORGE ELIOT is more than a brilliant novelist. She is a great writer. She is more than simply a great writer. She is a prime elemental literary power. In literature such, she is scarcely less in ethics. She is a great ethical teacher—it may be not an original, but at least a highly charged derivative, moral, living force. Perhaps even thus much is still too little to have said. For George Eliot seems already securely to belong to the very small number of those choice literary names which we jealously account our greatest. There have been admirable women in literary history whose chief praise justly was the exquisite womanliness of their genius. Mrs. Browning, when we succeed in forgetting her virile affectations, appears an illustrious example. There have been other admirable historic literary women who were strong distinctively as men are strong. Madame de Staël is, perhaps, an example. There is a third class, distinguishable in conception, composed of women whom we should honor, when we thought of them, in instinctively forgetting to remember their sex at all. Of these women we should not, on the one hand, say, They carried the feminine quality to its height; nor yet, on the other, They transcended the limitations of their sex. We should simply say, Here were rare human souls, nobly endowed individuals of the human race. We should at once exalt them to the glorious severity of comparison at large with whatever personages in literary history, male or female, might appear worthy to be reckoned their peers. In this third class, if there be such a class, belongs George Eliot. If there is no such class, then George Eliot stands alone in literary history, for she certainly is such a woman.

There is, therefore, no question remaining to be raised respecting George Eliot's intellectual rank. That point is settled already, as well as a like point ever was settled concerning any author during his lifetime. To determine, however, not the quantity, but the quality, not the degree, but the kind, of her power in letters and in morals, is a problem upon which something, perhaps, may still profitably be said. Indeed, an inquiry, carefully and candidly conducted, into the quality of George Eliot's influence as a novelist, ought, it

seems to me, at this time, alike on literary and on ethical grounds, to enlist the serious attention of a wide circle of readers. This inquiry may properly enough be limited to her influence as a novelist, for the reason that although she has done noteworthy work as a poet, it is through her novels chiefly, or through her poems as novels, that she has hitherto wrought upon the taste and the conscience of her age.

The present inquiry will seek to be strictly impersonal—that is to say, there will be no attempt to import an irrelevant interest into this paper, by any allusions, open or covert, to the circumstances of George Eliot's personal history. * The books that she has written shall be judged, as far as is possible, with no more influence admitted from the character, alleged or actual, of the writer, than if, instead of being a woman's productions, they were the foundling progeny of Dame Nature herself.

"Adam Bede" was the first work of the author that attracted wide public attention. This was published in 1858. Inseparably water-lined into its literary texture was a certain element not literary, well calculated to raise among religious readers of the book two quite different opinions of its quality. One can, in fact, easily imagine that its early fortune in this respect may have been, in some degree, like what afterward befell "*Ecce Homo*," when that stumbling-block to the theologians was first given to the world. There must, on the one hand, we should say, have been religious readers not a few to welcome "Adam Bede" as they had previously welcomed "*The Wide, Wide World*," as they subsequently welcomed "*The Schönberg-Cotta Family*." Such readers would see in it gospel enough,—gospel pure, and sweet, and orthodox,—to fit it for a place in the Sunday school library, or for circulation by the evangelical propaganda. On the other hand, a different class of religious readers must as naturally have thought that they discovered a quite predominant literary and artistic interest in the author's conduct of her story, which separated her, in her own individual sympathy, from the exquisitely represented religious spirit of some of her principal characters. These less credulous

readers would accordingly stand a little in doubt of their author. Freely acknowledging that the sanctities of the personal religious experience were always treated by her with the most decorous respect,—unable to deny that at times this respect passed over into even the most seductively seeming-sympathetic homage and awe,—they would have their misgiving nevertheless. They would seem to themselves to perceive that this writer, after all, was mainly intent on what, if they could have anticipated her subsequent diction, they might, perhaps,—applying her favorite word,—have called an “egoistic” aim of her own. She meant to make the “holy secrets” of the Christian consciousness subserve, if not an irreverent, at least an inferior and a personal purpose. She would weave them into her design, for help to character and dialogue and plot. They should minister to an artistic, more than to any religious motive. Beyond this, her novel seemed to contain an undisclosed, but discoverable, implication, somewhat discomposing to the simply believing mind, that the author, on her own part, regarded the mystery of the life of God in the human soul from another than the obvious evangelical point of view. To her apparently this was but one element among many of an exceedingly complex human psychology, in which any other element whatever was divine and supernatural in quite the same sense as that.

It is curious, in the light of present knowledge, to glance from one to another among the chief periodicals of that day, and note the various conjectures hazarded by the puzzled, but admiring, reviewers as to the true theological position of the then unknown author of “Scenes of Clerical Life” and “Adam Bede.” The “Westminster Review” must, of course, have been in her secret, but that quarterly affected to be as ignorant as its compeers, and after rehearsing opinions that assigned her to different theological parties from the Evangelical to the Broad Church, astutely ventured, for itself, to guess that George Eliot, while no doubt sincerely and deeply religious, was, probably, not the adherent of any one of the recognized creeds, being rather, it believed, of that liberal comprehension in faith which embraced whatever was true in them all.

One thing, however, at least was plain to every reader of discernment. We had here a new writer who was master, abso-

lute master, of a style of extraordinary beauty and power. Choice English, limpid phrase, charming simplicity, marvelous answerableness to the shifting mood, whether of thought or of feeling, the finished and assured repose of self-conscious art,—art self-conscious but not self-complacent,—these traits made up a style fitted in a wonderful degree to be the mirror to the world of a large soul, if, as could hardly fail to be the case, the owner of such a style turned out to have a large soul. Just what might be the inner truth of this writer's private relation to religion was, of course, matter of the purest impertinence to her literary claims. To the zealous religionist indeed it made a great difference whether one who evidently had so much power was going to wield her power for religion or against it. But the candid literary critic had only one possible interest in even entertaining a question like this. It might affect somewhat his estimate of her genius, if he could decide whether her aim in dealing with the problems of religious experience was the aim of an advocate, friendly or hostile, or merely the aim of an artist instead. This I say, was the sole alternative that could tempt the literary critic to undertake a solution of the doubt.

“Adam Bede” itself contained evidence enough to satisfy the justly suspicious but unprejudiced literary mind what was the true state of the facts. To such a mind it was sufficiently clear that the writer of “Adam Bede” had had the penetration to perceive that the phenomena of religious experience in human hearts presented a vein of material for the novelist which no novelist had yet turned to any adequate account. Either as being herself, through the conditions of her own situation in life, exceptionally well qualified to work this vein, or, it might be, as possessing unconsciously a certain Shakespearean capacity of universal knowledge without universal experience, George Eliot had introduced the religious element into her novel because, apart from its inherent attractions for the moral earnestness that was natural to her, she felt the artist's instinct of its adaptedness to help her produce her effects. It was further clear that she had the genuine artist's conscience to be judicially fair, or else, what served as well, the genuine artist's tact to be effectively faithful in her use of her religious material. Her reproduction of the Christian

religious experience, as far, at least, as respected its forms of outward expression,—and farther, of course, was impossible,—wanted nothing of being exquisitely true to the rarest reality. The most mystically minded evangelical Christian might find his finest moods of devotion reflected in the prayers and the discourses and the conversations of Dinah, the lovely Methodist woman preacher, who is the real heroine of "Adam Bede." Nothing, not divinely inspired, in history or in fiction, could well surpass the sweet, the heavenly beauty of Dinah's life. But side by side with this beautiful life, a life wholesomely and not morbidly beautiful, represented as believed by the liver of it to be a life drawn directly from a hidden spring in the heart of Christ, yet so represented in such a way that the writer is not once committed outright as either adhering or not adhering herself to that transcendent belief—side by side with a life like this, nay, in immediate contact with it day after day, without being affected by it, a life how different,—Lisbeth's,—an utterly sordid, earth-bound, carnal life, goes on, in the undisturbedly complacent portraiture of the impartial author, who never forgets the artist in the fellow-being to betray the slightest vicarious moral concern that a human soul should thus prove unheeding, and miss to know the day of its heavenly visitation. It is not that this contrast is not true to the occurrences of actual life. It is that no yearning emotion, no Pauline travail of spirit, is elicited from the writer in witnessing the tragedy that she creates. There is, perhaps, manifest a certain tender relenting on her part—a gentle, half-stoical despair that relieves itself with a laugh of Democritus. What it lacks is the mother-anguish of that distinctively Christian sorrow which weeps because it would have saved. In short, with respect to the fortunes of the life beyond life, not Shakespeare himself could be more supremely neutral, not the Epicurean Jove more serenely indifferent, as a creator administering for the beings of his creation.

Such is the conclusion at which the thoughtful student of "Adam Bede," taking the purely critical literary point of view, might easily arrive. But before "Adam Bede" appeared, its author had furnished to the critic other means for learning her motive and method. She had published in "Blackwood's Magazine" a series of sketches afterwards collected under the

common descriptive title of "Scenes of Clerical Life." These pieces seem now, viewed in the retrospect, to bear somewhat the character of studies for her later more serious productions. With greater propriety, perhaps, they might be regarded as short essays in a kind of composition as to which it was more needful to the writer to try the taste of the public than it was to try her own powers. For the first sketch, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," exhibits almost as much assured and tranquil sense of mastery, on the part of the author, in mere style of composition and method of development, as is exhibited in "Middlemarch." There is even more repose of style in the earlier than in the later production. Hardly till "Middlemarch" would George Eliot have written, for example, this sentence: "Has any one ever pinched into its *pitulous* smallness the cobweb of pre-matrimonial acquaintance?" ["Middlemarch," vol. 1, p. 26, Harper's Ed.] A shrewd question, with pregnant implication—but not quite comfortably expressed. The ambition of high achievement seems to have been a subsequent growth with George Eliot. The trophies of George Eliot who had written, it was, perhaps, each time, that would not let George Eliot that was writing sleep. "Scenes of Clerical Life," are, in fact, so quiet in tone that their quietness comes near being a mannerism. They are intensely realistic pictures of perfectly commonplace life and character. The style of the composition is admirable. It is admirable enough to make these sketches well worth reading for the sake of the style alone. But it is so completely admirable that it scarcely of itself attracts any attention at all. It is only the writer practised enough to know, from experience of his own, how far off from the beginning of effort the end of effort is, in the attainment of such a style, that will bethink himself to notice the exquisite perfection of these pieces as mere composition.

The chief merit, however, of these pieces was not the finish of their style. They possessed the equally unique and perhaps graver merit of being a revelation to most people of the more than dramatic interest of humor and of pathos lying hidden under the common and everyday life that their neighbors are living around them. The traits of shrewd observation and of wise reflection that these "Scenes" exhibited might well, even in that early

phase of the author's crescent fame, embolden one of the great British quarterlies in a review perhaps it was of "Adam Bede," to apply that almost awful epithet of supreme literary ascription, "Shakespearean." The felicity of expression, too, always corresponded. You read, and you smile, as you read, with pure pleasure of intellectual recognition, coming again and again upon a trait of human character or conduct so exquisitely fitted with its happy phrase that it is like what you can imagine it might be if, by some magical good fortune, you had chanced upon a treasure-trove of a few original types of nature, easily perfect at once, and with no trace of any workmanship whatever upon them. How much character, for instance, is unfolded with a stroke of the pen when of a certain "thin woman with a chronic liver-complaint," at a tea-party, it is quietly said: "She has brought her knitting—no frivolous fancy knitting, but a substantial woolen stocking; the click-click of her knitting needles is the running accompaniment to all her conversation, and *in her utmost enjoyment of spoiling a friend's self-satisfaction, she was never known to spoil a stocking.*" Again: "Mrs. Patten does not admire this excessive click-clicking activity. Quiescence in an easy-chair under the sense of compound interest perpetually accumulating has long seemed an ample function to her and *she does her malevolence gently.*" * * * * * She cherishes "a quiet blood-relation's hatred for her niece, Janet Gibbs, who, she knows, expects a large legacy, and whom she is determined to disappoint. Her money shall go in a lump to a distant relation of her husband's, and Janet shall be saved the trouble of pretending to cry by finding that she is left with a miserable pittance." A manservant does double duty as groom and as table-waiter at the house of a certain gentleman whose sister, living with him, had inherited title without estate from a deceased Polish count, her husband, but nevertheless aspired to some style in her house-keeping: "John" is represented as "removing the tea things from the drawing-room and brushing the crumbs from the table-cloth *with an accompanying hiss,* such as he was wont to encourage himself with in rubbing down Mr. Bridmain's horse."

The members of a clerical party are described: "At Mr. Ely's right hand you see a very small man with a sallow and

somewhat puffy face whose hair is brushed straight up, evidently with the intention of giving him a height somewhat less disproportionate to his sense of his own importance than the measure of five feet three accorded to him by an oversight of nature." The Rev. Amos himself was "very full of plans which were something like his moves in chess—admirably well calculated *supposing the state of the case were otherwise.*"

One feels, of course, how inadequate an impression of the fertile observation, the pregnant insight, with which these pages abound, any such excerpts torn from their relief in the context must necessarily make. A volume was recently published in England (it has since been re-published, with additions for "Middlemarch," in this country) entitled "Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot." It is a remarkable monument to the manifold fecundity, and to the invulnerable vitality no less, of her genius. But shreds from the woof ill represent a finished and continuous fabric of the loom. It is the exquisite fitness of the sentiment to the situation or to the character,—say rather to the character in the situation,—that gives to George Eliot's exuberant, though never too exuberant, wit and wisdom their consummate value and effect. She loves to be sententious. She is fonder of reflection than she is of narration. Her plot is for the sake of her dialogue, her dialogue is for the sake of her character, and her character is for the sake of the wit and the wisdom that her many-sided genius is consciously capable and therefore desirous of lavishing on the world. This statement needs some qualification, for her dialogue now and again runs on, self-moved by its delight in its own conscious felicity. But it is approximately true. Her natural bent is about equally dramatic and ethical. She experiences a great delight in mere life-like exhibition of character. In so far she is purely dramatic. But she experiences fully as great a delight in subsequent interpretative comment and reflection on the character that she exhibits. In this she goes beyond what is dramatic and becomes ethical or else psychological. The ethical seems, perhaps, to engage her most deeply.

This was more certainly and more constantly true in her earlier than it has been in her later work. Not that she has ceased to betray an ethical interest in what she writes. This is far enough from being the

case. But her ethical interest has grown somehow less practical and more theoretic. The pure artist used to have to compete with the moralist. Lately the artist's competition has been rather with the doctrinaire, or with the speculative psychologist. George Eliot from the first has been consistently and earnestly moral, or religious even, as those who claim her for a chief ornament of their philosophical school would probably say. It was not, therefore, as not earnestly moral, but only as not properly and purposely Christian, in the ordinary orthodox sense of that word, that "Adam Bede," a little way back, was meant to be characterized. There is an eager and intent moral earnestness in the book. But, notwithstanding certain ambiguous superficial appearances, the moral earnestness is not clearly and narrowly Christian. The quality of the moral earnestness that George Eliot exhibits, or, more strictly, the quality of the moral influence which she is likely to exert, is reserved for examination in the concluding portion of this paper.

The "Scenes of Clerical Life" contain the germs, or at least the promise, of a considerable part of all that is to be found in her maturer productions. Like these, though even in a greater degree, they depend for their interest on qualities in them separable, and in fact separate, from the narrative which they incidentally contain. The narrative is both meager and commonplace to a degree. The constructive, or rather the inventive, faculty might seem wanting to the author. Quite as probably, however, she set small value in comparison on the plot of her stories, feeling rather like a painter who should resolve to achieve his results, not by any masterly skill of composition, but by the endlessly minute Dutch life-likeness of his picture, and then by the fine interpretative light of sentiment that he would contrive to throw over the whole. George Eliot through all her novels has remained weakest in point of plot, although she has evidently paid far more attention of late to the construction of her stories. Whether this relative weakness in her performance is to be referred to inherent defect of invention in her genius, or rather to the predominating influence of the pure dramatic and the pure didactic faculty in it taken together, is, perhaps, open to question. The fact certainly is, that plot with her is everywhere subordinate to what may be

termed the motive of the story, and incident is always fain to wait patiently on dialogue, while dialogue itself, the evident favorite diversion of George Eliot's genius, gives way full cheerfully to that which is her chief serious concern, the work of austere and subtle psychological analysis.

We thus recur to the element in George Eliot's novels which has always, upon the whole, constituted the leading motive of her work. Psychological analysis is her strength and her joy. She creates character, she devises incident and situation, chiefly that she may have her occasion of indulging that almost superhuman faculty which is hers, of laying bare to its ultimate microscopic secret the anatomy of the living human consciousness in play. This motive in her work is what gives to it its unity as a progressive development—it is the one germ which has steadily unfolded and grown from her first published writing to her last. Her novels are pre-eminently psychological novels. The psychological element contributes the greatest proportion of the whole bulk of her volumes. There is a good deal of landscape, and there are frequent bits of brilliant meteorology. These parts, by the way, are done with delicious felicity of descriptive words, so that as mere verbal effects they are a perpetual delight. The features of a landscape, however, are seldom, if ever, photographed, as with a single sudden stroke of the sun, on the reader's imagination. A radiant haze of words is hung between your eyes and the scene. A little idealism of the right sort seems so much better here than any amount of the most conscientious realism. It is doubtful, perhaps, if George Eliot possesses just the necessary kind of imagination for this poet's purpose. But it might easily surprise a reader of George Eliot that had never before directed his attention to the point, to observe how large a proportion of the space occupied with the liveliest conversation, or with the most exciting incident, is usurped by the author for her own interspersed interpretation and comment. The unique characteristic interest too of the dialogue and the narrative is to a wonderful extent, for even the cursory reader, lodged in these interruptions from the author in her delightful character of well-informed and astute individual chorus.

But George Eliot's novels could not be popular, as they are, if, at the same time that they are thus prevailingly psycholog-

cal, they were not also something else than psychological. She is often subtle and refined, and removed from obvious apprehension (in her sense—she is always perfectly plain in her expression) to a degree scarcely surpassed in the case of any professed psychologist or metaphysician in the world. But she has besides a broad zone of contact with the average human being that makes her, notwithstanding, as popular too as she is profound. Shakespeare's street conversations, for instance, of citizens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, on occasion of a popular commotion, are not more faithful to the vulgar life of the populace than are such remarks as these which follow, specimen fragments of surly humor, reported from individuals of the Florentine mob during the famine and plague in "Romola." Romola, in her stately womanhood, is ministering to Baldassarre, found in a dying condition on the street. Some starving fellows watch her with envy tempered with awe:

"Do you keep your bread for those that can't swallow, Madonna?" said a rough-looking fellow in a red night-cap, who had elbowed his way into the inmost circle of spectators—a circle that was pressing rather closely on Romola.

"If anybody isn't hungry," said another, 'I say let him alone. He's better off than people who've got craving stomachs, and no breakfast.'

"Yes, indeed; if a man's a mind to die, it's a time to encourage him, instead of making him come back to life against his will. Dead men want no trencher.'

* * * * *

"Come Madonna," said he of the red night-cap, 'the old thief doesn't eat the bread, you see; you'd better try *us*. We fast so much, we're half saints already.'

"* * * Romola held out the basket of bread to the man in the night-cap, looking at him without any reproach in her glance, as she said,

"Hunger is hard to bear, I know, and you have the power to take this bread if you will. It was saved for sick women and children. You are strong men; but if you do not choose to suffer because you are strong, you have the power to take everything from the weak. You can take the bread from the basket; but I shall watch by this old man; I shall resist your taking the bread from *him*.'

"For a few moments there was perfect silence, while Romola looked at the faces

before her, and held out the basket of bread. * * The man in the night-cap looked rather silly, and backed, thrusting his elbow into his neighbor's ribs *with an air of moral rebuke*." ("Romola," pp. 334-5, Harper's Ed.)

It was impossible not to quote, in sequel to the remarks of the men in the crowd, so penetratively humorous a trait of observation in character as is contained in the clause distinguished above by italics. The very flesh and blood of universal human nature is in that exquisite stroke.

No doubt at bottom it is the same faculty of mind that makes one writer psychological in his method, and another writer dramatic. It is in either case a faculty for intuition of human nature—intuition, not observation alone, for the knowledge given by the faculty in question is an endowment and not an acquirement. It takes, to be sure, George Eliot's genius to observe as George Eliot observes. But then observation, even like hers, must often fail from lack of opportunity. For these times of failure there is intuition, if one only possesses it, not less infallible than observation itself. Such intuition George Eliot possesses. Perhaps if we sought to be entirely scientific, we should find this faculty of intuition to be identical in essence with that power of the mind which mental philosophers have distinguished as the faculty of generalization.

But, notwithstanding the substantial sameness of the faculty in the two cases, how different a face of the same faculty is the dramatic from the psychological. The dramatic method *exhibits* human nature in action—the psychological *explains* the grounds and motives of the action. Evidently the dramatic is limited in its effects by the degree of responsive faculty for observation and appreciation possessed by the reader or the spectator. The dramatist can *exhibit* to you only so much as you are capable of perceiving. There is nothing in the dramatist's art to make you percipient and intelligent beyond your natural degree. His whole prosperity lies in the eye of his beholder. The psychological method, on the contrary, may disclose to you far more in an action than you would have been able to discover for yourself. The psychological method becomes thus the proper supplement of the dramatic. At the point where the dramatic of necessity fails the psychological may begin. This is the advantage of the novel over

the drama. The drama can only be dramatic. But the novel may be as dramatic as the drama, and then go on to be as psychological as if it were not dramatic at all.

There is, of course, no implication here intended that the novel is a higher kind of literature than the drama. The question of precedence between the two is not raised. It is simply maintained that the novel, from its mixed character, as in turn dramatic, narrative, or reflective, at choice, has certain manifest advantages at specific points over the drama. This very mixedness of its character is probably a mark of its technical inferiority. But the novel may assuredly in consequence become more deeply and subtly psychological than the drama. The drama is, of course, equally with the novel, bound to obey the laws of a sound psychology. In this sense of being psychological, there is no difference between the two. In the case of both alike, the action must proceed according to the truth of human nature. But the novel, more than the drama, is free to make its underlying psychology plain by exposition. The drama might, to be sure, conceivably employ the awkward expedient of adopting and adapting from the ancient Greek tragedy its chorus of solemn observers to interpret for us the psychology, in place of the ethics, of the action represented. In this way we might have in the drama unlimited psychological disquisition. But the drama thus modified would no longer be fit for popular representation. It would have to retire from the stage to the closet. In other words, it would, in just so far, have declined from the pure dramatic idea, and have become little distinguishable at this particular point, save in the incident of its formal construction, from the novel.

Now George Eliot within her range—and her range, though, unlike Shakespeare's, it may have definite determinable limits, is still very wide,—George Eliot, I say, within her range is every whit as dramatic as Shakespeare. So natural is the dramatic method to her genius that her novels are often conceived in a succession of scenes, instead of in the continuity of narration. But when, ceasing for the moment to be dramatic, she uses the privilege of the novelist to be expressly psychological, her analysis of character and motive becomes so subtle and searching that mere dramatic exhibition seems almost vulgar in com-

parison. Hamlet's soliloquy is greatly admired for the depth and subtlety of psychological implication which it contains. But there is many and many a passage of clairvoyant vision and revelation in the sphere of human character and motive to be found in George Eliot's works that makes Hamlet's soliloquy superficial and tame. George Eliot's knowledge in the deep things of the human heart, in short, is hardly second to anything elsewhere exhibited in the whole realm of literature. There are marks enough in her writing of varied and watchful observation. But the knowledge of the human heart that George Eliot displays is not an acquired knowledge. It was born with her and in her. It is genius. It is a gift which is Shakespearean in quality—one might, perhaps, as well be frankly true to himself and out with his thought—it is *finer* than Shakespeare. In quantity it is less, but in quality it is more.

Take as an instance of the advantage in point of fine psychological implication that the novel possesses over the drama, the qualifying clause, "*with an air of moral rebuke,*" appended to the statement of fact that the fellow "in the red night-cap" falling back, on Romola's words, into the crowd, made way for himself by thrusting his elbows into his neighbor's ribs. Here the action is nothing compared with the manner of the action. But the manner of the action it is beyond the province of the dramatist to give. The dramatist has here to depend on histrionism to interpret his thought. Another instance is supplied in a powerfully conceived scene that occurs elsewhere in "*Romola.*" Tito visits the hut in which his outraged adoptive father, Baldassarre, lies crouched in his straw, awaiting the retarded hour of his vengeance. Tito has decided to ease his own mortgaged future by healing the immedicable breach between himself and Baldassarre. He will ask forgiveness for his unfilial desertion and resume the son's affectionate care of his father. Baldassarre greets his visitor by making the abortive attempt on Tito's life with his dagger, but Tito persists. It is as yet uncertain how Baldassarre will receive the unanticipated overture. "Presently Baldassarre began to move. He threw away the broken dagger, and slowly and gradually, still trembling, began to raise himself from the ground. Tito put out his hand to help him, and so strangely quick are men's souls

that in this moment, when he began to feel his atonement was accepted, *he had a darting thought of the irksome efforts it entailed.*"* ("Romola," p. 279, Harper's Ed.) It would be hard for the dramatic method to enter so shrewdly as this into the almost subconscious movements of the human soul. An aside would not answer, for the thought does not take shape in words even in the thinker's mind.

But George Eliot is not simply a dramatist and a psychologist in her novels. She is a profound and various thinker as well. The thought which goes to the production of valuable literary work is of two sorts. There is the thought which has preceded, and there is, besides, the thought which immediately accompanies the conception and execution of the work. The one sort enriches the production through having enriched the producing mind; the other more directly enriches the production itself. The one sort is immanent thought, thought subsisting as condition; the other is active thought, thought working as cause. Or the difference might be likened to the difference between the elements contributed to existing life on the globe by those geologic ages which are finished and extinct, and the elements contributed by that age which is now current and still incomplete. Of both these sorts of thought George Eliot's novels are full. Her later and maturer productions presuppose an amount of arduous thinking on the hard and high problems of human existence that is nothing short of astonishing. It would not be easy to name any other writing in recent literature that, bulk for bulk, registers a greater quantity of good, fresh, deep, clear, sound, sincere, and honest antecedent thought. The "In Memoriam" is pre-eminently of such a character—that work is like the earth's thronged crust for the record of finished elemental processes and secular energies now in repose, that it enfolds. But George Eliot's novels are not inferior here to the "In Memoriam." The writer of these has swept as large a part of the great diapason of possible human intellectual experience as has the writer of that. The novels are inferior to the poem only in the form of expression which they give to the thought. In the

form of expression they are inferior only as prose must be inferior to poetry—as even the most exquisite prose must still be inferior to poetry when the poetry too, happens to be equally exquisite in its superior kind. George Eliot's prose is as nearly poetic as it ought to be—that is, as nearly poetic as it could be, and remain completely and homogeneously prose. Precisely the differentia of properly poetic expression George Eliot's genius seems not to have at command.* It is a great denial to her from nature. But perfect

* I hardly escape the pain of self-reproach in denying the supreme gift of poetry to a writer who produces such lines as, for instance, these from "The Spanish Gypsy:"

"Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirits in Zinzale breasts."

That is very noble verse. Something of a true Miltonic spirit throbs in it. "The steadfast mind, the undivided will to seek the good," might almost be from the mouth of Satan himself, turned moral. The whole strain is kindred in motive with strophe IX of Mr. Lowell's magnificent "Commemoration Ode." That passage and this set in contrast and comparison, furnish a fine study of the diverse methods pursued respectively by writers, on the one hand that are essentially prose writers, and writers on the other hand that are essentially poets. George Eliot, according to her genius, had a perfectly palpable concrete thought to express. She refined it, she sublimated it, she did every thing in short but *permanently change it from its proper native state as prose*. She found a solid. She purified it seven times, but she left it a solid. Mr. Lowell, on the contrary, with his different sense, found an im-palpable, imponderable ether. His labor was to seize it and to hold it. There was no danger of his getting a precipitate for result. The danger was rather that the volatile quality of his object would be too much for him—that he should lose his over-expansile thought altogether. The process of the essential prose writer in writing verse is thus in some sort the precise opposite of that of the essential poet. The one seeks to etherealize—the other seeks to compress and contain. But certain it is that what does not come to you as poetry, you can never convert into poetry with all your pains.

As to the mottoes in verse to the chapters in "Middemarch" bearing quotation marks which hint no doubt that they were borrowed from George Eliot herself, it may without disparagement be said of them, dense with thought and wisdom as they often are, they still contain many equivalents more of truth than of poetry.

Her recently published volume of collected pieces in verse is full of many noble intellectual and moral qualities—of speculation, of reflection, of feeling, of power—but of poetry?—One attributes an autobiographic interest to it in parts.

* The words "began to" occurring here in each one of three consecutive sentences so short, present a trait of negligence in writing which, however venial, strikes me as decidedly unusual with George Eliot.

prose is as rare, if it is not quite so precious, as perfect poetry. Let George Eliot be content with her gift. It is a unique and high delight, second only to that supreme delight which poetry yields, to read page after page, nay, volume after volume, of pure and homogeneous prose, undisturbed with any fear of occasion to abate one's complacency in the choiceness of the diction, in the absolute fitness of the phrase to the thought, in the linked, liquid articulation of clauses, in the rich, interwoven, harmonious order of the rhythm. This delight George Eliot bestows upon her readers beyond almost any other writer now living.

Besides the wealth of suggested antecedent thought with which George Eliot's novels are endowed, there is evident in them the presence also of an immense amount of coetaneous thinking. There is thought, the still result, and there is thinking, the fervid process. No writer is less disposed to be self-indulgent than George Eliot. She gives us her best all the time. Her slack moods, if she has such, she keeps. She applies a principle of severe rejection to everything below the standard. She thinks a thought thoroughly out, and then she spares herself no pains necessary fairly to express it. Her style has, accordingly, a vitality,—let us employ the less usual Saxon term, the better to match the unusual fact,—an intense *livingness* all its own. It is like a living organism, "vital in every part." The syntax tingles to its utmost particle with the fine vibration of an omnipresent life. To take away a word would be vivisection. The lacerated sentence would bleed. What incalculable quantities of costly brain vibration have gone into the tense and quivering pages of these books! But nothing has been lost. The force lives and is immortal. It communicates itself in quickened thought and feeling forever to the mind and heart of the race.

But behind the thought and the thinking in these novels there is a vast amount, too, of the power of passion. The brain has not wrought alone. The heart has wrought with it. The thought, indeed, is very often of the sort that is always first in the sensibility. The brain has wrought because the heart moved it to work. The capacity of emotion on the part of their author, implied in George Eliot's novels, is prodigious. The marvel of the sensibility is as great as the marvel of the intellect. Not that George Eliot seems certainly to have

lived in any painful sympathy with the various personages of her plots. On the contrary, there is nothing more remarkable in her demeanor than the perfectly wholesome alacrity and ease with which she turns from the most absorbing tragedy to pure comedy or broad farce, or even, a more difficult transition, to the neutral ground of mere humdrum commonplace life. This is much the same as to say that she is not a sentimentalist. Her passion is deeper than the sentiments. It bows itself against the pillars of the soul. It takes hold of the bases. It is elemental. It is no mere transient sympathy that relieves itself with ready tears over the sorrows of her fictive world. It is a part of the author's own personal experience. It is a real passion on account of the real woes of the real world. George Eliot appears to her readers "crowned with attributes of woe" almost (not quite) "like glories." It is evident that her life has not been "idle ore,"

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom.

The prevailing pathos of her books affects one with a tender personal sympathy for the author, as well as with that larger impersonal sympathy which it is evident she wishes and aims to inculcate, on behalf of the whole pitiable world of mankind. The irony in which she indulges is sometimes looked upon as cynicism. There could hardly be a greater mistake. It is the sad smile that plays on the face of a rueful despair. Cynicism is earnestness soured by contempt. Thackeray,* who wielded a humorous sarcasm superficially similar to George Eliot's, was no more a cynic than is she. But Thackeray was saved from cynicism by lack of earnestness. George Eliot is saved from cynicism more nobly—by the absence of contempt. She is seldom more sincerely humane, more yearningly tender, than when she is irradiating the gloom in which her philosophy seems to shroud the lot of men, with a beam, gentle, and but half-gladdening even to herself, of irony, like the "setting sun's pathetic light." Occasionally her irony

* George Eliot, by the way, would perhaps be as willing to acknowledge a literary debt to Thackeray as to any one of her peers among novelists. Her faculty of observation, and her faculty of humorous expression as well, must, I should say, have been consciously or unconsciously trained in the school of the author of "Vanity Fair."

takes on the humor of an angry indignation inspired by moral earnestness that is always noble, if it is not always wise. Perhaps it is possible of late to gather some just apprehension of a danger threatening the healthful poise of George Eliot's spirit at this point. It would be wonderful if her rest in herself, unsupported by rest in the only unshaken stay of human souls, should prove morally sufficient for her permanent intellectual health and peace. Symptoms of what may in the end turn out to be decline toward the cynical spirit are discoverable here and there in her latest productions—her latest production, perhaps, it should be said.

Of the wide reading, the ripe culture, the various knowledge, which her works betoken in their author, it may be said that they would seem justly remarkable if these less personal, more separable characteristics were not held in such happy subordination to higher qualities as hardly to make a distinct impression for themselves. Only once in a while, in "Middlemarch," does her learning appear a little over-forward to announce itself. Even in these instances the reader may impute what did not belong to the writer. For example: "Signs are small measurable things, but interpretations are illimitable, and in girls of sweet ardent nature, every sign is apt to conjure up wonder, hope, belief, vast as a sky, and colored by a diffused thimbleful of matter in the shape of knowledge." ("Middlemarch," Vol. II., p. 29, Harper's Ed.) The sense here is like George Eliot, fine and striking and true; but the word "sky" acted as a spell upon her memory and she recalled the latest science on the subject. Her imagination, however, was not quite equal to the task of making the science happily and helpfully available. At least so it seems to one—doubtfully. For after all it is "vastness," and not "color," which the "wonder, hope, belief," give to the sky, in George Eliot's conception. And it is the "knowledge," and not the "idealization," which acts as Prof. Tyndall's "scattering" medium to break the whiteness of the light into color. But it is so much more instinctive to imagine one's knowledge colored by one's wishes, than to imagine one's wishes colored by one's knowledge, that the new turn continues to have too much the air of effort. It may justify itself to the understanding, but to the imagination it is a stumbling-block. For another example: "In short, woman was a

problem which, since Mr. Brooke's mind felt blank before it, could be hardly less complicated than the revolutions of an iron solid." When, as in "Middlemarch," not often, but too often, we are obliged to feel that conscious effort has taken the place of unconscious energy, we then first begin to remark that the writer's power is not quite boundless—the idea of limit and definition is suggested. In general, however, it has to be conceded, George Eliot's accomplishments are well content to be the unobtrusive if not unapparent conditions of her power.

A further trait of George Eliot's style, as salient and as characteristic as any, is her humor. Humor sometimes, and sometimes wit, it is natural to call that vivacious play of her genius, which is the accompanying grateful relief and recreation to its more prevailing sad and serious mood. The effect of this faculty for seeing things on their ludicrous side is almost omnipresent in her writings. It is a constant leavening element to ærate and quicken what, without it, would often be somewhat tedious, however wise and weighty, moral or social disquisition. It lightens and brightens the long pages which it is a peculiarity of her method to occupy with elaborate preliminary accounts of personages introduced, or of states of society conditioning her story. But for this enlivenment her stages of preparation for the tardy development of plot would be quite too serious reading for most persons.

The compass of her humor is very great. Often it is so fine, so exquisite, as to be absolutely elusive, except to a sense not only delicate by nature, but prepared beforehand, by knowledge of her habit, to be alert and suspicious. Then, again, it is broad and substantial enough to appeal to the least ethereal appreciation. To give by instances any adequate notion of its abundance, its piquancy, and its variety, would be out of the question. One might quote almost at random whole pages, and even whole chapters. Incidentally the absurdity of classical education for a boy, with no taste and no aptitude for it, engages her satire, at one point, in "The Mill on the Floss." (We seem here to conjecture an influence from her patron and friend, the corypheus of the New Education, so-called. But Herbert Spencer, for all that he knows so well the Philosophy of Style as a theory, has never in his practice equaled the Damascene temper and

edge of the weapon that is wielded by his pupil.) "I only know," George Eliot remarks, "it turned out as uncomfortably for Tom Tulliver, as if he had been plied with cheese to remedy a gastric weakness which prevented him from digesting it." (P. 125, Harper's Ed.) The most ardent classicist can afford to smile at this, and admit besides that for the case to which it applies, it is demonstration. Some of George Eliot's characters are of humor all compact. Mrs. Poyser, in "Adam Bede," is likely to enjoy an immortality of fame. She is as substantive a creation as Falstaff. Her wisdom is almost always wit. Her wise saws, pungent with Attic salt, flow from her with every collision like a stream of sparks from steel held hard on a whirling emery-wheel. Chapter XXXII, in "Adam Bede," entitled "Mrs. Poyser has her say out," affords a good specimen of her quality. It is jocund with delight in consciously effective wagging of the tongue. Mrs. Poyser, by the way, could hardly in her time have known anything of the "brimstone match" which, nevertheless, is made to supply her with an odorous and odious comparison to the Squire's disadvantage. As a rule, George Eliot is very careful and scholarly in her historical settings. Her success with Mrs. Poyser in this interview seems to have induced her to repeat the experiment in "Middlemarch," where a duplicate of the original scene occurs. One would not willingly spare either of these scenes, but they resemble each other enough to suggest a sense of that limitation in the opulence of George Eliot's genius, which, as before hinted, is the point of her most noticeable inferiority to Shakespeare. So "Bob" in "The Mill on the Floss" is something like a study for Bratti in "Romola." Bratti, however, is a vast improvement on Bob, and is, by the way, a highly stimulating encounter. And it is remarkable that we are not forced to perceive any difference of facility in the author for the personation of the female over the male humorist. It would be easy to mention other examples of virtual repetition occurring in the series of these novels. Such repetition seems to imply a limitation to the fecundity of the author's invention. But this implication is not a necessary one. And the lavish profusion with which she sometimes gratuitously creates perfectly individualized characters, (take for instances her pauper audience in "Rev. Amos Barton," and her Featherstone mourners in "Middlemarch"),

as it were for the mere wanton joy that she experiences in the exercise of her creative power, should, perhaps, be accepted for proof that her repetitions of herself are accidental, or nobly careless, and not symptomatic of poverty. In general, too, her novels are extremely populous with characters, substantially conceived and sharply discriminated characters, quite as if the author were not at all straitened in her sense of ample resources at command. It is purely incidental, and by no means a trait of her method, when, as in the case of Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch," she seizes some chance habit of a personage to label him for the recognition of the reader. This cheap trick of characterization is entirely alien from the high-toned and conscientious style of George Eliot's workmanship. Mr. Charles Dickens is entitled to remain undisturbed in his renown as the triumphant "Cheap John" of this ticketing method in literary haberdashery. Commonplaceness is a fault into which it would be impossible for George Eliot to lapse. For, however often she might present a familiar thought, she would be sure to affect it with some novelty derived from the vigor of her conception and the consequent freshness of her mode of expressing it. And still it does happen in a few instances that she uses stock expedients for developing her plots, and in one notable instance, the trick which the monkey practised on the quack doctor, in "Romola," she condescends to give classical form to a story which it required some temerity to take from its natural popular currency and stamp with a superscription of her own. But then we should quite misinterpret George Eliot if we admitted these things to modify, in any appreciable degree, our estimate of her genius. These things do not belong to the sphere of effort where she expends her strength. The plot and incident of her stories are the mere moulds into which she casts her sentiment or her humor. She sets no value on them in themselves. You might destroy the entire framework of plot which sustains the structure of her novels, and the true transcendent value of her work would remain unimpaired. This is not saying that greater technical skill in formal construction would not enhance her claim to admiration. It certainly would. But, on the other hand, her deficiency here is not in the nature of a deduction to be made from her merit. For, although she has

chosen the novel for her vehicle, it is not as a novelist strictly that she is to be judged. The form of her work is subordinate, and, as it were, accidental. It is the content of her work,—the character, the dialogue, the humor, the pathos, the thought, contained in it,—that must fix our estimate of her success.

For this reason it is not much to the purpose to criticize George Eliot's books as novels. Submitted to technical tests they would be found wanting at many points. In short, you could easily, by a destructive process of criticism, eliminate from these novels, one after another, the several merits on which novels in general depend for their popularity, until scarcely a single ordinary element of success with readers would seem to remain. But the life of thought and of feeling, and the exquisite organ of speech that they use, would remain, and these would still suffice, as they have sufficed, to make George Eliot, in spite of technical faults, a popular novelist. "Romola" is perhaps, upon the whole, the most satisfactory among her books considered purely as a novel. It is, likewise, as highly wrought as any in point of style. Compared with the rest, it is inferior only to "Middlemarch" in the weight and value of its thought and of its moral inculcation. It has besides, beyond any other, claims to the dignity of being an historical novel. But its history, although admirably studied, is not wrought into any vital organic relation with the story. Savonarola is a stately and gracious figure in it, strikingly presented, but, except in that one encounter of his with Romola on her first flight from Tito, the action might easily have dispensed with him. Tito, by the way, hardly gets the poetic justice done him at last that the long suspended development of his doom has been leading us to expect on his behalf. He has his will of life as far as to the end, and at the end he escapes the catastrophe that he would most have dreaded,—conscious exposure to scorn,—and dies a quick death. Poor Baldassarre—he gets his revenge, but the sweetness of revenge he loses. Tessa is really a quite inconceivably silly and insipid case of the perpetuated baby. But what do things like these signify weighted against the extraordinary wealth of learning, of wit, of humor, of wisdom, of passion, of thought, of psychological insight, of prophetic moral teaching, conveyed in full "answerable style," that "Romola" contains?

Each successive book of George Eliot is more densely thoughtful than its predecessor. It is as if the weight of all that go before were a superincumbent mass pressing the one that follows into still compacter form. "Middlemarch" accordingly, both absolutely and in proportion to its bulk, compresses more thought into its limits than does any other one of her books. It is, no doubt, considered as a novel, vastly over-freighted with thought. Technically this is, of course, a fault. But what a fault! "Middlemarch" certainly is not easy reading. It is, indeed, a wonderful triumph that it should find readers at all. The beginning of it is so slow as to its action, and the embarrassment in it of intellectual riches is so great that it is difficult to understand how it should entangle the average reader in interest enough to keep him reading. But the catastrophe, or the catastrophes,—how they gain in power from the retarded progress with which thus they are approached!

But what has already been said must suffice for appreciation of the literary quality of these remarkable books. We come now to the more serious part of our task—an attempt to appreciate the moral or ethical quality of George Eliot's novels.

In the first place, we must begin by maintaining, without reserve and without qualification, that, as to purpose on the part of the author, the moral quality of these novels is not only beyond criticism,—the criticism of censure,—but almost beyond praise. The moral motive that animates George Eliot's genius seems to me to be wholly pure and noble. She is complained of, not without some reason, for clinging too closely to the hard, the unredeemed realities of life in her narrative, and her delineation of character. She is, indeed, here a realist, in the extremest sense of that word—no, we must not say the extremest, for there is a sense of the word that puts a writer conforming to it outside the pale of true artists and makes him, while remaining it may be faithful to fact, still,—we lack a single term to express it,—somehow crude, gross, offensive to cultivated taste, destitute, in short, of *tone*. George Eliot, then, let us say, is realistic in the extremest sense that is strictly consistent with art. A true artist she is, but she will not idealize. We miss in her representations of human life precisely the light that *never was on sea or land*. The light in her novels is still the light that is, and that always was,

and that always will be. If this is praise, it is her just praise. If it is derogation, so much must justly be derogated.

But when we turn from considering her novels as pictures of life to considering them as intimations of her own moral standard, and of the didactic moral aim that inspires her work, we find a very great difference. The morality of these novels, if we regard the conscious intention of the author alone, is quite ideal enough. The morality of them may, or may not be, practically safe and wise. But, at least, it is never low. The highest sentiments of devotion to conscience and to truth, implied inculcations of the most magnanimous, the most costly self-sacrifice abound. "Egoism"—this word is her substitute for the too polarized term *selfishness* (the polarization, the same polarization, would inevitably soon be transferred from the original to the substitute)—"egoism" is to be sternly repressed—it is to be brought to the altar of sacrifice. In the dialect of a school, she preaches "altruism," in antithesis to "egoism," that is, devotion to others, in exclusion of devotion to self.

I accordingly find it impossible to understand those critics who consider George Eliot's novels immoral in anything like the ordinary sense of immorality. I find it, also, equally impossible to sympathize with those critics who have lately pronounced "Middlemarch" a cold book. To me it is warm and pulsing with the life-blood of a most loving human heart. The great act of Dorothea in paying her visit to Rosamond to counsel and comfort her, and to save Lydgate, at the very moment when her own life seemed to have been left to her desolate—I confess that it affects me as a stroke of pathos hardly less than sublime. This is the true climax of the interest of the novel. And it is worth noting that the climax is a moral climax.

Tears from the depths of some divine despair—

a despair just then smitten with hope, since such goodness lives—start at this incident to rightly reading eyes like the waters from the rock springing at the touch of Moses' rod. Certainly George Eliot is no maudlin sentimentalist—no melodramatic emotion-monger like him of "Little Nell." But for high and pure pathos,—pathos conceived in the key of that magnanimity which, in a world like ours, fallen and in sore need of redemption, is always the highest and purest

pathos,—I should scarcely know where to look for anything finer than "Middlemarch" supplies.

This is by no means to be regarded in the light of concession to George Eliot. It is hearty, ungrudged and grateful ascription. She is a writer of great and generous moral aims. It is her worthy ambition to breathe, if she may, into the hearts of men and women,—her brothers and sisters,—an ampler breath of moral inspiration. She would fain do something toward releasing us all from our pettiness, our selfishness, our falseness, our convention. Her psalm of life lacks sadly the anticipative triumph, but it has all the moral elevation, of that strain in "The Two Voices:"

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life;

Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love;

As far as might be to carve out
Free space for every human doubt
That the whole mind might orb about—

To search through all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.

Such I find to be the moral *spirit* of George Eliot's novels. The moral *tendency* of them is a different matter.

The moral spirit of George Eliot's novels,—their intentional influence,—makes one way. It is favorable to nobleness, goodness, virtue. The tendency of them, their undesigned influence, makes another way. Not wholly by any means, for happily mere integrity of purpose is itself a force in morals that no falseness of fundamental principle can entirely countervail; not wholly, therefore, but in just so far as tendency is separable from spirit in writing, the tendency is contrary to the spirit in George Eliot's novels. She unconsciously hinders the nobleness that she inculcates. Let me explain.

One of the leading ideas in her novels is fate—fate in the two-fold form of outward and inward necessity. The universe is hard, unyielding, compelling; character is given, fixed, unchangeable. Not that character is, according to her, a finished result from the first. It is rather a process, in deed. But it is process under immutable law. Character changes, but it changes according to an unchangeable necessity in-

corporate in its own original constitution. It was always that in germ which at any moment it has become in development. In this sense, it is not too much to say, and to say again, human character in George Eliot's philosophy is given, fixed, unchangeable. This conception of human life dominates in her writing. There are not more than two or three instances, if indeed there are any, of exception to the rule that the personages of her plot develop in character along a rigid line self-determined by their own persistent original identity. Hardly thrice does it occur that one of these conquers circumstances. They all alike succumb to fate—to the *themselves* and the *not themselves*, as Mr. Arnold would say.

Now, that the persistency of human character is an idea or a fact, verifiable enough from experience and from observation to be awful, to be appalling, to be everything dire indeed, short of being absolutely overwhelming, I have no disposition to deny. It is one of the most intimate, most constant, most controlling of my own personal convictions. It may well *almost* master any deeply self-conscious mind. This resilient, this indestructible spring of personal identity within us, by virtue of which we return resistlessly to the old self, that we always really remained, from whatever forced escape and change we may, for a time, fancy that we have achieved for ourselves forever—who of us is there that has not shuddered at the consciousness of it? We live bound to a constant point by an elastic tether. We have some freedom of range. We may stretch our bond somewhat, and cheat ourselves into some sense of being at liberty. But the bond holds. We cannot break it. We cannot impair its perpetual strength. Beyond a certain limit we cannot continue to stretch it. That limit reached, the bond resumes to itself its delusively yielded power of resistance to our efforts against it. One sudden contractile throe of its terrible elasticity, and we are brought sheer back to our center. This is what thoughtful men have habitually observed and experienced. It is something that is still more intensely, as more intimately, dreadful than what Dr. Holmes figured with his famous water-drop in the heart of the crystal* to repre-

sent the human will vainly free in its enclosure of circumstance. He was seeking a symbol for the wall of external condition that surrounds and imprisons us. I seek an expression for the law of condition that is incorporated in us. But both these ideas, the inward and the outward fate that restrains or compels us, seem to have taken tyrannous possession of George Eliot's mind. Destiny is hardly more to the pagan Greek tragedists than it is to Christian George Eliot. I use Christian now simply to note a condition of time and circumstance. And the tragedy of the idea is greater with the Christian than it is with the Greek.

George Eliot has borrowed from Christianity for her novels, unconsciously perhaps, but beyond her power to help it at any rate, elements and conditions that make the struggle of the helpless human will with fate in her representation tenfold harder and more forlorn than it could by any possibility be under the undisturbed dominion of purely pagan ideas. To oppose a stoic resolution "not to be overcome," against the impenetrable, inexorable breast of fate—that was the comparatively simple and easy achievement that pagan tragedy in its loftiest moods could satisfy itself completely with letting its hard-pressed gods or heroes accomplish. But George Eliot, in her far different light, sees too deeply and too truly what is indeed the highest ideal of morality for her to be content with offering such a release of virtue to her characters. Her men and women must be more than stoics if they are to be heroes to George Eliot. They must be *Christian* stoics. They must do more than merely endure. They must overcome. Self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, —nothing less than this Christian virtue, —is the worthy stoicism for George Eliot. But to be self-denying, self-sacrificing, like Christ, not in imitation of Christ—to have the Christian spirit without the Christian motive—well, it is still noble and beautiful as a conception, but the impossibility makes it so infinitely pathetic! And this to wisely thoughtful minds is the true pathos of George Eliot's novels.

Hope is the very element of the Christian life. It is an apostolic word, "We are saved by hope." But George Eliot tries to save us without hope. A gentle, pitying, pitiful despair broods in her books with tear-laden eyelids and tearless eyes over a

* "I see myself, but yet I cannot apprehend it. It is a drop of dew shut up in the heart of a rock." Auerbach's "On the Heights." (Translation, Roberts Brothers' edition, p. 302.)

world to be noble—and unhappy, in. It is a “sad astrology.”

I do not go behind the books themselves to find a light in which to read the books. What I have said lies written all over the noble and mournful pages of her novels. We read and we seem all the time to dwell in a world over which the crystal sky hangs like a hollow hemisphere of glass, emptied of the ambient element of hope, and with walls as of a mirror admitting no light from beyond, but only mocking us with wearisome reflections of the light that is here. It is like trying to breathe under an exhausted receiver. It is like trying to see *through* the plane of a mirror. We pray for air, we pray for light. We might, perhaps, dispense with breathing here, if indeed the world has no atmosphere of hope in which we may breathe. But if we are to gasp and to die we at least would wish to be comforted with some glimpses “less forlorn” of a life beyond life. But the sky slopes pitilessly down, the horizon never lifts. “O dark, dark, dark, irrecoverably dark!”

To such a view of the moral atmosphere of George Eliot's novels, some readers may object: “Why surely there is a good deal of wholesome cheerfulness in these books.” And surely, say I, there is. But their tone is somber. The lights of humor and gayety in them are foil only to the prevailing melancholy and gloom that overhang them, like a beclouded sky filling the world everywhere with shadow. What a sad life was poor Tulliver's, and what a blank end of it came! How Maggie toiled in the toils of her fate, to have her proud spirit quenched at last like the quenching of a candle! And Tom! And Romola! And Lydgate! Nay, and Dorothea herself! “Ill matched,” all of them, “with the meanness of opportunity” here, and hereafter—nothing. One must succeed, beyond what I can, in resolutely refusing to read between the lines, not to be oppressed with a sense like this as he lives for a time in the world of George Eliot's men and women and children.

Another of my readers may say: “Yes, George Eliot's novels are sad books, but the world is a sad world. Life is the tragedy George Eliot represents it. She is not to be blamed, or even to be criticised, but to be praised rather, that seeing deeply into the truth of things, as she does, she honestly shows us what she finds.” Well, I grant that the world is just the dark world—that human life is just the

sorrowful riddle—that George Eliot makes them. It is the truth. The malignity of circumstances is indeed slow to give way, only a little, even before the singular pureness and simplicity and high-heartedness of a Dorothea. If it gives way at all, it is very, very little, and the chances are that then it only seems to give way. Rosamond it may be will be forced sufficiently out of her “egoism” by the impact of Dorothea's “altruistic” nobleness—sufficiently to let Dorothea herself through the straits that had been grudging her passage into the farther sea of her fortunes. But Rosamond will remain the same yielding persistency of opposition and defeat to Lydgate as before. This is George Eliot's representation, and this, I acknowledge, is human life. Lydgate may take the waves of adverse circumstance with as good heart of controversy as he will. The world will prove “too many” for him. Lydgate is as helpless as Tulliver. The same heavy hand of necessity is upon them both. A dreadful imminent defeat defeats them from the very beginning and throughout the whole continuance of the strife. They fight against a foregone conclusion of their fight. It is quite as if they contended in view of the celestial balance hung on high with the beam already inclined visibly against them. They go to the war and through the war with the spirit of Turnus, and with Turnus's fate foreknown on their part to await them. Maggie perhaps escapes this despair of foreboding, but, no less, observers behold her led by her fate helplessly like a lamb to the altar.* If Lucy's sweet and wholesome nature is proof against the bitterness and sourness of condition—it is still, as we see,

Not that the grounds of hope were fixed,
The elements were kindlier mixed

in her case. That is all.

*One feels, by the way, like making it a grievance against the author that she did not provide some nobler occasion of extreme temptation to Maggie than that lay-figure, that animated fashion-plate, young Mr. Stephen Guest. Maggie deserved to escape her wreck on a more heroic reef.

Again. It does not much affect either the literary or the moral value of “The Mill on the Floss,”—its disappointing close. But that flood is too near to the melodramatic, and the actual catastrophe is a curious impossibility. How should an interlocked mass of wooden fragments, stretching quite across the swollen stream, have been borne on by the flood faster than was the boat that carried Maggie and Tom—especially when the strength of Tom's powerful rowing was added to the stress of the mid-current to urge the boat along? And yet the story seems to make the mass of wooden fragments overtake and overwhelm the boat. It is not melodrama, however, but tragedy, unrelieved and blank, when brother and sister in that phantasmagoric scene find at last a

landing place to clasp and say,
Farewell, we lose ourselves in—dark!

I acknowledge, I say, that life,—the outward spectacle of life which we behold and part of which we are,—is really, as George Eliot represents it, like this. I go further. I acknowledge that sin is just the malignant persistent immortality that she makes it. If Tito will choose his own will and pleasure, then Tito's sin shall follow him like a Nemesis—hunt him through life and hunt him out of life. If Bulstrode will cover up a lie, will staunch a running sore to hide it from the public eye, and turn it into a blind and inward ulcer to vent its horrid virus upon his very vitals, then Bulstrode's sin shall change the basis of his being into rottenness. Scarcely the most extravagant theodicies of those that exaggerate the self-reproducing, self-punishing power of sin could exceed the representations of George Eliot.

In all this, I repeat once more, I am entirely at one with George Eliot. She sees deeply and she sees truly into the great mystery and the great tragedy of human life. More than even thus much. Her interest in dealing with the grave problems of our existence here is a sincerely and nobly moral interest. And still, and still, I am constrained to believe, notwithstanding all this truth in thought and pureness in purpose on her part, George Eliot is exerting an influence to hinder more than to help her brothers and sisters in their struggles against sin. There are some, no doubt,—there are many indeed,—both men and women, who need to be taught through a Tito and a Bulstrode,* what a dreadful germ of development sin is. But then we are all of us sinners in our degree, and if sin be what George Eliot makes it, and what I believe it, then the matter of present degree signifies nothing. The end is the same, whatever the present degree. In all, as in one, sin when it is finished bringeth

forth death. We all, I say, are sinners, and what concerns us chiefly is not to know the consequence of this better than we now do, except as better knowledge may incite to keener desire of escape, if escape be anywise possible; but what concerns us chiefly is to learn how the too certain and too dreadful consequence of sin may be avoided. If there be no salvation for us, then it can only make us still worse through despair to be taught that we are helpless—true, horribly true, though it be. On the other hand, if there is salvation for us, then not to hint this, to write as if there were not, is to slay us with despair when we might have been succored and revived with hope. But hopelessness I find to be the prevailing moral tone of George Eliot's novels. She writes with truth and with power for a world into which sin has entered, and death by sin. But she writes too as for a world in which there is no redemption from sin. Alas! George Eliot seems not to have heard that once for all, some eighteen hundred years or more ago, death was swallowed up in victory!

There is nothing, however, consciously or purposely hostile to Christ in all her books.* There is nothing either, in her apparent attitude toward Christ, of offensive patronage or of easy, self-conceited comprehension. George Eliot contrasts strongly here with Auerbach, between whom and her there are, at other points, some traits of resemblance. Their use of psychological analysis is similar, and both writers write rather for the sake of the thought that they wish to express than for the sake of any story that they have to tell. But Auerbach, if one does not mistake in identifying the author's own sentiment, is a self-satisfied dogmatist where George Eliot far more nobly, as well as far more wisely, is fain to remain in doubt. Auerbach, accordingly, has his plan of salvation for us—a plan which, if it were not preposterous enough to provoke a smile, would nevertheless be impracticable enough to dishearten us still more completely than does George

* Bulstrode is perhaps the least real, the most like an impersonated tendency, among the characters of George Eliot's creation. But if there are no Bulstrodes in actual life, there is plenty of Bulstrode's quality distributed in various measures to members of Christian communities almost everywhere. For my own part, therefore, I find no fault with the author as guilty of any unfairness, intentional or otherwise, toward the Christian name in her delineation of Bulstrode. I believe I know, from experience, no less than from observation, the potentialities of human nature too well. There is no malignant glee manifested on the part of the novelist, as if she were glutting some long-famished grudge against evangelical Christianity. On the contrary, the severity of the fact is even enhanced by the evident relenting gentleness of the narrative.

* I do not forget that an unacknowledged translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" is attributed with probable truth to the hand of George Eliot. But that she should have chosen to engage in such literary work as translating Strauss and Feuerbach ("Essence of Christianity") is, I prefer to trust, evidence rather of that fascination which she could not but feel in the Man of Calvary, than of any hostility to his claims. The fact that these translations remain unacknowledged confirms the more welcome presumption.

Eliot's mournful shake of the head on the subject. Auerbach says, *Save yourself*; George Eliot says, *Save yourself you cannot*. Auerbach quotes Christ, and shelves him in a niche of his pantheon. George Eliot, on the contrary, scarcely once mentioning his name, seems to stand as in a suspense of doubt and awe toward Christ. She breathes no articulate syllable in derogation from his claims. I can fancy George Eliot's earnest and noble spirit poised and pausing thus long in a balance of indetermination respecting the Man of Calvary. She seems half ready to exclaim, My Lord and my God. Her posture in his presence is a prolonged, still unready, reluctant, resisting, passionate perhaps. God knows, but I desire to hope that if she persists in not reckoning herself among those who are openly for Christ, Christ himself, in the largeness of his wisdom and love, may include George Eliot among those who yet are not against him. At any rate, her books all read as if she took heed to her pen in this regard, lest haply she should be found fighting against God.

There are points of interesting resemblance and contrast, both literary and ethical, between George Eliot and Hawthorne. The style of each is exquisite. Both depend for the interest of their novels on other elements than narrative and plot. Both are comparatively weak in invention and construction. Both are profoundly and, in their several ways, painfully psychological. Is it Hawthorne, or is it George Eliot, that exposes to us the motive and method of his work when we read as follows in "Twice-told Tales": "Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity." Arthur Dimmesdale and Mr. Bulstrode are evident moral congeners. These specifications perhaps exhaust their points of mutual resemblance. The points of contrast between them are curious and striking. Hawthorne is perhaps no more subjective than George Eliot; but he is far less objective than she. George Eliot, accordingly, would seem to be the more amply endowed, the more evenly balanced nature of the two. Hawthorne is not so learned as George Eliot, nor so familiarly conversant with contemporary thought. Hawthorne is vastly less dramatic, less versatile in dialogue, than George Eliot. Hawthorne's attitude to-

ward the supernatural is in most suggestive and stimulating contrast to George Eliot's. You feel all the time in reading Hawthorne that you are under the spell of a wizard who possesses a strange power of imposing upon your imagination with the effect of a supernaturalism in which he does not believe himself. You are kept constantly on the wavering border that joins the world of sense with a world of superstitious fancy felt to be almost equally real. The conjurer that plays this trick upon your own imagination you seem to be aware has himself an imagination proof by skepticism against the reflex influence of his own woven measures and waving hands. On the contrary, George Eliot is a severe exorcist of superstition. Her world is a world of pure naturalism. Wierd is a word that is always on your lips to characterize Hawthorne's quality. The word is never so much as once suggested in speaking of George Eliot. A bluff breeze blows her books clear of clinging mists—a broad light, equally diffused, dissipates all haunting supernatural shadows. At the same time, you cannot help suspecting that toward the real supernatural, of which there is none in her books, George Eliot turns a more believing heart than did Hawthorne toward the mock supernaturalism, suggested rather than expressed, of which his books are so full.

I do not remember any instance in George Eliot's books of allusion to the idea of human immortality, either to adopt it or to reject it, either to desire it or to deprecate it. There is, so far as I recall, absolutely no future for man beyond death even for a moment suggested to the reader, except by the author's occasional most suggestive silence on the subject. You may peruse the whole horizon again and again throughout its three hundred and sixty degrees. There is never a point where it gives upon a prospect outside. This no doubt is in accordance with a conscientious purpose on the part of George Eliot. She is intellectually a positivist, in the sense of accepting nothing for certainly true that she cannot submit to tests of experience. But to use one of her own recurring passionate expressions, her heart, I must believe, "gives a great leap," now and again, of protest and rebellion against the convictions of her head. I cannot but trust that her heart will yet conquer and lead that great intellect captive to the foot of the Cross.

I detect no zeal and no cunning of prose-

lytism animating her books. I doubt if she believes the bald naturalism, the virtual materialism, of her reputed school in philosophy ardently enough to become a conscious propagandist of its doctrines. She has too much misgiving, if I should not rather say hope, that Christianity may be true. She is too noble a nature. She loves her kind too well. She would rather not lead than run the risk of misleading.

But unintentionally she does mislead when she emphasizes the obstinate persistency of human character in a way to leave the impression that there is not a friendly power of help at hand stronger still than the strength of native depravity. She does mislead when she represents the world of natural condition around us, steeled itself, as it is, against human entreaty, to be also void of benignant supernatural invasion ready to reinforce and to rescue the failing better will of men and women with effectual succor. She does mislead when she describes the malignant capacity of development which belongs to the nature of sin, as if there were nowhere a corresponding capacity of arrest and reversal provided, abundantly able to destroy both sin and its consequences. She does mislead when she nobly inculcates self-denial and self-sacrifice without mention of the only motive that historically ever enabled living men and women long to practice self-denial and self-sacrifice. She does mislead when she writes as if the doctrine of atonement, of vicarious suffering, of "altruism," to use the term of a school, were but a doctrine, a hopeless doctrine, and not also, and much rather, a fact, a hope-inspiring fact. If George Eliot had forborne to "handle spiritual strife" at all, it might not have been incumbent on her to introduce so necessary a condition of any fruitful solution of the problem of sin as that condition which Jesus entered inseparably into human history eighteen luminous Christian centuries ago. Again I say, I make no accusation of purposed infidelity to Jesus or to the souls that Jesus came to save, on the part of this great writer. But it is the truth, nevertheless, however conscience-clear she may have been in doing so, that she has left out of her scheme of human conditions the master-condition of all. Christ indeed, though obscurely under an anonym, is present here in almost everything, except only that which is chief in his character, his power to save. His life of devotion is accepted, without express ac-

knowledge that it is true, as the ideal of human conduct. But the miracles of supernatural intervention attending his life, that revealed an invisible sphere of spiritual power environing us round in sympathy and alliance with struggling goodness—there is no effect admitted from these. Gethsemane with its agony, Calvary with its passion, Joseph's tomb with its shrouded dead—these are here in effect. But the empty tomb, the resurrection, the ascension, captivity led captive, the thanks be to God which giveth *us* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, these are nowhere present in any helpful influence in George Eliot's books.

I feel, as I have said, that George Eliot desires to be morally helpful to her fellow creatures. Her best characters she makes to be sources of exalting inspiration to all the susceptible souls that come within their reach. Goodness in her descriptions possesses a kind of magnetic virtue to communicate itself. There is a natural flow of the element from soul to soul. Janet receives it from Mr. Tryan—Romola receives it from Savonarola; Dorothea, she possesses it, but hardly, in her ill-matching conditions, finds to whom she may impart it. George Eliot does thus teach us that goodness is not alone in the world. She shows us how it stands always in a never-broken circuit of mutual electric sympathy and help. But the heavenly magnetism has, in her representations, no certain, unfailing, abiding source. It is natural only. Now it is not enough for us that we have help. We must have sufficient help. Janet, if the representation be carefully noticed, depends on Mr. Tryan. Mr. Tryan does not succeed in transferring her dependence from himself to a supernatural power. Janet's repentance is really human love for a human object, converted into another form of its correlated existence, the form of renovated character. You are subtly made to feel that it is only a chance mould that into which Mr. Tryan's own experience has fallen, the mould of evangelical religion. Mr. Tryan's language is strictly orthodox, and it is used by him with absolute sincerity. But the author somehow causes you to perceive that according to her own conviction the orthodox phrase in which Mr. Tryan speaks is really nothing more than unconsciously provincial dialect, to express an experience that is purely natural, and therefore perfectly ca-

pable of expression in the natural language of morals and philosophy. In Savonarola George Eliot makes her nearest approach to representing a character that truly receives himself from an invisible supernatural source the magnetic virtue of spiritual invigoration and help which he imparts to others. But Romola, having been braced by his influence to her highest heroic tone of character and conduct, yet finds her faith in him left to her at last but the ghost of a loyalty that desired, and was denied the boon of being perfect. Precisely where the natural ceases, and the supernatural would begin, George Eliot halts. Oh, George Eliot, I know as well as you that natural men have their limitations—their moral limitations. Savonarola was weak, perhaps was wicked. But was Jesus? Had Jesus any moral limitations? Was Jesus then a natural man? Did not the supernatural become historical in Jesus? Is there not a Saviour for us? If not, we pray you cease tormenting us with the awakened consciousness of our helplessness under sentence of death by sin. If there is a Saviour, then at the moment of that sorest extremity to which you reduce us, pray whisper, as surely you might know how so well, the gospel of his name. A gospel of some sort, be sure, more than all things else, we need. And many of us, during eighteen hundred years at least, have found our most effectual help against sin in believing the gospel that sin shall

not have dominion over us, that we are not under *law* but under *grace*.

I set out with saying that George Eliot makes no distinctive impression for herself of sex, either in her intellectual or in her moral quality. This, when I consider her, as I undertook to do, in her books alone, still seems to me to be true. But as often as I permit myself to consider her likewise in her reputed relation to that school in philosophy which teaches the ancient doctrine of necessity, under the modern name of development, I tend somehow to experience an almost contrary feeling. There is apparently a contrast here between George Eliot and her brethren in philosophical faith. Her attitude is not altogether the same as theirs toward the creed which they unite in confessing. Her brethren believe with the head, and, so far as appears, do not doubt with the heart. George Eliot assents, perhaps unquestioningly, with her head. But her heart demurs and rebels. It is a woman's voice after all that one hears crying that monotonous passionate cry throughout George Eliot's works—a cry of helpless grief, of outraged implacable sense of wrong, against this great, deaf, impassible universe. Not that her mind is therefore less. It is only that therefore her heart is more. And our George Eliot is still by so much greater than we found her, by how much she proves after all to be a woman.

COQUETRY AND LOVE.

THE COQUETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

JUST as the candle flickers when swept past,
But to glow brighter for the transient blast,
So passing fancies sway my love for thee,
Only to fan it to more brilliancy.

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

What potent words are these for thee to wield,
My jealous fears have almost fled the field,
But one still struggling will not suffer rout,—
“*What, if some gust should blow love's candle out!*”

LIFE ON THE FARM.

MILKING TIME.

AT the foot of the hill the milk-house stands,
Where the Balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trails at each pendent tip
The lazy lash of a golden whip,
And an ice-cold spring with a tinkling sound
Makes a bright green edge for the dark green
ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white
That turn to gold in a single night,
As if the disc of a winter noon
Should take the tint of a new doubloon!

Burned to a coal is the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass-grown,
Like a great live ember glows the sun;—
When it falls behind the crimson bars
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine.
"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lee of the patient beasts,
On their tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The tow-clad boys and the linsey girls
Make the cows "give down" in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's a sea-foam swath in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys with whistle and song,
Two pails apiece, meander along
The winding path in the golden gloom,
And "set" the milk in the twilight room.

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

NOW all clucked home to their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style with the beds above,
All under the wings of a hovering love,
With a few chinked in, as plump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens!

With nose in the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long-drawn breaths in the old farm-yard
The cattle strand on the scattered straw,
And cease the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant bush,
Dew in the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is swinging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bells nights.
The shapes with the padded feet prow round
And the crescent moon has run aground,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle-light!

And everywhere the pillows fair
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair.
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed!

THE MORNING.

APPRENTICED angels everywhere
Were out all night in the darkened air,
A dome to build and a wall to lay
And shelter the world from outer day.

They smoothed the arch with trowels of night,
Work as they would it never shed light,
They mended the roof with might and main,
But it leaked like broken thatch in the rain.

At crevice and chink the curves of blue
Would let the glory glimmerings through
From the countless stars like silver sand
All sifted and sowed with radiant hand.

To show Creation's grain in the sky
God quarried the worlds and let them lie!

That Eastern wall with its granite crown
In the early dawn came tumbling down,
With no more crash than the roses make
When out of the buds the beauties break.

The world is a-fire with a pearl surprise,
A garden gate to our wondering eyes
Is opening into Paradise!
The dew is off and the bees abroad,
The Sun stands armed in the gates of God!

THE CHURNING.

No graceful shape like a Grecian urn,
But upright, downright, stands the churn.
Broad at the base and tapering small,
Above it the dasher straight and tall—
Windowless tower with flag-staff bare,
Warrior or warden, nobody there!
Fashioned of cedar, queen of the wood,
Cedar as sweet as girl in a hood
Hiding her face like a blush-rose bud.

The dasher waits knee-deep in the cream,
As cattle wade in the shady stream,
And flat in the foot as a four-leaved clover,
Just waits the touch to trample it over.

Beside the churn a maiden stands,
Nimble and naked her arms and hands—
Another Ruth when the reapers reap.
Her dress, as limp as a flag asleep,
Is faced in front with a puzzling check;
Her feet are bare as her sun-browned neck;
Her hair rays out like a lady fern.
With a single hand she starts the churn;
The play at the first is free and swift,
Then she gives both hands to the plunge and lift:

A short quick splash in the Milky Way—
One-two, one-two, in Iambic play—
A one-legg'd dance in a wooden clog,
Dancing a jig in a watery bog—



"BESIDE THE CHURN A MAIDEN STANDS,
NIMBLE AND NAKED HER ARMS AND HANDS.

A soberer gait at an all-day jog—
Up-down, up-down like a pony's feet,
A steady trot in a sloppy street.
The spattering dash and the tinkling wash
Deaden and dull to a creamy swash—
Color of daffodil shows in the churn !
Glimpses of gold ! Beginning to turn !
Slower—and lower—deader and dumb—
Daisies and Buttercups ! Butter has come !

What thinks the maiden all the while?
Whatever she thinks, it makes her smile,
Whatever she does is only seeming,
Spinning and weaving, wedding and dreaming,
Ah, charms are hid in the ingot's gold,
And more come out than the churn can hold !
Not butter at all, but bonnets sown
With gardens of flowers and all full blown ;
A clouded comb of the tortoise shell,
Ah, it is a beauty and she a belle !

A grape-leaf breast-pin's restless shine
Is twinkling up from the fairy mine.
The dasher clinks on a bright gold ring,
Morocco shoes, like a martin's wing,
Come up with a gown of flounces silk—
Some fairy lost in the buttermilk !
Ribbons of blue for love-knot ties
To match the tint of her longing eyes ;—
Ribbons of pink and a belt of gray
Ripling along in a watery way.

She looks at herself in Fancy's glass,
And she sees her own lithe figure pass—
She closes her eyes and looks again,
And sees, as she dreams, the prince of men—
She closes her eyes and, side by side,
He is the bridegroom and she the bride !
Ah, never, my girl, will visions burn
As bright as those in the cedar churn ;
Ah, what have we won if this be lost :
THE BLESSING FREE AND THE BLISS AT COST !

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

MISS WORMLEY was the first to greet the Professor and Katey when they descended to breakfast the next morning. She had decided upon her course of action, in which affability and a show of warm interest were to take a prominent part.

"We were very anxious about you for a time;" she said to Professor Dyce. The girls who had gathered around them waited breathlessly for what would follow.

"Ah, were you?" the Professor replied, with an odd smile, "there was no occasion, you see;" and he passed on to his place. He had no desire for a scene, he could afford to be generous; but above all, he did not intend to gratify the curiosity which spoke in every line of the woman's face. With the exception of Professor Paine and Miss Hersey no one in the house knew or should be made to know of the events of the past two days. Among the girls it came to be believed that they had chosen this abrupt manner of changing their relations to avoid comment and a prolonged discussion of the act; and as everything at once went on as usual, except that Katey resigned her classes, excitement and curiosity soon died out. Professor Paine's hesitation and the slow process by which he reached any conclusion served them well, since he had not yet laid the matter before the trustees when the telegraphic message arrived. Something of the story did creep out into the town, where Professor Dyce was already conspicuous for the suit he had recently gained, as well as for his northern sympathies. People wondered that he still pursued his medical studies and held his position in the school, now that all personal effort for his support was unnecessary. It could only be accounted for upon the ground of eccentricity, to which this strange episode, concerning which various fanciful stories were told, was also attributed. One may do the most unheard of deeds with tolerable impunity when once the reputation for oddity is well established.

Katey's first act when the Professor had

left her to attend his classes was to write Delphine and Jack of her marriage, reserving all particulars as to the event until they should meet. Delphine's reply reached her some days before Jack's, her letter to him having strayed in many directions before finally gaining his camp upon the Potomac. The Estemeres it seemed had already returned from the continent and were in London. They would sail for home, probably, in a fortnight. Mr. Estemere, alarmed at the depredations of the Confederate cruisers, believed further delay to be dangerous, and had concluded his business as hastily as possible.

"MY DEAR KATEY: (Delphine wrote,)

To think you are married! I can hardly write for astonishment. And you said there were no young men at La Fayette! I remember something of Mr. Dyce, or I have certainly heard of him through the Homes, and congratulate you heartily—and him. If it were any one but you, dear, I confess I should be shocked and alarmed, but you always were the soul of prudence and have grown to have the coolest little head imaginable. I dare trust you, Katey, and am prepared to thoroughly like my brother-in-law. Of course you will come to us at once upon our return home." Then she went on to speak of their intentions and change of plan.

"The soul of prudence!" thought Katey laying down the letter. How little Delphine knew of her.

Jack's reply came a few days later. The Professor brought it in one evening. She was sitting in the President's parlor, which was her parlor now, a little dull, a little—not lonely perhaps, but she missed the noisy girls always invading the corner room in the other building upon the slightest pretext, or quite as often upon none at all, and Clary, who had been her shadow but whom she saw less frequently now. She missed, too, the cares and duties which had formerly filled all her days and made every hour of rest and leisure a real delight; she was not yet wonted to her new life.

The long room was still bare and uninviting. They had made no attempt to

beautify it. "We may go any day;" the Professor said. So, although a month had elapsed since they came here, her books and pictures gathered hastily from the other house, had never been set in their places or hung upon the walls. It was like a cheerless caravansery where they rested for a night before taking up their pilgrimage again.

She had been alone for an hour. She was often alone now. It was not the dullness of the place nor of her life, after all, which had so affected her. Many women had been happier with less of luxury or society about them; *she* had been happier camping in the open fields; but there had risen between the husband and wife of so short a time a coldness and reserve to which every day added its stone. Or, more truly, there had been no open confidence between them from the first. Katey was awed and driven back upon herself in the parlor of the little farm-house by the revelation of the Professor's passionate love. She had come now almost to doubt her judgment on that day. Certainly nothing could be more grave and undemonstrative than his manner towards her since then; thoughtful, too thoughtful at times of her comfort, since she had grown to look upon his tender care as prompted by duty alone. He had doubtless been disappointed in her—they were so nearly strangers to each other, although they had lived so long beneath the same roof; or had it only been pity and generosity of which she had taken such cruel advantage? Could she have been so mistaken? She had tried at the first to be her own natural self, with the result peculiar to a novice in acting a part. She appeared only constrained and self-conscious. All the odd impulsive ways in which her nature had been used to speak unconsciously, were checked now. Truly there is no one so difficult to copy as one's self.

She had thought, sitting alone in the church that day, waiting for the Professor to come, how she would strive to please him, being, even then, she could see now, proud as well as sure, of his affection, which in time, she would be able, without doubt, to return. Poor foolish Katey, full of fancies and unattainable ideals blinding her to the present! And now it was all changed; even in these few short weeks everything seemed changed. Nothing in all the world appeared to her of so much value as his love, and yet she had lost it.

How? when? or had it ever been hers? She could not tell.

She had moved about restlessly all through the day, unable to put herself to work, with no desire to take up a book. The mood had passed now like a fever turn, and left her quiet but languid and weak. Professor Paine had intercepted her husband on his way from tea and drawn him into the library. He came to the parlor a moment, before going over to the school-room for the evening study-hour. The shutters were closed, the gas was lighted, and Katey sat over the fire, her hands folded listlessly in her lap. Her hair was drawn back from her face. Was it this, or the light falling upon it from above which made it appear paler than it used and had laid heavy shadows under the eyes?

He stood just within the door regarding the drooping figure with an expression of anxiety, almost of pain.

"Do you want anything? Can I do anything?" And she rose in a flurried way, becoming aware of his presence at last.

"I am on my way to the school-room; perhaps you would like to go?" He had hesitated over the suggestion, coming forward as he uttered it.

"No, thank you." And she sat down again; but now she took some work from the little stand beside her and began to busy herself over it.

He leaned against the mantle, looking down upon the bent head and slender nervous fingers which trembled a little under his eyes. One of them bore the odd chased ring which had belonged to his mother; it was Katey's wedding-ring. He sighed as he turned away to the door again.

Katey dropped her work when he had gone. She rested her head upon her hand and fell to dreaming. It might have been an hour, it might have been only a moment, when the door opened and he appeared again. "Miss Hersey will sit in the school-room to-night," he said when Katey's face expressed her surprise. Then he laid a letter upon the table before her. From Jack! Her listlessness vanished at once. Her eyes shone, her face was all eagerness and delight as she tore it open.

It was a very brief letter, indited after Jack's customary style, which rivaled the proverbs of Solomon in conciseness, but with a boldness of chirography which made up for all deficiencies of material

and spread the few words over the whole sheet.

"DEAR KATEY, [he wrote,] Mail about to close, so I hasten to send a line. Yours just rec'd. I am astonished at you; expected you would do something unheard of away off there alone. You never could take care of yourself. [Ah, Jack knew.] I shall come on as soon as I can get a leave of absence and see what is to be done. In the meantime you must go directly to Josie. [The Professor was quite ignored in his calculations.] Shall write her by this mail. She is not coming to Washington at present; our movements are so uncertain.

In haste,

Your affec. brother,

JACK."

Katey laughed as she read the letter, much as she used to laugh long ago, or even a little time ago, before the chill which had checked everything like merriment had crept over her. It was so like hot-headed Jack, who evidently believed that his presence alone was necessary to annul the marriage and make all as it should be!

Professor Dyce lay back in an arm-chair, regarding her as she read it. The weary expression which was becoming habitual to his countenance lifted for a moment at the sound of her laugh. She turned to him with a little quick natural movement holding out the letter. Then she drew it back; she had discovered a postscript.

"Whom should I meet here one day but Dacre Home," Jack wrote. "He is in the camp adjoining ours. Deserted from the rebels, they say; but is awfully plucky. Won some bars for his sleeve at Big Bethel, where, according to the boys, he tried to throw his life away. It may make a man of him yet. He knows me, of course; but we never speak."

Katey read it, her face growing warm. It might indeed make a man of him, as Jack said. Poor Christine! would it add any joy to her life?

She held the letter in her hands, hesitating an instant before giving it to the Professor. She was ashamed, feeling her face so warm; Dacre Home's name had never been mentioned between them. She was glad, only glad for this hope of his future; but would the Professor understand it? She almost wished Jack had not written of him.

The Professor saw the blush, marked

the momentary hesitation. "It is from Jack," she said, holding it out to him.

"And what does Jack say?" He spoke in the grave, kind tone to which Katey was so accustomed, but made no movement to take the letter.

"It is very short, won't you read it? Only don't mind Jack," she added hastily, remembering the first part of the letter which for the moment had slipped from her memory. She watched his face over which an amused smile passed as he read the few lines referring to their marriage. "He has always taken care of me," she explained quickly.

"Yes, I see;" and he fell into a reverie.

He had not turned the page. Should she remind him of the postscript, or let it pass?

"There is something more upon the other side," she said; and he took up the sheet again. As his eyes left the last word they were lifted to hers. But there was neither doubt nor suspicion in the glance. "I am very glad," she said quietly, meeting his glance without shrinking. "It may do everything for him, as Jack says." Then she bent over her work as she went on: "I know a girl who will rejoice over any good news of him; for she expects to be his wife."

She hoped he would offer some remark, ask a question, say anything which would call for some word more definite from her lips in regard to Christine; but there was only silence in the long bare room. Outside a little stir and faint commotion had arisen. The evening had turned warm and although a low fire burned in the grate, she had left her seat and dropped one of the windows. It might be this which had filled the room with a sound as of muffled voices and moving feet, bringing the street strangely near. She checked her fingers drawing the needle in and out, to listen. Everything startled her now; she was nervous and weak and easily alarmed by the conflicting reports which each day brought from the seat of war, as well as the strange rumors floating about town of possibilities nearer home. A convention, it was whispered, was in secret session even now to vote the State out of the Union. Were they not lingering here too long?

"Hark! what is that?" as a low continuous murmur like the repressed voices of a multitude seemed all at once to fill the room. The Professor started to his feet, when, without word or warning, the

door was burst open and Professor Paine appeared. His face was shrunk and gray with terror.

"There is a crowd about the house," he gasped when he could find his voice. "I—I greatly fear for you, my friend. But perhaps you might escape now through the garden."

"Don't be alarmed;" said Professor Dyce, laying his hand upon Katey's shoulder. She had fallen back upon her chair white and trembling. There was a strange, resonant ring in his voice, but no quaver of fear.

"Go, go;" Katey tried to say.

"It is too late for that," he replied. "If they intend to threaten they have surrounded the house already. But I think you exaggerate the danger."

The murmur of voices had risen to a shout of "Dyce! Dyce!"

Then Professor Paine rose to the occasion. "I will speak to them," said the little man moving towards the door. "They know my sentiments."

Professor Dyce had been hastily fastening the window shutters. He took Katey in his arms as though she had been a child, carried her through the dressing-closet and laid her upon the bed in the room beyond. Then he returned to the parlor. It was the work of an instant. "Take care of my wife," to Professor Paine, and he was gone.

He closed the heavy outer door behind him, as he stepped out suddenly in the face of the crowd. The flaring gas-light below him lit up his form, and the strong, calm face which betrayed no signs of fear. The unexpected appearance, when they had anticipated flight or resistance took them by surprise, and in that one moment he had a chance to scan that part of the mob which surged at his feet. It was led, he saw at once, by a bully, as such an assemblage invariably is—a great hulking fellow whom he recognized at once as a man who did odd jobs about the office of the lawyer who had opposed his claims to the estate he had recently gained. Ah! he said to himself, it is easy to recognize the lever to this movement, and he was confident as to the identity of certain shadowy forms hovering upon the outskirts of the crowd; public disturbances serve private ends often and well. For the most part it was made up of the idle and curious, among whom women were plainly discernible; one, with an old black shawl covering her figure, hid her pallid face and blinking eyes behind a thick veil.

"Ah, Jim Boles, is that you?" said the Professor, in a cool, almost jocular tone of familiarity, singling out the leader who had pressed to the front, surrounded by a staff of ragged, half-grown boys; "what do you want?"

The man had worked himself to the point of heroism. He had even learned a little speech for the occasion, in which "liberty" and "the stars and bars," often repeated, were to act a telling part. This abrupt, simple question drove it at once from his mind and seemed to reduce the whole affair to a very ordinary occurrence with no opportunity for sentiment or poetry, in which Jim secretly delighted.

"Hang out the flag;" d—n ye, he added under his breath, making up for his clipped eloquence by an oath and bringing from under his coat, as he spoke, a small Confederate flag tightly furled, which was to have been waved at a certain point in his speech. The sight of it, the sudden flaming out of its colors before the crowd, whose excitement had fallen to curiosity, might have roused it to frenzy. So much could a bit of bunting do when it represented an idea for which men died!

The Professor leaned down and took it carelessly. It was like gunpowder, he knew, and the eyes of the people before him were sparks. He rolled it still more closely in his hands as though unconsciously, while he replied: "And make myself liable to arrest for treason? You forget that the United States still holds jurisdiction here. You had better go home and to bed, Jim."

"You'll have to be up early to take down the shutters, you know," added a piping voice in the crowd.

A little laugh rose around the already discomfited leader. One's followers are not always one's friends. "They seem to be just a talkin' pleasant like," one man explained to another, who was too far away to hear. And this ran down through the crowd which began slowly to disperse, followed by the laugh which confirmed the impression that nothing was to be done after all. In five minutes the street was deserted, or given up to its usual passers, when a squad of police came up the hill in great apparent haste to inquire into the disturbance.

"There is no disturbance, gentlemen," Professor Dyce replied. "I can only regret that you should have been annoyed by such a report," he added. But the

sergeant blustered and stormed, and insisted upon placing a guard about the house for the night. "As you please," the Professor said, coolly, turning to re-enter the door. But what was this figure shrinking back into the deep shadowy doorway?

"Katey!"

"Don't be angry; but indeed I could not stay there. It was no fault of his," as poor little Professor Paine who, true to his trust, would not be left, stepped out from behind her. There was no time to blame or praise, for the whole school, headed by Miss Hersey, came crowding in from the music-room at that moment, Clary, for once too frightened to cry, having outstripped the others.

"It is all over; and indeed there was no cause for alarm," the Professor hastened to say, and dismissed them. In those days a man's foes were truly of his own household, he realized, when more than one pair of blazing eyes and compressed lips met his glance as the girls turned reluctantly back.

Miss Wormley appeared in their midst as they were saying good-night. There was an unusual color in her face and she breathed heavily like one who had come in great haste. Something like rain-drops sparkled upon her gown. Outside a sudden shower had risen—a gust of wind and rain, heavy and angry, beating against the windows and drowning the sound of their voices.

"O, did you know—?" began one of the girls in a shrill tone, recognizing her as a new comer.

She felt Professor Dyce's keen eyes. In spite of her efforts the color spread and deepened upon her face.

"Yes," she replied hastily; "it was dreadful, was it not?"

"O very," responded the Professor grimly, forcing her blinking eyes to meet his straightforward glance. "The shower, you mean?" Then he turned and entered the parlor. She knew that he understood her, that he had fathomed her designs. Ah well, she thought, then I may work openly. But that night she lost the opportunity forever.

Professor Paine and Miss Hersey awaited Professor Dyce in his parlor. He closed the door after him, threw himself into the chair he had left so suddenly earlier in the evening and, resting his forehead upon his hands, seemed lost in thought.

"What is this, about a convention?" he asked at last abruptly, rousing himself.

Professor Paine looked timidly, fearfully, from one to another of the little group. They were all enemies to the cause, he knew. Still a few days, perhaps even hours later, it would be no secret. "It may adjourn to-night," he replied, and, with a sudden glow upon the faded cheeks, "*we shall carry the State.*"

"You never will." Then Professor Dyce checked himself. Why discuss again the subject which of late had never been broached between them? "Our time has come," he said to Katey. "We must leave at once." Years afterwards, looking back upon this hour, and the timid little man who had been his steadfast friend, it was comforting to remember that they trusted each other to the last, and though they went far asunder as the Poles no bitter words passed between them. "And you—" to Miss Hersey, "will you go with us?"

The two women stood holding each other by the hand. Katey tightened her clasp. The color swept over Miss Hersey's face, then it was pale again.

"My home is here," she said. "No; I will stay."

"There is no time to lose;" interrupted Professor Paine nervously, "even now you may find it difficult to leave town, after what has occurred to-night. Certainly, you can take nothing with you. The best plan would be to catch the midnight train north, at Littleton, if you could be carried over there."

And so the matter was finally decided and Prof. Paine hastened away to secure a conveyance, ostensibly for his own use.

The moment their conference was broken up, Katey retired to her bed-room, to pick up a few necessary articles which could be thrust into a hand satchel, and pack, as best she could, the remainder of her wardrobe and personal effects which were to be left behind.

She was kneeling upon the floor before a half filled trunk, confusion and disorder about her, danger perhaps ahead, and yet happier than she had been for weeks. They were to take up their wanderings again. Where they were going she had not thought to ask. It did not matter. Her hat and cloak were thrown upon a chair near by ready to put on. A moment more and the Professor would come for her. The door opened and he entered the room.

"Don't let me disturb you. It is not yet time to start," said he, moving about

restlessly as she went on with her work. All at once he paused at a little distance, his arms folded, his gaze upon her. "You have not asked where you are going."

"No," she answered brightly, "I don't care."

"So that you leave here," he added. "You are right. It was folly to remain so long."

Why did he speak so sadly? Katey looked up in haste. Was he ill, that there should have come such a whiteness to his face? Care and the annoyances of the past few days had worn upon him. He should rest when they were once safely away.

"I think you had better go immediately to your sister-in-law. Jack wished it, you know," he went on. "And Mrs. Estemere has perhaps arrived by this time. I shall take you there myself and see that you are comfortably settled. You will be happy with your own friends and I am glad to feel that you need want for nothing. I am not a poor man now, you know. But I shall arrange all that."

He spoke hurriedly, almost disconnectedly. Katey only stared without reply when he paused. She had not yet gathered the meaning of his words. Of course they should go to Josie, or to Delphine if she had returned. Katey had not considered the subject until now, yet this was the most natural course to take, she knew. But what was this something beneath his words, which shocked and startled her? What was he saying?

"I fear it was all a mistake from the beginning. But it is too late to go back to that now."

His voice sounded hoarse over the last words. His face was turned away. Then he went on in his usual deep, grave tone.

"I shall go at once to Washington and apply for a position in the field or in some hospital; wherever I can hope to be of use."

"And leave ME?" She had found her voice at last. The words came like a cry of pain. The pretty white gown she was folding fell out of her hands as she sprang from the floor. "O you *wouldn't* do that. I should never be a care to you," she pleaded hurriedly, forgetting her fears, her pride, everything, but this terrible prospect which darkened the future. "I would go anywhere, do anything; I am not afraid of hardships; only take me. I can't be left behind," she cried. "Other women follow

their husbands, why should not I? I know I am not very nice, but—"

"Child! what do you mean?" He seized her almost roughly and held her off for an instant while he read the pale face with its trembling lines of pain and terror. Then he took her in his arms. "We do not deserve happiness," he said solemnly, "since we have almost let it slip out of our hands."

"And you are not nice?" he added, presently. He laughed a low happy laugh. "Ah, well, I will try to be resigned."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

THERE is a blaze of light in Delphine's city home, as if a summer day had awakened,—night though it is,—bringing its arms full of flowers. They trail along, blossom and peep over arch and doorway, they hang from picture and chandelier, they blush and nestle and give out their sweet perfume everywhere. The Estemeres have returned, and to-night they entertain their friends in honor of Katey's marriage and Jack's coming home. For Jack has won a short leave of absence at last, though he has resigned all thought of arranging Katey's affairs anew.

"You never could take care of yourself;" he said, when he appeared unexpectedly to them all one day, and had released Katey from his bearish, brotherly embrace.

"I know," she replied, "and so what could I do but allow some one else that troublesome privilege!" and she presented her husband. Jack gave him one keen glance from his handsome eyes as the Professor came forward by no means abashed by this encounter, with a laugh on his lips over Katey's characteristic speech, and the hatchet which Jack had been brandishing over Katey's captor all the way from the banks of the Potomac, was buried on the spot.

In one of the upper rooms of the house Katey is putting the last touches to her toilet for the evening. Happy Katey! who feels that she has nothing more to desire, and is almost frightened at the great joy which has come to her. She sweeps down the long room like a queen in her trailing robes, white and shimmering. There are orange flowers in her hair and a veil of soft lace caught at her shoulders falls away from her pretty bare arms. She recalls her wedding day and the dusty,

torn, gray gown, and smiles over the remembrance. She will always preserve it, to the day of her death, and yet it is pleasant to be a bride and wear a wedding gown, she thinks to-night. But she forgets it all when she kneels upon the hearth-rug before the Professor.

"And so you always remembered me?" she said, dreamily, her eyes upon the fire, taking up the conversation interrupted a moment before.

"Yes; from the night at the party, when you came running up the stairs in that odd flowered gown, with my crutch in your hand. I used to fancy when I was abroad, years afterwards, that I would come home and find you out some day. I had learned your name, you know."

"But you never told me at La Fayette that we had met before. Perhaps you had forgotten."

"By no means; on the contrary, I recognized your name at once, and flatter myself that my influence helped to turn the scale in your favor against the many applicants for the place you sought in the school. You can imagine, perhaps, my curiosity in regard to you; you know the surprise and consternation the sight of you at first awakened, for I did not hear your name at all that evening at Mrs. Durant's and never for a moment suspected that you were the Miss Earle I was on my way to Lafayette to meet. The double surprise after having seen you masquerading at the junction was almost overpowering. You were a fascinating problem in those few first weeks—a dangerous one, I found later."

"And no problem at all, finally," Katey added with a soft little laugh.

"No; but something infinitely better. One does not care to take an enigma for a wife. There are certain dangerous possibilities in the solution. But I had almost forgotten," and he put a letter into her hand.

"From Minna Hauser!" There was a flutter of cards tied with white ribbons, as Katey opened the envelope. "So Minna and Hans are married at last," she exclaimed joyously; "but what is this?" and she drew out a little note, not in Minna's round hand. It was from Christine, and as she read, Katey's face grew warm and strangely bright. It was written in the hospital, Camp Fairfax, Virginia, and a few lines will suffice to quote here. "I know it all," Christine wrote, "Dacre has told me while I sat here holding his hand; and we are to be married to-morrow. I wanted to write you now, before I slept. Dear Katey, how can I ever bless you enough? He wished me to write. He believes you will be glad to know. He has been very near death; but now he will live, the doctor says. O, you don't know what that means to me. He has won his shoulder-straps, and when he is able to return to camp I am to go with him. I am never to leave him again. And Minna is married and happy, and father and Wulf are well; but no one is so happy as I, dear Katey. I laugh and sing, but more often I cry. To laugh is not enough. It seems as though one must shed tears over such great joy."

"So it has all come right at last," Katey says softly, when the Professor has put the letter again into her hands. "Not in my way; but God's ways are better than ours."

She rests her cheek against his knee, thoughtful and still. The little French clock upon the mantel marks the passing moments with faint subdued ticks like heart beats.

"Please salute the bride," she says presently, raising the broad smooth forehead with its coronet of dark hair; "they always salute the bride, you know."

He takes the sweet grave face between his hands and kisses her lips.

"And they offer good wishes," she adds "God bless you, my wife."

THE END.



ORMSKIRK.*

AWAY from the noise of the city,
 I wander through meadows green;
 The fitful sun is shining
 But dimly across the scene;

Until as it nears its setting
 It pierces through clouds that lower,
 And the gray old town is transfigured,
 And the church with its spire and tower.

A moment the glory lingers—
 Then goes as a tale that is told;
 And the Wheatsheaf Inn I enter
 From the outer darkness and cold.

"So each one did as pleased her;
 (Their name they say was Orm;)
 And the tower and spire together
 Are standing through time and storm."

I sit by the fire and ponder
 How centuries long have flown
 While the quarrel of those old spinsters
 Is fixed in enduring stone.

And I think of the many builders,
 Each one with his private plan,
 Who have toiled through the weary ages
 On the temple which Christ began.



"AND THE TOWER AND SPIRE TOGETHER
 ARE STANDING THROUGH TIME AND STORM."

And while I sit through the evening
 By the warmth of the glowing fire,
 The hostess tells me the story—
 The tradition of tower and spire.

"Here once there dwelt two sisters,
 Unmarried and growing old,
 Who would not leave to a stranger
 To inherit their lands and gold.

"So they built a church with their riches,
 But whether that church should be
 Adorned with a tower or spire
 Was where they could not agree.

But I know that the great Designer
 Will harmonize all at length,
 The Catholic spire of beauty,
 The Protestant tower of strength.

And when shall shine forth the glory
 Of Christ, the Unsetting Sun,
 We shall see the temple transfigured,
 And know that our work is one.

One Lord hath given His children
 One faith on His name to call,
 One baptism into His kingdom,
 One church for the prayers of all.

Though each from his neighbor differs
 And a tower by a steeple stands,
 We have all together been builders
 Of a house not made with hands.

* Built in the eleventh century

A ROYAL HAIR-CUTTING.

A HAIR-CUTTING, even a royal one, can be no great affair, after all, the reader will suppose; but an Oriental would render quite another verdict. Cutting off the hair is the ceremony observed in many Eastern countries, when a young lady of rank makes her *entrée* into society, or, in common parlance, "comes of age."

During childhood, the hair of Siamese boys and girls is worn coiled in a knot at the foretop of the head, just where phrenologists locate the organs of benevolence and veneration; while at the back it is either shaved, or cut very close to the head. Among wealthy people, the knot is confined by massive gold pins with huge jeweled heads. These serve also to keep in place garlands of natural flowers, that morning and evening are twined, fresh and fragrant, in the glossy, raven hair of the household darling. Everywhere in the East, one meets this intense love of flowers; and the quantity made use of in ordinary life, both for personal adornment and in decorating the homes, would seem incredible to one who had never been among these ardent, beauty-loving children of a sunny clime; while never a wedding or a funeral, a social or religious festival takes place, without consuming untold quantities.

The hair of girls is usually cut at ten or eleven years of age, when they are considered marriageable; and from that time, they are even more closely secluded than before.

For boys, the hair-cutting takes place several years later; and is attended with less parade, unless they are designed for the priesthood. In such case, a feast is given to which every male of near kin is invited, presents are made to the priests, and propitiatory and thank-offerings laid on the altars. The young lady to whose hair-cutting I was invited, was the daughter of the reigning sovereign, and, of course, the ceremony was conducted with much pomp and display. The Princess, though but ten years old, was full-grown, and, according to oriental ideas, marriageable. She was about four feet nine inches high, slender, and beautifully formed, with smooth olive complexion, the loveliest black eyes that sparkled like diamonds, and such a wealth of long, glossy, silken hair, as seemed, when unbound, like a veil, through which her fairy beauty gleamed. It was far too beautiful to sacrifice to a foolish

fashion; but the customs of her country had so decreed; and from the decisions of courtly etiquette, there is, in oriental lands, no appeal.

The little lady was robed in long, flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle of fabulous value. Besides this, she wore a profusion of costly jewels in the form of ear-rings, brooches and pins, massive gold chains and bracelets, rings, anklets and necklaces—such incredible quantities of weighty adornments, as cumbered every movement. One might almost have imagined her a jeweler's stand, designed for the express purpose of displaying his costly wares. Her long hair, coiled now for the last time in its girlish fashion, was fastened with diamond pins, that gleamed and glittered among the pure white flowers and green leaves, like the pearly drops of morning dew that had decked them on their native stems. The youthful Princess looked very gentle and lady-like, graceful as a gazelle, but painfully timid in all her movements, as well she might be, poor, little, frightened dove—all her brief, ten-year life having been spent in the strictest seclusion. She had never once been outside the walls of the stately palace where she was born; and knew nothing of the world, save as it existed within the charmed precincts of that royal Harem. She had not even, since completing her third year, *seen a man*, with the solitary exception of her royal father. Even now, in all that vast assemblage, there was only one more pair of male eyes where they could by any possibility rest upon this beautiful, "flower of the harem." The Buddhist priest, who was there to officiate in this important ceremony, had of necessity to be admitted to the presence of the young Princess; but he, under the immediate surveillance of his sovereign, would scarcely dare to violate his priestly vows, by so much as a glance at the youthful beauty.

Thousands of persons, princes and princesses, ministers of State, and dignitaries of all sorts, thronged those gilded halls; but running clear across, were close screens of heavy silk, dividing the male and female portions of the assembly, as effectually as walls of marble or iron could have done. The ceremony was performed; on the side appropriated to the ladies, and it could not, of course, be witnessed by

the other sex; but all participated in the feasting and recreations that followed—the ladies and gentlemen still occupying separate apartments. The English and American residents had all received invitations to the banquet, and the ladies of our party were cordially welcomed to the inner saloon, where carpets and velvet cushions were laid for them, in immediate proximity to the place his Majesty was to occupy. There was a large door in the silken screens before spoken of; but immediately in front of this door, and some three feet from it, was another screen so arranged that but one person at a time could pass behind it, to gain access to the door; and it was utterly impossible for any who were in the outer saloon to get the slightest glimpse of the inner one. So jealousy were the rare treasures of that royal despot guarded from the possible intrusion of male eyes. Behind this outer screen, our little party passed, one by one, and through the door beyond; when such a scene of gorgeous magnificence met our astonished gaze as brought most forcibly to my mind the well-remembered scenes so graphically depicted in *The Arabian Nights*, over which I had dreamed often and lovingly in my girlhood. Then I had imagined it all fiction, but here was the reality, doubled and intensified beyond all previous conception. The ceiling of the immense saloon was inlaid in fanciful mosaics of silver and pearl, the walls frescoed in warm, rich colors, massive chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, by what appeared to be chains of pure gold, but were, I suppose, only richly gilt—and the blaze of a thousand wax tapers was multiplied and reflected by the long mirrors on every side. Fragrant flowers of every hue, were woven into wreaths and arches—some into tables, baskets, crowns, vases and other fantastic adornments, filling the air with their choice aroma, and giving the immense hall the appearance of a fairy palace. Then those crowds of beautiful women, with their glorious Eastern eyes and forms of inimitable grace—what a vision of loveliness they presented, as they crowded eagerly around our little party, and with sweet-voiced courtesy welcomed us to their midst! But it was time for the ceremony, and we had to be shown to our appropriate places, where we were hardly seated, before the king arrived, attended by an immense retinue of princes and courtiers.

These, of course, remained on the gentle-

man's side, His Majesty only passing into the inner saloon, where he was seated on a raised dais at the upper end of the apartment. Near him, on the left hand, (the post of honor among Orientals,) was the yellow-robed Buddhist priest, holding before his face the long-handled clerical fan that was to prevent his sacred countenance from being polluted with any thing unclean—especially this host of beautiful women, to glance at whom, ever so slightly, would be deemed a violation of the sanctity of his office. Immediately in front of his Majesty, and a step below him, was placed a cushion of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with emeralds and seed-pearls, and edged with heavy gold lace. By its side were a golden basin, filled with rose-water, a pair of scissors, and two dwarf-trees growing in pots—one the "gold-plant," and the other, the "silver-leaf;" and over the whole, was an arch formed of the same choice shrubs, intermingled with fragrant flowers. Presently there was a sign made by the King, simply the turning of a ring on his finger—a sign scarcely noted by the uninitiated, but, evidently, well-understood by those courtly ladies, who, when in the royal presence, never for a moment, suffer either eyes or thoughts to wander to any subject of inferior moment, that they may be always ready to obey the faintest nod or beck that conveys an intimation of the regal despot's pleasure. My mind at once recalled the words of the royal Psalmist: "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God." How beautiful the synonym of the Christian watching, waiting for the first sign or token of his Lord's will, and ready instantly to follow where He shall appoint or lead. At the "sign" mentioned, a lady noiselessly made her exit, backing out from the royal presence, and, almost instantly, the young Princess, who also was waiting and watching for the royal signal, entered, escorted by her maidens, some two hundred in number. These crouched in reverent attitude, about her, while she was seated on the crimson cushion beneath the arch. Both she and her attendants bowed gracefully before the King, in three courtly, oriental salams, and then all sat with bowed heads awaiting the ceremony. They were all crowned with flowers; and looked, with their demure faces and reverent attitude, like a company of fair priestesses before

the altar of their god. From the moment of the King's arrival, the royal bands had been discoursing sweet music. We could not see the performers, but their melody came floating toward us, on sweet zephyrs perfumed by the breath of a thousand flowers, till the senses grew dizzy with delight. As the musicians ceased, the priest began chanting, in measured tones, the prayers for the occasion, his fine voice seeming to increase in cadence and sweetness as he proceeded; and I think he was readily heard in every part of the vast saloon, by probably not less than twelve thousand persons.

The service occupied about twenty minutes; and then, as the young Princess knelt before her royal father, on a tiny cushion at his feet, several of her maidens unbound the long coil of hair, suffering it to fall in glossy waves about the bright face and lovely neck. Then the King plucked a leaf from each of the little trees, and threw them both into the basin of rose-water; at the same time depositing, on a huge golden salver, a case of costly jewels, a bag of gold coin, and an exquisite set of betel-boxes, as his presents to this beloved daughter at so important an era in her life. He next dipped his fingers in the rose-water, drew them carelessly across the soft, flowing hair, and then with the scissors, clipped off, perhaps the eighth of an inch of the front hair, dropped it into another gold basin placed for the purpose, and quietly resumed his seat. The priest cut the next piece; but did not touch either head or hair—the latter being held for him by one of the royal maiden's attendants; and for his present he deposited an exquisite volume of the sacred Bali Shastres, engraved on tiny strips of pearl, that were strung together on cords woven of pine-apple fiber. After his part in the ceremonies had been performed, the Priest immediately withdrew from the gay scene, as unsuited to his sacred office. After his exit, the mother came forward, literally loaded with rich silks and dainty ornaments, which she deposited as the King had done his gifts, then plucked and threw in the gold and silver leaves, clipped a tiny bit of hair, and sat down. Scores of others followed, one at a time, and each going through precisely the same routine, till the head had been shorn of at least nine tenths of its raven hair; and the salver was heaped almost to the ceiling, with costly wares,—among which were many stout bags of gold and silver coin.

This money always constitutes, in part, at least, the marriage dower of the lady when she becomes a wife; or a snug little income for her maintenance, should she be consigned to single blessedness. At this royal hair-cutting, every nobleman, and government officer of any considerable rank, sent in a gift, each, of course, by a female proxy. When the ceremonies were over, the King affectionately saluted his daughter, and then withdrew to the other saloon, to receive the congratulations of the gentlemen, and preside over the festivities of the evening. The ladies afterward sat down to a princely repast in one of the apartments of the seraglio; but for the gentlemen, no table was laid,—refreshments being served only to the foreigners,—until after the king retired, as native subjects may not eat or drink in the presence of their sovereign. But there were dainties enough brought in for our little party of about a dozen, including the four ladies who had by this time rejoined their gentlemen friends, to have feasted the entire court. Tea, sherbet, and pomegranate juice, cakes and comfits, fruits and confectionery, all served on golden plate, and adorned with flowers, were pressed upon us, while his Majesty amused himself by looking on, and asking all manner of unheard of questions.

A royal game then followed, in which our party was specially urged by his Majesty to participate. The King filling his two hands with small limes, would throw them in such a manner as to scatter the fruit in every direction, over the widest possible space, urging his guests to collect them, as fast as possible. This was repeated scores of times, while the visitors, to humor the whim of their regal host, entered heartily into the sport, scrambling about upon hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, and receiving now and then, from the merry old king, a hearty pelt over heads or knuckles, at which he would beg pardon, and assure his friends that it was quite accidental! On examination, each fruit was found to contain a gold or silver coin. These, our party handed over to one of the lords in waiting with the request that they should be returned to his Majesty. He, on receiving the message, looked up in surprise, and inquired what had transpired "to give offense to his noble foreign friends." He was assured that they had enjoyed the pastime, but the game being over, they returned the coins as a matter of course, it being contrary to

the usages of their country for those who meet on terms of social equality to give and receive presents of money.

Various other festivities followed, among them some rare specimens of jugglery, snake-charming and gymnastic exercises; and the entertainment closed with a grand display of fireworks, during which his Majesty retired.

After the King's exit, a banquet was spread for the princes and nobles, in which all were invited to participate. But those who preferred, were now at liberty to retire, which none were permitted to do until after the departure of the sovereign. To leave the presence of an oriental monarch, before he sees fit to end the interview, is considered discourteous in the extreme;

and should a foreigner so offend, he would probably never be received again at the regal court, while the same act committed by a native, would undoubtedly cost him his life. As these royal levees often last five or six hours, especially when foreigners are present, and the King happens to be amused, one would scarcely care to attend them often, at any rate after the novelty has worn off. To sit in one place, without even a change of position, for five consecutive hours, amid all the pomp and ceremony of an oriental court, with a crowd of ten or twelve thousand all about you, and the thermometer standing at 104° or 105° in the shade, let me assure the reader, is no very pleasant pastime.

SAN REMO.

"WELL, my dear, which is it—Sorrento or San Remo?" I said to my wife, as the coupé rattled round the Baths of Diocletian, and halted at the only depot in Rome.

"O, let us go to San Remo!"

"And lose Vesuvius and the Blue Grotto and Tasso's birth-place? And that little Englishman who makes his breakfast on Murray and Yarmouth bloaters, says Sorrento was founded by Shem, the son of Noah. There's an antique for you!"

"Never mind, I'd rather go to San Remo. Besides, nobody knows San Remo, it is so far from any railroad."

In three days, we were beyond Bologna, looking through the drizzling car-window at the endless files of mulberries shivering in the chill rain, at the drenched vines, the donkeys flopping their heavy ears forlornly as they plodded through the mud, the gloomy, sagging sky that seemed fixed forever over all the world. The next noon—a brilliant, boundless dome of blue above us, without one fleck from rim to rim; one bright flow of blue at our feet; the gold and green of endless groves of olive and orange and lemon sloping up the hills to their red-purple crests—the Riviera! As the vetura turns, at length, the fiftieth headland, and the blue of sky and sea has changed to the tender pink and green of a shell, and again to darkening blue, the lights of San Remo glimmer across the bay, and its evening bells are faintly audible, welcoming us to dinner and repose.

It took us a day, of course, to get settled for the season. We gave it up to a hunt for the best hotel. There is one albergo with a garden, like a scene at Wallack's—with low marble terraces and balustrades and urns of cactus and beds of flowers, all sloping gently to the sparkling shore; but here, the sound of the surf might often disturb the night's sleep, and in the dinner-room, everybody seemed to have the original Yankee whooping-cough. But the Albergo di Londra, where we had already found lodging, looks out southward upon the happy sea across an acre of orange-grove, from fifty feet above its dark-green tops. It lies warm and cheerful in the sun, with delicate roses, fiery geraniums, shining lemons in the open grounds of the front; and orange-groves and olives, and the pretty gardens of Italian and English villas, rising steep behind. So we nestled ourselves for the month, at the Grand' Albergo di Londra. But everything in Italy is "grande"—from a palazzo to a barber-shop. You could pigeon-hole away this grand hotel into half a story of the Fifth Avenue or the Continental.

We did not regret our choice afterward, when dinner was over and we gathered with the company in the comfortable little parlor. You could see that the builder had worked with a wholesome fear of British growls upon his soul, for his windows and doors had actually been made with a view to shut as well as to open. The bright fire

of wood crackling upon the big brass and-irons, the rocking-chairs and lazy lounges and arm-chairs left carelessly around, the piano with candles beside the music-book, the center-table with its green cloth and soft astral lamp, and the ladies' little work-baskets tipping over into the medley of magazines and books, made you wonder, for a moment, if you had ever left home. And the ways of the company do little to break the illusion. All but the dark baron and his blonde bride, and perhaps one other, are English or noble-born Irish. Near the fire, an elderly Oxford don, tall and handsome, is stammering and hawing, between his sips of tea, to a portly Irish widow. He has just trumped her best card, and her eyes twinkle with conscious roguery as she lays her hand in gentle remonstrance on his arm. At the piano, with one hand feeling out idly some chords, and the pale, Madonna face,—more beautiful than that of Raphael's Saint Cecilia,—turned up in conversation with the Doctor, is a young Wallachian wife, whom the cold winds of her steppes have driven from home and husband. The young Irish Honorable has brought out his worsted-work under the astral lamp. It will keep his tongue still, and his red, but well-shaped hands busy, till bed-time. The copper-colored Indian officer, retired on half-pay and a liver-complaint, and the fresh, happy Irish lass, who have taken the tête-à-tête behind the door, are falling fast in love, so surely as eyes here talk the same tongue they do beyond the sea. As the music begins, the pleasant old admiral limps up the room, with his jolly "girl," as he calls his wife, upon his arm. A quartette at the piano is opening the evening with a German song; then half a dozen rally to the glee of

"Three little kittens,
They lost their mittens,
And then they began to cry"

—the special favorite, apparently, of the best of England's blood, for we have that among us just now. Young America follows a reverie of Chopin with

"The elephant now goes round,"

to the irrepressible encores of all the company; and he stars it, in that rôle, every evening till his departure. The musical people by and by drop away, groups gather for chat over the excursions of the day and plans of to-morrow; and as the old clock

in the hall whirrs and sputters out the hour of ten, everybody withdraws with a good-night to everybody else.

We spend the next morning restfully, about the grounds. The air, at this early hour, indeed all day long, is at once a tonic and a balm. The long windows of the albergo and those of the villas around, all stand open wide, calling *Felice giorno!* to one another.

"A beauteous morning, madam," says the widow of Erin, leaning over her balcony, to my wife. "And not a breath of wynd!"

Again, a sky all one happy blue; and a sea of blue, with a triangle of quivering silvery splendor broadening out to the horizon. The sky of Rome and Naples differs from our own at home, as the flute from the trumpet; but this blue above the Riviera can thrill as well as soothe. Far out at sea, where the Tramontana, after passing high above our heads, dips to the water, some crafts are rocking lively; but the bay is still; and the little fisher-fleet, trying since daylight to make their way from Bordighera, lie becalmed, pointing their prows at one another. The orange-tops are still. The little birds among the lemons and the quiet voices of the folk of the Albergo make you feel the stillness all the more.

Pretty soon, for it is about ten, a clatter and rattle on the gravel road and a deep voice crying "Su! Su!" tell us that Antonio and the donkeys are coming. Then the maids bring out their ladies' "things" and the yellow lunch-baskets trimmed with red; and after some tumbles and more fun among themselves and especially among the lookers-on,—one donkey scuttling off with his rider to join a party of strangers, another defying pull, push or moral suasion,—the different companies straggle slowly out of sight. A lady or two remain, enjoying their camp-chairs in the shade, with worsted-work or book, or writing letters; and perhaps one old gentleman in his dressing-gown shuffles up and down among the flowers in the sun.

After lunch, we stroll away toward the old town. You may take any one of forty little paths to it, all up among the olives and gardens, and all fragrant with wild violets, the blue hyacinth, the white lonely lily, the scarlet anemone; all giving pictures, framed in leaves, of the bright sea, some gray bare headland, the gray town; and all the paths are easier to lose than to

keep. They brought us always around to our Albergo again.

Ma che? Has not the old town waited there twelve hundred years for us? And will it not be there to-morrow afternoon as well? And so we said, after a week of afternoons. But at last, with the widow and the young *innamorata* of the parlor sketch, we find ourselves, almost to our own surprise, in the little piazza and before the church-door.

"I leave you, ladies, for a moment," I said, shaking my pocket-compass, to set the needle free.

"And where is he going, then?" asked the lady.

"O, it's his way. I've no peace with him in a new place, till he has 'adjusted himself' on the church-tower with map and compass. He says it's like reading the table of contents before beginning the book."

"Ah then, bother your table of contents. Box the compass and stay with us."

"But, mamma, we can go into the church till the Professor returns."

"That I like," said I. "The art of traveling in company,—as your countrymen might say,—is letting every one leave the company when he likes;" and Mary and I walked off, not to the church-tower, but to the breakwater which curves out into the bay.

Here you can sit, as in a boat, and take the little town at a glance. It is like a silver-gray fan, dropped upon a cloth of green—broadest near the shore, rising steep and clear-cut against the olives of the hill, narrowing rapidly till it dwindles to the little blue dome of the Sanctuary and disappears with the tips of the pinnacle a-top of it. The whole town might seem the home of some patriarchal family—of old father Priam, with his hundred sons—for not a street or square is seen, to separate the houses or blocks. It looks out due south, and basks in the sunshine from rising to setting. These buildings near us that border the sea, and even those a little farther up along the great white Cornice road, are not original settlers, as you know at a glance. The old town never dared to stray down so far from the castle, which stood in old times where the Sanctuary now stands. Once it seems, the Moorish corsairs came in such force that all the San Remesi who escaped massacre or were not hurried off as slaves, fled away over the mountains; and their grandchild-

dren ventured back only after a century. The Greek pirates, and the Genoese in their wars with Pisa, disturbed often the peace of the fathers. To right and left of the town, the landscape sweeps round in a fine amphitheater of green, whose arena is this noble bay, reaching four miles from cape to cape.

Few travelers who have lived in Rome think of it as lying on the line of Poughkeepsie. This land of San Remo, whose February sun smiles on roses and parasols, lies as far north as Portland and Toronto. Nice is seven hours by vettura towards the west, and Genoa is fourteen on the road to Rome.

And as that bit of geography suggests a thought of climate, I may say of the latter, with our Irish friend, that all the Riviera is about as far north as it is south—Nice and Cannes particularly so; for their days of chill are nearly as frequent as those of comfortable warmth. They lack the protection of such high hills as enclose Mentone and San Remo. Mentone, on the other hand, the most completely defended on the north, lacks movement in its air and produces often a sensation of closeness. But San Remo enjoys a warmth which nourishes the finest palms of all the coast, and is tempered by breezes which brace you for hours of walk. In Nice and Cannes, sudden and considerable changes of temperature attack you on the spot. While they occur here also sometimes, if you want a whiff of winter, you generally have to take a donkey and go up the gorges in search of it. The exasperating Mistral blew but once during all our month and it is always rare. Snow is among the natural curiosities. The prevalent winds are gentle and dry. Winter wreaked his bad humors on us, all at once, in three days and nights, and left every other hour of March and February to sunshine and the delight of being.

But we remember our deserted friends and start to join them, and soon resume our stroll together.

In the little market-place right before the church, without a tree, flagged from side to side and surrounded by tall, irregular houses of all shades of gray, the good folk are keeping festa, while the musical bells clang and hum from tower to tower through the town. The people are not at all boisterous; indeed hardly lively. They gather in little groups to gossip. Some sit in rows, silent, on the balustrade of a



A STREET IN SAN REMO.

terrace, and enjoy the sun and the sight of the rest. One crowd has made a ring around a mountebank, spangled and slashed, tumbling with his thin sad-eyed little boy, while the tired mother passes her tambourine for *soldi*. The school-children are all loose to-day and frolicking; some dodging at tag around the little booths or the squatting market-women with their heaps of onions; some—for all the world!—hopping and straddling through the very hop-scotch of our boyhood; a trio against the wall, jerking out fingers and shouts together in the Roman *morra*. Little girls in close white caps or bare-headed, with bright black eyes, cheeks of claret red and plump little arms and legs, “hippity-hop,” with arms about each other’s neck, in and out through the crowd. You meet some handsome women, generally with faces of sentiment and gravity and even a tinge of sadness. You meet many more from whom the parching sun and the sweat of toil have surely stolen a certain dower of beauty. All of them walk well and carry handsome-

ly the head and shoulders. The typical face, however, in men and women of San Remo, loses something by a lack of breadth across the eyes.

Sweetheart and grandmother wear skirts stopping at the ankle and a neckerchief of some lively color. The former never forgets, on a festa, to thrust the silver arrow through her heavy blue-black hair behind, or the big-headed silver pins with swinging, glittering festoons of silver chain. The men take on an air with the red-and-black bonnet, dropping its blue tassel at the side of the ear; and the red-brown jacket is always slung upon one shoulder. Men and women wear gilt ear-rings.

From the market-place, the little streets stagger off in the most bewildering zigzags, between houses so tall and lank that they seem to be hurrying up to catch the sunshine. Often, they dive under a building and leave it a-straddle. Then they squeeze round a projecting tower where a loaded donkey could hardly wriggle through. Some are so steep as to be ridged across with curbs,

to give man and beast a grip for the foot. All are flagged or cobbled.

The houses range through all shades of gray to lamp-black; through all sizes, shapes, and attitudes; leaning in or out, or sideways, or all ways at once, as if a good-natured earthquake had just knocked their heads together and passed on. Here and there a flying-buttress crosses the street, high in air, helping at once to keep the houses apart and to bring the neighbors together; for it sometimes has a hand-rail for safe passage; and sometimes it makes a little hanging-garden just tipped by the sun, where plummy tufts of grass and drooping maiden's-hair seem like a gush or a trickle of gold-green light. Now and then we find ourselves in a dilapidated, moss-grown gateway, with a fragment of one of its gates rotting from the hinge. It marks off some quarter of the city. It is a relic of the grim old days when men's homes were indeed their castles, when the people here intersected their town with walls, to defend it against besiegers, ward by ward. The windows of the houses are as eccentric in position and proportion as the houses themselves, but they are always small. Italians like small windows, as the Irish peasant loves her cloak. They say they keep out the heat and keep out the cold. This notion ends in poor results for health, as half the dwellings in the town have no rear openings and hence no more ventilation than a bottle.

But the families cultivate the luxury of an open street-door. We ventured into one where the interior seemed a fair sample of a working-man's home. We found a bare, uneven floor of red tiles, dull walls hung with coarse, bright pictures of the Madonna and the Stations, a little shrine high up in a corner, a few soiled books upon the table, a high bed and a chest. Presently a young man came from the room behind and looked silently at me, with an expression of offended pride.

"Scusi," I said. "I am a stranger and want to see how all you good folk here are getting on."

He measured me for a moment.

"Signore wishes to know how we poor fellows grub along—*ecco!*" And he stepped upon the chest to close the shutter before leaving.

"*Ma no.* I am an American. We all love you Italians."

He gave a slight, half-sad smile and of-

fered me a chair, while he leaned against the bed.

"Well, how are *you* getting on, this year?"

"Poorly, signore, all of us. The olives have failed for three years now."

"How many trees have you?"

"How many? I? I have the fifth of one."

"How much does an average tree yield?"

"Twelve or fifteen dollars a year. But then I earn twenty cents a day in the field, and the wine thrown in."

"What do these hard-working women get, a day, in the olives?"

"Twelve, fourteen cents. Ah, signore, we are all poor. But the emigration to your country may help us. Signore has seen villages along the Cornice emptied of every family—all gone to your country, the Brazil. And then we send out a good many good sailors. Our poor boys can't stay at home and starve. Garibaldi began the sea here."

I knew the self-respect of these San Remesi too well to offer him money and would not any longer take his time. So we parted pleasantly.

Turning the corner of a little church we found ourselves upon a characteristic sight—the distribution to the poor. No beggars tease the traveler in San Remo for "*piccola moneta.*" All the penniless poor seem to be regular pensioners of the church. They clamor around the priest, before the chapel door, on alms-day, as persistently as though they had coupons to cash. They are as cleanly and tidy as the best of their class in any other country. One black-eyed dame, of the rounded mould of Grisi, missed a few *centesimi* from her usual dole and burst into a run of tragic tableaux—flapped the coppers over in her hand, curled her lip at them, invoked the crowd, with outstretched arms, to take witness of the outrage, rushed to the padre, thrust them under his chin and screamed, "*Siamo sei, Madre di Dio! Saremo tosto sette!*" The padre was immovable and her fury collapsed as suddenly as it began. A blind old man, with gray hair falling down his bronze cheeks and neck, who had told his soldi carefully from one hand into the other and found himself "short," stood haranguing the air, for two minutes, all alone on the spot where the priest and crowd had quietly left him. His oration broke up in the middle of a word, as he

suddenly noticed the stillness; and he too, started after the padre to impertune him.

And this picture calls up another of the sort. We were strolling one noon under the trees, when a heavy, shuffling sound, evidently the step of some aged person, drew us to look behind. A very old man was trying to come up to us. His sharp-crowned, narrow-rimmed, ribboned hat and the sandals of hide, showed him to be a stranger from the south. A long, broadening, milk-white beard waved downward from his dark cheeks. His thin hands reached out a little in front, and his face was thrown upward, as the blind so strangely direct theirs. A thick cataract had completely closed his sight. I waited and asked him what I could do.

"Signore," he said, "I am old and poor and blind. *Per l'amore di Dio*, give me a little something, and Santa Lucia will preserve the beautiful sight to you." The pathos of this appeal was heightened by its homely honesty, for he pronounced the word for *preserve* as our unlettered country-people do—*presarve*.

Our little party stray along slowly, now losing sight of one another, and then rallying again; and at last, with tacking and beating, we work our way up to the Sanctuary. The path, still within the town, zig-zags close along the edge of tall rocks. It is guarded by a low wall, and much more,—as any pious soul in San Remo will tell you—by Our Lady, who stares out from her blue shrine, with eyes and face like two beads set in a lady-apple. Three sweet children had brought her flowers that afternoon, and were pushing one another up in turn, with sprawls and quiet merriment, to kiss her feet.

Our outlook over shore and wave is superb—crest beyond crest of mountain range, sloping more and more gently to the sea; the white line of surf, curve beyond curve, sweeping away into the shimmering mirage which is its own exhalation; the vast semi-circle of the sea, with one great dark steamer moving slowly on toward the land of the pyramids and the Pharaohs; westward and eastward, everywhere, the pale-green groves of olive, with tall, gray, lonely towers rising high above them, and the red or blue roofs of villas looking through.

By twenty-three o'clock, as our San Remesi count it, that is, just before sunset, before the sudden chill of the air which makes everybody, except yourself, so irri-

table and absurdly unreasonable, we find the whole company of the Albergo,—certainly all the delicate ones,—gathered hom from their drives and tramps, wandering up and down the hall and drawing-room a-hungered for the padrone's diurnal veal.

We made a pilgrimage, one afternoon to the shrine of our Lady of the Borgo. The narrow mountain path wound all its way among terraces of olives and figs and lemons; often through the warm sunshine where many pretty flowers glisten, and the brave little snap-dragon, in his golden helmet, stands guard before the violet; there where the dear old dandelions laugh up from the grass, and the buttercups and the daisies sit in comfort together. The trill of the birds, flitting in picnic company through the olives, felt as fresh and cool as the shimmer of the leaves. The butterflies and the bees go glinting and booming here and here. We pass a little cream-colored villa, where doves are cooing and preening themselves on the warm umbrella roof and along the balustrade of the loggia. We pause sometimes upon some small meadow that overhangs the gorge, to look down and far behind us, at the gold-green palms and the cypresses breathing their holy legend,—To Glory through the Grave— and at the sea beyond, shining as the crystal sea of Revelation.

Little Giovanni, who had stopped for confidential chat with another black-haired rogue, came panting up, giving the signora a donkey a tattoo of punches and "Su! Su! Su!" and hurried to my side.

"Signore knows that Madonna has done us three graces—*tre grazie?*" he panted out.

"*Veramente!*" I said, encouragingly.

"*Veramente, si!* Signore sees the round well there in the grass? The mother of my Francisco tumbled in, and before she reached the bottom Madonna came and caught her by the dress and drew her out.

"Did you see Madonna do it, my boy?"

"I? No, signore, but my father says so and all the folk; and when signor comes to the chapel, he will see a picture about it, and then he will see!"

High up, where the precipice drops straight for hundreds of feet, there is a jut of rock upon its face; and on this bracket they have perched the little chapel. It covers every foot of its rocky shelf, hardly fifteen feet by twenty. Before the open door, in the still sunshine, a toil-worn, wrinkled peasant woman was kneeling

with drooping head, with hands clasped and pressed upon her breast, as if to keep some grief from bursting it. Her heavy burden leaned against the wall. It was a sight to break your heart.

In this Italy of the poor, woman seems doomed to both of the curses of Paradise, and when she has shed the sweat of her brow side by side with man, all day long, in the hot, hard field, he makes her his beast of burden on the journey home. Here comes another *contadina*, picking her way carefully down the path, loaded like a hay-cart, with grass and branches on her head, while the man trudges behind with only the sickle. In the quarries, men trim the stone, while their wives and sisters are marching off with the broad, thick slabs upon their heads, showing the heavy strain in every movement of ankle, hip and shoulder. One day a lady sent her piano from the Londra to a villa about a mile away. The procession was Italy in allegory—three girls, straight, fine-built, steadying on their heads the heavy instrument, and their older brother following, with the cloth flung across his arm.

We enter the chapel, and find the poor, tawdry altar furnished with a hundred little offerings of gratitude; among them, the rude picture of Giovanni's story—the woman in dress of full maroon, with heels in air, sprawling into the well, and above her, Our Lady of the Borgo, sitting stiff in white robe and veil and gorgeous crown, one hand gripping a scepter and the other touching daintily the woman's foot.

Giovanni's simple faith is that of well-nigh all the good folk of the region round about. Madonna sits exalted in her sky-blue and paper-gilt niche, on the walls of the groves, with inscriptions of adoration or prayer,—Madonna in Assumption, Madonna Immaculata, Madonna of Consolation, Madonna of Sorrow,—by the home door, the garden gate, in the bedroom.

But England and Geneva are slowly weakening that delusion which "worships the creature more than the Creator." Not a few shrines now are empty, not a few images left weather-beaten and broken, that, on my first visit, twenty years ago, were adorned every day with new flowers and wreaths. I remember a little chapel up among the olives, then bright and pretty, and full of votive offerings. Now, the altar is covered by a table, with its three surviving legs in the air; donkey paniers lean against its steps, and an old saddle sprawls upon the chancel floor.

This spectacle means more than the decay of the owner's faith. It proves utter indifference in a community which would have resented it, twenty years ago, as a public insult. On a headland of the shore, is a column once devoted to the Virgin. The niche is now empty as a skull, and the column is doing brave service on the windy height, by holding up the wires of the telegraph. Twenty years ago the sacrilege would have roused the peasantry to acts of murder. *Si muove!*

THE ROSE OF CAROLINA.

A COLORED print of this celebrated beauty was struck off about twenty years ago, and you may find a fly-blown copy of it in every log-hut or unpainted pine-board farm-house in the mountains of North Carolina. Her eyes, blue as delft, and her stiff flaxen curls beam down on you from among the bunches of dried herbs, the strings of red pepper, the rolls of white wool ready for spinning, on the wall, surrounded by half-sheets of brown paper, or of the "Buncombe County Gazette," pasted like herself where they can hide the larger cracks. She is flanked by a

cut of General P. G. T. Beauregard, C. S. A., and a photograph of your host's oldest son, also in the uniform of the C. S. A.—this last in a frame, with a bit of evergreen above it. If you are curious enough to look in the big Bible on the chest of drawers in the mother's room, you shall find in faded ink the record of the boys birth, and below, fresh and black, the fatal word "Chattanooga" or "Chickamauga," and afterwards, carefully written, and misspelled—"In the Hope of a blessed immortality." They are a devout people, above all things, these mountaineers; God-

fearing, affectionate and dirty. This besmirched Rose was the one hint of beauty or refinement known to the boy who lies dead somewhere beyond the balsam heights. The square coarse print was his gallery of art, his opera, his one glimpse of the gay, lovely world, common-place to city lads. If he had lived, he would have found the living Rose, courted her at camp-meeting, and have established her by this time in a log hut, to be to her faithful as was Isaac to Rebecca, while she to the end of her days should cook his fried chicken and hot biscuit, spin and weave his coat and trousers, and help him and his hired men to hoe the corn, and plough the potato field.

But the real Rose, when you find her, is not at all like her portrait. She is black-haired and eyed, her features sharply cut, without, however, any hint of shrewdness in their meager, compact outlines; the skin pale and thick, and reddening with difficulty. She has the one voice, the sweet thin falsetto, which is common to all Virginia and Carolina women. They pipe and plead in talking, on precisely the same key-note. Our Rose has a small, undulating body; a firm, alert step, a controlled eye: she keeps both body and mind, in fact, well in hand, and manages them with a self-possession that gives them, little as they both are, more apparent weight and force than is their due. If she belong to the middle or upper class, she will by some magic art discover in season the style of dress preferred by the best people in the Northern cities and, with a little exaggeration in tone, wear it. You may meet her coming out of the hot wooden village church where she has been broiling through the Sunday afternoon service in a lilac or lavender silk, puffed and looped *de rigueur*, a dramatic little lace hat set on the coils of her jetty hair. Her father, the Colonel or General, gray whiskered and erect, waits on her chivalrously. The *gentle-men*, as she calls them, are an object of as much thought and desire to her little soul as to any flirting New York belle, and you may be the first of the eligible unmarried she has seen for a twelvemonth, but she receives you with a grave, modest simplicity and innocent dignity which her Northern sister might envy. You enter the big old-fashioned carriage, go home to dinner; in thirty-six hours, when your intimacy with the beauty of Madison Square would have advanced

only to the leaving of a card, you shall have waited beside the Rose, as, fluted and frilled in a muslin wrapper, and with a basket of keys dangling at her belt, she washes the breakfast cups, crosses the tobacco field to visit her mare in the stables, or rattles over the keys of her Knab "Grand." She will sing anything for you from "Casta Diva" to "*Ah non giunge*," did she not win the half-wreath of immortelles in the music class when she was graduated at the Catholic convent a year ago? But her favorite songs are "No one to love" and "Ever of thee," which her bosom friend has lately sent her as lovely new things. You can not satisfy yourself as to the other branches of knowledge in which she probably obtained the half-wreath. Most of the familiar fields of conversation over which the "superior girls" of the North scamper at will like unbridled colts, are to her utterly undiscovered land. She never heard of Huxley or Darwin or Ruskin; has no opinion to give on moral insanity *in re* Jesse Pomeroy: or the moral injustice of legal marriage apropos to the last indecent divorce case. She never saw any pictures better than the old family portraits in the dining room, or the "Santa Cecilia" presented by some pious strolling artist to the Ladies of the Visitation, for their chapel; nor heard finer music than sisters Francisca and Eudisia made in their famous duet upon piano and harp. She inadvertently betrays a belief that all Bostonians are atheists and free lovers, headed by Tom Paine and Parson Brownlow; and soon after lets slip a query whether there "are any wild beasts in Ireland, bears and wolves, and that kind of thing; she knows there are no snakes."

Yet when you leave her you are ready to assert that she has rare powers in conversation. There is common sense and a fine sweet temper in all that the little lady says; she is quite sure of her footing both socially and in her opinions; stands at ease even on her little ignorances without conceit or anxiety.

By this time, too, you are at home with the rest of the household; the Rose's brother has made up a hunting party for you to the Black Mountains; her mother has given you her receipt for peach brandy; all the children (there are eleven) are friends with you; the Colonel, who lost an arm at Appomattox Court House, has gone over the war, its causes and results, the

Civil Service bill, and the position of the white and negro towards each other, in the fullest, frankest fashion. You tell yourself as you turn into bed that there is a weight of practical sense in what he says, and presently, (kept awake by fleas and the howling of the dogs below,) wish that the other side of the story had had such clear and moderate expounders before the war: You are sure of one thing—that you have never fallen before among such people as the Rose and her kinsfolk, men or women, who took life with such easy, lazy good humor, who carried their opinions, their joys and woes so out of doors, or who in their every day habit recognized the people who on earth do dwell as one great family party, whose privilege it was to be helpful and friendly together. Trying to reconcile this with your ancient doctrines concerning slave owners and Legrees, you fall asleep, the Rose forming a bewildering, alluring center to the kindly little drama.

With the new day these trivial perplexities renew themselves. You closely observe the colored boy who waits upon the Colonel at breakfast, or the saucy-looking mulatto maid behind the Rose's chair, for any sign of arrogance or chagrin on the part of white or black, at their change of position, but find none. Whatever may be the condition of affairs in South Carolina or Georgia, here both parties have accepted the situation with the passive good humor peculiar to them. The Rose, it is true, rates her maid, but now, in her piping compassionate tone, assures you that the "pooh cre-etures" are utterly unable to care for themselves: that Papa assures her the race must become extinct out of slavery: Papa says there is no real civilization for any of the colored races; the Indian will always be a wild animal; the negro a domestic animal. "It's terribly sad, is it not?" pinning a bud of pink laurel coquettishly in her bosom.

But if you chance to talk to one of these domestic animals you find their shrewd intelligence far in advance of the same class of servants in the North, white or black. You cannot make any animal the object of a bitter struggle for years without educating him at least in regard to his importance and chances. The boy behind the Colonel's chair confides to you his plan of "buyin' a small place in de Fall, a few acres of mountain pastur', and makin' somethin' uv hisse'f." Rose's maid thinks

"ef she was Nawth, and eahnin' twelve dollahs a month instid uv five, she could make somethin' uv hersef." That something can be made of themselves is the point wherein they differ from the Colonel and his daughter.

Another puzzling observation you make, which is, that the Rose, unlike her Northern sister, is totally unconcerned to "keep up appearances." The Colonel, in old times, was wont at this season to visit the White Sulphur Springs in state, with a superb display of equipages and servants. The Rose's mother blazed in diamonds and Parisian dresses. She herself, then a bud of five summers, dainty in costly embroidery and lace, her hair flying free, and her white feet bare, looked as if born to command. She does not pretend to command now; there is no effort to hide the lack of jewels by cheap finery, or to conceal the patched furniture, table-linen, or cracked mirrors that fill the scrambling, unpainted, unthrifty house. She tells you—the Colonel tells you a dozen times a day with high composure and complacency, that "this part of Nawth Caholina is much impohvehished by the waw—as you see," and there is an end of it. When they will cease to enjoy their tattered garments as badges of honorable warfare, and try to earn whole ones, is difficult to decide. The Rose's cousin in Virginia, a more delicate, cleverer girl, is teaching in Richmond. Rose has no thought of any such self-sacrifice: her father refuses loftily to sell the black walnut timber on his mountain land to a dealer from Chicago at a large profit. "The pine he may have for nothing, but I cannot see the cream of our Southern produce carried any longer to the Nawth. Let the black walnuts stand. My grand-children may be able to use them."

But you shall not hear from him, nor any man or woman of his class in this region, a bitter or unkindly mention of the war. There is not a hand which is not ready to give you a cheerful, sincere welcome. Rose's sister (who was the Rose in 1862 and '63) used to keep watch from her chamber window upon the house of a poor farmer, whose sons were Union men hiding in the mountains for three years. It was she who saw these boys stealing home to see their old mother one night, and who sent word to the home-guard. When she heard the shots an hour after, and the terrified negroes rushed in to tell her that the men, her neighbors all her life, lay dead

outside the very door, she coolly bade them go help to bury them, as though it had been dogs or mountain boomers she spoke of.

She is a fair, plump, tender-voiced woman now, with half a dozen soft-eyed, well-bred children crowding about her. She stops at the farm-house for a bit of kindly gossip with the mother of the dead boys whenever she passes it, and when the old woman is sick makes her nice little dishes, for she stays with her at night, leaving her baby to the nurse. When you tell her of any call of suffering in the North, Chicago fire, or Pittsburgh flood, the quick tears rush to her eyes, and her portemonnaie (very thin and limp) is out.

Then you bethink yourself of a certain gentle cousin of yours in Boston or Philadelphia, who would not see a mouse harmed without pity, but whose patriotic zeal against the rebels ten years ago was bitter and murderous beyond that of men; and you close the matter with the usual masculine reflection on woman as an insolvable problem. Meanwhile, you find a broken cannon in the Blue Ridge passes, green, inch-deep with moss, while the gray squirrel hides its winter store of nuts in it, and pass a chubby-cheeked boy whistling as he pastures his cows on the plain of Manassas, and think reverently of the great Healer at work for us all, beneath Time and Nature.

You wish when you turn northward, and leave the mountains rising behind you, range on range, that you could bring the Rose and these ready-witted, warm-hearted cousins of yours closer together, and fancy

that the effect would be wholesome both upon themselves and the generation to come after them.

You do not find when you have gone back to the North that you forget the Rose as you have forgotten so many brilliant women from Boston or New York, women too, who wore the *cordon bleu* in the ranks of intellect or fashion. When you fall to speculating (as a young fellow will over his cigar now and then) about marriage, and at home, you find yourself going back to this girl with her sweet voice and decisive little nod presiding over the coffee-urn and cups at breakfast. The inevitable biscuit, honey, and fried chicken, at which you used to swear inwardly, make part now of the home-like picture, and it is well if Rose, whom none of her neighbors would call more than "a pleasant girl," does not rise before you as an alluring mountain nymph, hedged in and veiled by her own glittering streams and pink laurel.

If you would choose to go back and win her, however, you will find it is no nymph whom you have taken to wife, but one of the most real and practical of American women. Her table will be noted for its choice dishes, if her house be not tidy; she will be always posted in the fashions, if not in the politics of the day. You may be sure that she will receive your friends with the gracious courtesy of a thoroughbred lady, but that she will elope with none of them, and that, while she may not instruct her daughters in either science or art, she will teach them to love God and honor their husbands.

LARS.

"TELL us a story of these isles," they said,
The daughters of the West, whose eyes had seen
For the first time the circling sea, instead
Of the blown prairie's waves of grassy green:

"Tell us of wreck and peril, storm and cold,
Wild as the wildest." Under summer stars,
With the slow moonrise at our back, I told
The story of the young Norwegian, Lars.

That youth with the black eye-brows sharply drawn
In strong curves, like some seabird's wings out-spread
O'er his dark eyes, is Lars, and this fair dawn
Of womanhood, the maiden he will wed.

She loves him for the dangers he has past.
Her rosy beauty glowed before his stern
And vigilant regard, until at last
Her sweetness vanquished Lars the taciturn.

For he is ever quiet, strong and wise,
Wastes nothing, not a gesture nor a breath;
Forgets not, gazing in the maiden's eyes,
A year ago it was not love, but death

That clasped him, and can hardly learn as yet
How to be merry, haunted by that pain
And terror, and remembering with regret
The comrade he can never see again.

Out from the harbor on that winter day
Sailed the two men to set their trawl together.
Down swept the sudden snow-squall o'er the bay,
And hurled their slight boat onward like a feather.

They tossed they knew not whither, till at last
Under the light-house cliff they found a lee,
And out the road-lines of the trawl they cast
To moor her, if so happy they might be.

But quick the slender road-lines snap in twain
In the wild breakers, and once more they tossed
Adrift; and watching from his misty pane,
The light-house keeper muttered, "They are lost!"

Lifted the snow: night fell: swift cleared the sky;
The air grew sharp as death with polar cold:
Raged the insensate gale, and flashing high
In star-light keen the hissing billows rolled.

Driven before the wind's incessant scourge
All night they fled—one dead ere morning lay.
Lars saw his strange, drawn countenance emerge
In the fierce sunrise light of that drear day,

And thought, "A little space and I shall be
Even as he," and, gazing in despair
O'er the wide, weltering waste, no sign could see
Of hope, or help, or comfort, anywhere.

Two hundred miles before the hurricane
The dead and living drove across the sea.
The third day dawned. His dim eyes saw again
The vast green plain, breaking eternally

In ghastly waves. But in the early light,
On the horizon glittering like a star,
Fast growing, looming tall, with canvas white,
Sailed his salvation southward from afar!

Down she bore, rushing o'er the hills of brine,
Straight for his feeble signal. As she past,
Out from the schooner's deck they flung a line,
And o'er his head the open noose was cast.

Clutching with both his hands the bowline knot
 Caught at his throat, swift drawn through fire he seemed,
 Whelmed in the icy sea, and he forgot
 Life, death, and all things—yet he thought he dreamed.

A dread voice cried, "We've lost him!" and a sting
 Of anguish pierced his clouded senses through;
 A moment more, and like a lifeless thing
 He lay among the eager, pitying crew.

Long time he swooned, while o'er the ocean vast
 The dead man tossed alone, they knew not where;
 But youth and health triumphant were at last,
 And here is Lars, you see, and here the fair

Young snow-and-rose-bloom maiden he will wed.
 His face is kindly though it seems so stern.
 Death passed him by, and life begins instead,
 For Elsa sweet and Lars the taciturn.

TWO VISITS TO OXFORD.

A NOTION, I believe, still prevails very generally that Oxford and Cambridge are the universities of the English aristocracy. It is to the novelists that we owe this impression. Years ago, these universities were very much such places as Bulwer and Thackeray have painted them. But they have altered and there has been nothing in their recent literature to mark the change. They still exist to a large portion of the public as elegant and aristocratic as ever. To the imagination of the English shop girl, Oxford and Cambridge are yet peopled by a race of the most delightful heroes who breakfast in velvet, who have valets and tigers and tandems, who ride and shoot and borrow each other's money, who are aristocratically lavish and aristocratically hard up.

Now, on the contrary, the real Oxford does not resemble this conception in the least, and at first sight, perhaps, the social life of the place is even plainer and more commonplace than we should observe it to be on closer acquaintance. One has scarcely stepped into the streets before he meets numbers of well-behaved, modest youth, walking by twos and threes, not in droves, as students patrol the streets of an American university town. There cannot be found in Europe, I imagine, a more well-conducted, orderly generation of

young men. The most of them are from the middle classes and are upon limited incomes. The average allowance of an Oxford undergraduate is not more than \$1200, upon which, of course, magnificence is out of the question. The number of clergymen's sons is very great and these, as a rule, are poor.

It is thought that a man can live nicely and entertain moderately on \$1500. The undergraduates have a dinner "in Hall" of fish, roast and sweet, and at dinner they usually drink beer instead of wine. They have opportunities for luxury and elegance in their breakfasts, which they make very inviting. They brew at Oxford a claret cup with which nothing of the same kind one tastes anywhere else can be compared. The young men are exceedingly kind and hospitable, and they possess a modesty which absolutely humiliates one.

An English youth as I saw him in the army or at the universities, who is sufficiently well born to have all the advantages of breeding and sufficiently removed from exceptional fortune not to be tempted to folly and nonsense, has the very perfection of behavior. He has, besides, very nearly the perfection of right feeling towards his associates, which cannot be said of him a few years later. I knew some of the undergraduates of Christ Church and Balliol.

Under their guidance I went the walks of the universities and especially remember a bath in the river, to which I consented under the impression that it would be rather an interesting and romantic action, and would furnish a pretty souvenir, but I found the wave of the Isis much too cold for comfort. Christ Church is rather a college for the sons of rich men; it is not considered, I believe, that they do much work there. Baliol is the working college, the college which takes the honors. The talk of the Baliol men, I thought, ran rather more to books and literature than the conversation at Christ Church. This was possibly due to the fact that a Christ Church man was to give a ball that week, which was naturally the topmost matter of interest among the men of his college. At Baliol, when the pewter cup of beer went round, of which each took a cool swig in succession, we spoke of matters which are rarely discussed with interest except at universities and by very young men. We talked of the poets, and I remember that one young gentleman's enthusiasm swept him into reciting a half dozen lines of Greek.

The pride in scholarship and the respect for it, I am told, are very much on the decline. Firsts and double-firsts are not held in such esteem as formerly. One hears it said that the boating and cricket men have thrown the reading men into the shade. A good cricketer is asked everywhere, and talked and written about, and pushed in society. Years ago many good stories were told of the extravagant regard which successful prize men received from the universities. It was said that a senior wrangler from Cambridge happened to enter a theater in London at the same time with the Queen, and, hearing the plaudits, placed his hand gracefully over his heart, and bowed his acknowledgments to the audience. The old fashion, no doubt, had its absurdities, as all fashions have, but, upon the whole, it was more reasonable than the present one. We are mistaken if we fancy that it is mere "dig" and memory which makes the successful man in a University examination. It requires not only persistence, but ability, intelligence, and self-possession. Of course, where many work, the victory must be to him who works most intelligently. The scholar and the boating man must equally guard against over-training; and at the hour of examination the danger of losing one's

head is very much greater than in a boat-race. The stake is so great that the strain of the contest seems a cruel one for very young men to undergo. If they win, they have a competency for the rest of their days—a thing to be appreciated in England, where a living is so very hard to make. All the mothers and cousins are waiting breathlessly for the issue. Such competition must, I fancy, impart an almost abnormal stimulus to the moral qualities. In the faces of the stronger men one observes some "silent rages," which the intensity of the struggle has carefully nourished. Why such men should have less consideration than a cricketer or a stroke-oar one can hardly see. A strong back and good legs are fine gifts, no doubt; but it is hard to understand why they should entitle a man to be petted and fêted, to get his picture into the illustrated papers, and have his disorders telegraphed over two continents. The vignettes in the papers appear especially absurd. Why should boating men have pictures made of their faces? They should stand on their heads and have their legs taken, it would seem.

It was during commemoration week that I first visited Oxford. The exercises consist of the conferring of degrees upon distinguished persons, and the recital of prize poems in Greek, Latin and English, and, I may incidentally remark, that at no ball or party in England do you ever see so many pretty girls as at a University commemoration. The same is true, however, of college celebrations everywhere; girls have a way of looking their prettiest at them. The degree conferred upon strangers at Oxford is that of Doctor of Civil Law. It is not supposed that a man should know anything of law to be a D. C. L. Critics, poets, politicians, inventors, noblemen, for being noblemen, are doctored. The first commemoration I saw was at the installation of Lord Salisbury. The candidates were marshaled up the hall from the door in single file, all dressed in red gowns. The Professor of Civil Law, Mr. Bryce, introduced each in a Latin speech, which contained some happy characterization. The Chancellor then addressed the candidate in another Latin speech, applying to him some complimentary expressions; the bar was raised, and he shook the candidate by the hand, who sat down a D. C. L. Of course, as always happens in England, there was a throng of people of rank who went

ahead of abler men. The cheering of the undergraduates, however, went some distance towards equalizing things. The men who received the warmest applause were Liddon, the famous preacher, and Arnold, the poet. When it came to the latter gentleman's turn, all young Oxford in the galleries went wild. They made a prodigious cheering; the young men's enthusiasm was enough to stir some generous blood in the most sluggish veins. Of course, Mr. Arnold's comparative youthfulness had much to do with it, and his recent attacks upon the dissenters had endeared him to the clergymen's sons in the galleries. The Chancellor, who had been throwing about his *issimes* profusely among a lot of people of whom nobody had ever heard, contented himself with calling Mr. Arnold *vir ornatissime*, or some other opprobrious epithet—which, as one of Mr. Arnold's many admirers, I felt called upon to resent. I understood afterwards, however, that Lord Salisbury had considered the propriety of addressing him as *O lucidissime et dulcissime* (most light and most sweet), which, I suppose, would scarcely have done. He did joke, though, in one case; he addressed the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" as *vir doctissime, in republica litterarum potentissime*, and at that everybody was amused. The incident gives one a high idea of the power which inheres in reserve, dignity and position. A cabinet minister by congratulating an editor upon his formidableness in the republic of letters, creates more merriment than could a harlequin by throwing his body into twenty contortions.

The bad behavior of the undergraduates in the gallery on these occasions is famous. I was present at two commemorations, and can testify to the power of lung and the great good humor, and animal spirits of the British youth. At the last commemoration they kept up an incessant howl from the beginning to the end. I cannot say much for the wit, though, I believe, they do sometimes hit upon something worth recording. It is said that when Tennyson presented himself in his usually uncombed condition some undergraduate asked him, "Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?" When Longfellow was made D. C. L., another proposed, "Three cheers for red man of the West," which, I am told, Mr. Longfellow thought very good. But, of course, wit and originality are just as rare among yelling boys as in synods and

parliaments. The scant wit is supplemented by the more widely diffused qualities of impudence and vocal volume. When the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Liddell, of Liddell & Scott's Dictionary (the accent of his name, by the way, is not upon the last syllable), was reading a Latin address some one would call out, "Now construe." A man who violated the canons of dress by appearing in a white coat was fairly stormed out of the place. He stood it for an hour or so, during which he was addressed: "Take off that coat, sir." "Go out, sir." "*Won't* you go at once?" "Ladies, request him to leave." "Doctor Brown, won't *you* put that man out?" (Then, in a conversational and moderate tone), "Just put your hand upon his shoulder and lead him out." After an hour of it the man withdrew. Each successive group of ladies was cheered as it came in. The young men would exclaim: "Three cheers for the ladies in blue." "Three cheers for the ladies in white, brown, red, gray, etc." The poor fellows who read the prize odes and essays were dreadfully bullied. One young man recited an English poem, of which I could not catch the burden, but from the manner of its delivery I should say that it must have been upon the saddest subject that ever engaged the muse of mortal. His physiognomy and his tone of voice alike expressed the dismal and the disconsolate. I think that possibly the extreme sadness of his manner may have been induced by the reception rather than the matter of his poem. They cat-called, hooted him, and laughed immeasurably at him. One young gentleman with an eyeglass leaned over the gallery, and in a colloquial tone inquired, "My friend, is that the refrain that hastened the decease of the old cow?" In the intervals of the horrible hootings, I could only now and then catch a word like "breeze" or "trees." By and by the galleries caught the swing of the poet's measure, and kept time to his cadencies with their feet, and with a rhythmical roar of their voices. It was too painful to laugh at. One felt so for the poor fellow, and more still for his mother and sisters, who, I am sure, were there. I was particularly glad to notice among the men who last year were compelled to face the music, a man who the year before had been especially energetic in the galleries.

To see an English university one should look at it from the don's side rather than the undergraduates. Undergraduates are of

exceedingly little importance. The dons are the essentials of university life; the students are its transient and unimportant incidents. At Yale, when we were juniors, we thought ourselves of consequence. We considered a senior greater than a professor, and the tutors we pretended to hold in no esteem at all. The purpose of the founders of the University of Oxford, as one dispirited and conservative old gentleman told me, was originally not study alone, but study and devotion. The colleges were associations of men who gave their lives to learning and religion. The education of youth was rather an afterthought and an incident. Whether or not the present state of things at Oxford and Cambridge is the result of tradition, it is certainly true that the fellows and masters of the colleges constitute the universities. At Cambridge I had letters to two of the fellows of Trinity; and at Oxford I was the guest for a week of a friend who was a fellow of Oriel. The spirit and social atmosphere of the two universities seemed to me very much the same; almost any statement which might be true of the society of either would be true of the other.

A Fellow, as everybody knows, passes a good examination, and for the rest of his life or until marriage draws from the university an income of from \$1000 to \$2000. For this he is under no obligation to return any labor. Those who reside at the universities are usually tutors or lecturers, and for these services of course receive extra pay. On marriage they are compelled to resign their fellowships. The men who wish to marry, obtain if they can, livings in the Church, school-inspectorships or appointments under governments. Recently the universities have been pressing the abolition of the restriction upon marriage and expecting it from every successive parliament. It is both pleasant and painful, to think of the number of interesting young couples who at this moment are waiting for a word from Mr. Disraeli. A very pretty tale one might make of it. The story of another Evangeline, waiting through long years upon the slow steps of legislation and rising each morning to scan with eager eyes the parliamentary proceedings, might form a good subject for a play or a poem. I examined very few of the considerations in favor of the reform. This one presents itself, however; men are always strangely tempted to what

is forbidden them; celibacy may not be so irksome, if they know they may marry when they choose. Upon the other side I heard a bachelor urge that the university would cease to be such an equal, reasonable, sensible place as it has been heretofore. The women would introduce discord. The wife of a head master would no doubt think herself above a poor tutor's and would give herself airs.

Were it not for the peculiar and easily explained susceptibility of college tutors, the circumstances of their bachelor life are so delightful that one might wonder that even matrimony can tempt them away from it. The physical life is looked after very well. The dinners are fair and the lodgings comfortable. The bachelor can do there what is difficult to do elsewhere: he can live well and dine in pleasant company. He is not solitary as at a club, and the company of congenial men who have the same interests with himself makes the commons dinner infinitely better than any *table d'hôte*. The dons' rooms are of all degrees of comfort and elegance. Some of them are very bare; others are pretty and well-furnished. The rooms of men who have been some time at the university and who have a taste for elegance grow to be pretty; and a pleasantly arranged room, I believe, must always be the result of time. At Merton College, Oxford, I saw an apartment of which the whole front had been made into a bow-window, facing upon a green and humid quadrangle. Its occupant, I remember, showed me among his curiosities a side-board of the 17th century, on which was carved in very bold relief a good part of the events of Genesis. There was a figure of the Lord, about as long as your finger, walking in the garden; and Adam and Eve and the Serpent were engaged in conversation about the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Adam, strange to say, was accompanied by a dog of some choice breed which smelt about his heels in a rather clumsy wooden manner, but very much as fallen canine nature is yet in the habit of doing. Such elegance and curiousness are unusual, I suppose, though many of the rooms are cozy and inviting. The ceilings are low, and low ceilings are warm and pleasant. One is delighted with the sense of the ancient atmosphere, the ample grate, the books upon the shelves and strewn about the tables.

At Cambridge I left my cards and letters, and in walking about the town missed seeing J—, of Trinity, who had called in my absence, but I chanced to meet the Dean of one of the smaller colleges, whom I had known in London, and I accepted his invitation to his college. I went with him the pretty walk behind the colleges, and, reaching his room, found there several of the tutors who had strolled in, and were sitting in the dusk before the grate, waiting for dinner. The dining-hall of the college was small and dimly lighted. There were but three or four of the Fellows present, and we sat together upon a raised platform. An undergraduate read a long grace in Latin. I sat with my back to the wall so that I could look over the Fellows down upon the tables, dim and candle-lit, where the young men dined. The fewness of the undergraduates, and the quiet and dark of the hall gave one a feeling something like that which children have when huddled under a big umbrella. Sitting in talk with these intelligent, unaffected scholars, and having one's heart warmed by their genial converse and kind attention, and with one's only distraction to peep into the dim and quiet ends of the room, how blessed seemed these men's occupations; how pleasant the tenor of their lives; how attractive appeared the comfort, the poetry and solid happiness there is in learning! The hall at Trinity is, I believe, the great place to see. "If they ask you to dine there, mind you go," I was told. But who does not know the pleasure of finding beauties and curiosities of which the almanacs say nothing! I liked to think that the earth contained so happy a spot as this dim hall of Jesus College, unpraised of men and unheralded by the guide-books. I was more diverted with the old side-board at Merton than with the Tower of London.

The next morning the Dean and myself accepted an invitation to breakfast from J—, of Trinity, whom I had heard was one of the cleverest men in Cambridge. We climbed up one of those dark, narrow, perpendicular winding staircases, and knocked upon his door, and our host came out to meet us. He introduced me to two or three others whom he had invited. It was raining, I remember, and the windows of his room looked down upon a dripping garden (garden is the name given to a lawn planted with trees), and a little arched bridge which crossed a stream like a mill-race. The drops fell rapidly against the

window-panes, and it was dark and warm in the large low old room where we breakfasted. My host's conversation was light and witty, and the talk of the table ran much to politics, and that pleasantest and most instructive kind of discourse, gossip. A good deal was said of education, which is one of the most pressing political questions for Great Britain. One gentleman, who was a school inspector, had been driving about England, looking at the private schools everywhere along his route, and examining the teachers and scholars. With the exception of the examination, it struck me that this must be a very pleasant occupation.

There were present at this breakfast several men who, I was told, were very clever, and again, as elsewhere in Cambridge and Oxford, was I struck with a quality of theirs, which if I praise they may laugh at me—I mean their modesty. Some of them were even diffident. It was a pleasure to look at these men, and think, "you know ever so much about international law, and *you* about the Greek philosophy, and nobody knows what *you* can tell us about the particles." My host was a lecturer upon Plato, I believe. We sat together for an hour after breakfast, and I fell to admiring audibly his circumstances and employment. Our conversation was upon topics not usually touched upon by men on the first day of an acquaintance. One of the drawbacks of travel is that natural delicacy which forbids men who are strangers from speaking upon any but trivial subjects. The necessity is sometimes rather hard upon travelers, who are always strangers. But I remember the Trinity lecturer making such a remark as this, that no course of philosophical reading ever gave satisfactory opinions to anybody but a poverty-stricken theorist. I replied that though I had not the least doubt he was right, it was, nevertheless, very good to have tested for oneself the vanity of such a way of getting at the truth. But it is not to be expected that they would appreciate their advantages; scarcely anybody does. My host walked with me about the colleges and promised, if I stayed, that I should see an old gentleman who had been Lord Byron's tutor when that young nobleman was an undergraduate at Trinity.

At Oxford I was for a week the guest of a friend who was a Fellow of Oriel. An Oriel Fellowship has always been, I am told, the undergraduate's blue-ribbon, and

I presume that the men I met there were very excellent specimens of Oxford. The undergraduates had left the university, and the Fellows of Oriel dined, not in hall, but in the wine-room. A curious feature of the meal, the grace, has been, I believe, incorrectly given by visitors. Before dinner they say "*Benedictus benedicat*," and after dinner, *i. e.*, just before dessert, somebody drops his head in the middle of the talk and says "*Benedicto benedicatur*." The room is hung round with pictures of the ancient and recent worthies of the college. A fine and large likeness of Clough looked down upon the warm and pleasant scene. This sort of living, compared with the only bachelor modes of existence I had ever experienced, a club, a boarding-house, or a hotel, seemed perfection. And if the old wainscoted room, and the company of the genial scholars was so pleasing, what did I think one evening when dining at Merton College, famed for the beauty of its gardens, coffee was served in a rustic seat on the lawn, and, as the summer evening came down upon the grass and the still trees, and a star or two came out and brightened, and the towers over us and about us grew grayer and darker, we sat and conversed, and listened far into the twilight.

In a week's stay about Oxford I saw it in many forms and moods. An Oxford quadrangle is the hoariest and most ancient spectacle in my experience. Shut up in one of them at the time of sun-down the impression is particularly strong. One feels the planet to have aged. I found it difficult to conceive that a scene yet strong with the strength of Nature remained anywhere in the world. It was hard to think that beyond the swelling and sinking Atlantic the blue line of the Allegany trembled over the quiet harvests of a familiar valley, or that the stream of the yellow Missouri drowned with disconsolate floods his black slimy islands of sand.

Some of the quadrangles were very gray and somber; others were warm and happy. In the cloisters of Magdalen they have found the flower which best harmonizes with the associations of the place. It is the wild rose. Upon a mid-summer afternoon when Oxford is deserted, when no feet but your own are heard in the cloisters, when the blue air of the quadrangle is warmed to the fill by the sun, there is that in the odor of the flower of wild, yet sweet, of gay, yet yearning, which harmo-

nizes well with the spongy turf, with the moist air thrilled by the sunshine, with the cold recesses of the cloister and the benign silence with which the scene regards your footfall.

The character for learning of the men I met at the universities stands, I suppose, as high as that of the same class of men anywhere in the world. It is a pleasure to me to dwell upon their candor and kindness. I discovered scarcely anything to find fault with. "We grow a very disagreeable specimen of prig here," said one. I did not see him. Here and there I met a man whose playfulness had a somewhat learned flavor and whose speeches might, when repeated, have had a sound of pedantry, but the awkwardness was accompanied by a simplicity which made it rather attractive. I must say, though, that the wit was a little wordy—but that is true of the wit of young college tutors everywhere; their jokes may be said to have extension, their jests and quips remind one of the gambols of a Newfoundland pup. The older men, where they were not more solemn, had rather more pith and point. But the wit of scholars is apt to be diluted, just as is that of the man of fashion, though from a different cause. The wit of the man of fashion shares the general feebleness of his nature; that of the scholar is poor because he does not see enough of life; because the situations in which he is an actor or a looker on are not sufficiently numerous, various and rapidly successive.

What especially strikes the visitor at the universities, is their way of speaking the unadulterated truth; it does not occur to them that anything else should be spoken. They have their pretenders and humbugs in England just as here, men who live and thrive by the inevitable folly and inattention of the mass of the community. Some poor offspring of a lucky talent and a lucky opportunity wins applause and place and profit with scarcely a struggle. Some light creature gets the start of this tremendous world and is swept onward like a leaf. Oxford and Cambridge are the places to hear these men called by their right names. It is just as well that most people do not indulge in such plain speaking, for most people would be apt to be mistaken. But at the universities there are many thinking, educated men, whose opinions are tolerably apt to be correct. They are very little troubled with that charity which will

say no ill of your neighbor because the report of it may come to your neighbor's ear. They have no axes to grind, no ulterior aims, no policies. One evening at Oxford a well known name was mentioned, and the whole company at once agreed that he was an ass. That was my own opinion, but had I mentioned it among people more polite and circumspect, I should have been thought, if not a jealous and deprecatory person, at least a very rash one—or, perhaps, one of those envious detractors who go about tearing the reputations of the great and good. The man was certainly dull and talkative, yet he deserved respect of a kind. There was an acerbity, however, in the comment which his folly did not quite explain. Why should they so go out of the way to abuse a comparatively unimportant man for merely being an ass? This point was naïvely met by one ingenious young accuser, who said, "After all, the only thing I have against him is that he's a successful man." To one exceedingly vivacious, agreeable and original old gentleman who had been an inmate of Oxford pretty much since his nursery days, I mentioned a much praised book, and asked his opinion of it. It was in some department of political science upon which I should not have ventured to express an opinion. He said promptly that there was a great deal more talk than thought in it. "Why," I asked, "the best reviewers call it a triumph for England, and the critics give you the impression that the writer has a deal more of modest merit than reputation." "That is just what I say," he replied, "the success

of the work has been made by the press; the book is a fair one, and the author is a competent man, but it is wordy and in no way remarkable."

English writers upon this country have given us the impression that their scholars are less men of the world than our own. I found the young men at Oxford and Cambridge very greatly interested in matters outside their universities. Many of them, I thought, were piqued by the social power which the aristocracy still retains in England, for no men are better placed than themselves to see how belated is the entire face of their society. Not a few of them have aspirations for political careers. Many of them are barristers and have chambers in London, some few conducting cases, but most of them waiting for them. For men who are only students and citizens of the world, the greatest city in Europe is but two hours away. It is they who get most out of university life. They may infest, if they choose, those old quadrangles of Oxford for a lifetime; the ends of Europe are within two days of them. The physical man and the eating, drinking and sleeping man are well enough cared for. They have the great libraries, and the constant society of cultivated men in such numbers that they may look about among themselves for suitable acquaintance. They have for a home one of the most beautiful places in the world. There is scarcely a happy circumstance of a scholar's life which fortune and the generous wisdom of the men who have been through centuries the custodians of the university have denied them.

ORDRONNAUX.

PART II.

In the letter of cordial thanks that came presently to Emilia from the unknown, this time with the postmark of the distant city, an address was given to which she might send a reply. There was a little fire on her hearth, for the mornings and nights were now cool among the hills; Emilia laid the note with its two forerunners on the coals, and watched them shrivel and blaze ere she wrote the reply whose idea she at first had flouted.

"I have burned your letters. They were most kind—too kind for me. I do not know how you found me out. I do not know what makes me trust you so—perhaps my need. But I must try to do my duty alone."

She mailed the letter herself, walking to the village post-office. The woods through which she went on the side of the Cliff were in the perfect ripeness of their green growth; sometimes a red branch holding

out a torch to illuminate the mossy depths where all wild vines and briars ran riot over the sharp and scattered fragments fallen from the Cliff a century since; sometimes a wilderness of withered ferns and brakes spreading in the shadow a field of the cloth of gold. A royal wealth of asters and golden-rods glistening with gossamers lined all the path, and here and there a brook, swollen by the early rains, rushed down the wayside steep, a torrent of raging silver falling from the clouds, and gentians and maiden-hair received the spray. The year rested like a full tide whose ebb one has not begun to perceive, and Emilia felt the cheeriness soothe her perturbation. But coming out upon the open country, and seeing the soft low-hanging mists half veiling the winy and golden mosaic of the meadows, and seeing the mountains clothe themselves in new forms and tender colors as she walked, the earthly purple slopes, with all their bloom of distance, refining into the clearer light of infinity and heaven, she felt at odds with the great peace and beauty. "I am nothing but an atom," she said. "This hard nature goes on the same whether I am wretched or happy. What difference does it make whether I am good or bad?" And she went along, with her wounds freshly opened. As she came inside the gates she met Ordronnaux waiting to make the customary ceremonious adieux ere he rode to the station, amusing himself the while with the prancing of his badly broken horse. He smiled as she approached. "Good-bye," he cried. "I shall be gone perhaps ten days," and he reined up his horse beside her, but did not dismount. "Now," he said gayly, "if I were a knight in an old ballad, you would step upon my foot and climb behind me, and 'cast your arms about me,' and we should ride away and see the world together!" It was but lately he could have spoken in that light manner to Emilia.

"How can you mock me so?" she said, and hurried on.

If Emilia were solitary now, there was presently a certain freedom in the solitude, a comprehension that at last Ordronnaux cared for her so little that she should be annoyed no more by his anxieties, which sent her spirits up a buoyant and defiant height, and made her feel capable of wild and daring action; and it was an unfortunate time for another letter to arrive from the unknown, for she would surely answer it.

And another letter came from him, re-

fusing to be silenced, pronouncing their correspondence as legitimate as that of any other friendship, declaring himself, in deferentially masked, but unmistakable language, no votary, no lover, saying that through great trouble which had befallen him he needed her consolation as she needed his.

Emilia, of course, failed to see the impertinence of the very existence of this letter. Otherwise, there was a certain delicacy and firmness in its tone that was agreeable to her. When it went on with some slight confidences, it interested her. In years he was not far before her, but in experience, in sensation, he was a generation her senior, the writer said,—trusting possibly to Emilia's literal reception of his words,—and when they met, if ever, he should be older still by all the crowded experiences of the enterprise he was about to undertake. And he urged her to write to him freely, to write the small incidents of her days, her thoughts, and fancies—a distraction to her, and a delight to him.

And Emilia did.

If her correspondent were one who had any design of evil, he must have been surprised at the simplicity of her letters, awestruck, in a degree, at the innocence and purity of her soul as those letters translated it, while week by week passed and they still came, speaking of her uneventful life, the books she read, the sights she saw, the reflection those sights kindled—letters dealing at first with little but outside objects, then lingering with enthusiasm over the account of some book she had come across in the great dark library, till stimulated by replies, they hurried on towards emotional and personal confessions, guileless and trifling confidings of a hitherto unsoiled nature ignorant of the wrong and dangers here, but confidings which opened the way to closest intimacy. In one letter she had to tell of the autumn burning of the brush at night, and the huge apparitions of the burners passing before the blaze from vast star-lit darkness to darkness, and of the contrast between that Dantean scene and that of the first snow on the Chieftain's head, one blushing sunrise just as the Indian summer came. And if, in reply, he warned her against becoming the spectator at scenic effects of nature rather than the sharer of nature's moods and phases, it only gave her a greater sense of security in writing. In another letter she told him of her climbing the hill in the late autumn

morning to see a rainbow slowly throwing its arch along, and building across the hills beneath. "A wondrous sight;" she wrote, "the edge of a far blue hill grew green and vivid, then the yellow light broke in a flash beyond, like a wave whose foam was rosy, and as the rose, the gold, the green, came on, the violet followed, the mists rose to make it, weaving to and fro a web spun of the very dew of the morning, so airy, so unsubstantial, and yet, as the arch sprang whole and perfect, so firm and so fixed, that I could think only of the solid stones at the foundation of the earth, the shining stones, rather, at the foundation of the City of God, you remember, with its chrysoprased, its jacinth and amethyst. St. John must have climbed a mountain-top, and have seen just such a thing as this beneath him before he told of the rainbow like an emerald round the throne."

"Do you think so?" the answer came. "For my part, I imagine the prophet, as the poet, needs no more actual sight than the inner apocalyptic vision. You and I are perhaps far enough from the City of God,—I am, I know,—and need to climb the heights; but to St. John in the desert, that City descended out of heaven. Yet you have interpreted the meaning of your rainbow, the everlasting firmness of the great viewless laws, better than words interpret music."

"I am in the desert too," she wrote; "and your letters are bringing me a heavenly peace there. And peace in my house, too,—for, as the master of it comes and goes, I can even pity him that he has no such resource, such haven as I have, and can feel some interest in his existence, some sorrow for his state, and the eyes of his dead mother do not pain me as they did. And now that the winter is all about me, and I am shut in by one of its great white, whirling, moonlighted storms, I feel like a cradled child."

"I am glad you are at peace," he wrote, "It ought to give me peace to know it. But alas!—still there is for me the next thing to peace—effort; and for that all directions are open. What if, while you harmonize the elements of your life, I should lose myself striving to complete a harmony only less perfect than spiritual unisons can be? Do you recall, in the little book I sent you, that conception of a future art in which the great science and beauty of color should be developed as fully as that of sound has been? Since

nobody feels more keenly than I what may be the opulence of the unrevealed reserves of color in the dark and chemic rays, nobody exults more keenly in the depths of the unexhausted wells of color that we have, why shall not I begin the development? To me a sheet of clear and pure tint, be it blush or blue or amber, gives rapturous and inmost satisfaction; and let such colors flow into one another with soft counterchange and silvery blooms, and I have the delight that a perfect strain of music gives. Think then, to those who love absolute color passionately, what some great symphony, founded on the seven colors as on the seven tones, might be, with the palpitating glow and gloom, the combination of its chords, the magnificent movement of its members through all delicious fluctuation to complete correspondence and marriage! Think of a chromata in violet minor, with its radiant correlations! Think of that fancy of Hæwels' of delicate 'melodies composed of single floating lights, changing and melting from one slow intensity to another, through the dark, until some tender dawn of opal from below might perchance receive the last fluttering pulse of ruby light and prepare the eye for some new passage of exquisite color!' Well, somebody is to discover the notation from which these marvels are to be produced—why not I? Somebody is to discover the instruments, and decide whether they shall appeal to chemistry or to electricity. To my mind those instruments are all ready for the final touch; for since color, as well as sound, is the result of vibration, all that is necessary may be to combine the initial of light and sound, which it would seem that electricity could do in some attachment to the present musical instrument; so that the strings, for instance, should produce the vibration requisite to render the violet rays, the brass the brilliant yellows, the wood the deep rich reds. Think then of the orchestra that in producing any matchless piece,—the Italian Symphony,—shall translate every tone into its own color, or rather every color into its own tone, and you sit with all that changing splendor entrancing your soul to the accompaniment of its perfect music! Yet, I suppose, it is not for this generation to do, but for one whose childhood is the master of many sciences. I suppose that generation is to come; for since education in the parent becomes instinct in the child, there cannot but some

day spring up a great perfect race on our ashes!"

Fanciful speculations—but these, and such as these, beguiled Emilia from herself. How different, she thought, from the tame and commonplace action of Ordronnaux' mind, as she had seen it! And, in return, she poured out her own ideas as freely, revealing artlessly an organization open on every side to the impulses of beauty, and responding to sweet influences like a living growth still adding to its wealth and strength. It would have been evident that she was young, and that she had a nature to be moulded, but with an individuality withal which it was a fascination to discover, and which to discover was to love—an individuality indeed capable of caprices of shy and sullen reserve to-day, and bountiful confession to-morrow; with a temper that had needed some hot annealing of trouble; with a heart ready as a rose to open with all its burden in its own time under fostering suns, but not to be torn apart by rude fingers without destruction. It would be no wonder if the reader of letters so simple, so sweet, so confiding as hers, came to share the fate of all who knew Emilia,—had he begun in hate he could have ended only in love,—if he abandoned himself at last to his passion.

Emilia did not vex herself much at this time about Ordronnaux, nor did he trouble her much with his presence. Tolerably well aware that the old adoration of her beauty was over and done with, she paid little heed to his movements, and never asked herself if his love were capable of arising all the stronger from that reaction. Whether he had penetrated the secret of her letters, or not, never crossed her mind, for it never crossed her mind that it was a secret. When she saw him, outside her window, spending half the day breaking in his great black stallion, she was forced to admire the two animals together, outlined against the snow, as she admired any bronze in the hall; but, in general, his disquiet, his constant going and coming, his curious scrutiny of herself, his abrupt remarks sometimes, sometimes his strangely gentle air, the undecipherable smile with which she more than once found him regarding her, the way in which he ceased in the midst of what he was saying, and suddenly strode from the room, were all to her but parts of the unaccountable and rather disagreeable behavior of one from whom she expected nothing better and to

which she gave no second thought. Giving it no second thought, of course she saw no struggle between love and indignation and reproach.

And thus, as the winter had folded more and more closely its white curtains about Emilia, the passage of these letters had been her reliance. There was a strange cold splendor in the air, and the icy glare from the huge Cliff,—which she had so often longed to push out of the way,—walled her out from the world like the frost of the tomb. Her friends had not come at Christmas, having been detained by the great storms, the cause she imagined of her correspondent's delay in carrying out the enterprise he had spoken of, which she had taken for granted was a long tour, but of which he had made no further mention. Ordronnaux was away a good deal, often kept away by impenetrable drifts; sometimes he was gone on dangerous hunting expeditions for days together—lying at the bottom of some cruel rift, for all she knew, among these hills that seemed to her like vast creatures of some primordial origin crying out to one another now and then in the thunder of an avalanche upon the silent night. When Ordronnaux was at home he spent long hours in the library by himself. But she obeyed the wish that he had expressed, and dressed every evening as for an occasion; she thought, perhaps, that as he had made the beauty his property he had a right to see it set as he chose, or possibly in the general kindness that was pervading her she was willing to afford him pleasure, possibly she could no longer feel towards him as once she did—for there are emotional and mental processes of unscrutable secrecy even to their possessor. There might have been something heart-piercing in the sight of her, with all her pulsating bloom and brightness, as remote in that world of her own thoughts as if she were a being of another race, another planet. She was no longer the splendid and stately woman, wearing a dignity of wifehood, but a beautiful young girl again, light-footed, light-hearted, kindly spoken, breaking into carols as she moved about the house, living in the hidden little life of her own dreams. Whether Ordronnaux had undergone any new change in her regard or not, sometimes he seemed to feel all this, and he threw down his book and walked the room, where they were sitting, by the half hour. Once as he came in, bringing a

puff of frosty air with him, from the piazza where he had been stalking, he went and leaned over her chair, watching the bright flower she wrought; as she glanced up she saw there was a strange light on his face, his lips were parted, his face fevered. "Are you ill, again?" she exclaimed. But he shook his head and walked away. Presently she looked up once more. "I am not good company for you, am I?" she said. "I did not think till lately that it must be dull for you. Would you like to have me sing to you?" And she went to the piano, and sang. He followed, and turned the leaves for her; now and then he joined in, but only now and then, as if his voice were not quite under his control, as if it were unequal to the weight of some emotion. When she rose, she held the edge of the piano, as if it were all she could do, as she said: "Do you know—I am going to make a confession!"

"It is I that should make confession!" he cried warmly.

"Oh no, indeed, she said in that calm silver treble. "You have done so much to make me contented here, and I have been so ungracious! I—that is—if—we cannot be more, we can at least be friends?" and she held her hand winningly towards him, in amazement to see him wheel about and march out of the room. And she heard him treading the crisp snow outside, followed by his dogs.

The letters, and the emotions they aroused, had been having a softening effect on Emilia; she had discerned a glimmer of her culpability in rendering Ordronnaux' home offensive to him; she had made her effort, and the repulse mortified and confounded her. She stood a moment, silent and wondering and affronted, and then she went to her own room and took refuge with her unknown friend and her letters; and she had the field to herself, for Ordronnaux was away again at daybreak.

Emilia began to live simply from letter to letter, to reckon her time by them; the delay of one depressed and its hastening elated her. Presently she was modelling her thoughts and ways after the ideas and wishes that she gathered thus, looking at the universe through another's eyes; and, all the time, she was doing her utmost to be worthy of this friendship—a friendship of high philosophy, she would have told you, since not a word had yet occurred in all these letters to put her on her

guard. If a letter lingered now, she fancied her friend were ill, and she was in a flutter of apprehension till she heard; when, as many times, a heavy snow blocked the trains and no mails came, she walked the house like an unquiet ghost, realizing what it would be to her if those letters never came again, warm and flushed with an access of gratitude that they had come so long, trembling directly lest the mind she so valued should one day outgrow her and have no more to say to her at all. Poor Ordronnaux' telegrams, that from time to time were forwarded from the station, she hardly glanced at thoroughly.

One March morning there came a letter which she opened with her usual haste, and her face fell to see that, instead of the long pages of delight, there were but four lines—he was to be in that portion of the country and would delay over a train, and be that day in the light wood where he, unseen, had seen her walk, if she cared to meet him.

If she cared to meet him! Now she might have known how she had cared by the eager way in which the blood surged up and crimsoned all her face, by the shaking of her hands as she dressed herself hastily, without a thought of her appearance, thinking only of what she was to see, and hurrying impetuously along, for it was ten o'clock, and at ten he had said he would be there.

She entered the wood where, every day, she walked, and through which there was always a trodden path. The naked boughs let in the sunshine, and here and there the crust had thawed from the mossy stones. The red hips of the wild rose, the skeleton seed-vessels of the gerardia, the brown leaves still clinging to a young oak, the swelling buds on the trees, all gave the place a sort of stir and life, even in that nipping air. Through openings of the lichened stems, looking down over the low country, she could see the dazzle of the sunshine, and the blue melting to a soft wide blush along the far horizon and giving a pale flame-like aureole to all the pointed pines. Once in a while a branch caught her and detained her, a black crow rose flappingly and startled her, a dark green hemlock shivered in the wind and shook down its silver weight about her. She thought nothing could be more beautiful than this walk through the yet winter wood to meet the person on whom it seemed to her now her whole world swung. She had not stopped to

fasten the white fur cloak, with its black fox edgings and blue linings that she wore, her chestnut hair, gilded in the sunshine, was blown from under her hood, her cheeks were damask in the fresh wind, her eyes were glowing, her mouth was dimpled with its eager smile; she heard a footstep and half paused, her heart in her throat. Now she should see him, the one who had given a value to life, the hero whose dimly seen, dimly remembered face she had never been able to recall—and Ordronnaux came round the curve of the path, walking from the station with his knapsack on his shoulder. "Have you come to meet me?" he cried, extending his hand. "How did you know I had come? I did not telegraph, purposely—I thought I should surprise you." He had surprised her. And of course there was nothing to do but to turn about, half stupefied, with Ordronnaux, and walk quietly back again, gathering one dead thing and another as she choked back childish tears of disappointment. Once in her own room again, she let those tears come in a flood. A salt and bitter flood. But out of no bitterer or saltier flood was it that once before Love rose!

For, as the drops were still falling through Emilia's fingers she snatched her hands from her face and looked about her in a sudden horror, a scorching blush tingled over her like a wave of hot air, from head to foot, her tears seemed to turn to fire, she bounded to her feet and wrung her hands, and went and hid her face, and wished that she had never been born. In one moment she had seen the precipice upon which she stood. On which she stood? Say rather the height from which she had fallen, from which she had fallen here among all corrupt things!

She dragged herself through the day, and dressed and descended to dinner, daring to do nothing else; and though Ordronnaux had much to talk of that was pleasant,—for he had been at Harriman's wedding, to excuse herself from which she had used the pretext of a cold,—yet never was there so long or so cruel an evening as that, before she could hide herself in darkness.

In the week that followed now, Emilia endured anguish. Forsaken, she felt, disgraced. Because aware of them herself at last, she made sure that her sensations were recognized and known by their object also—that was the reason he neither came nor made explanation, not because Ordronnaux was on the train, for why

should that have hindered him? No, she was served as she deserved. The sharpest pang of all was that—as she deserved! She dared not hope for another letter; she was self-convicted of crime in the wish for one; she felt that she had become a thing unfit ever to enter again into communication with the mind that seemed to her like some far white spirit. Blame for him, in the casuistry of her love, she did not dream of; he was a friend simply and entirely; it was she, a wife, on whom all the blame must rest—how could, how could she have drifted here, how could she have so far forgotten herself as to write in the beginning! Her own self-reproach was too vivid to let her dwell on his share, or in her simplicity to remember that he was a man, in the current of the world, who knew what he was about. And yet she longed for a single word; she shivered one instant at the possibility that, after all, he might not know, might never know, and she despaired the next—*she* knew! If she had not lost already, loss, inevitable loss, only to be bridged by death, was before her, she saw. But she had not reached the point of any serious thought, everything with her yet was in the ferment of emotion. Her nerves were all alive; she started at every sound; she cringed at Ordronnaux' most quiet words; she knew what he had suffered now, and she paused, even in the midst of her pain, wishing she could make some reparation. When, in the game of chess that he one night proposed, he took her ice-cold hand in his, to move her pawn and she felt the heat and the pulse and the tremor there, she burst into tears. But Ordronnaux seemed to take no notice of these moods—why should he, after all that had gone before?

At length, as Emilia sat, heavy-eyed and pale at the breakfast-table, hoping for nothing any more, the letters being brought in, it happened that Ordronnaux handed Emilia hers. He would have been blind not to see the wild light that suddenly ran like summer lightning through her eyes. She sat on thorns, hearing him read from one of his letters that Harriman would be there that day with Alice and Louise, and that Colonel Greve would join them by a later train; trying vainly to drink her coffee; conscious of Ordronnaux' frequent gaze until his departure warranted her own, and she could tear open her letter.

It was not the letter that Emilia had ex-

pected or hoped for. As she read it, alone in her room, her heart leaped up and almost stifled her with its swift beatings. In the first moment she clasped it to her breast with ecstasy, in the next she had whirled it from her to the floor. But she ran and seized it again, kissed it passionately, and hurried up and down the room with it as a caged creature does, or as one might go whose feet were winged with joy.

"You see of course it was impossible to go," he said. "And perhaps it was as well. For, let me say it,—if I had seen you come smiling towards me, your soul in your face, all eager and glad to meet me, I could not have done anything but take you to my heart! Yes, I have written it! Now you know—what yet you must have known before. I love you! I love you! I love you! Does this seem recreant? To have seen your beautiful spirit unfolding like a flower in these months, and have done otherwise, had been recreant indeed! When I think—as I do think!—that you also, you—No, it is not for me to speak. I ask nothing. Never to my gaze may the eye brighten or the cheek redden, never may I feel the dear hair touch my face—yet with a word, a word, you can lead me out of darkness into light. But say it or not, it shall be enough for me to know that I love you and

‘In the midmost heart of grief
My passion clasps a secret joy!’"

It would have been out of the question for Emilia to go down stairs again that day, but for the fact that Captain Harriman and his party were coming and she must brace herself to the exertion. And in the meantime what was she to do? Answer the letter—she could not. But as she lay on the lounge, that first fervor of her passion spent, a lock of her loosened hair fell across her neck; she rose quickly and took the scissors and severed it, and wrapping the bright and fragrant tress in an envelope, without so much as a single pencilling inside, she directed it with the usual address, and rang the bell and ordered it to be sent with the other letters to the post—nor did she know that Ordronnaux himself took the letters to the post that day on the way to meet his guests. But what lover could have desired a dearer answer, could have had a tenderer?

She was in her wrapper still when they came, and her heart warm now to all the

world, she ran flying down the stairs to receive them, though the wealth of that unbraided hair was still streaming about her, radiant with the happiness she had not yet begun to sift or search, into which realization of sin or sorrow or separation had not come, the rose burning on her cheek the smiles hanging on her lips; and Ordronnaux, having directed Harriman, who had been there before and knew the house, to his quarters, attended them to the sitting-room, where, sooth to say, he had not been before since he first brought Emilia home. There was a peculiar excitement about Ordronnaux that day—you could not tell whether it was the unquiet of joy or trouble; but Emilia had no eyes to see it. Alice and Louise flitted about the room, looking at this thing and that; Ordronnaux standing by the fireplace and once in a while stealing a look at Emilia where she sat, the moment that any one ceased talking to her, wrapped again in her rosy dream. And presently the dressing-bell rang. "This will never do," said Ordronnaux. "Will you show Mrs. Harriman her room, Emilia—the oriel? I sent Harriman there. And Louise, you said, you would put in the south gable. I suppose Colonel Greve will be along directly, but John will take care of him."

"He was to come in the express," said Louise, "and bribe the conductor to let him off at your station."

"I shall be glad to meet him at last; he is an elusive fellow, a sort of Myth of a Man who did Supernatural things with a battery."

"Prodigies!" said Alice.

"That opens a new field," exclaimed Ordronnaux.

"The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

Ladies, you have a half hour to settle the affair and show this recluse the fashions!"

"What a perfect place, Emilia!" they cried, as she led the way to the south gable. "And how lovely you look! How happy you are!"

"It is a lonesome place," she answered, lest they should discover her confusion.

"You say that to hide yourself, Emilia!" cried Alice gayly. "Nothing is lonesome where your husband is! Oh, I could live here forever with—"

She paused, blushing, and Emilia blushed too, blushed red and redder with a

stinging blush that seemed to burn and brand itself upon her. In the presence of this pure and faithful young wife she could not say a word, for she remembered the thing she had just done.

Perhaps it did not need the violet velvet that she wore to heighten the color of her cheek, when Emilia had descended to dinner, and make Ordronnaux feel a thrill coursing through him at the spectacle of her loveliness, as she stood talking with Harriman while they waited for Colonel Greve. Was it the too abundant light, was it the heat that suddenly brought a deathly pallor to blanch Emilia's face? She grasped the back of the chair beside her, her heart was giving such throbs that it seemed all the room could hear them, she glanced at Ordronnaux in a terror to see him start, and tremble and turn as white himself. For fate had found him out. The gentleman who, as the servant announced Col. Greve, left his crutch and came forward to be presented to his host and hostess, was no other than the hero of the white rose.

Emilia bent before him, as cold and pallid that moment as a corpse. But Ordronnaux had recovered himself and was beside her, taking the Colonel's hand and welcoming him with pleasant cordiality. Then the new-comer passed to Louise. "I declare," he said under his breath, "your friend, the hostess, is the most wonderful piece of mechanism I ever saw! Is it wax or marble? You don't pretend to call it flesh and blood? Does she ever speak? It is Inez de Castro over again! Now I will tell you a secret," he said, taking her fan. "That is the rival I have held over your head! But I should hardly have known her. How did I ever dare to give her a flower! You see she has not forgiven the liberty!" And then the butler had entered and the wonderful piece of mechanism had taken his arm and they were at the table. As Emilia raised her eyes to him a moment, she saw that he wore upon the lapel of his coat a little Scotch white rose. Ordronnaux saw it too, and he was grinding his teeth at the strange coincidences of chance while he sent the Colonel his sherry.

But if Emilia had been able to utter any words during the dinner, beyond those of simplest civility, she had no opportunity; for never had she heard or seen Ordronnaux precisely as then—it was true that circumstances never allowed it before, for gracious coolness on the part of a *vis-à-vis*

does not promote conversational talent. But now, as if some hidden sting urged him, jest and epigram sparkled from his lips, and even Emilia was obliged to listen and to question what ailed him, and to remember by and by

"That frail blaze of excellence that neighbors death,"

as, restlessly brilliant, with an artificial gayety, perhaps, that hid a trouble behind its coruscation, he kept Colonel Greve engaged so constantly that there was no possibility of his addressing an undertone to his hostess, had he desired it, until the evening ended—as it did very early, on account of the long journey to that place on the winter hills.

As Emilia sat on the hassock in her sitting-room, a few moments after the separation down stairs, cowering over the fallen ashes, white and cold, and totally bewildered, unable to comprehend or reconcile the events of the day, clasping her hands on her forehead with a sense that she must be going distracted, Ordronnaux rapped upon the door leading from his own rooms, and, without waiting for permission, came in. He went to the long window, and lingered there a moment, listening to the great wind that swept by, and looking out silently at the picture there—the light of the unseen moon flooding all the hollow of the sapphire sky, where the snow-clad mountain peak hung like a giant crystal glittering in many colors on the dark. Then he came and threw some logs upon the fire,—for though it had melted that April day in the sun, it was still winter among those hills.

As the odorous black birch began to snap and send up its jets of flame, she looked up and saw him leaning an arm upon the mantel-shelf, and gazing down at her.

"Emilia, my dear wife," said he then, gently, "can you listen to something I have to say to you?"

She could not speak; she made a motion with her hand.

"Do you remember," he said, "that once I swore to you to make you happy? Well—in what I have to say I want still to give you the least pain, the greatest happiness I may. I think it was early last Fall that you received a letter, without signature, from a person who, by an *équivoque*, implied that he had given you a white rose?"

She looked up heavily, as he went on,

not so much astonished, perhaps, as stunned.

"You did not reply to the letter," he said; "though in response to the next one, you wore at your throat the flower you were asked to wear; and you answered the third by an attempt to end the matter."

"Yes," she said, slowly.

"But others followed. You were persuaded that you had a right to exchange letters with a friend. You thought of no imprudence. Soon you enjoyed the letters."

"Yes," she said, again.

"As your friend sketched out his plans, and hopes, and thoughts, you also confided in him. There was nothing to hide from one who knew already of your married unhappiness. You told him all the delicate imaginings and desires that had been concealed—from me, at least—that—perhaps he kindled?"

"Yes!" she said again.

"As you so hesitatingly, and then so freely, revealed to him the reserves of your nature, that friend became your lover. He appointed a day to meet you. With disappointment you met only me."

"Yes," she said.

"A week afterward you received from him a passionate declaration. That was this morning. And your reply——"

"Do not think," she said, stolidly, with her dry lips, "that I should not in time have told you all this."

"And do not think that I should have troubled you about it. I do not know," said Ordronnaux, leaving her and walking up and down after his habit, "I cannot say how it would have ended; but for the accident to-night of this man and his accursed white rose, this man whom I recognized and whom you did, as the one who dropped his flower on your book." He came back and stood before her again. "Once you playfully declared that you had a confession to make," said he, "and I answered that it was I who should make confession. Are you listening? Emilia, it was I that wrote you the letters."

She lifted her head, and stared at him a moment. "It is impossible," she said.

"No," said Ordronnaux, advancing a step, with a flush on his dark face. "It is not impossible; it is true. When I recovered from the illness in which what I had endured all summer ended, I felt that my love for you had burned out, and that if I kept the ashes warm with a pleasant

indifference, it was as much as I could hope. And then, as I saw you pursuing a cold precision of duty, I wondered if you suffered no pang of reproach, of pity, if you had reason to be satisfied with yourself. I resolved to test you. I wrote you the first letter——"

"I do not believe you!" she cried. "It was not your handwriting!"

"You never saw my handwriting, Emilia; you never saw my handwriting other than in those letters. I always telegraphed you, if you will remember. I swear to you I wrote them——"

She sprang up and stood before him, trembling from head to foot.

"Pray, hear the whole," cried Ordronnaux, and he took her hands and gently placed her in the great arm-chair that he wheeled where the flicker of the firelight fell on her with all the wild beauty of that changing spot on her cheek; that fixed luster in her eye, that quiver on her lip.

"I will tell you the truth," he said. "I was sorry when you came to the greenhouse and took that white rose from me." He paused a moment, taking up one thing and another from the shelf and putting it down again, as he leaned over the blaze, and did not look at her. "And then I was reckless," he continued. "I said I would see it through; I would see what you were made of; it could do me no harm. Perhaps I thought——" he faltered; "yes, perhaps I was so base," he said, slowly, "as to think that if the bond that had loosened grew irksome, here would be the means of destroying it in my own hand. Yet that was but momentary, a momentary madness. When your first letter came,——that little, heart-broken letter,——it touched me. I had the world before me; you had nothing. I said to myself I would lighten your days a little, if any human interest could do it; and so I wrote. And then——you know the rest," said Ordronnaux.

"As week by week those letters unfolded all your spirit, and I had the very bloom of your being there, the love that had died for your fair face, your lips, your smile, was born again for the sweet soul that I was discovering. This morning, this very morning, I handed you the letter which contained the avowal of that love. This morning I had your reply." And he drew from his breast the long lock of bright brown hair, and pressed it to his lips. Emilia reached forward, and snatched it from his hand and threw it on the fire. The flame caught it,

and it curled and writhed, snake-like, to a cinder.

"What do I care?" cried Ordronnaux, imperiously. "You love me. At last I know you love me!" And he bent toward her with his open arms.

"Never!" cried Emilia, drawing doggedly away. "Never! If what you say is true, you have killed the man I loved! I never loved a man who was capable of practicing a fraud!"

Ordronnaux rose, and stood as if a blow had been dealt him. "You are right," he said, hoarsely, after a while. "Before God, Emilia, I never looked at it so till now. I should have told you that fraud and an Ordronnaux——"

"Yes," she cried, suddenly, "a fraud! Oh, all you dead and gone Ordronnaux, that from these walls have been accusing me of crime this long, long week, now you see where all your boasted honor ends! Ends in the man who beguiles his own wife from virtue, and betrays her!"

There was a moment's silence, in which you heard the drop drip from the eaves.

"Emilia," said Ordronnaux then, still gently. "If I have done wrong, are you the one to have no mercy on me?"

Another silence, and then for answer there came a tempest of tears.

"Is it true," said he, when the tears had passed, and there had been no sound in the room save the keening of the wind and the falling and shattering of one icicle and another for many minutes, "is it true that I have killed your ideal? Is there nothing left from which you can revive it? No love of beauty and of heaven? No aspiration? No sympathy in books, in music, in color? No personal interest whatever? After this winter's companionship in those letters, can you live alone and live at all? I loved your soul, Emilia—I thought that you loved mine!"

He turned away. And then he came back passionately. He stooped and took her, impassive, in his arms, he kissed her unreturning lips in one long throbbing kiss—a kiss that was half a sob. Then he released her and went back to the window, where he had lingered when he first came in. The room suffocated him, it seemed as if his brain were on fire, he threw open the valves and stepped out upon the little balcony—an instant too soon; for there came the swift rush and muffled thunder of an avalanche of snow and ponderous icicle from the gable-end

above, and Emilia saw Ordronnaux fall beneath the shock, saw him as if that, like all the rest, were a part of some bad dream.

But with the next heart-beat,—whether it were an instinct of common humanity that stirred in her, or whether that long melting kiss had warmed her back to newer, richer life,—she started from her chair, and had seized Ordronnaux' shoulders and had dragged him in, the snow with him, had flung together the valves of the window behind him, and was kneeling over him while the flashing of the firelight disclosed to her the white sharp face as fixed as death, whiter for the thread of blood that trickled from a wound beneath the hair. And in that instant a withering sense may have overwhelmed her of what she lost in losing Ordronnaux—the companionship, the sympathy, the love of which he spoke. "I loved your soul, too!" she cried out. "Speak to me, look at me! You kissed me a moment since," she said, her face on his, "kiss me again, Oh Ordronnaux, my love, my husband!"

A quiver crept through the frame she half upheld. Even in that trance, the twin of death, he must have felt that cry. His pulse fluttered, his heart was beating in great plunges—yet he dared not open his eyes at once, lest it should all be naught, till again he felt the touch of that soft cheek, of those warm, trembling lips, and his own lips answered and detained them.

The moon came round, with all her purple shadows, and looked at them sitting there before the dying embers, in that rapturous hour of recital, of forgiveness, of passion—an hour borrowing something of its bliss from the sorrow it had so nearly touched, from the sorrow yet to come! On what a bright world the sun would rise, they thought! What messages of cheer, though the household were about them, would flash between the eyes of husband and of wife conscious of the glad new secret of their happiness! What a future splendid with hope, rich with possession stretched before them!

"I must forgive you," said Emilia, pushing back the bright fallen hair. "Yet, oh! how can you forgive me! It was such a fatal flaw in me—I see it all now—I was so ignorant! But your love must be to me like God's love——"

"And it was no fatal flaw in me?" he cried. "Oh, my darling, the forgiving is all done before we reach heaven! Do you know, Emilia, when you recalled me to

life there, a little while ago, with that kiss, that kiss, my wife, that led me out of darkness into light, I said to myself that I was dead, that I was in heaven."

"You thought you deserved heaven then?" she said archly.

"At any rate, I have it!" cried Ordronaux. And let us hope he had. For the icy spear had done its work, its slow and hidden work. And, as his head fell forward with those words, the man who held her in his arms was dead.

(CONCLUDED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mr. Beecher's Case.

IF any of our readers care to refer to the number of this magazine dated January, 1873, they will find under the title, "The Popular Capacity for Scandal," all that we have ever cared to say concerning the scandal in Plymouth Church, recently and forever exploded. There never was any probability in it. The idea that Mr. Beecher, who had carried a pure name through life, should, after having lived to be nearly sixty years old, reared a family, and been subjected to the most tremendous draughts upon his vitality, gone out of his way to seduce an innocent member of his own flock,—the wife of a personal friend, to whom he had married her,—was simply preposterous. The absurdity of it is greater when it is remembered that his life had not been a brutal one, but one in which the nobler sentiments had always been those receiving special culture. The crime charged against him is probably the last toward which he would have been tempted. We say there never was any probability in it, regarded purely from a physiological point of view; and when we remember that the person who originated it continued to cling to the nest which he professed to believe was dishonored by repeated crimes against its purity, the improbability grew, in all practical results, to impossibility.

It is strange that these two circumstances,—Mr. Beecher's age, his relations and the spiritual character of his culture, and his accuser's condonation of the offense which he professed to believe his wife had committed,—had not opened the eyes of the public to the facts, and rendered the scandal impossible. There are other circumstances that ought to have been taken into consideration. If the public had fully looked in the face the organized and self-justified nastiness in which this scandal was bred, they would have seen that it was an attack on eminent purity before which it writhed in condemnation. But it is all over now. We suppose that none but a fool now believes that Mr. Beecher ever had criminal conversation with the weak woman whose name has been coupled with his in this business, and that none but a worse than fool either wishes or pretends to believe it. Saying this, the case ought to be covered, but, unhappily, even Mr.

Beecher is still blamed. Why did he not come out and say all he has said, before? Why did he submit to the manipulation which proved him to be so little worldly wise? Why did he hold any communication with people whom he ought to have known were unsafe associates? Why did he, and why did he not, do a thousand things besides?

We are not Mr. Beecher's champion, but we would like to ask a few questions. What business have you, oh inquisitive public, with a man's mistakes? Why did you give the slightest credence to this wretchedly improbable story, and put him to such long and inexcusable torture? He denied this story over his own signature explicitly; why did you not believe his denial? Had he been in the habit of deceiving you? Did this tidal wave of filth that has swept over the land originate with him? Has he not been sinned against, privately and publicly, from the first? That he was unwise in the management of this affair is a matter for your commiseration, and not for your blame. The fact calls for your sympathy, and not for your condemnation. The people and the press have done that for which they ought to go down on their knees before Mr. Beecher. The sly knavery of the advice that has been meted out to him, to confess and be forgiven; the apologies that have been made for him on the ground of his usefulness as a Christian preacher; the distinctions that have been drawn between the man and his work; the readiness to give credence to anything that made against him, from the most untrustworthy sources; the bandying of his name as a jest—these are offenses so gross that all who have been guilty of them should hide their heads in shame. If Mr. Beecher can forgive, or withhold his indignation, it becomes the offending public to be silent.

There is a special portion of the great public who ought to have a few honest words said to them, and those we propose to say. It cannot be denied that there was a considerable number of the large aggregate of clergymen in this country who not only did not stand by Mr. Beecher on his trial, but who had such a degree of satisfaction in his humiliation that they could not contain it. There are clergymen who have aided in the circulation of this

scandal, and helped to confirm its impression upon the public mind—men who envied him, distrusted his influence, and did not believe in the soundness of his doctrines. How much Christianity is it supposed there can be in any minister who can take the least satisfaction in the downfall of a professional brother? How much in him who does not refuse to believe anything against such a brother until his guilt is undeniably proved? Bah! It is enough to make a man sick to contemplate such dastards. There is not one of them who does not live in a glass-house. There is not one of them who is not closeted, more or less, with women in distress; and he only needs to have an observing enemy to make him the subject of a scandal just as cruel and causeless as that which has befallen Mr. Beecher. If clergymen cannot stand by one another in emergencies like this, can they blame the public for believing anything that may be said against them? It is a dirty bird, &c.

We congratulate Mr. Beecher on his relief from the horrible incubus that has so long rested upon him. We congratulate all who have stood by him, with faith in his purity and integrity unshaken. We congratulate the Christian church at large, and the Plymouth Church in particular, on the restoration to public confidence of the strongest man of the Christian pulpit. We congratulate the country that one of its greatest men stands redeemed to its respect, and that one of its proudest names has emerged from a cloud of slander that can never hide it again. We congratulate the atmosphere that it is pure again. We congratulate the wind that its nasty burdens of the past few months are dropped in the cess-pool from which they sprang. We congratulate all newspapers, news-dealers, news-boys, the United States mail, post-masters and post-mistresses, that their work is to be cleaner in future. And, finally, we congratulate the fathers, mothers and nurses of this most damnable scandal, that their hands are now left free to labor, without diversion or hindrance, for "the elevation and enfranchisement of woman."

A Time to Speak: A Time to Keep Silence.

THE introductory words of the preface to Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" are these: "An inevitable revolution, of which we all recognize the beginnings and signs, but which has already spread further than the most of us think, is befalling the religion in which we have been brought up." We wonder how far the American clergy have recognized these beginnings and signs. We wonder how far they are recognized in the theological schools, where the young men of the present day are trained for the Christian ministry. We wonder if, when they are recognized, they are published, or in any way prepared for. We wonder if the pulpit anywhere openly recognizes them, undertakes to lead the people safely through them, tries to occupy the new standpoint, and, while tossing

aside the lumber of the old theologies, grasps firmly the vital truths of religion and proclaims them.

If we were to judge by the hue-and-cry raised about certain articles that have appeared in this magazine, these beginnings and signs have not been recognized at all; yet it is just as true in this country as in England, and just as true in England as for twenty-five years it has been in Germany, that this revolution is in progress. The old orthodox view of the Bible, as a plenary inspired book, from the first word of Genesis to the last of St. John's Revelation, is already forsaken by more minds than can be counted; and, by necessity, with the relinquishment of this view, goes by the board a great mass of theology entirely dependent upon it for existence. The current popular theology cannot possibly be saved without saving the current and popular view of the Bible. They stand and fall together; and it would be interesting to know how many of our theologians are shaping their systems and teachings by their new views of inspiration, and of the relative importance and authority of the different books that make up our sacred volume. Are we to go on, as a Christian people, until criticism has undermined our elaborate systems, and those systems fall, carrying with them those simple, vital truths which the Bible most indubitably holds, and upon which depend the moral health and the salvation of the race?

Mr. Arnold says, "there is no surer proof of a narrow and ill-instructed mind than to think and uphold that what a man takes to be truth upon religious matters is always to be proclaimed." Mr. Greg, in one of his "Judgments," finds serious fault with this proposition, but in one respect, at least, it is sound. For instance, we find that the Christian religion, as it is taught to-day, and has for many years been taught, is a purifying, elevating, saving influence among all men who in faith receive, and, in life, practice it. So much we know—that, however false our theologies may be, and however incorrect our views of all that relates to God and man in their nature and relations, we hold enough of pure and vital truth to bring the hearts of men into sympathy with Jesus Christ, and their lives into consonance with his. Now, until a man has something as good to say,—something more sound, simple saving,—better based, more easily comprehended, working larger and better results, let him keep silence with his doubts, and withhold his hand from destruction. Nothing is more basely cruel than the destruction of any system of religious life that has good in it, without having in hand something better to put in its place. The time for keeping silence is when one has nothing to put in place of that which his words are intended to destroy. We may not hold the truth in its purity, but we hold enough of it to make it invaluable, and until we can present it in a purer and a more fruitful form, so that those who may cut loose from their old belief shall have something to grasp that is better, it is well to hold the tongue and restrain the pen.

The facts are, however, that the revolution is going on independent of the theologians and the religious teachers, and if they are doing anything about it they are fighting it. The result will probably, and most naturally, be a reign of infidelity, out of which, after weary, wretched years, we shall slowly emerge, with our Christianity purged of its extraneous doctrines, and with a new class of religious teachers, who will look back upon the present position as one of gross blindness and fatal fatuity on the part of their predecessors.

What we want to-day is teachers who are capable of comprehending the situation, who have learned what irreparable havoc has been made in some of their old beliefs, who, casting out all those superstitious notions of the Bible that have made it half-talisman, half-fetich to millions of men, women and children, can grasp the history, meanings and uses of the book, get at its central, saving truths, and proclaim them. There is no question that Christianity is as independent of our old ideas of the Bible as it is independent of our ideas of the Koran, or our ideas of any book or anything whatsoever. We have in the Bible, when we find it, the true religion; but, when we make the existence of that religion dependent upon our ideas of the Bible, we do it the cruelest wrong that we can inflict upon it.

And that, precisely, is the danger to-day. The people, having been taught to associate the religion of the Bible with a certain view of inspiration, imagine that religion stands or falls with that view. There could not be a more natural or logical result of the teachings of the last three hundred years than this; and if religious teachers are not ready with their answer when the time comes to speak,—and that time in a great many communities is now,—a crop of infidels will be the result. The growing inattention to religion among the more intelligent masses, the lack of religious faith in the literary class, the enmity,—sometimes coarse and always aggressive,—of the scientists, show that the time to speak, and to speak in earnest, has come. But the speaking must be done from the new standpoint, and with a thorough recognition of the modifications that science and criticism have wrought in the materials and combinations that have entered into the structure of our old systems of faith and opinion. The old machinery and the old doctrine will not avail in this fight. It is precisely those that are the subjects of dissent. A teacher who has nothing but these with which to meet the foes of religion may as well retire from the field of conflict.

Moths in the Candle.

EVERY moth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night, while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wingless and dead around it. The light is beautiful, and warm, and attractive; and, unscared by the dead, the foolish

creatures rush into the flames, and drop, hopelessly singed, their little lives despoiled.

It has been supposed that men have reason, and a moral sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions, and learn by experience. Indeed, they have been in the habit of looking down upon the animal world as a group of inferior beings, and as subjects of commiseration on account of their defencelessness, yet there is a large class of men, reproduced by every passing generation, that do exactly what the moths do, and die exactly as the moths die. They learn nothing by observation or experience. They draw no conclusions, save those which are fatal to themselves. Around a certain class of brilliant temptations they gather, night after night, and with singed wings or lifeless bodies, they strew the ground around them. No instructions, no expostulations, no observation of ruin, no sense of duty, no remonstrances of conscience, have any effect upon them. If they were moths in fact they could not be sillier or more obtuse. They are, indeed, so far under the domination of their animal natures that they act like animals, and sacrifice themselves in flames that the world's experience has shown to be fatal.

A single passion, which need not be named,—further than to say that, when hallowed by love and a legitimate gift of life to life, it is as pure as any passion of the soul,—is one of the candles around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths. If anything has been proved by the observation and experience of the world it is that licentiousness, and all illicit gratification of the passion involved in it, are killing sins against a man's own nature,—that by it the wings are singed not only, but body and soul are degraded and spoiled. Out of all illicit indulgence come weakness, a perverted moral nature, degradation of character, gross beastliness, benumbed sensibilities, a disgusting life, and a disgraceful death. Before its baleful fire the sanctity of womanhood fades away, the romance of life dies, and the beautiful world loses all its charm. The lives wrecked upon the rock of sensuality are strewn in every direction. Again and again, with endless repetition, young men yield to the song of the siren that beguiles them to their death. They learn nothing, they see nothing, they know nothing but their wild desire, and on they go to destruction and the devil.

Every young man who reads this article has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may throw himself away on a few illegitimate delights, which cover his brow with shame in the presence of his mother, and become an old man before his time, with all the wine drained out of his life; or he may grow up into a pure, strong manhood, held in healthy relation to all the joys that pertain to that high estate. He may be a beast in his heart, or he may have a wife whom he worships, children whom he delights in, a self-respect which enables him to meet unabashed the noblest woman, and an

undisputed place in good society. He may have a dirty imagination, or one that hates and spurns all impurity as both disgusting and poisonous. In brief, he may be a man, with a man's powers and immunities, or a sham of a man,—a whited sepulchre,—conscious that he carries with him his own dead bones, and all uncleanness. It is a matter entirely of choice. He knows what one life is, and where it ends. He knows the essential quality and certain destiny of the other. The man who says he cannot control himself not only lies, but places his Maker in blame. He can control himself, and, if he does not, he is both a fool and a beast. The sense of security and purity and self-respect that come of continence, entertained for a single day, is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time. The pure in heart see God in everything, and see Him everywhere, and they are supremely blest.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have singed themselves, and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Law sits behind, and sanctions its burning. It pays a princely revenue to the government. Women flaunt their gauzes in it. Clergymen sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of this country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet, every year, sixty thousand persons in this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of wives in despair, of loves bruised and blotted out, of children disgraced, of alms-houses filled, of crimes committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember that this has been going on for thousands of years, wherever wine has been known; what are we to think of the men who still press into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifests so little sense, and such hopeless recklessness.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way of danger. There is a notion abroad among men that wine is good,—that when properly used it has help in it,—that in a certain way it is food, or a help in the digestion of food. We believe that no greater or more fatal hallucination ever possessed the world, and that none so great ever possessed it for so long a time.

Wine is a medicine, and men would take no more of it than of any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste, and agreeable in its first effects. The men who drink it, drink it because they like it. The theories as to its healthfulness come afterwards. The world cheats itself, and tries to cheat

itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world as not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alcohol which never adds to tissue (!) and the men who make a jest of water-drinking, all know perfectly well that wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will until that millennium comes, whose feet are constantly tripped from under it by the drunkards that lie prone in its path. The millennium with a grog-shop at every corner is just as impossible as security with a burglar at every window, or in every room of the house. All men know that drink is a curse, yet young men sport around it as if there were something very desirable in it, and sport until they are hopelessly sined, and then join the great, sad army that, with undiminished numbers, presses on to its certain death.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon weary knees to touch not the accursed thing. Total abstinence, now and for ever, is the only guaranty in existence against a drunkard's life and death, and there is no good that can possibly come to a man by drinking. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings, or destroy you.

The Rewards of Literary Labor.

MR. THACKERAY, in his notable letter to the editor of the "London Evening Chronicle," written in 1850, concerning the dignity of literature, says that every European state but his own, the English, rewards its men of letters; and he even cites America as more considerate in this regard than Great Britain. "If Pitt Crawley," he says, "is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpnickel, if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K. C. B., and his wife at being denominated My Lady O'Dowd, are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be sin in them to court honor?"

Probably no Englishman who has lived in the last century cared less for titles, and the sort of honor that belongs to them, than Thackeray. His plea was a general one for the literary craft. He simply intended to protest that if any literary man wanted the kind of reward or recognition of his work, which a ribbon or a title would bestow, he had as good a right to it as anybody—a better right to it, indeed, than the average or usual recipient of it. And he was right, though he chose something better, as literary men usually do.

In looking over the recent volume compiled and partly furnished by Mr. Stoddard, in the "Bric-à-Brac Series," we find much of suggestion on this great subject of rewards for literary labor. Thackeray and Dickens, or Dickens and Thackeray,—as men may choose to order their coupling of the two great names,—were what may be called well-re-

warded men. They had many personal friends in all ranks of society. They were held in great honor and admiration by multitudes of men and women whom they did not know. They had princely pay for their labor, and were enabled by their power to earn money to give good homes to their wives and children. Yet neither of them, by the usages of English society, was socially among the highest class. They were petted and patronized personally, but they have left no higher social position for their children than they themselves originally held. Wider the circle may be, but its plane is not raised. These literary men whose labor was one of the highest glories of the realm, who carried untold pleasures, and exquisite culture, and pure sentiment, and fructifying thought into every hamlet and house in the kingdom, were not the social equals of an earl, though that earl may have been,—as many an earl undoubtedly has been,—an ass. That they both saw the injustice of this, and despised the constitution of society that made such injustice possible, is not to be doubted—thorough Englishmen as both of them were; and so thoroughly must they have seen the baselessness of the social distinctions which placed them where they stood in the social scale, that they could not but despise the titles and ribbons of which Mr. Thackeray spoke in his letter. The thought that the Queen of England can delight in having the works of her great novelists in her private apartments, and is shut away by social barriers from their genial, sparkling and fruitful society, and that those next below her must remain with those among whom they were born, may be a trial to them,—it ought to be,—but it ought not to disturb the men whose society is so foolishly sacrificed.

After all, the matter is right enough as it is. In this country it is particularly so. In a free country like ours, where the social lines are not closely drawn, we do not see how a man can claim a right to any larger domain than he fairly conquers. The literary man who complains of lack of popular consideration and social reward for his labor, is, by rule, the man who has not comprehended the wants of his time, and has simply sought to serve himself. To complain of lack of public reward for the service of one's self is certainly childish; yet, the great mass of literary men in America who find fault with their winnings is made up of these. Those who are not up to their time, though they mean well, fail of necessity. Those who are above or beyond their time fail, perhaps, in a certain way, but, after all, the world knows enough to know who they are, and accredits them often with more than belongs to them. Emerson has a world of honor from men who do not pretend to understand him.

So we come back to the proposition that a man has no right to any more consideration for his literary labor than, in a fair, open field he can conquer.

Every literary man, by virtue of his constitution, owes a duty to his generation and his time;

and if, comprehending that duty, he performs it well, he has no stint of honor. There is no man around whom gathers so much interest, admiration, affection and respect as around him who charms, teaches, and inspires by his literary work. The young man who boasted that he once saw a railroad train passing, in one car of which sat Charles Dickens, and who felt exalted by the thought that though he had never looked upon his face, he had seen the car that held him, illustrates the enthusiastic affection in which eminent literary men are held. They are kings by right. Their kingdom may not be strictly of this world of titles, and dignities, and palaces, and lands, but it is a veritable kingdom, which holds only loyal subjects. The literary man who would not rather be Walter Scott than the Napoleon whom he described, or Thackeray than the Emperor William, or Charles Dickens than the Prince of Wales, or Mrs. Browning than the Queen of England, or Washington Irving than Gen. Jackson, or William Cullen Bryant than General Grant, is a disgrace to his craft, undeserving of any literary reward, and incapable of winning one.

This admitted, it is idle to talk of the inadequacy of literary rewards, so far as the social and personal honors of the world are concerned. They are abundant, and above all titular honors, all wealth, all official position. Mr. Everett is remembered today, not as our minister to England, but as an orator. Mr. Bancroft retires honorably from his Prussian mission, but Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has conferred more honor upon his office than the office has conferred upon him. The principle distinction that has ever come to the Liverpool consulate has come through Mr. Hawthorne's occupation of it. Names like those of Franklin, Adams, and Motley are those almost alone which have saved the bureaus of our diplomatic foreign service from absolute contempt. A hundred ordinary politicians come, go, and are forgotten; but glory lingers around the chairs once occupied by men whom office could not honor.

The great lack of reward to literary labor is in the matter of money. Not one author in twenty can live on his authorial earnings. We speak of this country of cheap books. We have altogether too many men who are still drudging for the bread that feeds themselves and their families, though they have done good, marketable literary work all their lives. Copyright is contemptibly small. We do not mean that publishers make too much, but that the books are sold so cheap that neither publishers nor authors can get a fair living. The consumers of books must remember that out of every dollar they pay for a copyrighted book, the writer gets but ten cents, and that publishers would be quite willing, as a rule, to share the losses and gains of publication with the authors. If copyright were double what it is, authors could not get a living exclusively by authorship. That this is all

wrong, is undoubted. That it ever will be right until we have an international copyright law, which will do away with the competition of American

authors with stolen books, we do not believe. When this wrong is righted, authors will have nothing left to complain of.

THE OLD CABINET.

WE were sitting, this evening, on the steps of a deserted church in the city, and talking about taste—not particularly taste in the fine arts, but what may be called the sense of the fitness of things in general.

It is always surprising to me that the sentence that sounds so fresh and original when you get it off spontaneously in conversation, has such a familiar and commonplace air when you come to write it down, and send it to the printer. For instance:

"The law of taste is as omnipresent, as invincible, and as invisible as the law of gravitation—which is its analogy."

Is there any sight more pathetic than that of a man who knows that somewhere in the vague universe is a supreme rule, whose observance in the conduct of life would place him in a mystic, high brotherhood, to belong to which he would give all his earthly possessions? On every wall he looks in vain for the handwriting, and yet to his neighbor it is blazoned everywhere in living letters. Now and then he hears an oracle, and thinks the rule at last is found. But a new oracle puts to naught the old, and he goes forward on his quest, perplexed and sorrowful.

If there is any sight more pathetic than that, it is the man who all his life is buffeted by a subtle, unseen power, whose individual existence he has no means of apprehending. He thinks it is something else that has touched him; it takes all manner of known shapes—of friend or foe, of mischance, lack of opportunity, misdirected energy; always it is something else than the true thing—the Avenger of taste. Ah, my poor fellow, though you take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, there shall it be with you. It shall be with you when you go a-fishing, or conduct great social reforms; with you at the breakfast-table and at the Stock Exchange. It shall be with you in your letter-writings, your conversations, your prayers (I have heard a parson make a bad pun in a public supplication to the Almighty); with you in the crowded Sixth avenue car, and in the secret place where you think no eye is upon you, and you have the bad taste to soil your soul with plagiarism, Tupperism, or murder. It shall be with you in the doing, and in the failing to do; not only in the whole, rounded act, but in the manner of the act; for even in murder there is a "fine art." It shall be with you when you are reading

the morning paper, and giving easy credence to outrageous scandal, even if you dare not open your mouth and show forth the damnable faith that is in you.

The philosophers—and especially the theological philosophers,—are squeamish about acknowledging the identity of bad taste and bad morals. It is a question too large for, at least, one "small philosopher," as Thackeray would say. But is it not a healthy, human and universal instinct that makes me impute moral depravity to the person who "did the decorations" at Thomas's Garden—and is there not philosophy in my desire to slay him?

(On second thought, I, should prefer to have him taken in hand, given a severe classical training in art, or endowed with a new nature, and then brought back and made to sit there during an entire performance, with his eyes wide open, and his sins staring at him from every quarter of that dreadful room.)

If you will honestly bring the principles of taste to bear upon any moral question, I think you will see what I mean. You will not, of course, make the mistake of the vulgar, that good taste means any particular mode or custom of what is called society, or any particular canon of culture that happens to be reigning, but may be wrong. But bring the true instinctive rule of refinement to bear as a touch-stone upon any question, or any side or issue of any question, and note the decision.

Alas and alas! While I write this the air is full of such noisome things, that one can hardly take a full, wholesome inspiration. Shame and sorrow are in the faces of the just. Brief be the reference here to this pitiful matter; but let me ask you to take, if no higher rule, then this one of which we have been talking, and apply it to any part of all this melancholy proceeding, and see how its application by any one of those concerned, at any time, would have averted evil and misery.

A time of shame and sorrow!—yes; but not only on account of the strange and miserable matter itself, but because it has been, as some have said, a day of judgment for the world. For now have the secrets of all hearts been revealed. And as men have been prone to think evil or good; as they have been pure-minded and generous, or narrow and unclean, so have they shown themselves what they were. Shame and sorrow for you and for me, who have seen those we have cared for pass not to the right, but to the left, in the great day of dividing.

I am sure that those of us who, through much tribulation, reach it at last, will find Heaven to be a place of perfect taste; that there will be there neither bad art, nor bad manners, nor bad of any kind.

And on our way to this most desirable Heaven let us stop in at the print-shop, and meditate awhile upon that picture of the self-complacent lamb in the arms of the Good Shepherd. From the bad taste of the Pharisee, good Lord deliver us!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Which Shall It Be?

IN view of the great dangers besetting young people of the present day, in the form of bad newspapers, illustrated "juvenile" monthlies and weeklies of a vile character, surreptitiously and extensively circulated, and finding their secret way into the best homes and school-houses of the land, the dullest managers of a *pure* periodical for the young hardly can fail to burn with a holy fire. If they only can do a negative good, in crowding bad reading to the wall, in taking up the children's attention so that foul publications are unheeded, a great work is accomplished; their mission is a blessed one, and good citizens everywhere should rally to their assistance. Let not parents deceive themselves. No home is too sacred or too carefully guarded for those fiendish invaders, the venders of low and dangerous juvenile publications, to ply their unholy trade. *Every* child is in danger for whom good, well selected, enjoyable reading is not provided by those most directly having its best interests at heart. All dangerous publications do not betray their character at a glance. Often they wear the mask of useful information, and even of piety. A mere general oversight will not suffice. Do not force your child to spend time in reading, but look to it that all his or her reading-time be properly and pleasantly filled. While you blindly congratulate yourself that your boy or girl, through a fondness for books and periodicals, must necessarily be learning something, it may be well to know what that something is. Undue intellectual stimulus for children is bad enough, but emotional stimulus is worse. In the hands of unprincipled purveyors, it opens the way to moral errors of every kind, and by quickening an else slow growth to what is holy, develops only precocity in vice. The point of the wedge is easily inserted, and, at first, as easily thrust back; but beware of the silent force that having once gained an entrance may split the peace and purity of your home.

Foreshadowings of the Styles.

THE earliest suggestion of seasonable changes in apparel is always observable in hats and bonnets. The first hint of spring or autumn is found in the slight, yet distinct, variations of head-coverings.

Already the shop windows are filled with hats, loaded with velvet, and feathers, and brilliant wreaths, which, were it a month later, would be the envy of the passing crowds. Now these milliners' foreshadowings are merely glanced at, and forgotten—at least for the time. There will be no essential variations of shapes during the early Fall. The favorite style will be the Leghorns, with low, round, flat crowns and finger wide brims, turned up against the crown on one or both sides. This style has been moderately popular all summer, the liking for it increasing as the season waned. For autumn, these hats have the under side of the brim faced all over with velvet, an inch-wide binding showing on the outside. Around the crown a band, flatly folded, or a loose-lying scarf of velvet fastens in a number of loops without ends, on the left side, not so far back as formerly. Mingled with the loops is a bunch of small feathers or a long plume. Under the curling edge of the brim, turned up against the crown, is a spray or short wreath of bright colored leaves and berries. Ornaments of all metals,—notably burnished silver,—except oxidized silver (this has run its course), are sparingly placed upon the velvet garniture; and this, with insignificant variations, is the regulation model for an October hat.

High authorities declare that plaids, stripes and figures are to be fashionable in all dress materials, for cool and cold weather, which is equivalent to saying that plain and simple shapes and meager trimmings are to be the coming rule. Plaids, and stripes, and figures are so difficult to trim with any semblance of grace or beauty, that, when they are the mode, excessive garniture ceases to be practicable.

The pretty, old-fashioned Gabrielle dress, modified and improved, is re-introduced under the more pretentious title of the *Princesse*. It is well adapted to in-door costumes, and like the long-loved and soon-to-be-lamented *polonaise*, is quite becoming to most people. A good figure is set off, and a bad figure much helped, by the graceful *Princesse* costume.

However strongly Fashion may declare in favor of stuffs with other than plain colored surfaces, there can never be a question as to the more genuine

elegance of these. They are more refined and tasteful, and always more satisfactory and economical than any figured, striped or plaided goods can be. One requires a less quantity of this material, which may be turned, according to necessity, upside down and inside out, than of such as has an "up and down" or right and wrong side.

It is believed that the deep, rich shades of maroon, brown and blue will be quite as popular as black during the winter, both for in and out-door wear. They are a pleasant change from black, and there is much greater security in purchasing low-priced colored silks than in purchasing black, which has become so unstable that the largest dealers refuse to warrant even the best makes. Among woolen fabrics, cashmere, drap d'été, and camel's hair cloth will, as heretofore, be the most widely worn; and a promised compromise between the light cashmere and heavy drap d'été will fill a long-felt gap in winter goods.

Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredest of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display, and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as the moment for bringing together the larger part of a family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precious tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith, and hope, and love a new and wholly untried existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the nearest of friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls who, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow merely within the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only a perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half-sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party-making, rejoicing and pleasure-taking afterward as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.

Hints for Anniversary Presents.

WHEN those grateful anniversaries, popularly known as wooden and tin weddings, occur to our friends and acquaintances, there are many anxious debates over the selection of a suitable offering to mark the day. It is quite difficult enough to choose something for the original wedding, when everything under the stars, from a silver thimble to a check for a hundred thousand dollars is entirely appropriate; but limit the propriety of the gift to a single substance, and mental distraction forthwith sets in. It is not so difficult as it used to be before the pretty Swiss carvings came in vogue, for among these are found book-rests, card-receivers, card-boxes, handkerchief and glove-boxes, jewel-cases, letter-racks, napkin-rings, crumb-brushes and trays, bread-plates and knives, salad-bowls, knives and forks, fruit-dishes with carved stands, flower-dishes similarly made, screen-frames, picture and mirror-frames, easels, ink-stands, pen-racks, portfolios, brackets of all shapes, sizes, styles and prices, flower-vases, and dozens of other things so graceful and comparatively cheap, that there would seem to be no trouble in being suited. Then, for larger and more imposing presents, are the numberless pretty, odd chairs—for instance, the new old-fashioned, high-backed, wooden rocking-chairs, with slats of willow for seat and back, and similar chairs that do not rock; the folding chairs that belong to the steamer chair family, and are so comfortable for piazza lounging in summer; the coquettish folding-chairs, painted the brightest of scarlet, and dubbed croquet chairs, though they are just as charming in-doors as out; and, to end the list, those graceful Vienna folding-chairs, made of rosewood and fine cane-work, which have four legs, but no front ones, and are especially appropriate for parlor use. All these are rated at less than fifteen dollars, some as low as three or four; so that they are within reach of everybody. The penchant for having no full set of furniture, but many pieces of varied styles and kinds, is so great, that it is rare, except in old-fashioned houses, to find the former desideratum of a well arranged parlor—a sofa, four straight and two arm-chairs, all showing so close a relationship as to make it seem an inhumanity to separate them. Now-a-days, people furnish their houses by picking up here a table, there a chair, and somewhere else a lounge. A studied ease is the aim, and a pleasant chaos the result. Nests of tables are among the most acceptable of gifts to housekeepers. Whether of rosewood, or walnut, or Japanese lacquered work, there are always corners and odd spots into which they fit with charming facility.

It is not so easy to suggest presents for tin as for wooden weddings; still, besides the practical pans, pails, cake-boxes, spice-boxes, kitchen-spoons, wire-covers, cookie-cutters and candlesticks, there are many things sufficiently allied to tin to render them legitimate for such occasions. Among these are

wire flower-stands of many shapes and sizes, hanging baskets of wire lined with moss, and filled with growing vines, crystal vases with twisted wire stands, fruit and flower dishes similarly held, wash-stands, especially adapted to small country houses, drinking-cups, cutlery, piazza brackets of iron, and lawn and piazza seats, letter-scales, watch-stands, Wardian cases with metal bases, table-trays, and many other things useful or ornamental, or combining both qualities.

Politeness to Servants.

Is there not, or at least ought there not to be, a code of etiquette for the kitchen as well as for the parlor; for conduct toward inferiors as well as equals?

We make our plea for politeness in the kitchen on the following grounds:

1. No lady can afford, for her own sake, to be otherwise than gentle, thoughtful and courteous in the administration of household matters. If she reserves her best manners for the parlor, where so small a portion of the average American housekeeper's time is spent, it is likely that they will not always be easily put on. The habitual deportment leaves marks upon the countenance and the manner which no sudden effort can produce. And at housekeeping there are at best, so many unexpected occurrences, not always agreeable, that nothing but a *habit* of self-control and serenity can tide us over them creditably. According to John Newton, it sometimes requires more grace to bear the breaking of a china plate than the death of an only son; and there is a good deal of truth under the seeming absurdity. Have we not all proved by experience that we bear with least equanimity the daily, petty vexations which are unexpected, and apparently unnecessary? But there are many small miseries to one great affliction, and if character is to be improved by tribulations, it must be mainly by those of every day—the pin-pricks for which we are ashamed to demand sympathy.

2. For the sake of *family* comfort we must have comfort in the kitchen. Willing and unwilling service are readily distinguishable by every member of the household. We can all of us remember how the atmosphere of a dinner party has been suddenly chilled by a few words of unnecessary blame to a servant. To mortify a person is not usually to reform him. On the other hand, how delightful to a guest are those homes where the relations of masters and servants are friendly; where shortcomings on the part of the latter are delicately excused in public, and judiciously investigated in private. I say, advisedly, investigated rather than reproof; for undeserved misfortune may happen alike to all, and there may be occasion for sympathy rather than blame. If Bidley has had bad news from over the sea, must we not take that into account when we find fault with the gravy? I think sometimes we do not remember sufficiently that those who serve us are not machines, but men and women of like passions, and sorrows, and tempers with ourselves.

3. For the sake of our servants themselves, we must pay them due politeness. Humanity, says Bacon, is sooner won by courtesy than by real benefits. If one would make thorough and efficient servants out of raw material, it must be done by patience and long suffering. You say they are provokingly stupid; we will suppose they are; but if we have to deal with stupidity, let us use the means best adapted to it. Will intimidation succeed? Did you ever find that scolding made an order more intelligible, or caused anything but broken dishes and ill-cooked dinners? Then try gentleness a little while; if that will not accomplish anything, send away your servant, and try another. You can not afford to lose your temper; and a person on whom persistent kindness is thrown away, can render you no intelligent or permanent service.

We put it to the common sense of our readers, whether self-preservation, comfort and duty, do not all require of us a little more attention to kitchen etiquette?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Wilkie Collins.

We don't like Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories, "and there's the humor of it." At least, we don't like the most of them. He wrote one, a long time since, that we did like very much—"The Dead Secret." Only, even then, his love of sensation, and mystery, and horror in general, led him to give a simple story, with a lovely heroine not a bit too bright and good for human-nature's daily food, a silly title,

which for many people the writer might have been glad to have for readers, shut the book out of their circle, and turned the key upon it. But, this story apart, Mr. Collins has done little since except to minister to those faculties and feelings we have in common with the weakest, and dashiest, and most hysterical of the human race. Our misliking Mr. Collins is not at all a case of Dr. Fell. We can tell the reason why, and we propose to do it; and if our objections seem idle to his admirers, they may con-

sole themselves with the fact that they are in the majority, for we certainly believe they are; and it must be admitted that Mr. Collins has many qualities that give him a right to a large audience—a great honor, if size were everything. He has a clear, precise style; always knows exactly what he means to say, and says it in a way to produce the effect he wishes to produce. He has considerable skill in devising intricate and teasing plots, and in keeping up their intricacy and their teasingness to the last possible moment; and he can sometimes draw a human character—that is, make live for us a man or woman who might have lived, and moved, and had being in this world, though, for the most part, the reason why his people are not human beings is that the world they live in is not our world at all. Here, then, we touch the secret of our little pleasure in Mr. Wilkie Collins. We cannot live for ever in a *fantoccini* world. We could, perhaps, if we were children, but we are not, and if we were, Mr. Collins writes not for children but for grown men and women. And men and women ask something more from an artist, or from one who pretends to be an artist, than the creation of puppets who are to be jerked by dexterous wires into impossible attitudes suited to the impossible world in which they play. In his later works, Mr. Collins begins to feel the Nemesis of his sins against Truthfulness and his degradation of Art. He cannot now be truthful when he would, and the poor puppet he has made to serve him in his caricatures of humanity has turned against him, and strive as he may, he must paint puppets to the end.

Harper & Brothers are now republishing Wilkie Collins's writings in an authorized uniform edition. One of the last volumes issued is "The Queen of Hearts"—a collection of short stories tied together by one of the clumsiest and most unreasonable artifices we remember. Artifices to connect unrelated stories are common enough, but they are seldom reasonable. The best that ever was devised is the one which Chaucer invented for his "Canterbury Tales." Boccaccio's and the one used by the author of the "Arabian Nights" are far from being good, but it may be said in excuse that the stories are so interesting we do not care whether there be any connecting thread or not. In the case of "The Queen of Hearts," however, the thread is made of much importance, and we are obliged to think of it whether we will or no, and its absurdity and artifice are made offensively conspicuous. Mr. Dickens hurt Mr. Collins not a little, and in his latest books the results of his study of his father-in-law's tricks and manners is painfully apparent. For an illustration of what we mean, we ask the reader to turn to the chapter in "Man and Wife" called "The Owls." This has almost all Mr. Dickens's faults in it, and reads like an intentional parody on the great man's style at those times when he tried to make words and a good many of them take the place of ideas. Where all

are so feeble, yet so full of pretence, it is hard to say which is the worst or which is the best of these stories grouped together under the general title of "The Queen of Hearts." If the story of Mr. Fauntleroy be a true one, it is, at least, worth printing, and the "Parson's Scruple" is well told, though it is not pleasant to read, a verdict which we fear must be too often passed upon this writer's tales. Indeed, it is too constant a trick of his to work his reader up to fever heat about nothing at all, giving him good reason to suspect that the author took infinite pains with every part of his plot but the untying it, and that he has always in his mind the persuasion he can cut the knot, if he can't untie it.

We confess we have often felt ashamed for Mr. Collins in reading this sorry stuff, ashamed that so clever a workman should have no more respect for his craft; ashamed that a man in his position should have done so little to keep the novel up to its high-water English mark. Who that has ever read through one of Mr. Collins's books,—“The Dead Secret” excepted,—would ever care to take it up again? Yet a good novel ought to be a thing of joy for ever, and the ambition of the novelist should be to take a place, however humble, in that circle where sit the writers whom age cannot wither nor custom stale; who are sought out and loved when found by generation after generation—the circle of Chaucer and Boccaccio, and Scott and Fielding, the beloved masters who sit by the fountain of youth—

“Who always find us young
And always keep us so.”

“John Andross.”*

THERE is a class of novels which invites the same censure that French criticism brings against English painting—that it is employed to point a moral more than to display an art. Of the American writers who use the weapon of fiction to attack an evil or defend a theory no one succeeds better than Mrs. Davis in combining a special object with simplicity of plan and naturalness of character. Most of them set up some abstraction, some ideal embodiment of right or wrong, controlling the persons it concerns like puppets. With her, human nature in its exposure to temptation or its efforts at duty is the chief study, and moral generalities do not usurp the first place. She does not describe institutions or abuses as making or unmaking human beings, nor men and woman as colorless, bloodless images through which a principle acts. We sympathize with her heroes of either sex, because they display natural wills and natural weaknesses, neither erring by rule nor right upon system.

“Waiting for the Verdict,” for instance, was written to combat a prejudice. But the prejudice

* John Andross. By Rebecca Harding Davis. New York: Orange Judd Company.

turns out to be an instinct, and, in spite of herself a strife of emotion, and repulsion, and sadness gathers about it which makes the novel a thoroughly human lesson instead of the Civil Rights essay which it probably set out to be. So the story of John Andross involves the scheme of a tract against legislative corruption, yet the least important of the thoughts its suggestive pages excite is the fact that an enormous evil of the sort exists, and deserves attack. This is far from being a failure on the author's part. It only proves that she is greater than her subject, and that her power of analyzing mental operations and portraying shades of feeling carries her far beyond and above the narrow limits of didactics.

The scene of a story upon such a subject is naturally laid in Pennsylvania, and the people who move its machinery are the ordinary judges, and speculators, and officials of that region. Among these there descend, as if from another sphere, one or two persons of very different order, to vex and thwart their combinations. Intrigue of the coarsest kind, stimulated by mere vulgar greed of money, is guided by the intellect of Laird, officially and respectably a banker, a charitable church member, and a dilettante in art. According to poetic justice in the usual novel upon theory, he should have perished in jail, detected, and poor. But in real life, except in signal instances (and in the State of New York) the evil spirit of intellect takes better care of his clever children, and Laird escapes exposure, and prospers after his kind. Among his instruments, Anna Maddox is a cleverly drawn compound of tinsel sentiment and mean art. Andross, at first his victim and legislative tool, breaks away at length from his net, votes against his patron's bill, and resigns his seat in a burst of manly virtue that waits to become historic in our Capitols. The interest of the novel is concentrated upon his wavering course in life, and the struggle of uncertain impulses in his poetic nature among the practical villainies into which he suffers himself to be drawn, is finely conceived and skillfully depicted. There is a journalist, of a kind not agreeable to be familiar with, who seems from his consistency with himself to be a correctly described specimen, but the clubmen and the club interiors are quite out of drawing. In Braddock and Isabella the author repeats a kind of character which is a favorite with her, and very true to nature—a character profound but narrow, silent with strong emotions, and deserving a happier lot in life than it often wins. If any fault is to be found with the denouement of the story, it is a fault that is to be found with real life, suggesting the regret that even in appearance the coarse and commonplace should prosper, worthless as their prosperity is, while more ethereal natures seek satisfaction in vain through suffering. But the author leaves us in no doubt as to the truth that some kinds of failure are better worth achieving than some kinds of success.

"Waldfried."*

It is not easy to decide whether the domestic or the public element predominates in this novel. Influences and events in the national history are so linked with family growth and fortunes that the author seems to waver between asking sympathy for a story of home life, and deserving admiration for a serious political tract. One trait at least is common to all the leading characters, whether in their relations of kinship or their wider range of duty as citizens—that of a high and intelligent morality.

By choosing to tell his story as an autobiography, Waldfried gains a central position that gives clearness and uniformity to his interpretation of family changes and passing events. The wife he worships and mourns, the prince he serves and judges, are strongly individualized by his own knowledge of them, which gives a curious feeling of truth and intimacy to the reader thus taken into his confidence. The life-story seems to be confessed far more than composed, and the narrator with delicate art shows himself to be guided quite as much as he guides others, and wins respect from the very frankness of his weaknesses. Everywhere the sense of some outward control over the course both of public events and of the quiet lives they disturb and mould is implied rather than defined. This unseen rule is not accepted as a mournful decree of fate, nor welcomed as religion welcomes the idea of Providence. It leaves on the reader the impression that the narrator feels himself to be, like all other human beings, whether single actors or combined into nations, only a helpless unit in a general resistless movement. The feeling haunts the domestic story as it haunts the pages of "Wilhelm Meister," and inspires the history of public events as Schiller's fine poetic sense breathes it into the lines of "Don Carlos."

It is with the newest politics of his fatherland that the author deals, almost approaching the journalist's region of to-day's occurrences. Waldfried is old enough to have been an actor in the futile revolutions of '48, and to have followed German development through the Austrian war down to the conquest of France, and the consolidation of the Empire. He paints the early struggle for nationality defeated by the powers that were. He describes the agglomeration of states about two hostile centers as the first step towards their combination under one head. And he exults in the establishment of German unity without foreboding as to the effect upon true freedom of the blood and iron cement that holds it together. That unity once attained, he inquires no further into its permanence. As if the jealousies and hatreds of the race were all extinguished at the goal, he forecasts no evil from the dissidences of North and South, liberal and absolute, Protestant and Catholic, which he knows how to describe as so flagrant and deadly, while the

* Waldfried. A Novel by Berthold Auerbach. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

contest for union was going on. A foreign war fused them all for the time, and we should gather no hint from Waldfried that they were not composed in permanent peace. If he is silent upon the conflict between latent communism and traditional mediævalism, it may be because it is easier to explain than to predict the leadings of the unknown power that guides events. And if the strife now raging between Protestantism and Catholicism passes unmentioned, it is because he regards it only as an incident of progress—a stage in the contest to which alone he gives seriousness in these pages between theology and morality.

In the connection of his own family circle with these great movements of public interests, Waldfried finds an ample field for illustrating the opposing work of principle and of passion. Active heroism and simple goodness, the eagerness of selfishness, the punishment of ungoverned passion, the acquiescence of commonplace people, and the baseness of ignoble ones, all find their part to play on the greater stage of political development. There is a singular distinctness in the chief characters, and in the subordinate ones no little humor and freshness. The touch of German peculiarities clearly marks the localities, and manners, and the modifications of these in the members of the family who came into it from a foreign stock, or return to it with foreign experience, are nicely shaded. One of these at least, Martella, is the picture of an original never before drawn—a wildling of nature, springing up among settled and trim surroundings, and in her outright vehemence and frank sacrifice of everything to self, a true savage, only tamed by the love that she follows as a thing of course, to her death on the battlefield, where she finds and joins at last her lost lover.

Jules Verne.

A WRITER who follows Daniel De Foe or Dean Swift in the invention of realistic fiction must be bold indeed. To produce anything that shall be as life-like as "Robinson Crusoe," or as ingeniously deceptive as "Gulliver's Travels," seems now impossible. Nevertheless, M. Jules Verne has admirably succeeded in beguiling the reading world with his skillful and amusing tales of travel and adventure. Few writers of modern times are comparable with him for fertility of resource, ingenuity and versatility. His inventive powers seem inexhaustible; his pen is as prolific as his fancy. Verne's peculiar vein is that of the improbable-probable. Give him a locality of which we know nothing, Verne fills it with living, breathing figures, clothes it with vivid natural characteristics, and presents it to us with all the minute detail of a photograph, and with the color of an accomplished artist.

This apparent fidelity to detail, which is only a conscientious attention to all the elements of deception, is the chief charm of Verne's work. It is his care for seemingly irrelevant points in the nar-

ative that gives such stereoscopic completeness to the whole. His work is never hazy nor raveled about the edges. He has mastered the art of making fiction appear like recorded fact; it is by turning his attention to the reproduction of what the painters call "the accessories." He describes like a botanist. His stories of adventure with wild animals read like a page of Buffon. Indeed, the only wearisome part of Jules Verne's books is that in which he lets the encyclopedia get the better of his fancy. So long as he gives his imagination full play he is delightful reading; we yawn only when we strike the evidences of his "cramming."

Verne has evidently selected several branches of science for illustration. In his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," for example, he professes to explore the wonders of the deep. His submarine machine is a possibility of mechanical science; but he fills his tale with marvels of marine monsters, with phenomena and mystery of the sea. In his "Around the World in Eighty Days," he invades geography, making time-tables and steam-lines minister to the requirements of his eccentric Englishman, who wins a wager and puts a girdle around the world inside of the prescribed eighty days. It is easy to see how the commonplaces of travel may be made romantic by the novelty of the adventure, and the imminence of failure. And the *vraisemblance* is possible when the story-teller has absorbed the impressions of men who have gone upon the same route, and have published their own story. African adventure and travel form the basis of another deceptive fiction in "Meridiana," (published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) In this book we have the story of three Englishmen and three Russians, who, measuring an arc of meridian in South Africa, bring us vivid souvenirs of various travelers from the time of Bruce to that of Schweinfurth. Of course, there is enough astronomy and mathematics thrown in to relieve the book of a superfluity of geography. Chemistry has unique illustration in "Dr. Ox" (published by J. R. Osgood & Co.), a story of an experimenter who introduced oxygen into a phlegmatic Dutch town, on pretence of furnishing a cheap gas for illumination. The effects of an excess of oxygen on human, animal and vegetable life are only exaggerated enough to make an amusing sketch.

Science and researches therein form the staples of "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," and "From the Earth to the Moon;" but in "The Mysterious Island," now in process of publication in this magazine, the author evidently proposes to gather up the results of a great variety of scientific observation. He has begun with erostatics, meteorology and geography, with a slight dash of natural history. It is evident that he proposes to show how a party of men may live happily on a desert island, destitute of the appliances of civilized life, by making use of mechanical and scientific knowledge.

It is, probable, that as the story develops, it will continue more fascinating than it now appears.

Naturally critics are asking if semi-scientific stories like these of Verne's are of real value. It may be said that the fictitious element destroys the science, which is nothing if not accurate; and that the airing of so much erudition is a bore where one seeks amusement in story-reading. There is some justice in this criticism. It must be confessed that Verne's geography is sometimes shaky, as, for example, when he gives his travelers a snow-storm where one was never possibly known; and his facts do sometimes hitch loosely to his imagination, which runs far ahead of the verities. Nevertheless the great popularity of Verne's works is sufficient answer to any who may urge that these objections are fatal—to the interest at least. His "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" was a new revelation to the book-devouring boy of the period. Its first editions were exhausted as soon as issued; and from the time of its appearance until now the demand for Verne's works has steadily increased. And if,—to take an extreme illustration,—certain of those who have the interests of literature at heart are content to let Sylvanus Cobb serve as a stepping-stone for "the masses" to Thackeray; why may not some such a view hold good in science?

Lange on the Minor Prophets.

THE volume of Lange's commentary which is devoted to the Minor Prophets (and which is the latest contribution of the publishers toward the completion of their great enterprise), is made especially valuable by a general introduction by Professor Elliot, of Chicago, in which the subject of prophecy is discussed with much learning and ability, and in a spirit of candor and fairness which will command general respect. The commentary is marked by the same general characteristics which have secured for this series of volumes such widespread popularity and usefulness. It is to be remarked, however, that the commentary on the books of Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi is not a

translation from the German, but the direct and independent work of Dr. Schaff's accomplished assistants, Mr. McCurdy, of Princeton, Dr. Chambers, of New York, and Dr. Packard, of Alexandria, Va.

Thackeray and Dickens.

THE second volume in the "Bric-à-Brac Series" of Scribner, Armstrong and Co., is devoted to "Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens." It is not less interesting than the first of the series; perhaps, indeed, the interest is greater, because the two heroes are nearer and more familiar to us. The two heroes, we say, yet the reader will feel that Thackeray is the real hero of the book. There is much more about him here than about the other; and if we should judge merely from this collection of ana, we should judge his to be the more subtle, refined, frank and noble nature of the two. It was, we suppose, difficult to obtain fresh material concerning Dickens, and so the reader is not kept long enough in his company to know how good it is; to understand fully the potent charm of his hand-pressure and fellowship. If the enthusiast charge Stoddard, the editor, with partiality, he should acknowledge that Stoddard, the poet, has done equal justice. At any rate, there is suggestive criticism in the two poems by him, preserved among the memorial verses of this collection. The ghost of Thackeray is greeted to the sacred place where the greatest dead abide—grand old Homer, the awful Florentine, sweet Cervantes, quaint Montaigne, Goethe, the only Shakespeare. But in the "Gad's Hill" "In Memoriam," when the shade of Dickens reaches that sacred place, we do not see Homer or Dante move to welcome him. Shakespeare makes room for him, indeed; but it is Shakespeare, the humorist.

"Nay, Shakespeare's self was not his peer
In that humane and happy art
To wake at once the smile and tear,
And captive hold the heart!
Make room, then, Shakespeare, this is he
Hath taken the throne of mirth from thee."

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Pressure of Sap in Plants.

A REPORT on this matter by Prof. W. S. Clarke, of Amherst, presents points of great interest from an agricultural point of view. From it we make the following extracts:

A mercurial pressure gauge was attached to a sugar-maple, March 31st, which was three days after the maximum flow of sap for this species. Of the record made, the following facts are especially

interesting: First, the mercury was subject to constant and singular oscillations, standing usually in the morning below zero, which indicated a powerful suction into the tree. With the rise of the sun this changed to a pressure in the opposite direction, which after a time sustained a column of water many feet in height. Thus, at 7 A. M., April 21st, there was a suction into the tree sufficient to raise a column of water nearly twenty-six feet. As soon as the morning sun began to shine on the tree, the mercury

suddenly began to rise, and at 9.15 A. M. the pressure outward was enough to sustain a column of water over eighteen feet high, a change represented by more than forty-four feet of water. On the morning of April 22d the change was still greater, requiring for its representation over forty-seven feet of water. These extraordinary fluctuations were not attended by any peculiar state of the weather, and happened twelve days before there were any indications of growth to be detected in the buds.

The maximum was over thirty-one feet on April 11. After April 29th the mercury remained constantly below zero both day and night. During May there was a uniform suction equal to about eight feet of water, and the unaccountable feature of this fact is, that though apparently produced by exhalation from the expanding leaves, it remained the same, day and night, for several weeks. In June the suction gradually lessened, and finally disappeared, the mercury standing steadily at zero.

On the 20th April, two gauges were attached to a large black birch, one at the ground, and the other thirty feet higher. The next morning, at six o'clock, the lower gauge indicated the astonishing pressure of 56.65 feet of water, and the upper one of 26.74 feet. The difference between the indications of the two gauges was 29.92 feet, while the actual distance between them was 30.20 feet. The upper gauge was then raised twelve feet higher, with the effect of changing the difference in the indications of the two gauges, exactly the same amount. On April 21st, a hole was bored into the tree on the side opposite to the lower gauge, and at the same level. Both gauges at once began to show diminished pressure, while sap issued freely from the orifice. In fifteen minutes, one pound of sap having escaped, it was found that both gauges had fallen equal to 19.27 feet of water. Upon closing the hole the gauges rose in ten minutes to their previous level, showing that the rootlets had re-absorbed in that brief period the sap which had escaped from the tree, notwithstanding the enormous pressure already existing.

A stop cock was then inserted into the lower hole, when it was found that the communication between it and the two gauges was almost instantaneous, which proves that the tree was entirely filled with sap, exerting its pressure in all directions as freely as if standing in a cylindrical vessel more than sixty feet in height. The sap pressure continued to increase, until on the 11th day of May it represented a column of water nearly eighty-five feet in height. The buds now began to expand, the pressure of the sap to diminish, and first the upper and afterwards the lower gauge gradually approached the zero point.

To determine whether any other force than the vital action of the roots was necessary to produce the extraordinary phenomena described, a gauge was attached to the root of a black birch, as follows: The tree stood in moist ground, at the foot of the south slope of a ravine, in such a situation that the earth around it was shaded by the overhanging

bank from the sun. A root was then followed from the trunk to the distance of ten feet, where it was carefully cut off one foot below the surface. The end of the root thus entirely detached from the tree, and lying in a horizontal position at the depth of one foot, in the cold, damp earth, unreached by the sunshine, and, for the most part, unaffected by the temperature of the atmosphere, measured about one inch in diameter. To this a mercurial gauge was carefully attached April 26th. The pressure at once became evident, and rose constantly with very slight fluctuations, until, at noon on the 30th of April, it had attained the unequalled height of 85.80 feet of water.

The California Wood-Rat.

In a letter to Prof. Silliman, Mr. A. W. Chase, Assistant U. S. Coast Survey, gives the following account of a singular habit of this creature: "It is a little larger than an ordinary Norway rat, dark brown in color, with large, lustrous eyes, and a tail covered with thin hairs. I should call it intermediate between the squirrel and the rat. This creature builds its nest in the woods, sometimes on the ground, more frequently in the lower branches of trees. It accumulates a surprising quantity of dried twigs, which are interlaced to form a dome-shaped structure, often ten or twelve feet high and six or eight feet in diameter.

"Openings in the mass lead to the center, where the nest is found, consisting of the finely-divided inner bark of trees, dried grass, &c. But it is to a peculiar thievish propensity of this little creature that I wish to call attention.

"To make my story intelligible, I would first state that I am partial owner of some property on the Oregon coast, on which a saw-mill had been placed, but which, owing to various causes, has never been in operation. On this property was a dwelling-house for the hands, in which, on work being discontinued, were stored a quantity of stuff, tools, packing for the engine, six or seven kegs of large spikes; in the closets, knives, forks, spoons, &c. A large cooking-stove was left in one of the rooms.

"This house was left uninhabited for two years, and being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently broken into by tramps who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on the empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet in height, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside was composed entirely of spikes, all laid with symmetry, so as to present the points of the nails outwards. In the center of this mass was the nest, composed of finely divided fibres of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes, we found the following: About three dozen knives, forks and spoons, all the butcher knives, three in number, a large carving knife, fork and steel, several large plugs of tobacco; the outside casing of a silver

watch was disposed of in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse, containing some silver, matches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool-closets, among them several large augers.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, struck me with surprise. The articles of value were, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this *iron-clad* nest, which I think is unique in natural history."

The Contact Theory of Electricity.

In discussing the recently reviewed contact theory of Volta in the explanation of the origin of voltaic electricity, Mr. J. A. Fleming says: How does this fit in with those cases of electro-chemical inversions noticed by De la Rive, where the direction of the current in a cell is reversed by simply diluting the electrolyte? Thus zinc is negative to tin in strong nitric acid, and mercury negative to lead; but in weak nitric acid the positions are reversed. Hence, if couples be formed of these metals in strong nitric acid, and the acid be gradually diluted, the current first ceases and then is reversed in direction. Here, without altering the metallic junctions, we can at pleasure alter the direction of the current.

Or we may again change the conditions, and notice that it is not sufficient to have merely two different metals and an electrolyte to form a cell. If plates of pure gold and platinum be placed in nitric acid, the most delicate galvanometer detects no current, and the same for many other pairs of metals and electrolytes.

Here we have contact of different metals producing its difference, yet no current flows round "decomposing the electrolyte," as, according to the contact theory, it should do; but the instant we give play to chemical combination, the ordinary results ensue. If the extremities of the copper wires from a galvanometer be attached to iron plates, and these plunged into separate cups of dilute nitric acid, on making connection between the two cups by a bent iron plate dipping into each, no current is detected. On making one limb of the connecting plate passive and re-immersing, a strong current is visible, and we find that we have the direction of the current completely under command by making any of the four plates more or less acted on than the other three.

If these experiments are to have any importance attached to them, it can scarcely be doubted that they land us in conclusions similar to the others, namely, that we must look for the principal source of the electrical disturbance at that place where the greatest chemical activity is being brought into play.

Cultivation of Pearls.

THE "Messenger de Taïti," a paper published by the administration of the French settlements in Oceanica, gives an interesting account, by Lieutenant Mariat, of the culture of the pearl-bearing oyster on these shores. The choice of a locality appears to be the first consideration, one where there is a gentle current being preferable. A sandy bottom kills oysters; a stony one is better, but on it they develop slowly. A gravelly bottom is also good, but is subject to the same objection as the stony. The best that can be chosen is a bottom of living, branching corallines. On this they thrive; and if one cannot be found, it must be made artificially. Little bits of coral must be scattered over the place chosen, or, better still, little coral rocks, which fasten at once to the ground. The coral must not be left more than an hour out of the water, or it will be killed. It is to be surrounded by a wall of dry stones, and the young oysters distributed in compartments, their mouths turned upwards in the direction of the current, packed side by side, like books on a shelf. At the end of a year the oyster will have attained the size of a small plate, after which it will not increase in bulk but in weight. Three years suffice to produce good mother o' pearl. When the oyster has produced its young, it abandons them to the stream. They fix themselves to the sides of the stone walls. Care must be taken to protect them, as the corallines, so favorable to the development of the oyster, are most destructive to the young.

The Blackness of the Firmament.

THE balloon ascent of MM. Croce Spinelli and Sivel has yielded many facts of interest. Among these we may mention the following: The elevation reached was 7,800 meters. They found that the temperature steadily diminished, except when passing through clouds, and finally reached 22° C. At 4,500 meters, crystals of ice were visible floating between them and glistening in the sunshine. The lines in the solar spectrum, indicating the presence of vapor of water, disappeared when they reached the greatest altitude, thus proving that this vapor belongs to our atmosphere, and not to the sun. At 5,000 meters, sensations of discomfort were removed by the respiration of a mixture of forty parts of oxygen and sixty of nitrogen. At 6,000 meters the oxygen was increased seventy-five per cent., and in each instance the physical and mental weakness was restored, and the sky, which, previously to the inhalation, was of a dark hue, again became blue. M. Croce Spinelli has thus removed an old error, and has demonstrated that the blackness of the firmament observed at great heights is due solely to the effects of fatigue on the nervous system.

Reflection of Sound by Flames.

IN connection with Professor Tyndall's recent experiments on the reflection of sound by strata in the

air, we may recall those made not long since by Mr. Cottrell on the division of sound by a layer of flame or heated gas into a reflected and transmitted portion.

A vibrating bell, contained in a padded box, was directed so as to propagate a sound-wave through a tin tube, and its action rendered manifest by its causing a sensitive flame, placed at a distance in the direction of the sound-wave, to become violently agitated. The invisible heated layer immediately above the luminous portion of an ignited coal-gas flame, issuing from an ordinary bat's-wing burner, was allowed to stream upward across the end of the tin tube from which the sound-wave issued. A portion of the sound-wave from the latter was at once reflected at the limiting surfaces of the heated layer, only so small a portion passing through the flame as scarcely to agitate the sensitive flame.

The bat's-wing burner was then placed in such a position that the heated layer formed an angle that sent the reflected portion of the sound-wave into a second tin tube, with a sensitive flame at its extremity. This was at once violently agitated whenever the flame of the reflecting layer formed a proper angle, and again became quiescent when the angle of the reflecting flame was changed.

The Transit of Venus.

MR. GEORGE FORBES thus describes this phenomenon. The first evidence is the appearance of a slight notch in the contour of the sun's edge at a certain spot. This notch increases until the full form of the planet is seen. The first appearance of the notch is called the time of first external contact. But when the planet appears to be wholly on the sun, her black figure is still connected with the sun's limb by a sort of black ligament. When the whole of the planet is just inside the sun's edge, the time of first internal contact has arrived. The breaking of the ligament is a very definite occurrence, and was, until lately, taken to indicate the true moment of internal contact. The second internal and external contacts take place just as the planet leaves the sun.

Memoranda.

THE Dutch papers warn the public that the curious-looking nuts imported from Acheen are poisonous. These nuts have a fancied resemblance to the head of an ape, and are extensively sold as playthings for children.

E. Reichardt proposes the use of the microscope in the determination of the quality of drinking water. For this purpose a few drops of the water are evaporated on a slip of glass, and the forms of the crystal obtained compared with those of known salts dissolved in water, and re-crystallized in the same manner. In this way one can detect with dispatch and certainty common salt, calc-spar, gypsum, niter, &c., and to a certain extent the relative quantities present.

It is an admitted fact, which physiologists may explain if they can, that women, whatever else they may be, are not inventive in the broadly scientific sense of the word. On this account we record with satisfaction the announcement that reaches us from San Francisco, of a lady of that city who has invented a new kind of needle, which has the advantage of admitting of the insertion of a finer thread than ordinary needles, and making a proportionally smaller hole in the process of sewing. ["Academy."]

According to H. Vogel, the colors of the solar spectrum differ as regards the intensity of their chemical action at various times. These variations he attributes to the action of the moisture in the air.

A nugget of gold weighing 200 kilogrammes, and valued at 600,000 francs, was recently sent to Paris by one of the companies working the mines discovered a few years ago in the French colony of Guayana. It is now proposed to divert the waters of the river Oyapoch and its affluents from their present beds to obtain the gold contained therein.

Another instance is reported in which a fertilizer, consisting of superphosphate, to which ammonium salts were added, proved injurious to the crop. The manure was found to contain sulphocyanide of ammonium.

Herr August Kundt states that gutta-percha and caoutchouc become dichroic by stretching, and exhibit a dark brown tint in one direction, and a straw yellow one in another.

Aniline red is now employed to give a fresh appearance to sausages. It can easily be detected by a little alcohol or ether, either of which dissolves aniline, but not blood. Not only is aniline itself injurious, but from its method of preparation it not infrequently contains arsenic.

A disease of the leaves of the coffee plant is troubling the planters of Ceylon. It is a fungus like a miniature mushroom that attaches itself to the under side of the leaf, and causes it to wither and die.

Signor Eugenio Morpurgo has recently published, at Venice, a monograph on paper-making. In this it appears that the United States consumes more paper than England and France united. The average consumption is 17 lbs per capita. In Russia, it is 1 lb; in Spain, 1½ lbs; in Austria and Italy, 3½ lbs; in France, 7 lbs; in Germany, 8 lbs and in England, 11½ lbs.

Dresden papers report seventeen experiments in which lamb's blood has been infused successfully into the human subject. In the case of a patient who had for long suffered from pulmonary disease, the immediate effect was to raise the pulse and impart a sense of greater strength.

Dr. Peez writes that the ancients, in the time of

Strabo, were obliged to combat the inroads of the Phylloxera on their vines.

M. Raboteau states that, while the salts of thallium are not more poisonous than lead salts, they act more rapidly on account of their greater diffusibility.

A new drug from Brazil has appeared in France. It is called Jaborandi and is a powerful diaphoretic.

Mr. A. R. Leeds has shown that the majority of the salts of ammonia undergo dissociation at temperatures below 50° centigrade.

M. Colladon, a Geneva physicist, proposes to utilize poplar trees as lightening-rods, by inserting an iron pin into the lower part of the trunk, and connecting this with the earth by a chain. One would think that the roots of the tree would make a better connection than that described.

Mr. Ringway states that the cardinal bird has a finer song in Southern Illinois than in Maryland; and the Baltimore oriole sings better there than near Washington.

Vogel confirms the observation of Runge, that camphor has a stimulating effect on the growth of plants.

Professor Ranke shows that the charcoal resulting from the partial combustion of hay is prone to undergo spontaneous combustion. The conditions under which hay produces this charcoal have not been determined.

Mineral cotton formed by blowing steam into the molten slag from iron furnaces is said to possess valuable non-conducting properties. Its exceeding brittleness will, however, limit its application to a very narrow compass.

A little glycerine added to the gum used in attaching labels prevents them from curling up when written on.

Mr. William Harris gives an account in the "Journal of the Franklin Institute" of the manner in which an artificial tin mine was prepared for examination and analysis by the chemist.

Sir William Thomson states that the needles of mariner's compasses, as at present employed, are altogether too large. He recommends a needle one-fourteenth of the length of that at present used in the English service.

ETCHINGS.

THE clever people do not all live in Boston, though many Bostonians would have us think so, for occasionally a good thing is said in New York. "Where have you been lately?" was the inquiry addressed by one club man to another, who made some pretensions to literature. "Haven't you heard? I've been to Boston to lecture." "I'm glad of that," replied the party of the first part; "I hate Boston." Another New Yorker, who is better known in Wall street than in literary circles, and who is a confirmed stutterer, tells a good story at his own expense. He was passing by a bird shop one day, when his attention was attracted by a parrot. "Can he talk?" he finally managed to ask the shop-keeper. "If he couldn't talk better than you," was the reply, "I'd wring his neck." He walked away smiling, but his enemies say that he went back at night and bought the parrot, and made him his tutor! He was standing one afternoon, with a friend, on the steps of his club-house, when a certain great railroad financier, who was more conspicuous for smartness than for honesty, came in sight. "Look, look," he exclaimed to his friend, "there's Astutus Sharp. It's very extraordinary!" "What is? I don't see anything different from usual." "You don't? Why, don't you see that his hand is in his own pocket?"

THERE are many bills besides doctors' bills

which the average man pays with reluctance, and among these the world over are tax bills. It is not difficult to escape paying one's tradesmen, to bilk the doctor for medical services, to cheat the grocer, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker;" but the tax-collector is quite another personage. He, or the Law which he represents, is powerful enough to compel payment. It is no wonder, therefore, that he is disliked, and that all sorts of subterfuges are resorted to, to lessen his exactions. Few ever consider these assessments just, and of these few not one in a hundred resides in the country. The influences which are sometimes brought to bear upon country assessors may be inferred from the following anecdote: Mr. B., an assessor of a small town on the sea-board of Massachusetts was one day waited upon at his house by a man who lived on the Neck, as it was called, whom he knew by sight, but whose name he could hardly be said to remember. He took a seat,—it was just about dinner, as he must have known,—and unburdened himself in this fashion: "Mr. B., I have called to pay you a debt I owe you." Whereunto Mr. B. replied: "You must be mistaken; you don't owe me anything." "Yes, I do. Don't you remember about eighteen years ago, when you had the ship-yard here?" "Yes." "Well, I wanted some tar one day, and I came over from the Neck to your yard, and got it." "I don't know anything

about it," said Mr. B., "and I don't think you owe me." "Yes, I do," and taking out his pocket-book, he produced a bill, "and here's the money." It was a fifty cent stamp! He waited a few moments longer, and when he rose to go, remarked: "Mr. B., when you come down on the Neck I hope you'll make my taxes as light as you can." "That's been attended to. Captain P. has been down there, and he fixed the assessment yesterday." Clearly that fifty cent stamp was thrown away.

ANOTHER anecdote, illustrative of the aversion of the American mind to taxes, is not without importance, because it concerns men of a different stamp from this commonplace, close-fisted farmer. They were philosophers, or reported to be such, and on one occasion, when they were dissatisfied with the state of affairs,—a chronic condition of mind with modern philosophers,—they both agreed that they would pay no more taxes. They would be martyrs to principle, and would rot in jail first. They were in earnest, no doubt, particularly Mr. A., whose impetuosity was proverbial. The time came when they had to pay or be incarcerated, and Mr. E., who was not without shekels, weakened. Not so Mr. A.; he went to jail manfully, taking with him to console himself in his solitary hours, Plato, Porphyry, Plotinus, the Bhagavat Gheeta, and other elementary works of philosophy. The next day he was visited by his friend, Mr. E., who peeped through the bars of the jail, and said: "Mr. A., what are you doing there?" He looked up quietly, and remembering the compact that they had made in regard to their respective taxes, he asked: "Mr. E., what are you doing there?" It was a pertinent question, which must have puzzled his fellow-philosopher to answer. How the matter was settled, we are not told; but it is certain that the Orphic dreamer and talker was released, and has since paid his small taxes regularly.

THE late Lord Macaulay had a most extraordinary memory, and as he was all his life an enormous devourer of books on all sorts of subjects, and in many languages, he was qualified to talk down any man in England, and did talk down most of his acquaintances. His flashes of silence, like angel visits, were few and far between. We are told that he could repeat all the old Newgate literature,—hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions,—while his memory of Milton was so accurate that if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might have been restored from his memory. Moore relates that breakfasting one morning with Monckton Milnes, to meet Hallam and Macaulay, the latter opened quite a new chapter of his marvelous memory, astonishing as much as amusing them, which was no other than his knowledge of the old Irish slang ballads, such as "The night before Larry was stretched," &c., many of which he repeated as glibly as Moore could in his boyhood. "He certainly obeys most

wonderfully Eloisa's injunction," said Moore. "'Do all things but *forget!*'"

Macaulay was fond of rummaging old book-stalls, and scarcely a dusty old book shop in any by-court or out of the way corner in London escaped his attention. He would mount a ladder, and scour the top shelves for pamphlets and curious relicts of a bygone age, and come down, after an hour's examination, covered with dust and cobwebs. He was not communicative to booksellers, and when any of them would hold up a book, although at the other end of the shop, he seemed to tell from the cover or by intuition what it was all about, and would say "No!" or "I have it already!" before the dealer could ask whether he would look at it. If he purchased any thing, he was so impatient to have it at home that he would tuck it under his arm, and act as his own porter. He was passing one day through the Seven Dials, where he bought a handful of ballads from a dealer who was bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by a half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then," said Macaulay, "what is it?" "Oh, that is a good un," replied the boys, "arter we've a-come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" he asked, astonished at their familiarity. "Waiting for? Why to hear you sing, to be sure!"

THE poet Rogers was rather unfortunate in his servants, one of whom, who had been a long time in his service, took it into his head to die. A kind-hearted friend called to condole with the old man on his loss. "Well," exclaimed Rogers, after listening for some time to his expressions of sympathy, "I don't know that I feel his loss so very much after all. For the first seven years he was an obliging servant; for the second seven years he was an agreeable companion; but for the last seven he was a tyrannical master." On one occasion, when in the country, his favorite groom, with whom he used to drive every day, gave notice to leave. Rogers asked him why he was going, and what he had to complain of? "Nothing," replied the man; "but you are so dull in the buggy?"

ONE of Rogers's best stories was about a Frenchman and an Englishman that had to fight a duel. That they might have the better chance of missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and he brought down the Frenchman! "When I tell the story in Paris," observed Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney!"

Rogers disliked writing letters of condolence, and when he had that melancholy duty to perform, he generally copied out of Cowper's. Lord Lansdowne once spoke to him in congratulatory terms about the marriage of a common friend. "I do not think it so desirable," observed Rogers. "No!"

replied Lord Lansdowne; "why not? His friends approve of it." "Happy man," returned Rogers, "to satisfy all the world. His friends are pleased, and her enemies are delighted!"

Twiss, in his "Life of Lord Eldon," relates a story of Lord Erskine which, we think, would delight the tender heart of Mr. Bergh. On one occasion a ruffianly driver in the neighborhood of Hempstead Heath was punishing a miserable, bare-boned hack horse. Lord Erskine's sympathy provoked him to a smart remonstrance. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" And as he spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated, laid his walking stick sharply over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

THE Life of the Rev. R. H. Barham, the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," swarms with anecdotes of his acquaintances, who were among the most notable men of his time. Here is one in which Dr. Thomas Hume figures. He walked with Barham one day to the office of a morning paper, where he silently placed upon the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings, the usual charge for the insertion of such announcements. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it on one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six." "I have frequently," replied Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings." "Simple!" repeated the clerk, without looking up. "He's universally beloved and deeply regretted! Seven and six." Hume produced the additional half crown, and laid it deliberately by the others, observing, as he did so, with the solemnity of tone that he used throughout, "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense your executors will never be put to."

Barham, who was full of mischief when a boy, had a companion named Diggle, who was, if anything, more mischievous than himself. He was fond of practical jokes, in one of which Barham was a sharer. The two boys having, in the course of their walk, discovered a Quaker meeting-house, forthwith procured a penny tart of a neighboring pastry-cook. Furnished with this, Diggle marched boldly into the building, and holding up the delicacy in the midst of the grave assembly, said, with perfect solemnity, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Friend, go thy way," commenced a drab-colored gentleman, rising; "go thy way and ——" "The pie's yours, sir," said Master Diggle politely, and placing it before the astonished speaker, hastily effected his escape.

In the Diary which Barham kept, he jotted down

the amusing stories that he heard, and among others the following, his authority for it being Sir Walter Scott. A Scottish clergyman, whose name was not mentioned, was cited before the Ecclesiastical Assembly at Edinburgh to answer to a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter was employed by him to arrange his defence. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted, in a letter which was produced, that "he considered Pontius Pilate to be a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all the other nine apostles put together." The fact was proved, and suspension followed. A good pendant to this anecdote is the blunder that was committed by some noted English Judge, who, in airing his historic knowledge, spoke of the famous Roman Emperor Julian, who was so noted for his piety, that he was called Julian the Apostle!

Scott, on a later visit to London, related another clerical story. It was about a minister near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said: "Ken ye, bretheren, what fish it was swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think t'was a shark—nae, nae, my bretheren, it was nae shark; or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon—nae, nae, my bretheren, it was nae saumon; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin—nae, nae, my bretheren, it was nae dolphin——" Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out: "Aiblins, sir, it was a dunter" (the vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast). "Aiblins, madam, ye're an auld witch for takin' the word of God out of my mouth!" was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

Another story told by Sir Walter was of a drunken old laird, who fell off his pony in the water while crossing a ford in Ettrick. "Eh, Jock," he cried to his man: "There's some pair body fa'en into the water; I heard a splash. Who is it, mon?" "Troth, laird, I canna tell; forbye it's na yersell," said John, dragging him to the bank. The laird's wig, meanwhile, had fallen off into the stream, and John, in putting it on again, placed it inside out. This, and its being thoroughly soaked, annoyed the old gentleman, who refused to wear it. "Deil ha' my saul, it's nae my ain wig. What for do ye no get me my ain wig, ye ne'er-do-weel?" "Eh then, laird, ye'll na get any other wig the night, so, sir, pit it on again. There's nae sic a wab of wigs in the bunie I jalouse."

Barham has preserved for us a little story of Hook's. It was related of Sir George Warrender, who was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. While eating he said to the butler, "John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow." "Yes, Sir George, if you leave off now."

Archbishop Whately used to tell the story of a traveler who, finding himself and his dog in a wild

country, and, desolate of provision, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for *his own* supper, giving the *dog the bone!*

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, the dramatist, was famous for two things—forgetfulness, and a propensity to make bulls. The names of Mark Lemon and Leman Rede used to puzzle him severely, and as both were frequently before the public as writers for the stage, he could never bring himself to understand which of the two was the subject of congratulation when a dramatic success was achieved by either of them. At length he met Leman Rede and Mark Lemon walking arm-in-arm. "Ah," said Knowles, the moment he was close enough to accost them, "now I'm bothered entirely. Which of you is the other?" When a version of "Frankenstein" was being performed nightly at two London theaters, the hero being represented at the one by O. Smith, and at the other by T. P. Cooke, Knowles on meeting the former one day in the street, stopped him and cried: "Faith, I met your namesake yesterday—Mr. T. P. Cooke."

HOSPITALITY is a good quality, but there is such a thing as overdoing it—a fact of which many kind-hearted people are not aware. Such a one was Macready, the tragedian, who could never do enough for his guests. Jerrold was once stopping at his house in the country, and when the hour for retiring to rest arrived, he questioned him as to whether in his defective preparations for sleeping from home, he had left any wants that might be supplied. The friendly "Good-night" was exchanged several times between guest and host, and at length Jerrold thought there was no chance of seeing anything more of his hospitable friend until morning. He had not, however, completed his disrobing before there came a sharp tap at the door, when Macready's face, full of earnest expression, again appeared before him, and his deep-toned voice sounded the words: "Jerrold, have you got a tooth-brush?"

THE mention of a tooth-brush in the preceding paragraph recalls an anecdote of Daniel Webster. His extravagance was the theme of discussion among a party of gentlemen in Washington, and several anecdotes illustrative of it were related. A Western member of Congress who was present, and who had known Webster, gave his experience with him. They were traveling together a number of years before, and had occasion to stop at a country hotel which was so crowded that they were both put in the same room. Mr. Webster indulged in an ablution, and his traveling companion did the same. When the latter had finished, he turned to the great expounder of the Constitution, and said: "Mr. Webster, will you lend me your tooth-brush?" "Certainly, sir," and going to his traveling bag he took out his tooth-brush and handed it to him. It was used, and returned. "What do suppose he did, gentlemen?" "What?" "Why, he threw it out

of the window! There never was such a wasteful man."

A CAREFUL, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially a poor one, but some wives are a little too careful and prudent. Lord Eldon's wife, for example, was somewhat "near," as they say in New England. His lordship was very fond of hunting, and usually retired into the country for a few weeks towards the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave fifty shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport after a rainy night, ordered "Bob," the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but, company being in the room, gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant opened the door and announced that "Bob" was ready. "Why, bless me!" exclaimed her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon; he has got no shoes on." "Oh, yes, my lady," said the servant, "he was shod last week." "Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship, "how dared you, sir, or anybody, have that pony shod without orders?" "John," continued she, addressing her husband, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off, and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate!"

WE all have our ideas as to what we would do if we had all the money we wanted, but few of us are ever in that enviable position. A number of years ago (it was, we think, when the Negro Minstrelsy was in its infancy) an impecunious poet, who had a sweet tooth, gave vent to his aspirations in a popular melody, of which this couplet was the chorus:

"If I was President of these United States,
I'd lick molasses candy and swing on the gates."

A relative of this candy-loving singer,—at least in a spiritual sense,—was fortunate enough at one time to have money wherewith to gratify her wishes. She was the wife of a sea-faring man, who during the late civil war was a master's mate on a man-of-war. It was stationed on a foreign coast,—in China, if we remember rightly,—and as he was paid off in gold, which was at a high premium here, he sent the gold to his wife. It did not quite turn her head, for she was a woman of sense, but it gave her what she had never had before—an opportunity of gratifying her tastes, which she eagerly embraced. She had the most primitive notions of what constituted a lady, so she went at once to the nearest large city, which was some fifty miles off, and purchased a very expensive black silk polonaise, and nothing else, which she wore over her country-made gown whenever she had occasion to go to the village store. Before she was a lady,—for, of course, the

polonaise made her one,—her appetite was as simple as became the wife of a sea-faring man; she ate her smoked herrings with a relish, and was not daunted at hard tack. Now she had a craving for luxuries, and the most expensive one that she could think of was rich, fruity, black wedding-cake, and she had it for breakfast, dinner and supper! When her husband returned, her money had all gone in wedding-cake, which was eaten up, and in a black, old polonaise, which was worn out. She had one satisfaction, however, of over the herrings to which she returned—she had lived like a lady! (36)

THE RING.

"GIVE me," said Lubin to his fair,
To whom he would be more than friend,
"Give me the little ring you wear,
'Tis like my love—it has no end."

"Excuse me, that I cannot do;
My heart you have no hope of winning;
The ring is like my love for you,
For, Lubin, it has no beginning!"

THE FATTED CALF.

SAID Jack to Tom, one summer day,
"You're getting in a baddish way,
Your breath is short, your breast is flat;
You used to weigh a dozen stone,
And now you're only skin and bone,
Why, you're as lean as I am fat.

Come out with me, my farm is near;
I know you'll like our country cheer,
My fruit is ripe, my eggs are new;
I've claret, too, your favorite brand;
Come out now, come; say 'Yes,' off-hand
I'll kill the fatted calf for you."

"That last remark of yours, dear Jack,
Though meant in kindness, holds me back.
"I don't see why, though," Tom replied.
"The fatted calf—to take its life—
Think of your children and your wife,
And you committing suicide!"

A PERPETUAL destruction and renewal is going on in our bodies, the chemists teach us, and what with the old matter we put off, and the new matter we put on, we may be said to be different persons every seven years. We are not conscious of the change, but it exists all the same, if we may trust the chemists, who by the way, are not very apt to trust us. How often in the course of our lives we are changed mentally, no philosopher has arisen to tell us. That we do change, the most self-observant of us are willing to admit, but the majority are such sticklers for their own consistency that they will not hear of it. If we may believe the politician, he is always consistent, no matter how many times he has changed his coat, never once

forgetting to look out for his pocket; and if we may credit the divine, he, too, is always consistent, although he has boxed all the points of the theological compass. Most of us have our shibboleths, that we repeat under all circumstances, which fact reminds us of "a little story," as Mr. Lincoln used to say. Once upon a time there was a lad in a New England town who was not remarkable for an over-plus of mother wit. He was not exactly a fool, but he lacked what few Yankee children lack—gumption—and his memory was woefully deficient. He remembered best the things that never happened, which gave him rather a bad character for veracity. Now, the story goes that his mother sent him one day to a grocery in the town where she traded, swapping her hens' eggs, like the thrifty women she was, for whatever she needed most in the grocery line. On this occasion, tradition says, she wanted three different kinds of spice, either because they were handy to have in the house, or because she was going to make gingerbread and other sweet and strong specialties of the sort for home consumption. Perhaps the minister was coming to tea. However this may be, she charged her boy to do his errand correctly, or—we leave the dreaded alternative to the imagination of those who are familiar with old time ways in New England. She wanted him to get cinnamon, allspice, and ginger (the quantities of which were stated), and in order to stimulate his uncertain memory, he was ordered to repeat them as he went, "Cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." He started off at a dog trot, repeating his spicy shibboleth. Running down the road on which he lived, he was met by an inquisitive playmate, who stopped him with "Who's that at your house?" To whom he, mindful of his errand, "Cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." "Pretty company they are. Where are you going?" "Grocery: cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." A little further on a man hailed him. "Father got home?" "Don't no: cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." "Allus thought that boy a fool," was the condescending remark. The nearest way to the grocery was a short cut through the ship-yard of the town, and our grocery-bound young messenger started through it "lickety-split," as he said afterwards. As luck would have it, while he was running at the top of his speed, he stubbed his toe, and was precipitated wildly forward among logs, chips and tar-barrels, and other ship-yard belongings. Now, whether the time had come for him to be a changed boy, or his small wits were shaken into foolishness, no one knew; but up he scrambled at last, and sang out: "I haint forgot it yet—tar, pitch and turpentine." He remembered to the last that he had a shibboleth. Whether the store-keeper supplied him with these strange groceries, tradition omits to mention, as well as the penalty that he paid for remembering to forget his errand. If the minister came to tea that day, we may be pretty sure he was discussed as a shocking example of what a boy should not be.



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